

Where art thou, muse, that thou forget'st so long  
To speak of that which gives thee all thy might?  
Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,  
Dark'ning thy power to lend base subjects light?  
Return, forgetful muse, and straight redeem  
In gentle numbers time so idly spent;  
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem  
And gives thy pen both skill and argument.  
Rise, resty muse; my love's sweet face survey  
If Time have any wrinkle graven there.  
If any, be a satire to decay  
And make Time's spoils despisèd everywhere.

Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life;  
So thou prevent'st his scythe and crookèd knife.