

# Sonnets

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## 81

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,  
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten.  
From hence your memory death cannot take,  
Although in me each part will be forgotten.  
Your name from hence immortal life shall have, 5  
Though I, once gone, to all the world must die.  
The earth can yield me but a common grave  
When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie.  
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,  
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read, 10  
And tongues to be your being shall rehearse  
When all the breathers of this world are dead.  
    You still shall live±±such virtue hath my pen±±  
    Where breath most breathes, even in the mouths of  
men.