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.

Still 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superseded by current crises in the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.