

Disgrace With Fortune

Dying Passion

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past
And look upon myself and curse my fate.

For that same groan doth put this in my mind
My grief lies onward and my joy be behind.
When I have seen such interchange of state,
My state itself confounded to decay.

Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminare.
Past cure I am now reason is past care
Frantic mad with evermore unrest,
Tired with all these, for restful death I cry.

No longer mourn for me when I'm dead
That I in your sweet thoughts want to be forget.