



When, in disgrace with fortune and  
men's eyes,  
I all alone bewep my outcast state,  
And trouble deaf heaven with my  
bootless cries,  
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,  
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope  
Featured like him, like him with friends  
possest,  
Desiring this man's art and that man's  
scope,  
With what I most enjoy contented least;

Yet in these thoughts myself almost  
despising-  
Haply I think on thee:and then my state,  
Like to the lark at break of day  
arising  
From sullen earth, sings hymns at  
Heaven's gate;  
For thy sweet love rememb'ed such  
wealth brings  
That then I scorn to change my state  
with kings.

Shakespeare

