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Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,

Some in their wealth, some in their body’s force,

Some in their garments though new-fangled ill;

Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse;

And every humour 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’ costs,

Of more delight than hawks and 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 wretchcd make.

by William Shakespeare