

William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

## Sonnet 19

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,  
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood<sup>1</sup>;  
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,  
And burn the long-liv'd phoenix, in her blood;  
5 Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleet'st<sup>2</sup>,  
And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,  
To the wide world and all her fading sweets<sup>3</sup>;  
But I forbid thee one most heinous<sup>4</sup> crime:  
O! carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,  
10 Nor draw no lines there with thine antique<sup>5</sup> pen;  
Him in thy course<sup>6</sup> untainted<sup>7</sup> do allow  
For beauty's pattern<sup>8</sup> to succeeding men<sup>9</sup>.  
Yet, do thy worst old Time: despite thy wrong,  
My love shall in my verse ever live young.  
(115 words)

<sup>1</sup>**brood** children, creatures – <sup>2</sup>**fleet'st** fly, rapidly pass – <sup>3</sup>**fading sweets** ageing but beautiful creatures – <sup>4</sup>**heinous** dreadful, hateful  
– <sup>5</sup>**antique** old, grotesque – <sup>6</sup>**in thy course** in your swift progress – <sup>7</sup>**untainted** unspoilt – <sup>8</sup>**beauty's pattern** as a perfect model –  
<sup>9</sup>**succeeding men** future generations