

When I do count the clock that tells the time  
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night,  
When I behold the violet past prime  
And sable curls all silvered o'er with white;  
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,  
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,  
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves  
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard;  
Then of thy beauty do I question make  
That thou among the wastes of time must go,  
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake  
And die as fast as they see others grow;

And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defense  
Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.