

Sonnet 29

Rufus Wainwright

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes
I all alone beweep my outcast state
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries
And look upon myself and curse my fate

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
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