

No princely pomp, no wealthy store,
No force to win the victory,
No wily wit to salve a sore,
No shape to feed a loving eye ;
To none of these I yield as thrall ;
For why? My mind doth serve for all.

I see how plenty surfeits oft,
And hasty climbers soon do fall ;
I see that those which are aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all ;
They get with toil, they keep with fear,
Such cares my mind could never bear.

Content to live, this is my stay ;
I seek no more than may suffice ;
I press to bear no haughty sway ;
Look, what I lack my mind supplies ;
Lo, thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

Some have too much, yet still do crave ;
I little have, and seek no more.
They are but poor, though much they have,
And I am rich with little store ;
They poor, I rich ; they beg, I give ;
They lack, I leave ; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss ;
I grudge not at another's pain ;
No wordly waves my mind can toss ;
My state at one doth still remain ;
I fear no foe, I fawn no friend ;
I loath not life, nor dread mine end.

Some weigh their pleasures by their lust,
Their wisdom by their rage of will ;
Their treasure is their only trust ;
A cloaked craft their store of skill ;
But all the treasure that I find
Is to maintain a quiet mind.

My wealth is health and perfect ease ;
My conscience clear my chief defence ;
I neither seek by bribes to please,
Nor by deceit to breed offence ;
Thus do I live ; thus will I die ;
Would all did so as well as I !
