

Scene 5 – Shakespeare's Sonnet 73

When to the sessions of sweet, silent
thought
I summon up remembrance of things
past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear
Time's waste.
Then can I drown and eye, unused to
flow,
For precious friends hid in death's
dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long since
canceled woe,
And moan th' expense of many a
vanished sight;
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the ewhile I think on thee, dear
friend,
All losses are restored and sorrows end.

Thy glass will show thee how thy
beauties wear,
Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste;
The 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.

That time of year thou mayst in me
behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few do
hang
Upon those boughs which shake against
the cold
Bare ruined choirs where late the sweet
birds sang.
In me thou seest the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take
away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in
rest.
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the deathbed whereon it must expire,
Consumed with that which it was
nourished by.
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy
love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave
ere long.