

Full Many a Glorious Morning

Sonnet 33 by Shakespeare. The speaker reflects on his love described in terms of resplendent nature. The last four lines introduce a sombre note in which the speaker recalls how the object of his love was suddenly removed, an event which he compares to the sun being clouded over.

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 mask'd him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
Suns of the world may stain when heaven's sun staineth.