

*Not mine own fears nor the prophetic soul  
 Of the wide world, dreaming on things to come,  
 Can yet the lease of my true love control,  
 Supposed as forfeit to a confined doom.  
 The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured,  
 And the sad augurs mock their own presage;  
 Incertainties now crown themselves assured,  
 And peace proclaims olives of endless age.  
 Now with the drops of this most balmy time  
 My love looks fresh, and death to me subscribes,  
 Since spite of him I'll live in this poor rhyme,  
 While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes.  
 And thou in this shalt find thy monument,  
 When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.*

**S**till riding the wave of euphoria, the speaker returns to his convictions that (a) the lease of his true love's life can be extended by his poetic efforts and (b) like his friend he will live on in his verses in spite of death. In between these affirmations, in the second quatrain, the speaker recites the recent public events that might have resulted in disaster and failed expectations, yet have concluded happily.

What events these were has been the cause of much controversy; the truth is that they could have ranged from the defeat of the Spanish Armada (1588) to the accession of James I after the death of Queen Elizabeth (1603). But by divesting the events of specific reference, Shakespeare has focused the reader's attention on the emotions attending potential cataclysms. Peace with its olive branches is the last of these events and the harbinger of an "endless age" (l. 8). The nay-sayers among the prophets ("augurs," l. 6) deride their own prophecies.

The "wasted time" of Sonnet 106 is superseded by current crises in the larger world which is "dreaming on things to come" (l. 2) By the end, the Tudor reigns of trouble have given way to a "balmy time," and this, in turn, has resulted in an optimism that envelops the speaker and his friend and leads to the defiance of death. In Sonnet 106, the friend is described as

mastering beauty; in Sonnet 107, the speaker brags that death “subscribes” (submits, l. 10), to him as poet. The humility of the speaker in characterizing his own poetry as “this poor rhyme” (l. 11) undercuts his self-described triumphs, but this is temporary.

The couplet concludes with a repetition of the speaker’s belief in the immortality bestowed by his poetry, and so the poet is elevated above the tyrants’ crests, which, like the “tombs of brass,” will come to an end (be “spent,” l. 14). A new—and better—time will prevail, preserving his friend’s monument.