

When, in dis grace with For tune and men's eyes,
I all alone bewEEP my out cast state,
And trou ble deaf heaven with my boot less cries,
And look upon my self and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Fea tured like her, like him with friends pos sessed,
De siring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most en joy con tented least,
Yet in these thoughts my self al most de spis ing,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day aris ing
From sul len earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate
For thy sweet love re mem bered such wealth brings,
That then I scorn to change my state with
kings.

