

## **Marianne Faithfull**

### **"Sonnet 14"**

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(william shakespeare)

Not from the stars do I my judgement pluck,  
And yet methinks I have astronomy;  
But not to tell of good or evil luck,  
Of plagues, or dearths, or seasons' quality;  
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,  
Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind,  
Or say with princess if it whall go well  
By oft predict that I in heaven find.

But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,  
And, constant stars, in them I read such art  
As truth and beauty shall together thrive  
If from thyself to store thou wouldst convert:  
Or else of thee this I prognosticate,  
They and is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

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