

# Sonnet 63

By

William Shakespeare

Against my love shall be as I am now  
With Time's injurious hand crushed and o'erworn,  
When hours have drained his blood and filled his brow  
With lines and wrinkles, when his youthful morn  
Hath travelled on to age's steepy night,  
And all those beauties whereof now he's king  
Are vanishing, or vanished out of sight,  
Stealing away the treasure of his spring:  
For such a time do I now fortify  
Against confounding age's cruel knife,  
That he shall never cut from memory  
My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life.  
His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,  
And they shall live, and he in them still green.