

Sharlene Brown
English 250
Sonnet LXXV.

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You are my necessity as food is to life,
Or like water is to the earth;
And every piece of you is just as precious to me
As money is to a miser;
He enjoys his wealth now and in the future
Doubting that time could never steal his
treasure;
Now it is better to be with you alone,
Then to let the world see how much pleasure I
have:
Sometimes after starrng at you for a long while,
It takes only moments before I miss your sight;
I neither have nor pursue any delight,
Except that which I can recieve from you.
In this manner I satisfy my desire day to day,
Or glutton in passion, or none at all.

But approve
; woo'd of time; 6
; buds doth love,
unstained prime.
push of young days,
being charg'd;
e so thy praise,
arg'd: 12
k'd not thy show,
is of hearts shouldst

When I am dead
ly sullen bell
hat I am fled
lest worms to dwell:
remember not
love you so, 6
its would be forgot,
ld make you woe.
this verse,
ed am with clay,
name rehearse,
my life decay; 12
ould look into your

fter I am gone.

ask you to recite
at you should love
forget me quite,
worthy prove;
me virtuous lie,
ine own desert, 6
a deceased I
willingly impart:
seem false in this,
ll of me untrue,
my body is,
nor me nor you. 12
which I bring forth,
love things nothing

To love that well which thou must leave ere
long.

LXXIV.

But be contented: when that fell arrest
Without all bail shall carry me away,
My life hath in this line some interest,
Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.
When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
The very part was consecrate to thee: 6
The earth can have but earth, which is his
due;
My spirit is thine, the better part of me:
So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
The prey of worms, my body being dead;
The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,
Too base of thee to be remembered. 12
The worth of that is that which it contains,
And that is this, and this with thee remains.

LXXV.

So are you to my thoughts as food to life,
Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground;
And for the peace of you I hold such strife
As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found;
Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon
Doubting the filching age will steal his trea-
sure; 6
Now counting best to be with you alone,
Then better'd that the world may see my plea-
sure:
Sometime, all full with feasting on your sight,
And by and by clean starved for a look;
Possessing or pursuing no delight,
Save what is had or must from you be took. 12
Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,
Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

LXXVI.

Why is my verse so barren of new pride,
So far from variation or quick change?
Why with the time do I not glance aside
To new-found methods and to compounds
strange?
Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And keep invention in a noted weed. 6