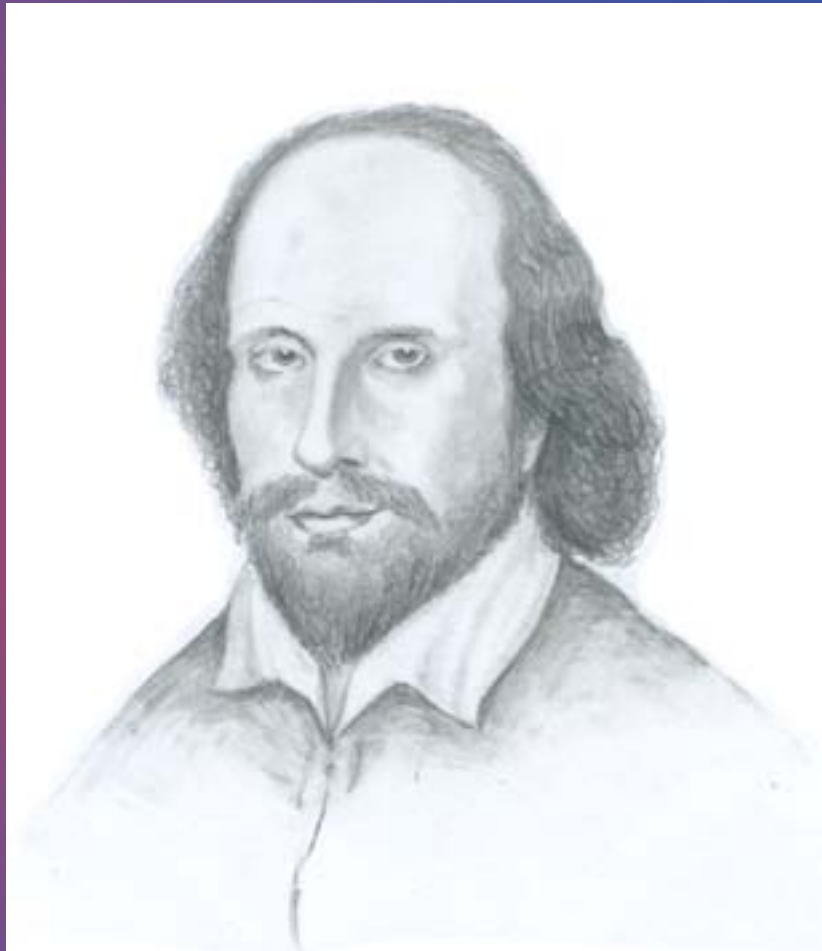


# Sonnets the Old Way



During the late sixteenth century, sonnets were written by hand and circulated among friends. Here is a modern selection of Shakespeare's sonnets, written by hand and, we hope, circulated among friends. Enjoy.

49

Against that time, if ever THAT time come,  
 when I shall see the frown on my defects,  
 Whereas thy love hath cast HIS utmost sun,  
 Call'd to that time, when thou shalt strangely pass  
 and scarcely greet me with THAT sun, thine eye,  
 when LOVE, converted from the thing it was,  
 shall reason, FIND of settled gravity;  
 Against THAT time do I enconce me here  
 within the knowledge of mine own DESERT,  
 And this my hand against MYSELF upreat,  
 To guard the lawful reasons on thy part:

TO LEAVE POOR ME THOU HAST THE STRENGTH OF LAWS  
 SINCE, WHY to LOVE, I can ALLEGE NO CAUSE.

Alack! what poverty my Muse brings forth,  
 That having such a scope to show her pride,  
 The argument, all bare, is of more worth,  
 Than when it hath my added praise beside.  
 O blame me not if I no more can write!  
 Look in your glass, and there appears a face  
 That over-goes my blunt invention quite,  
 Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.  
 Were it not sinful, then, striving to mend,  
 To mar the subject that before was well?  
 For so no other Pass my verses tend,  
 Than of your graces and your gifts to tell;  
 And more, much more, than in my  
 verse can sit,  
 Your own glass shows you, when  
 you look in it.

CIII

# Sonnet XXXIII

Shakespeare

That time of year thou maist in me behold  
When yellow leaves or none, or few, do hang  
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,  
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang,  
In me thou seest the Twilight of such day  
As after sunset fadeth in the west,  
Which by and by black night doth take away,  
Death's second self that seals up all in rest.  
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,  
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,  
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,  
Consumed with that which it was nourished by.  
This thou perceiv'st which makes thy Love  
more strong,  
To love that well which thou must leave  
ere long:

Courtney Turner

Coet Hount

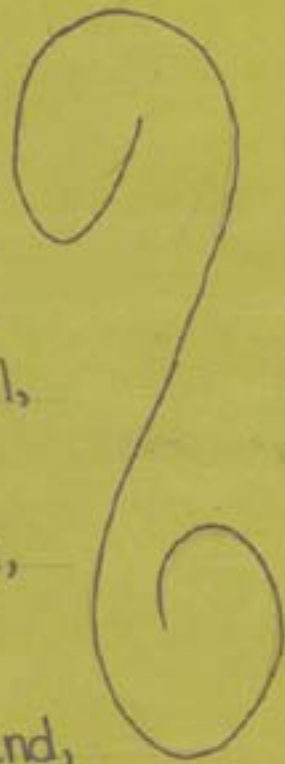
# XXXIV

by William Shakespeare


Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,  
And make me travel forth without my cloak,  
To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,  
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?  
'Tis not enough that through the cloud thou break,  
To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,  
For no man well of such a salve can speak,  
That heals the wound, and cures not the disgrace:  
Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief;  
Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss:  
The offenders sorrow lends but weak relief  
To him that bears the strong offence's cross,  
Ah! but those are pearls which thy love sheds,  
And they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds.

# CXLIV

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,  
While like two spirits do suggest me still;  
The better angel is a man right fair,  
The worser spirit a woman, colour'd ill.  
To win me soon to hell, my female evil  
Tempteth my better angel from my side,  
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,  
Wooing his purity with her foul pride.  
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,  
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;  
But, being both from me, both to each friend,  
I guess one angel in another's hell.  
Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,  
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.



# CXXX



My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;  
Coral is far more red than her lips red;  
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;  
If hair be wires, black wires grow on her head.

I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,  
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;  
And in some perfumes is there more delight  
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.

I love to hear her speak, - yet well I know  
That music hath a far more pleasing sound;  
I grant I never saw a goddess go, -  
My mistress when she walks, treads on the ground.

And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare  
As any she belied with false compare.



That time of year thou mayst in me behold  
 When yellow leaves, or none, or few do hang  
 Upon thoughts boughs which shake against the cold,  
 Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.  
 In me though see'st the twilight of such day  
 As after sunset fadeth in the west,  
 Which by and by black night doth take away,  
 Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.  
 In me though see'st the glowing of such fire  
 That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,  
 As the death-bed whereon it must expire,  
 Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.  
 This thou perceiv'st which makes thy love more strong  
 To love that well which thou must leave ere  
 long.

LXXIII

55

-not marble, nor the gilded  
 monuments - Of princes  
 shall outlive this possible  
 time; But you shall shine  
 more bright in these  
 coeter's - than in wreck  
 of stone, besmeared with  
 sluttish time. - When  
 the work of masonry  
 shall raise quick-buried  
 record of your memory  
 and all-oblivious eras  
 shall bury - you  
 not - even in the eyes  
 of posterity - that wear  
 the shining doom - to  
 judgement that yourself  
 seal in this and awei  
 low's eye.

war shall  
 not out of  
 his sword  
 - the living  
 shall death  
 you  
 shall find  
 out  
 you

LXXXVII

That time of year thou mayst in me behold

When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang  
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,  
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the birds sang.

In me thou seest the twilight of such day  
As after sunset fadeth in the west,

Which by and by black night doth take away  
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.

In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,

That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,  
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,  
Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.

This thou perceiv'st which makes thy love more strong

To love that well which thou must leave ere long:

Devise Bergmeister  
Sonnet # XXXVII  
Prof. Tom Kivella

As a decrepit father takes delight  
To see his active child do deeds of youth  
So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,  
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth;  
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,  
Or any of these all, or all, or more,  
Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit,  
I make my love engrafted to this store;  
So that I am not lame, poor, nor despis'd,  
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give,  
That I in thy abundance am suffic'd,  
And by a part of all thy glory live.

Look what is best, that best I wish in thee;  
This wish I have, then ten times happy me!

Denise Bergmeister  
Hand-written Sonnet #153  
Prof. Tom Kinsella

\* Cupid lay by his brand, and fell asleep:  
which borrow'd from this holy fire of love  
But at my mistress' eye love's brand new-fir'd  
A maid of Dian's this advantage found,  
A dateless lively heat, still to endure,  
The boy for trial needs would touch my breast;  
But found no cure: the bath for my help lies  
Where Cupid got new fire, - my mistress' eyes.  
And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep  
In a cold valley-fountain of that ground,  
Against strange maladies a sovereign cure  
And thither hied, a sad distemp'rd guest,  
And grew a sectung bath, which yet men prove  
I, sick withal, the help of both desired,  
And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep  
In a cold valley-fountain of that ground  
Against strange maladies a sovereign cure  
And thither hied, a sad distemp'rd guest,  
And grew a sectung bath, which yet men prove  
I, sick withal, the help of both desired,

Jamie Taylor

66

**T**ired with all these, for restful death I cry:

As to behold desert a beggar born,

And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,

And purest faith unhappily forsworn,

And gilded honor shamefully misplaced,

And maiden virtue ruderly strumpeted,

And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,

And strength by limping sways disabled,

And art made tongue-tied by authority,

And folly, doctor-like, controlling skill,

And simple truth miscalled simplicity,

And captive good attending captain ill.

Tired with all these, from these would I be gone,

Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

Whitney Dickens  
10/3/12  
"SHAKES #116 - REVISED"

TIR'D WITH ALL THESE, FOR RESTFUL DEATH I CRY,-  
AS, TO BEHOLD DESERT \* BEWARE BORN

LXVI.



NEEDY NOTHING TRIMM'D IN JOLLITY,  
PUREST FAITH UNHAPPILY FORSWORN,  
GILDED HONOUR SHAMEFULLY MISPLAC'D,  
MAIDED VIRTUE RUDELy SCRAMPETED,  
RIGHT PERFECTION WRONGFULLY DISGRAC'D,  
STRENGTH BY LUMPING SWAY DISABLED,  
ART MADE TONGUE-TIED BY AUTHORITY,  
FELLY (DOCTOR-LIKE) CONTROLLING SKILL,  
"SIMPLE TRUTH" ~~MISPLACED~~ <sup>MISCALL'D</sup> SIMPLICITY,  
CAPTIVE GOOD ATTENDING CAPTAIN ILL:

TIR'D WITH ALL THESE

FROM THESE I WOULD BE GONE

SAVE THAT TO DIG,

leave my love alone

Jaci Moseley

# Sonnet LX

Like as the *waves* make towards the pebbled shore,  
so do our *MINUTES* hasten to their *END*,

Each *changing* place with that which goes *before*;  
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.

*Nativity*, once in the main of light,

*Crowls* to maturity, wherewith being *CROWNED*

*crook'd* *ECLIPSES* 'gainst his glory *fight*,  
and *time* that *gave* doth now his *GIFT* confound.

*TIME* doth transfix the *flawish* set an youth,

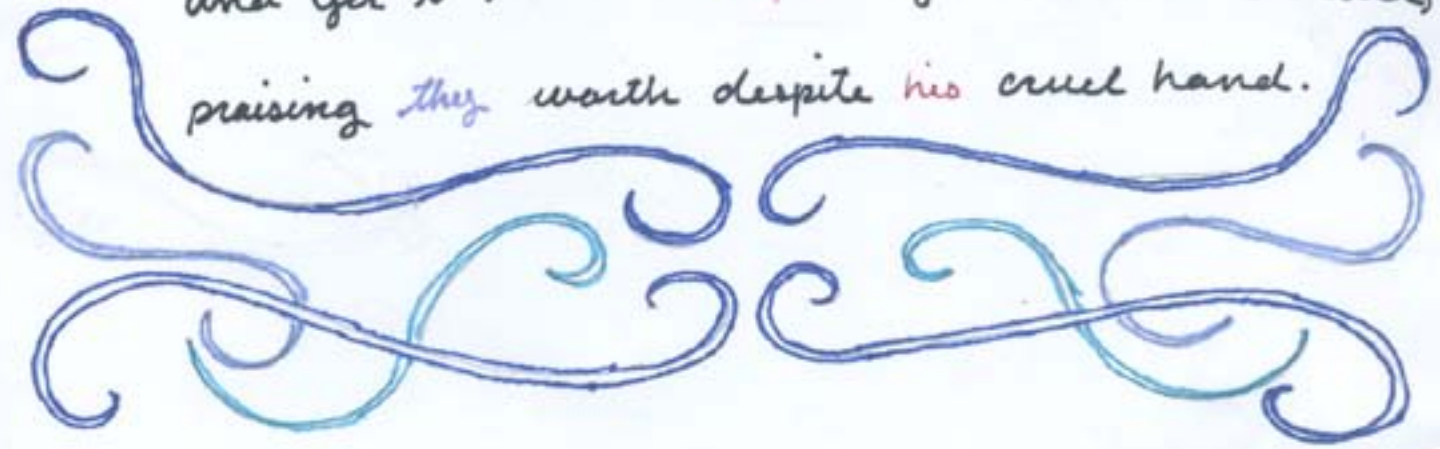
and delves the parallels in *beauty's* brow;

*FEEDS* on the rarities of nature's *TRUTH*,

and *NOTHING* stands but for his *scythe* to mow.

and yet to times in *hope* my *verse* shall stand,

praising *they* worth despite his *cruel* hand.





# Sonnet 80

O how I faint when I of you do write,  
Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,  
And in the praise thereof spends all his might,  
To make me tongue-tied speaking of your fame.

But since your worth (wide as the ocean is)  
The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,  
My saucy bark (inferior far to his)  
On your broad main doth wilfully appear.

Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,  
Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride,  
Or (being wrecked) I am a wormless boat,  
He of tall building, and of goodly pride

Then if he thrive and I be cast away,  
The worst was this, my love was my decay.

-Mandie  
Drehozovick

# CXLVII

My love is as a fever, longing still  
For that which longer nurseth the disease;  
Feeding on that which doth preserve me ill,  
The uncertain sickly appetite to please.  
My reason, the physician to my love,  
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,  
Hath left me, and I desperate now approve  
Desire is death, which physic did except.  
Past cure I am, now reason is past care,  
And frantic mad with evermore unrest;  
My thoughts and my discourse as mad men's are,  
At random from the truth vainly express'd;  
For I have sworn thee fair; and thought thee  
who art as black as <sup>as</sup>hell, as dark as night. **Bright.**

Kristin Coom



To my beloved,  
Against that **time**, if ever that **time** come,

When I shall see **thee** frown on my **defects**,  
When as **thy** love hath cast his utmost sum,  
Call'd to that audit by advis'd respects;

Against that **time** when **thou** shalt strangely pass,  
And scarcely greet me with that **sun**, **thine** eye,  
When **love**, converted from the thing it was,  
Shall reasons find of settled **gravity**;

Against that **time** do I ensconce me here,  
Within the knowledge of mine own **desert**,

And this my hand, against my self uprear,  
To guard the **lawful** reasons on **thy** part:

To **leave** poor me **thou** hast the  
strength of **laws**,

Since why to **love** I can allege  
no cause.

♥️ *Jana*

# Your Voice: Politics

**Sonnet 80**

O how faint when I of you do write,  
Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,  
And in the praise thereof spends all his might,  
To make me tongue the speaking of your fame;  
But since your worth (exceeds all) his doth  
Humble as the proud,est sail down here,  
My sallow bank (inferior far to his)  
On your broad main doth wilfully appear,  
Your shallowest help will hold me up, no more,  
Or (being wrecked) I am a worthless boat,  
He of tall building and of goodly pride,  
Then if he thrive and I be cast away,  
The worst was this, my love was my decay.

*Mandie Belhove*

Sean Havern  
For *The Argo*

"Promises were made." This is a saying that I have often used when expressing to others my inability to escape from a commitment. It is the saying that I use to evaluate our current president and even the whole of political candidates.

Promises were made by President Obama, but were they ever fulfilled through? I argue simply that they were not. That the very statements that got him elected in his first term in office were never fulfilled, at least not the way he expressed them to the American people in his campaign.

The first thing I heard is the President's campaign promise to shut down the infantile detention center known as Guantanamo Bay. Even the staunchest supporters of the president would be forced to admit that the center still exists. The defendants are still there. That would argue that Guantanamo Bay still open because the states quite not allow the detainees to be moved from American soil. However, the president, when it came to Guantanamo Bay, a misunderstanding of the intricacies of government, just simply did not get through his campaign promise was stipulation "if the states let me."

Certainly if this were only about immigration, it could over-look it as an error of the world and so unfortunately such stipulations are rare in our world and so the unfulfilled promises pile up.

Another promise made by the president was for broad and sweeping reforms in immigration policies.

Domenica Chianem  
A love, 10/16/12

Promises Were Made  
The president's promises were made, but were they ever fulfilled through? I argue simply that they were not. That the very statements that got him elected in his first term in office were never fulfilled, at least not the way he expressed them to the American people in his campaign.

The first thing I heard is the President's campaign promise to shut down the infantile detention center known as Guantanamo Bay. Even the staunchest supporters of the president would be forced to admit that the center still exists. The defendants are still there. That would argue that Guantanamo Bay still open because the states quite not allow the detainees to be moved from American soil. However, the president, when it came to Guantanamo Bay, a misunderstanding of the intricacies of government, just simply did not get through his campaign promise was stipulation "if the states let me."

Certainly if this were only about immigration, it could over-look it as an error of the world and so unfortunately such stipulations are rare in our world and so the unfulfilled promises pile up.

Another promise made by the president was for broad and sweeping reforms in immigration policies.

Domenica Chianem  
A love, 10/16/12

## Do Debates Matter In An Election?

either enforce the positive or negative effects of the debate, depending on the quality of the candidates and the voters. Debates are important, but they are not the only factor in determining the outcome of an election. The quality of the candidates and the voters is what ultimately determines the result. Debates are a tool that can be used to inform voters, but they are not a guarantee of a better outcome.

Sonnet 64

Elin Kessel

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced

The rich proud cast of antique buried age;  
 When sometime lofty towers I see down-hazed  
 And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;  
 When I have seen the hungry ocean gain  
 Advantage on the kingdoms of the shore,  
 And the firm soil win of the watery main,  
 Increasing store with loss and loss with store;  
 When I have seen such interchange of state,  
 Or state itself confounded to decay;  
 Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate,  
 That Time will come and take my love away.  
 This thought is as a feather which cannot choose  
 But weeps to have that which it fears to lose.

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;  
 Coral is far more red than her lips' red;  
 If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;  
 If hairs be wires, black wires grow on

and the  
 .man-praying  
 covered, did  
 every woman  
 to her head unce  
 that is even  
 women br  
 it if it be  
 wa

I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,  
 But no such roses see I in her cheeks;  
 And in some perfumer is there more delight,  
 Than in the breath that from my

on  
 their corpse  
 multitude of the whoresoms  
 heriot, the mistress of witch  
 ations through her where  
 through her witchcrafts  
 151

rocks

I love to hear her speak, — yet well I know  
 That music hath a far more pleasing sound;  
 I grant I never saw a goddess go —  
 My mistress when she walks

thought  
 robbers of c  
 or goddess  
 .emotius-an  
 have a ma

go -

16.11.  
 O earth, a  
 Lord God be withi  
 in his holy temple  
 cometh forth out of the  
 and tread upon the

on the ground

And yet, by And I will give unto the kingdom of heaven; and whosoever shall be bound on earth shall be bound in heaven. I think my love  
 As any she belied with false compare.

19 And I will give unto the  
 kingdom of heaven; and wh  
 bind on earth shall be b  
 whatsoever thou shalt b  
 leg

as rose

Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath stell'd  
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart;  
My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,  
And perspective  
far-through the  
To find where your  
Which in my bosom's  
That hath his windows  
Now see what good  
Mine eyes have drawn  
Are windows to my breast,  
Delights to peep

Yet eyes this  
grace

They draw but what they see;  
know not the heart.

Cunning want to  
their art,

Frame wherein 'tis held,  
it is best painter's art.  
painter must you see his skill,  
true image picture'd lies,  
shop is hanging still,  
glazed with thine eyes.

turns eyes for eyes have done:  
thy shape and thine for me  
where-through the sun  
to gaze therein on thee;



Those lines that I before have writ do lie,  
Even those that said I could not love you dearer;  
Yet then my judgment knew no reason why  
My most full flame should after words burn clearer.  
But reckoning time, whose millioned accidents  
Creep in 'twixt vows and change decrees of King,  
Jan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,  
Divert strong minds to th' course of alt'ring things -  
Alas, why, fearing of time's tyranny,  
Might I not then say "Now I love you best,"  
When I was certain o'er uncertainty,  
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest?  
Love is a babe. Then might I not say so,  
To give full growth to that which still doth grow.

Shakespeare

# SONNET

X

C

I

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,  
Some in their wealth, some in their body's force;  
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill;  
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse;  
And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,  
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest;  
But these particulars are not my measure,  
All these I better in one general best.  
Thy love is better than high birth to me,  
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,  
Of more delight than hawks and horses be;  
And, having thee, of all men's pride I boast.

Wretched in this alone, that thou mayst take  
All this away, and me most wretched make.

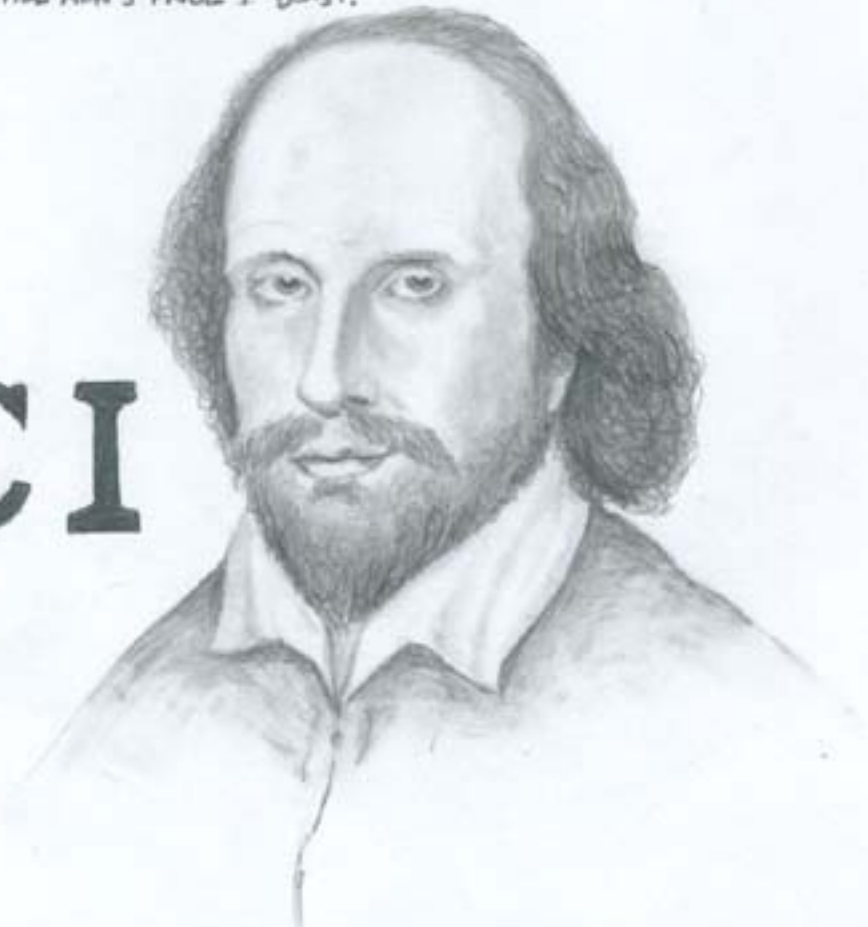
CXXX

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;  
Coral is far more red than her lips' red;  
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;  
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.  
I have seen roses demask'd, red and white,  
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;  
And in some perfumes is there more delight  
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.  
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know  
That music hath a far more pleasing sound;  
I grant I never saw a goddess go,  
My mistress when she walks treads on the ground;  
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare,  
As any she belied with false compare

Sherree Evans

SOME GLORY IN THEIR BIRTH, SOME IN THEIR SKILL,  
SOME IN THEIR WEALTH, SOME IN THEIR BODY'S FORCE;  
SOME IN THEIR GARMENTS, THOUGH NEW FANGLED ILL;  
SOME IN THEIR HAWKS AND HOUNDS, SOME IN THEIR HORSE:  
AND EVERY HUMOUR WITH HIS ADJUNCT PLEASURE,  
WHEREIN IT FINDS A JOY ABOVE THE REST;  
BUT THESE PARTICULARS ARE NOT MY MEASURE,  
ALL THESE I BETTER IN ONE GENERAL BEST.  
THY LOVE IS BETTER THAN HIGH BIRTH TO ME,  
RICHER THAN WEALTH, PROUDER THAN GARMENTS' COST,  
OF MORE DELIGHT THAN HAWKS AND HORSES BE;  
AND, HAVING THEE, OF ALL MEN'S PRIDE I BOAST.

XCI

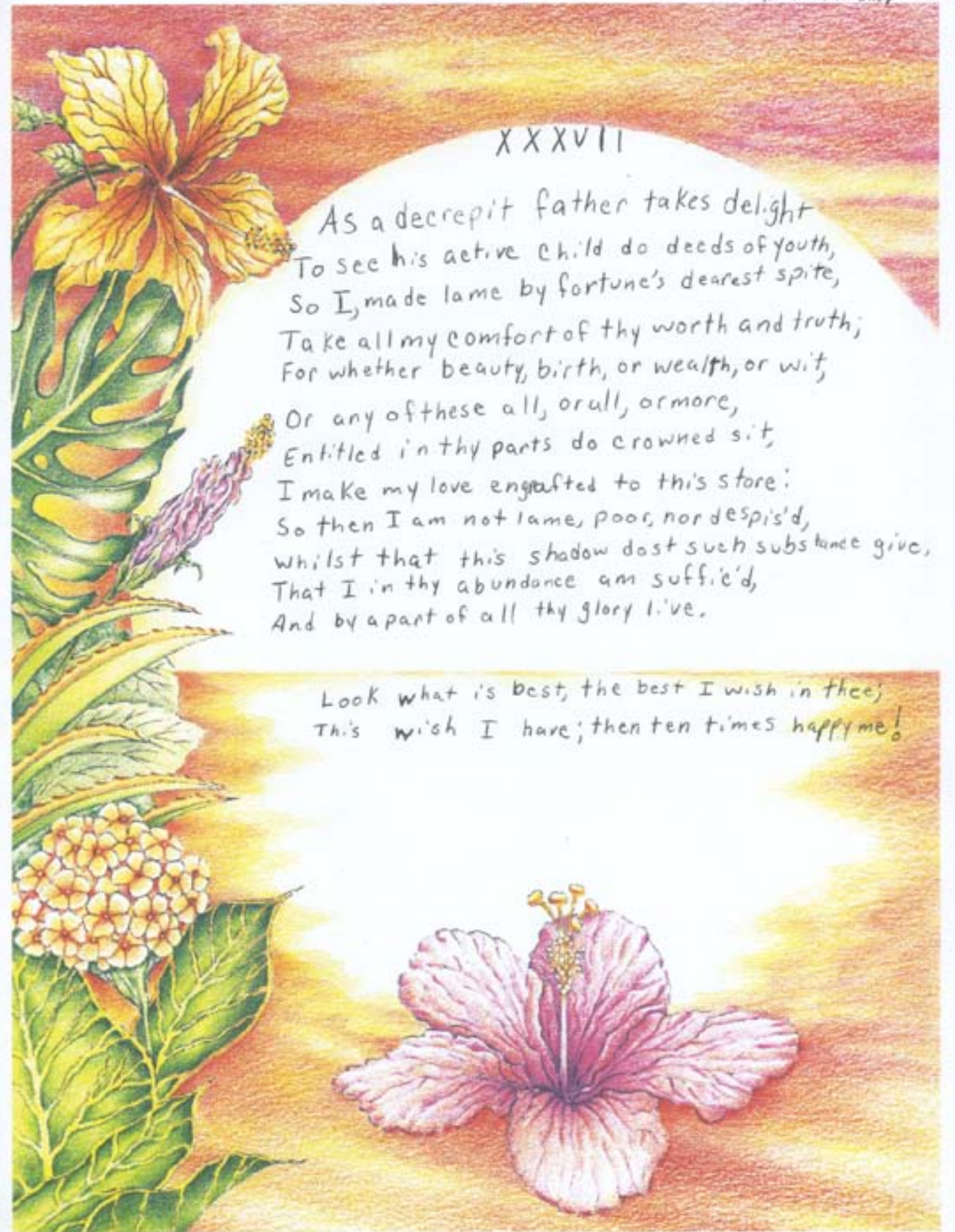


WRETCHED IN THIS ALONE, THAT THOU MAYST TAKE  
ALL THIS AWAY, AND ME MOST WRETCHED MAKE.

XXXVII

As a decrepit father takes delight  
To see his active child do deeds of youth,  
So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,  
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth;  
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,  
Or any of these all, or all, or more,  
Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit,  
I make my love engafted to this store:  
So then I am not lame, poor, nor despis'd,  
Whilst that this shadow dost such substance give,  
That I in thy abundance am suffic'd,  
And by a part of all thy glory live.

Look what is best, the best I wish in thee;  
This wish I have; then ten times happy me!



These sonnets were transcribed by members of the course *Night-Shakes* at The Richard Stockton College of New Jersey during the Fall Semester of 2012. Just before Halloween this term the great storm Sandy blew through our area and disrupted many lives. This modest literary effort is dedicated to the recovery of all affected.