

Where *art* thou, *Muse*, that *thou* forget'st so long
 To *speak* of *that* which gives thee *all* thy *might*?
Spend'st thou thy fury on some *worthless* song,
Dark'ning thy *power* to *lend* base *subjects* *light*?
 Return, forgetful *Muse*, and *straight* redeem
 In *gentle* *numbers* *time* so *idly* *spent*;
Sing to the *ear* that *doth* thy *lays* *esteem*
 And *gives* thy *pen* both *skill* and *argument*.
Rise, resty Muse, my *love's* *sweet* *face* *survey*,
 If *Time* have *any* *wrinkle* *graven* *there*;
 If *any*, *be* a *satire* to *decay*,
 And *make* *Time's* *spoils* *despised* *ev'ry* *where*.
 Give my love FAME faster than *Time* *wastes* *life*;
 So *thou* *prevent'st* his *scythe* and *crooked* *knife*.