

# Song of the Sun Blade



When the sword of rebellion is drawn,  
the sheath should be thrown away.

Not marble, nor the gilded  
monuments  
Of princes, shall outlive this  
powerful rhyme;  
But you shall shine more bright  
in these contents  
Than unswept stone, besmeared  
with sluttish time.

When wasteful war shall statues  
obvert,  
And broils root out the work of  
masonry,  
Nor Mars his sword nor war's  
quick fire shall burn  
The living record of your  
memory.

'Gainst death and all-oblivious  
enmity

Shall you pace forth; your  
praise shall still find room  
Even in the eyes of all posterity  
That wear this world out to the  
ending doom.

So, till the judgment that  
yourself arise,  
You live in this, and dwell in  
lovers' eyes.



For the sword outwears  
its sheath,  
And the soul wears out the  
breast,  
And the heart must pause  
for breath,  
And love itself have rest.

Sonnet 55 by William Shakespeare  
Quote by Lord Byron