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