

# Sonnet 33

By

William Shakespeare

Full many a glorious morning have I seen,  
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,  
Kissing with golden face the meadows green;  
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy:  
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride,  
With ugly rack on his celestial face,  
And from the forlorn world his visage hide  
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:  
Even so my sun one early morn did shine,  
With all triumphant splendour on my brow,  
But out alack, he was but one hour mine,  
The region cloud hath masked him from me now.  
Yet him for this, my love no whit disdaineth,  
Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's sun staineth.