

# Sonnets

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## 25

Let those who are in favour with their stars  
Of public honour and proud titles boast,  
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,  
Unlooked-for joy in that I honour most.  
Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread     5  
But as the marigold at the sun's eye,  
And in themselves their pride lies buried,  
For at a frown they in their glory die.  
The painful warrior famous for his might,  
After a thousand victories once foiled     10  
Is from the book of honour razed quite,  
And all the rest forgot for which he toiled.  
Then happy I, that love and am beloved  
Where I may not remove nor be removed.