

William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

## Sonnet 118

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,

With eager compounds<sup>1</sup> we our palate urge<sup>2</sup>,

As, to prevent our maladies unseen<sup>3</sup>,

We sicken to shun<sup>4</sup> sickness when we purge;

5 Even so<sup>5</sup>, being full or your ne'er-cloying<sup>6</sup> sweetness,

To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding;

And, sick of welfare<sup>7</sup>, found a kind of meetness<sup>8</sup>

To be diseas'd, ere that<sup>9</sup> there was true needing.

Thus policy in love, to anticipate<sup>10</sup>

10 The ills that were not, grew to faults assur'd,

And brought to medicine a healthful state,

Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be cur'd;

But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,

Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

*(112 words)*

<sup>1</sup>**eager compounds** spicy sauces – <sup>2</sup>**our palate urge** stimulate our taste – <sup>3</sup>**maladies unseen** potential illnesses – <sup>4</sup>**shun** avoid –  
<sup>5</sup>**Even so** in the same way – <sup>6</sup>**ne'er-cloying** never disgusting – <sup>7</sup>**welfare** health, happiness – <sup>8</sup>**meetness** appropriateness – <sup>9</sup>**ere**  
**that** before – <sup>10</sup>**to anticipate** to prevent