

# Sonnets

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## 7

Lo, in the orient when the gracious light  
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye  
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,  
Serving with looks his sacred majesty,  
And having climbed the steep-up heavenly hill, 5  
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,  
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,  
Attending on his golden pilgrimage.  
But when from highmost pitch, with weary car,  
Like feeble age he reeleth from the day, 10  
The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are  
From his low tract, and look another way.  
    So thou, thyself outgoing in thy noon,  
    Unlooked on diest unless thou get a son.