

Sonnet 75 (1595)

Edmund Spenser

- One day I wrote her name upon the strand,  
But came the waves and washed it away:  
Agayne I wrote it with a second hand,  
But came the tyde, and made my paynes his pray.
- (5) "Vayne man," sayd she, "that doest in vaine assay,  
A mortall thing so to immortalize,  
For I my selve shall lyke to this decay,  
And eek my name bee wyped out lykewize."  
"Not so," quod I, "let baser things devize
- (10) To dy in dust, but you shall live by fame:  
My verse your vertues rare shall eternize,  
And in the heavens wryte your glorious name.  
Where whenas death shall all the world subdew,  
Our love shall live, and later life renew."

Sonnet 60 (1609)

William Shakespeare

- Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,  
So do our minutes hasten to their end;  
Each changing place with that which goes before,  
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
- (5) Nativity, once in the main of light,  
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crowned,  
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,  
And time that gave doth now his gift confound.  
Time does transfix the flourish set on youth,
- (10) And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,  
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,  
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow:  
And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,  
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.