

LXXV.

One day I wrote her name upon the strand,
But came the waves and washed it away:
Agayne I wrote it with a second hand;
But came the tyde, and made my paynes his pray.
"Vayne man," sayd she, "that doest in vaine assay
A mortall thing so to immortalize;
For I my selve shall lyke to this decay,
And eke my name bee wyped out lykewize."
"Not so," quod I; "let baser things devize
To dy in dust, but you shall live by fame:
My verse your vertues rare shall eternize,
And in the hevens wryte your glorious name.
Where, when as death shall all the world subdew,
Our love shall live, and later life renew."

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Sonnet 75

One day I wrote her name upon the beach,
But came the waves and washed it away:
Again I wrote it with a second hand,
But came the tide, and made my pains his prey.
"Vain man," said she, "that doest in vain assay
A mortal thing so to immortalize,
For I myself shall like to this decay,
And also my name be wiped out likewise."
"Not so" (quoth I), "let less important things devise
To die in dust, but you shall live by fame:
My verse your virtues rare shall make eternal,
And in the heavens write your glorious name.
Where when as Death shall all the world subdue.
Our love shall live, and later life renew."