

# Sonnet 37

By

William Shakespeare

As a decrepit father takes delight,  
To see his active child do deeds of youth,  
So I, made lame by Fortune's dearest spite  
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth.  
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,  
Or any of these all, or all, or more  
Entitled in thy parts, do crowned sit,  
I make my love engrafted to this store:  
So then I am not lame, poor, nor despised,  
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give,  
That I in thy abundance am sufficed,  
And by a part of all thy glory live:  
    Look what is best, that best I wish in thee,  
    This wish I have, then ten times happy me.