**Revised Syllabus for Session #5, November 3**

**Sonnets 90-126**

The discussion will focus on the sonnets in bold print.

Sequence A:

 #35, No more be grieved at that which thou has done.

#88, When thou shalt be disposed to set me light

 **#89, Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,**

 #113, Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind,

 **#114, Or whether doth my mind being crowned with you,**

Sequence B:

 #34, Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day

#40, Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all.

 #109, O, never say that I was false of heart,

 #110, #111, #112, #118

 #117, Accuse me thus: that I have scanted all

 **#119, What potions have I drunk of siren tears**

 **#120, That you were once unkind befriends me now,**

Sequence C:

 #84, Who is it that says most, which can say more

 #86, Was it the proud full sail of his great verse

 #87, Farewell, thou art too dear for my possessing

 #100, Where art thou, muse, that thou forget’st so long

 **#103, Alack, what poverty my muse brings forth,**

 cf., #77, Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,

 **#104, To me, fair friend you never can be old,**

 cf., #18, Shall I compare thee to a summer’s day?

 **#107, Not mine own fears nor the prophetic soul**

 #55, Not marble nor the gilded monuments

Sequence D:

 **#105, Let not my love be called idolatry,**

 **#106, When in the chronicle of wasted time**

 #108, What’s in the brain that ink may character

 **#116, Let me not to the marriage of true minds**

 **#123, No, Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change.**

 cf., #73, That time of year thou mayst in me behold

 **#124, If my dear love were but the child of state,**

 **#125, Were ‘t aught to me I bore the canopy,**

Sequence E:

 **#66, Tired with all these, for restful death I cry:**

 #67, Ah, wherefore with infection should he live,

 #68, Thus is his cheek the map of days outworn,

 #94, They that have power to hurt and will do none,

 **$95, How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame**

 #96, Some say thy fault is youth, some wantonness;

**#99, The forward violet thus did I chide:**

 **#126, O, thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power**