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**Friendship Sonnet   
by William Shakespeare**

When to the session 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 death¹s dateless night,  
And weep afresh love's long since cancelled woe,  
And moan the expense of many a vanish¹d sight:  
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,  
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er  
The sad account of fore-bemoaned 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.

