

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,  
 And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;  
 Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws;  
 And burn the long-lived phoenix in her blood;  
 Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleet'st  
 And do whatever thou wilt, swift-footed Time,  
 To the wide world and all her fading sweets:  
 But I forbid thee one most heinous crime —  
 O, carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,  
 Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;  
 Him in thy course untainted do allow  
 For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.

Yet do thy worst, old Time! despite thy wrong,  
 My love shall in my verse ever live young!

Devouring Time destroys earth's sweet brood, lion's paws, tiger's jaws, burns the long-lived phoenix, in her blood. Swift Time, make happy or sad the seasons as you fly, and do what you will to the world, and all its transitory objects of beauty. But I forbid you to do any damage to the youth and beauty of my friend — mark not my love's brow with the traces of anxieties, nor draw your lines of worries upon it. All seem to go unscathed, for a pattern of beauty to succeeding generations. But if you are not satisfied, do your worst for despite Time's injury, my loving friend shall live an eternal life in my verse.

The sonnet is the last of the first group of sonnets (1-26) in which the friend is advised to marry. But in this sonnet poetic creation as