

# 8. Time, cruel time

John Danyel

Time, cru- el Time, canst thou sub- due that brow that con- quers all but  
Or art thou grown in league with those fair eyes that they might aid thee

10 15  
thee and thee too stays, as if she were, as if she were ex-  
to con- sume our days? Or dost thou love, or dost thou love her

20 25  
empt from scythe or bow, from love and years un- sub- ject to de- cay?  
for her cru- el- ties, be- ing mer- ci- less like thee that no man's weighs?

30 (b)  
Then do so still al- though she makes no 'steem of days nor years but lets  
And do so still al- though she no- thing cares. Do as I do: love her

35 40  
them run in vain. Hold still thy swift- wing'd hours that won- d'ring seem, to  
al- though un- kind. Hold still yet O, I fear, as, un- a- wares, thou

45 50  
gaze on her, ev- en to turn back a- gain.  
wilt be- guile her though thou seem'st so kind.