

# Sonnet 42

By

William Shakespeare

That thou hast her it is not all my grief,  
And yet it may be said I loved her dearly,  
That she hath thee is of my wailing chief,  
A loss in love that touches me more nearly.  
Loving offenders thus I will excuse ye,  
Thou dost love her, because thou know'st I love her,  
And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,  
Suffring my friend for my sake to approve her.  
If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,  
And losing her, my friend hath found that loss,  
Both find each other, and I lose both twain,  
And both for my sake lay on me this cross,  
    But here's the joy, my friend and I are one,  
    Sweet flattery, then she loves but me alone.