

William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

## Sonnet 13

O! that you were your self; but, love, you are  
No longer yours, than you your self here live:  
Against<sup>1</sup> this coming end you should prepare,  
And your sweet semblance<sup>2</sup> to some other give:

5 So should that beauty which you hold in lease<sup>3</sup>  
Find no determination<sup>4</sup>; then you were  
Yourself again, after yourself's decease,  
When your sweet issue<sup>5</sup> your sweet form should bear.  
Who lets so fair a house<sup>6</sup> fall to decay,

10 Which husbandry<sup>7</sup> in honour might uphold,  
Against the stormy gusts of winter's day  
And barren rage of death's eternal cold?  
O! none but unthrifths<sup>8</sup>. Dear my love, you know,  
You had a father: let your son say so.

*(110 words)*

<sup>1</sup>**Against** in expectation of – <sup>2</sup>**semblance** appearance – <sup>3</sup>**lease** on loan – <sup>4</sup>**determination** end – <sup>5</sup>**issue** children – <sup>6</sup>body, family, kin  
(see Sonnet 10, lines 7-8) – <sup>7</sup>**husbandry** good housekeeping, marriage – <sup>8</sup>**unthrifths** wasters, prodigals