

Sonnets

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No, time, thou shalt not boast that I do change!
Thy pyramids built up with newer might
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange,
They are but dressings of a former sight.
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire 5
What thou dost foist upon us that is old,
And rather make them born to our desire
Than think that we before have heard them told.
Thy registers and thee I both defy,
Not wond'ring at the present nor the past; 10
For thy records and what we see doth lie,
Made more or less by thy continual haste.
 This I do vow, and this shall ever be:
 I will be true despite thy scythe and thee.