## Sonnet XII

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 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. William Shakespeare

The first four lines for *Sonnet XII* introduce the concept of time, of which the narrator has no kind things to say about. Though they do discribe the sunset very nicely. The narrator talks about the passing of time in sort of revant way, almost fearful. Although the general idea that time shall not wait for any man, woman, child, nor living creature is sewn throughout the sonnet. Leading to a great sonnet overall.