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And yet to times in hope my  
verse shall stand,  
Praising thy worth, despite his  
cruel hand.



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### **Like As The Waves Make Towards The Pebbled Shore**

Like as the waves make towards  
the pebbled shore,  
So do our minutes hasten to their  
end,  
Each changing place with that  
which goes before,  
In sequent toil all forwards do  
contend.  
Nativity, once in the main of light,  
Crawls to maturity, wherewith  
being crown'd,  
Crooked eclipses \_gainst his  
glory fight,  
And Time, that gave, doth now  
his gift confound.  
Time doth transfix the flourish set  
on youth,  
And delves the parallels in  
beauty's brow;  
Feels on the rarities of nature's  
truth,  
And nothing stands but for his  
scythe to mow.