

Shakespeare's Sonnet LXXVII (77)



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Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,	1
Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste;	2
The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,	3
And of this book this learning mayst thou taste.	4
The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show	5
Of mouthed graves will give thee memory;	6
Thou by thy dial's shady stealth mayst know	7
Time's thievish progress to eternity.	8
Look, what thy memory can not contain	9
Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find	10
Those children nursed, deliver'd from thy brain,	11
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.	12
These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,	13
Shall profit thee and much enrich thy book.	14