

# Sonnet 77

By

William Shakespeare

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,  
Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste,  
These vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,  
And of this book, this learning mayst thou taste.  
The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show,  
Of mouthed graves will give thee memory,  
Thou by thy dial's shady stealth mayst know,  
Time's thievish progress to eternity.  
Look what thy memory cannot contain,  
Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find  
Those children nursed, delivered from thy brain,  
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.  
    These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,  
    Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book.