

William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

## Sonnet 133

Beshrew<sup>1</sup> that heart that makes my heart to groan  
For that deep wound it gives my friend and me!  
Is't not enough to torture me alone,  
But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be?

5 Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken<sup>2</sup>,  
And my next self thou harder<sup>3</sup> hast engross'd<sup>4</sup>:  
Of him, myself, and thee I am forsaken<sup>5</sup>;  
A torment thrice three-fold thus to be cross'd<sup>6</sup>:  
Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward<sup>7</sup>,  
10 But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail<sup>8</sup>;  
Whoe'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard;  
Thou canst not then use rigour<sup>9</sup> in my jail:  
And yet thou wilt; for I, being pent<sup>10</sup> in thee,  
Perforce<sup>11</sup> am thine, and all that is in me.

*(122 words)*

<sup>1</sup>**Beshrew** curse – <sup>2</sup>**taken** captured, stolen – <sup>3</sup>**harder** more cruelly – <sup>4</sup>**engross'd** trapped, debased – <sup>5</sup>**forsaken** deprived – <sup>6</sup>**cross'd** thwarted – <sup>7</sup>**steel bosom's ward** hard heart's prison cell – <sup>8</sup>**bail** release, confine – <sup>9</sup>**rigour** harshness, cruelty – <sup>10</sup>**pent** imprisoned – <sup>11</sup>**Perforce** necessarily