

## **SHAKESPEARIENCE!**

### *Sonnet 30*

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought  
I summon up remembrance of things past,  
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,  
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste.

Then can I drown an eye unused to flow,  
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,  
And weep afresh love's long since cancelled woe,  
And moan th' expense of many a vanished sight.

Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,  
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er  
The sad account of fore-bemoanèd moan,  
Which I new pay as if not paid before.

But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,  
All losses are restored, and sorrows end.