

But wherefore do not you a mighrier way
Make war upon this bloody tyrant Time,
And fortify yourself in your decay
4 With means more blessed than my barren rhyme?
Now stand you on the top of happy hours,
And many maiden gardens, **yet unset**,
With virtuous wish would bear **your** living flowers,
8 Much liker than your painted counterfeit.
So should the **lines of** life that life **repair**,
Which this time's pencil or my pupil pen
Neither in **inward** worth **nor outward** fair
12 Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.
To give away yourself keeps yourself still,
And you must live **drawn** by your own sweet skill.

- Against my love shall be as **I am** now
 With Time's injurious hand crushed and o'er worn;
 When hours have drained his blood and filled his brow
 4 With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn
 Hath travelled on to age's steepy night,
 And all those beauties whereof now he's king
 Are **vanishing or vanished** out of sight,
 8 Stealing away the treasure of his spring;
 For such a time do I now fortify
 Against confounding age's cruel knife,
 That he shall never cut from memory
 12 My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life:
 His beauty shall **in these black lines** be seen,
 And they shall live, and he in them still green.

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame
 Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
 Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name!
 4 O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose!
 That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
 Making lascivious comments on thy sport,
 Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise;
 8 Naming thy name blesses an ill report.
 O, what a mansion have those vices got
 Which for their habitation chose out thee,
 Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,
 12 And all things turn to fair that eyes can see!
 Take **heed**, dear heart, of **this** large **privilege**;
 The **hardest knife** ill-used doth lose his edge.

- So, now **I** have confessed that he is thine,
 And I myself am mortgaged to thy will,
 Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine
 4 Thou wilt restore to be my comfort still.
 But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
 For thou art covetous, and he is kind;
 He learned but surety-like to write for me
 8 Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.
 The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,
 Thou usurer that put'st forth all to **use**,
 And sue a friend came debtor for my sake;
 12 So him I lose through my unkind abuse.
 Him have I lost; thou hast both him and me;
 He pays **the whole**, and yet am I not free.