failed fairant t Beal I com pun (pro, of Coke) on Risst"- Rott the First - but also ber black ded Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art, SONNET 131. I so as thou art being as you are (without such beauty as As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel; is conventionally praised). 2 whose beauties . . . cruel who are made For well thou know'st to my dear doting hearte or Elin cruel through pride they feel in their beauties. 3 dear doting (a) ten-Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel. 2 1st fond Esset derly loving beyond reason (b) foolishly loving to my own cost. 7 To say to assert publicly. 10 but thinking on when I merely think of. 11 One Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold, ... neck in quick succession. 12 in my judgment's place in the position Thy face hath not the power to make love groan. which my judgment assigns to it. 14 this slander i.e. that of line 6. To say they err I dare not be so bold, Although I swear it to myself alone. in id this be the Frish And, to be sure that is not false I swear, A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face, atricities sanctionally & One on another's neck, do witness bear \ Candle Red Recommended by 102 J. Ensex? Thy black is fairest in my judgment's place. In nothing art thou black save in thy deeds, Cearly in 85 life And thence this slander) as I think, proceeds. Akny Chettle; England's mouning Tyrone? (Hugh o'Neill) Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me, SONNET 132. 2 torments WALKER; Q: "torment." 4 ruth pity. 6 be-Knowing thy heart torments me with disdain, comes adorns. 8 Doth renders. 9 mourning GILDON; Q: "morning." nother the Have put on black and loving mourners be," Probably both meanings are intended. 10 as well also. beseem be fitting for. 11 doth thee grace makes you beautiful. 12 And suit . . . every Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain. part and dress your pity (in black mourning) like the rest of you. 14 they And truly not the morning sun of Heaven i.e. other women. foul ugly. Better becomes the grey cheeks of the Cast, Nuth - Naomi?? Nor that full star that ushers in the evene Doth half that glory to the sober west, As those two mourning eyes become thy face. O, let it then as well beseem thy heart To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace And suit thy pity like in every part. Then will I swear beauty herself is black And all they foul that thy complexion lack. Hest would to enjambment here Whar alean? norther's monne