

William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

## Sonnet 33

Full<sup>1</sup> many a glorious morning have I seen  
Flatter<sup>2</sup> the mountain tops with sovereign eye<sup>3</sup>,  
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,  
Gilding<sup>4</sup> pale streams with heavenly alchemy;

5 Anon<sup>5</sup> permit the basest<sup>6</sup> clouds<sup>7</sup> to ride  
With ugly rack on his celestial<sup>8</sup> face,  
And from the forlorn world his visage<sup>9</sup> hide,  
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:  
Even so my sun one early morn did shine,  
10 With all triumphant splendour on my brow;  
But out alack<sup>10</sup>, he was but one hour mine,  
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.  
Yet him for this my love no whit<sup>11</sup> disdaineth;  
Suns of the world may stain when heaven's sun staineth.

*(110 words)*

<sup>1</sup>**Full** very – <sup>2</sup>**Flatter** make beautiful, delude – <sup>3</sup>**sovereign eye** the sun – <sup>4</sup>**Gilding** making golden – <sup>5</sup>**Anon** soon – <sup>6</sup>**basest** least worthy, inferior – <sup>7</sup>**rack** clouds – <sup>8</sup>**celestial** heavenly – <sup>9</sup>**visage** face – <sup>10</sup>**out alack** alas – <sup>11</sup>**no whit** not at all