

### **SONNET 35 – WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE**

No more be griev'd at that which thou hast done:  
Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud;  
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,  
And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.  
All men make faults, and even I in this,  
Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,  
Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are:  
For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense, –  
Thy adverse party is thy advocate, –  
And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence:  
Such civil war is in my love and hate,  
That I an accessory needs must be  
To that sweet thief which sourly robs from me.