





William
Shakespeare

William

Shakespeare

Handwritten text in cursive script, likely a letter or document, written on aged paper. The text is mostly illegible due to fading and blurring.



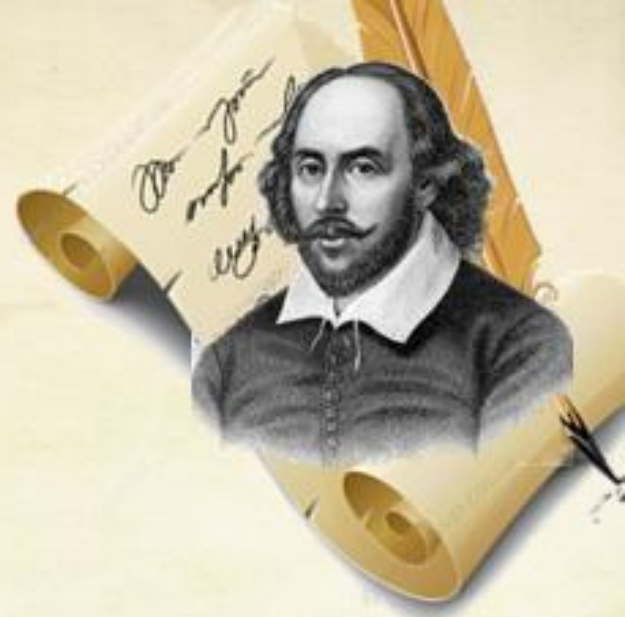


William

Shakespeare

- ПУНКТ 1
- ПУНКТ 2
- ПУНКТ 3
- ПУНКТ 4
- ПУНКТ 5





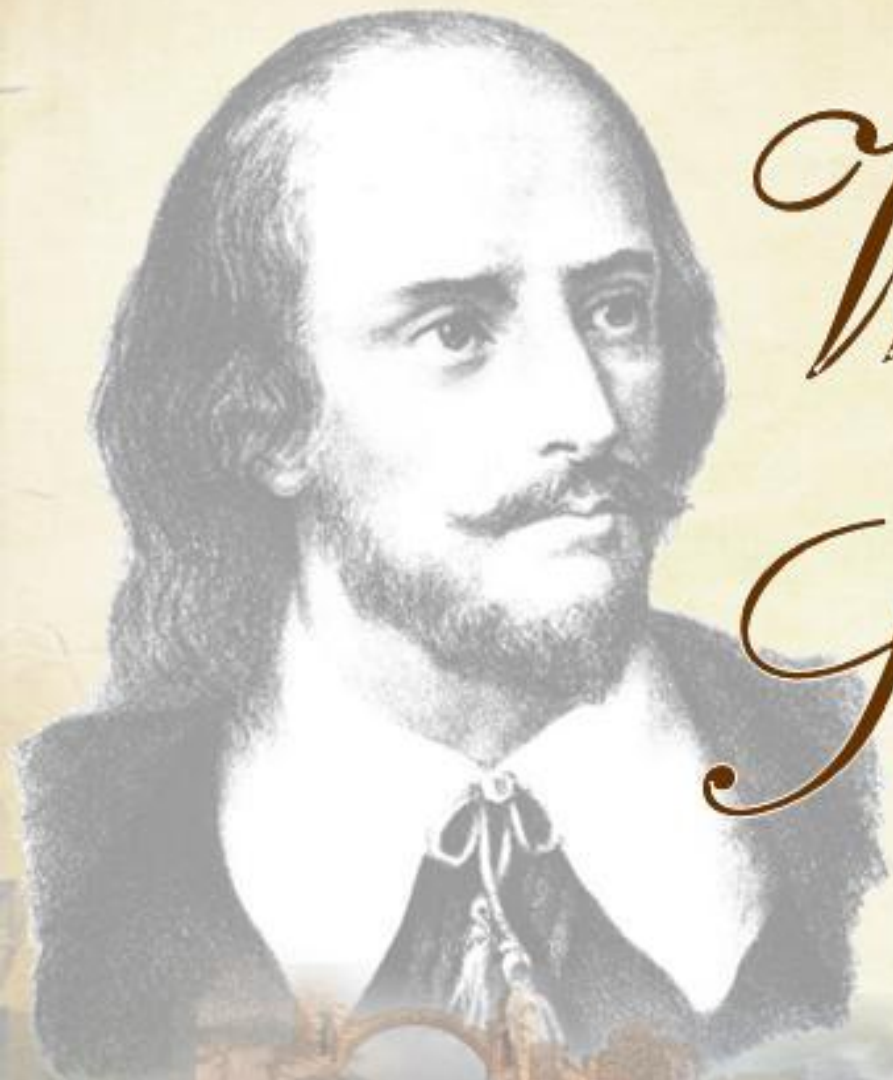


Handwritten signature or name.

Handwritten text, possibly a name or address, enclosed in a decorative frame.

Main body of handwritten text in cursive script, appearing to be a letter or document.





William

Shakespeare

1564 - 1616



But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thro' her maid art far more fair than she.
Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.
It is my lady, O, it is my love!
O, that she knew she were!
She speaks yet she says nothing, what of that?
Her eye discourses; I will answer it.
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks.
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, thou in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright
That birds would sing and think it were not night;
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!



Shakespeare
1564-1616





SHAKESPEARES, SONNETS.

From fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauties *Rose* might neuer die,
But as the riper should by time decease,
His tender heire might beare his memory:
But thou contracted to thine owne bright eyes,
Feed'st thy lights flame with selfe substantiall feed,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thy selfe thy foe, to thy selfe cruell:
Thou that art now the woorld's fresh ornament,
And only herauld to the gaudy cheere,
Within thine owne bud buriest thy content,
And tender chorde makst wast in niggarding:
Pitty the world, or else this glutton be,
To eate the worlds due, by the graue and thee.



*But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,*

William Shakespeare



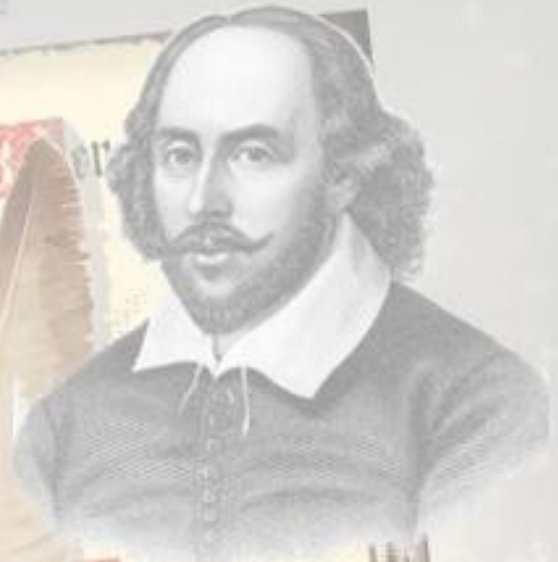
Sonnets

(From first fourteen to date increase...)

Confessio instructio

...Tired with all these, for tenful death I cry,
As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trim'd in lolly,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honour shamefully misplaced,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,
And strength by limping sway disabled,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly doo' like controlling sill,
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
And captive good attending captainy.

Умбръм



(S...)

Д...
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Н...
И...
И...



W
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Handwritten text in a cursive script, likely a historical document or letter. The text is partially obscured by the quill and the portrait.

