

## Sonnet X

For shame! deny that thou bear'st love to any,  
Who for thyself art so unprovident.  
Grant, if thou wilt, thou art beloved of many,  
But that thou none lovest is most evident;  
For thou art so possess'd with murderous hate  
That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire.  
Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate  
Which to repair should be thy chief desire.  
O, change thy thought, that I may change my mind!  
Shall hate be fairer lodged than gentle love?  
Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,  
Or to thyself at least kind-hearted prove:  
Make thee another self, for love of me,  
That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

## About the Author

William Shakespeare (1564-1616) was born in Stratford-upon-Avon, a small country town. Stratford was famous for its malting. The black plague killed in 1564 one out of seven of the town's 1,500 inhabitants. Shakespeare was the eldest son of Mary Arden, the daughter of a local landowner, and her husband, John...

Source: <http://poems.writers-network.com>