de nevereis Duke whose follow billed adm. Coligny runnio, never say that I was false of heart, Phoeni SONNET 109. 2 my flame to qualify to abate my passion. Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify! wandered, been inconstant. 7 Just to . . . exchang'd punctual and unaltered by the time (of separation). 8 bring . . . stain wipe out my guilt As easy might I from myself depart dendows. with tears (water) of repentance. 10 all kinds of blood persons of every As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie. kind of passion. 11 preposterously unnaturally 12 for in exchange for That is my home of love. If I have langed, 14 in it in "this wide universe." and Kalgoof Dike him that travels I return (again) 2 + Cm + Esset asuly Just to the time, not with the time exchanged, So that myself bring water for my stain. Never believe, though in my nature reign d All Prailties that besiege all kinds of blood, That it could so preposterously be stain'd To leave for nothing all thy sum of good; For nothing this wide universe I call) Save thou, my nose; in it thou art my all. Alas, 'tis true I have gone here and there SONNET 110. 2 a motley to the view a jester on public display. Some And made myself a motley to the view, Morle critics have seen in this sonnet evidence of Shakespeare's distaste for his Gor'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most profession as an actor. 3 Gor'd wounded. 4 Made old . . . new turned new friendships into occasions for my old offence of inconstancy. 5 truth dear, Fences 1 1900 fidelity, constancy. 6 Askance with indifference. strangely as though Made old offences of affections new. I were a stranger to it. 7 blenches disdainful looks, sidelong glances. Most true it is that I have look'd on truth gave . . . youth rejuvenated my love for you. 8 worse essays experiences with inferior friendships. 10-11 Mine appetite . . . older friend Askance and strangely; but, by all above, I will never sharpen my appetite for love by experimenting with new These blenches gave my heart another youth, friends so as to prove the value of an older friend. 12 confin'd bound. And worse essays prov'd thee my best of love. 13 my heaven i.e. your breast. It is doubtful that the expression is one of Christian piety, as some have supposed. Now all is done have what shall have no end! Lord Strange died myst Mine appetite I never more will grind On newer proof, to try an older friend, A god/in love, to whom I am confin'd. Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best, Even to thy pure and most most loving breast does he give up on