

['Joy of my life, full oft for loving you']

By Edmund Spenser

Joy of my life, full oft for loving you

I bless my lot, that was so lucky placed:

But then the more your own mishap I rue,

That are so much by so mean love embased.

For had the equal heavens so much you graced

In this as in the rest, ye might invent

Some heavenly wit, whose verse could have enchased

Your glorious name in golden monument.

But since ye deign'd so goodly to relent

To me your thrall, in whom is little worth,

That little that I am shall all be spent

In setting your immortal praises forth;

Whose lofty argument uplifting me

Shall lift you up unto an high degree.