

# Sonnets

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## 73

That time of year thou mayst in me behold  
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang  
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,  
Bare ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang.  
In me thou seest the twilight of such day  
As after sunset fadeth in the west,  
Which by and by black night doth take away,  
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.  
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire  
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie  
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,  
Consumed with that which it was nourished by.

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    This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more  
strong,  
    To love that well which thou must leave ere long.