SONNET 31. The point of the sonnet is that all of the poet's past friends, supposedly dead, are enshrined in his living friend. *1 endeared with* made more precious by. *3 parts* qualities, attributes. *5 obsequious* shed in mourning. *6 religious* faithful. *7 interest* a right or claim. *appear* are revealed to be. *8 But things remov'd* merely absent things. *thee* GILDON; Q: "there." *10 trophies* memorials, such as were hung on tombstones to honour the dead. *lovers* friends. *11 parts* shares. *12 due of many* what was formerly due to many. *14 all they* who unite all of them in yourself. *all the all* the sum total (of all my parts).

SONNET 32. *1 my well-contented day* the day (of my death) which I will be pleased to see. *2 churl* rude country fellow. Death is envisioned as a gravedigger. *3 by fortune* by chance. *4 poor rude lines* That Shakespeare should appear to deprecate his own verse is entirely in accord with Renaissance custom. *lover* friend. *5 bett'ring of the time* improvement being made in the poetry of this age. *7 Reserve* preserve. *rhyme* excellence as poetry. *8 happier* more fortunate (in having greater poetic gifts). *10 grown . . . age* improved as the poetry of this age has improved. *12 in ranks . . . equipage* in the company of poets of superior style. "Equipage" is literally "military equipment." *13 better prove* turn out to be better. *14 Theirs* their poems.

31 All = Supremacy (Act of) (Symbol)

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts
Which I by lacking have supposed dead;
And there reigns love, and all love's loving parts,
And all those friends which I thought buried.
How many a holy and obsequious tear
Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye,
As interest of the dead, which now appear
But things remov'd that hidden in thee lie!
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give:
That due of many now is thine alone.
Their images I lov'd I view in thee,
And thou (all they) hast all the all of me.

32

If thou survive my well-contented day
When that churl Death my bones with dust shall cover,
And shalt by fortune once more resurvey
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,
Compare them with the bett'ring of the time,
And though they be outstripp'd by every pen,
Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,
Exceeded by the height of happier men.
O, then vouchsafe me but this loving thought:
'Had my friend's Muse grown with this growing age,
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage:
But since he died, and poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love.'