

William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

Sonnet 62

Sin of self-love¹ possesseth² all mine eye,
And all my soul, and all my every part;
And for this sin there is no remedy,
It is so grounded³ inward in my heart.

5 Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,
No shape so true, no truth of such account,
And for myself mine own worth do define⁴,
As I all other in all worths surmount⁵.
But when my glass shows me myself indeed⁶,
10 Beated and chopped⁷ with tanned antiquity⁸,
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read;
Self so self-loving were iniquity⁹.
'Tis thee (my self) that for myself I praise,
Painting my age with beauty of thy days.
(108 words)

¹**self-love** conceit, self-admiration – ²**possesseth** bewitches like madness – ³**grounded** rooted – ⁴**define** make clear – ⁵**in all worths surmount** surpass in value – ⁶**indeed** as I really am – ⁷**Beated and chopped** weather beaten and lined – ⁸**with tanned antiquity** made leathery by old age – ⁹**iniquity** sin