Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,  
And make me travel forth without my cloak,  
To let base clouds o’ertake me in my way,  
Hiding thy brav’ry in their rotten smoke?  
‘Tis not enough that through the cloud thou break  
To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,  
For no man well of such a salve can speak,  
That heals the wound and cures not the disgrace:  
Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief;  
Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss.  
Th’ offender’s sorrow lends but weak relief  
To him that bears the strong offense’s cross.

Ah, but those tears are pearl which thy loves sheds,  
And they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds.
Despite his grievances, the speaker takes a surprising turn in the couplet. The tears, he says, which his friend sheds in love for him are pearls; they are also rich and “ransom all ill deeds.” (l. 14) The emotion echoes those of the couplets in Sonnets 29 and 30, but the emphasis on wealth is unusual and difficult to explain. The repetition of forgiveness carries weight, however, in swaying the reader’s opinion of the speaker. To forgive so easily and so often must attest to his love, however misguided that might be.