

Sonnets

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So am I as the rich whose blesseÁd key
Can bring him to his sweet up-lockeÁd treasure,
The which he will not ev'ry hour survey,
For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.
Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare 5
Since, seldom coming, in the long year set
Like stones of worth they thinly placeÁd are,
Or captain jewels in the carcanet.
So is the time that keeps you as my chest,
Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide, 10
To make some special instant special blest
By new unfolding his imprisoned pride.
BlesseÁd are you whose worthiness gives scope,
Being had, to triumph; being lacked, to hope.