SONNET 97. 2 *pleasure* most pleasing part. 5 *time remov'd* period of my separation from you. 6 *teeming* fertile, prolific. *big* pregnant. *increase* harvest (conceived of as the child of autumn). 7 *Bearing . . . prime* giving birth to the fruit of the spring's amorousness. 9 *abundant issue* rich progeny. 10 *hope . . . fruit* unborn children and uncreated fruit. 11 *wait on thee* are your servants to command. 13 *cheer* cheerfulness.

SONNET 98. 2 *proud-pied* splendidly variegated. *trim* ornamentation (literally, "clothes"). 4 *heavy* sober, sad. *Saturn* the planet believed to cause melancholy in men. 5 *Yet nor* yet neither. *lays* songs. 6 *different flowers in* flowers differing in. 7 *summer's story tell* write in a happy manner. 8 *proud* showy. 9 *wonder at* admire. 11 *but figures* mere representations. 14 *As with . . . play* I played with these flowers as I might play with a mere picture of you.

◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇ 97

How like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!
What old December's bareness everywhere!
And yet this time remov'd was summer's time,
The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,
Like widowed wombs after their lords' decease;
Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
But hope of orphans and unfathered fruit;
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And, thou away, the very birds are mute;
Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇ 98

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything,
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leapt with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew;
Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose:
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play.