

William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

Sonnet 68

Thus is his cheek the map¹ of days outworn²,
When beauty lived and died as flowers do now,
Before the bastard signs of fair³ were born⁴,
Or durst⁵ inhabit on a living brow;

5 Before the golden tresses⁶ of the dead,
The right of sepulchres⁷, were shorn away,
To live a second life on second head;
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay:
In him those holy antique hours are seen,

10 Without all ornament, itself and true,
Making no summer of another's green⁸,
Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;
And him as for a map doth Nature store⁹,
To show false Art what beauty was of yore.

(108 words)

¹**map** perfect image – ²**days outworn** past times – ³**bastard signs of fair** false beauty, cosmetics – ⁴**borne** worn – ⁵**durst** dared –
⁶**tresses** locks of hair – ⁷**The right of sepulchres** which belonged to tombs – ⁸**green** youthful freshness – ⁹**store** preserve