

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,  
Some in their wealth, some in their body's force,  
Some in their garments, though newfangled ill,  
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse;  
And every humor hath his adjunct pleasure,  
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest.

But these particulars are not my measure;  
All these I better in one general best.  
Thy love is better than high birth to me,  
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,  
Of more delight than hawks or horses be;  
And having thee, of all men's pride I boast.

Wretched in this alone, that thou mayst take  
All this away, and me most wretched make.