

# Sonnets

## 122

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain  
Full charactered with lasting memory,  
Which shall above that idle rank remain  
Beyond all date, even to eternity;  
Or at the least so long as brain and heart  
Have faculty by nature to subsist,  
Till each to razed oblivion yield his part  
Of thee, thy record never can be missed.  
That poor retention could not so much hold,  
Nor need I tallies thy dear love to score;  
Therefore to give them from me was I bold,  
To trust those tables that receive thee more.  
To keep an adjunct to remember thee  
Were to import forgetfulness in me.