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**From fairest creatures we desire increase,  
That thereby beautys 'rose might never die,  
But as the riper should by time decease,  
His tender heir might bear his memory:  
But thou contracted to thine own bright eyes,  
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,  
Making a famine where abundance lies,  
Thy self thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel:  
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament,  
And only herald to the gaudy spring,  
Within thine own bud buriest thy content,  
And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding:  
   Pity the world, or else this glutton be,  
   To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.**