

# Sonnet 111

By

William Shakespeare

O for my sake do you with Fortune chide,  
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,  
That did not better for my life provide,  
Than public means which public manners breeds.  
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,  
And almost thence my nature is subdued  
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand:  
Pity me then, and wish I were renewed,  
Whilst like a willing patient I will drink,  
Potions of eisel 'gainst my strong infection,  
No bitterness that I will bitter think,  
Nor double penance to correct correction.  
Pity me then dear friend, and I assure ye,  
Even that your pity is enough to cure me.