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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 wretched make.

by William Shakespeare