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.