

# Sonnets

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## 101

O truant muse, what shall be thy amends  
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dyed?  
Both truth and beauty on my love depends;  
So dost thou too, and therein dignified.  
Make answer, muse. Wilt thou not haply say 5  
`Truth needs no colour with his colour fixed,  
Beauty no pencil beauty's truth to lay,  
But best is best if never intermixed'?  
Because he needs no praise wilt thou be dumb?  
Excuse not silence so, for't lies in thee 10  
To make him much outlive a gilded tomb,  
And to be praised of ages yet to be.  
Then do thy office, muse; I teach thee how  
To make him seem long hence as he shows now.