

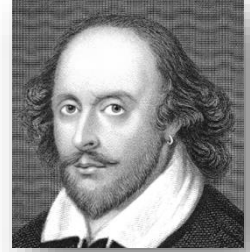


WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

1564-1616

Sonnet 29

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,
5 Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least:
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
10 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 remembered such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.



1593-1608/1609

