

# Sonnet 81

By

William Shakespeare

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,  
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten,  
From hence your memory death cannot take,  
Although in me each part will be forgotten.  
Your name from hence immortal life shall have,  
Though I (once gone) to all the world must die,  
The earth can yield me but a common grave,  
When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie,  
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,  
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read,  
And tongues to be, your being shall rehearse,  
    When all the breathers of this world are dead,  
    You still shall live (such virtue hath my pen)