

William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

Sonnet 71

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Then you shall hear the surly sullen bell¹
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest² worms to dwell:

5 Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot
If thinking on me then should make you woe³.
O, if, I say, you look upon this verse

10 When I perhaps compounded⁴ am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse⁵.
But let your love even with my life decay,
Lest⁶ the wise world should look into your moan⁷
And mock you with me⁸ after I am gone.
(123 words)

¹**surly sullen bell** sombre funeral bell – ²**vilest** most vile – ³**woe** grieve – ⁴**compounded** mixed – ⁵**rehearse** repeat – ⁶**Lest** for fear that – ⁷**moan** sorrow – ⁸**with me** because of me