

# Sonnets

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## 16

But wherefore do not you a mightier way  
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, time,  
And fortify yourself in your decay  
With means more blesseÁd than my barren rhyme?  
Now stand you on the top of happy hours, 5  
And many maiden gardens yet unset  
With virtuous wish would bear your living flowers,  
Much liker than your painted counterfeit.  
So should the lines of life that life repair  
Which this time's pencil or my pupil pen 10  
Neither in inward worth nor outward fair  
Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.  
    To give away yourself keeps yourself still,  
    And you must live drawn by your own sweet skill.