**Sonnet 29**

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,  
I all alone beweep my outcast state,   
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,  
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,   
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,   
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,  
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,   
With what I most enjoy contented least;   
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,  
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,   
Like to the lark at break of day arising   
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;  
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings  
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

**Sonnet 106**

When in the chronicle of wasted time  
I see descriptions of the fairest wights  
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme  
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,  
Then in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,  
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,  
I see their ántique pen would have expressed  
Ev'n such a beauty as you master now.  
So all their praises are but prophecies  
Of this our time, all you prefiguring,  
And for they looked but with divining eyes,  
They had not skill enough your worth to sing.  
     For we which now behold these present days,  
     Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

**Sonnet 130**

My mistress’ eyes are nothing like the sun;  
Coral is far more red, than her lips red:  
If snow be white, why then her [breasts](http://parade.condenast.com/121754/bradmeltzer/130127-brad-meltzer-power-of-thanks/?utm_source=linksmart&utm_medium=linksmart_campaign&utm_campaign=ROS) are dun;  
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.  
I have seen roses damasked, red and white,  
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;  
And in some perfumes is there more delight  
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.  
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know  
That music hath a far more pleasing sound:  
I grant I never saw a goddess go,  
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground:  
And yet by heaven, I think my love as rare,  
As any she belied with false compare.

**Sonnet 129**

The expense of spirit in a waste of shameIs lust in action: and till action, lustIs perjured, murderous, bloody, full of blame,Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;Enjoyed no sooner but despised straight;Past reason hunted; and no sooner had,Past reason hated, as a swallowed bait,On purpose laid to make the taker mad.Mad in pursuit and in possession so;Had, having, and in quest to have extreme;A bliss in proof, and proved, a very woe;Before, a joy proposed; behind a dream.All this theworld well knows; yet none knows wellTo shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.