sends money to and the Aughs (i , 1,03-0' Neill surrenders Mountjoy (Blount) has victory 1603 P SONNET 103. I poverty impoverished, inferior verse. 2 scope free cf. opportunity. 3 argument all bare naked theme - you, without adornment. Alack, what poverty my Muse brings forth, That, having such a scope to show her pride, O de glass mirror. 7 overgoes . . . quite surpasses my crude poetic crea- & as tions completely. 8 Dulling my lines making my verses seem trite and loss The argument all bare is of more worth 26 (my beautiful subject) (my beautiful subject) Than when it hath my added praise beside! (my beautiful subject). 11 pass purpose. 13 sit reside. O, blame me not if I no more can write! = #35 Look in your glass, and there appears a face That overgoes my blunt Invention quite, 176 20 mm Dulling my lines and doing me disgrace. Bothwell (29) Were it not sinful then, striving to mend, Fun on sel, 10 Toman the subject that before was well? Ceals To to ho other pass my verses tend Than of your graces and your gifts to lell; Je ye And more, much more, than in my verse can sit Your own glass shows you when you look in it. 4 = 34rs. after ex odviously written to celebrate (could at be SONNET 104. The sonnet was apparently written three years after the To me, fair friend, you never can be øld, poet first met his friend. Most editors regard it as misplaced in its present For as you were when first your eye I ey'd) position in the sequence. 4 pride glorious appearance. 6 process the Such seems your beauty still Three winters cold progress. 7 burn'd i.e. like incense. 8 green young, beautiful. 9 dial clock. 10 his figure the number on the face of the clock. 11 hue Have from the forests shook three summers pride, complexion, appearance. methinks . . . stand seems to me never to be Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd changing. 13 thou age unbred The poet speaks directly to the future ages In process of the seasons have I seen, fear nor who will read his poem. Dy Din Hands still ar-Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd, Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green. Ah, yet doth beauty, like a dial hand, Steal from his figure, and no pace perceiv'd! So your sweethue, which methinks still doth stand, Hathmotion, and mine eye may be deceiv'd; For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred: but Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead. pen dies 1597 [Could this be written after regues to Kel as caged trul (Romas o 215