

Sonnets

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As a decrepit father takes delight
To see his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth;
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit, 5
Or any of these all, or all, or more,
Entitled in thy parts do crowneÁd sit,
I make my love engrafted to this store.
So then I am not lame, poor, nor despised,
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give 10
That I in thy abundance am sufficed
And by a part of all thy glory live.
Look what is best, that best I wish in thee;
This wish I have, then ten times happy me.