

# Sonnets

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When in the chronicle of wasted time  
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,  
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme  
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights;  
Then in the blazon of sweet beauty's best, 5  
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,  
I see their antique pen would have expressed  
Even such a beauty as you master now.  
So all their praises are but prophecies  
Of this our time, all you prefiguring, 10  
And for they looked but with divining eyes  
They had not skill enough your worth to sing;  
For we which now behold these present days  
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.