

# Sonnets

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## 135

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy Will,  
And Will to boot, and Will in overplus.  
More than enough am I that vex thee still,  
To thy sweet will making addition thus.  
Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious, 5  
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine?  
Shall will in others seem right gracious,  
And in my will no fair acceptance shine?  
The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,  
And in abundance addeth to his store; 10  
So thou, being rich in Will, add to thy Will  
One will of mine to make thy large Will more.  
Let no unkind no fair beseechers kill;  
Think all but one, and me in that one Will.