

SONNET 34 – WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,
And make me travel forth without my cloak,
To let base clouds o’ertake me in my way,
Hiding the bravery in their rotten smoke?
’T is not enough that through the cloud thou break,
To dry the rain on my storm beaten face,
For no man well of such a salve can speak,
That heals the wound, and cures not the disgrace:
Nor can they shame give physic to my grief;
Though thou canst repent, yet I still have the loss:
Th’ offender’s sorrow lends but weak relief
To him that bears the strong offence’s cross.
Ah, but those tears are pearl which thy lovesheds,
And they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds.