

Sonnets

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O thou my lovely boy, who in thy power
Dost hold time's fickle glass, his sickle-hour;
Who hast by waning grown, and therein show'st
Thy lovers withering as thy sweet self grow'st±±
If nature, sovereign mistress over wrack, 5
As thou goest onwards still will pluck thee back,
She keeps thee to this purpose: that her skill
May time disgrace, and wretched minutes kill.
Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure!
She may detain but not still keep her treasure. 10
Her audit, though delayed, answered must be,
And her quietus is to render thee.