

# Sonnets

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## 115

Those lines that I before have writ do lie,  
Even those that said I could not love you dearer;  
Yet then my judgement knew no reason why  
My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.  
But reckoning time, whose millioned accidents 5  
Creep in 'twixt vows and change decrees of kings,  
Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,  
Divert strong minds to th' course of alt'ring things±±  
Alas, why, fearing of time's tyranny,  
Might I not then say `Now I love you best', 10  
When I was certain o'er incertainty,  
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest?  
Love is a babe; then might I not say so,  
To give full growth to that which still doth grow.