

Sonnet 104

Bedouine

To me, fair friend, you could never be old
As you were when your eye I eyed
Is your beauty still three winters cold?
From the forest shook three summer's pride

Three beautiful springs to autumn turned
In process of the seasons seen
Three April perfumes in hot June burned
Since first you were fresh which yet are green

Those unborn, who will never be
Witness to summer's beauty

Your beauty like a dial hand
From his figure, no pace perceived
Your sweet hue, I feel still does stand
Moves and my eyes have me deceived

Those unborn, who will never be
Witness to summer's beauty
Those unborn, who will never be
Witness to summer's beauty