

# Sonnets

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## 12

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 ensilvered o'er with white;  
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves, 5  
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, 10  
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,  
And die as fast as they see others grow;  
And nothing 'gainst time's scythe can make defence  
Save breed to brave him when he takes thee hence.