

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view  
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend.  
All tongues, the voice of souls, give thee that due,  
Utt'ring bare truth, even so as foes commend.  
Thy outward thus with outward praise is crowned,  
But those same tongues that give thee so thine own  
In other accents do this praise confound  
By seeing farther than the eye hath shown.  
They look into the beauty of thy mind,  
And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds;  
Then, churls, their thoughts, although their eyes were kind,  
To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds.  
But why thy odor matcheth not thy show,  
The soil is this, that thou dost common grow.