

Let those who are in favor with their stars  
Of public honor and proud titles boast,  
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,  
Unlooked for joy in that I honor most.  
Great princes' favorites their fair leaves spread  
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 famed for worth,  
After a thousand victories once foiled,  
Is from the book of honor razèd 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.