

Then it will be by the pale death with his cold hand,  
Who with time will stroke your breasts at last;  
The precious coral of your lips long past,  
Your shoulder's snow, now warm,  
Turned cold to sand.

Your eye's sweet lightning, the skills of your hand,  
To him before whom all things fail, will fall  
That hair that rivals gold, it's gleam will pall,  
With days and years as any common band.

Your well-formed foot, your so enchanting ways,  
Of not to dust, to nothing time decays,  
Then none will bow down for your beauty's sake,  
This and more than this will come to be;  
Not even your bones the end of time will see,  
Since time chose of nothing it to make.