

William Shakespeare

1564 - 1616

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 ~~love~~^{beauty's} best
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have express'd
Even such a beauty as you master now.

So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prophesying;
And for they look'd but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing!
For we, which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wander, but lack tongues to praise.