

O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem  
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give.  
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem  
For that sweet odor which doth in it live.  
The canker blooms have full as deep a dye  
As the perfumèd tincture of the roses,  
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly  
When summer's breath their maskèd buds discloses;  
But, for their virtue only is their show,  
They live unwooed and unrespected fade,  
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;  
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odors made.  
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,  
When that shall vade, by verse distils your truth.