

# Sonnet 14

By

William Shakespeare

Not from the stars do I my judgement pluck,  
And yet methinks I have astronomy,  
But not to tell of good, or evil luck,  
Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons' quality,  
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell;  
Pointing to each his thunder, rain and wind,  
Or say with princes if it shall go well  
By oft predict that I in heaven find.  
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,  
And constant stars in them I read such art  
As truth and beauty shall together thrive  
If from thy self, to store thou wouldst convert:  
Or else of thee this I prognosticate,  
Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.