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