

Sonnet 15 from Amoretti by Edmund Spenser, (1552-1599)

Ye tradeful merchants, that till weary toil

Do seek most precious things to make your gain;

And both the Indias of their treasure spoil;

What needeth you to seek so far in vain?

For lo, my love doth in herself contain

All this world's riches that may far be found:

If sapphires, lo, her eyes be sapphires plain;

If rubies, lo, her lips be rubies sound;

If pearls, her teeth be pearls, both pure and round;

If ivory her forehead ivory ween;

If gold, her locks are finest gold on ground;

If silver, her fair hands are silver sheen:

But that which is fairest is, but few behold,

Her mind adorned with virtues manifold