

# Sonnet 144

By

William Shakespeare

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,  
Which like two spirits do suggest me still,  
The better angel is a man right fair:  
The worser spirit a woman coloured ill.  
To win me soon to hell my female evil,  
Tempteth my better angel from my side,  
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil:  
Wooing his purity with her foul pride.  
And whether that my angel be turned fiend,  
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell,  
But being both from me both to each friend,  
I guess one angel in another's hell.  
Yet this shall I ne'er know but live in doubt,  
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.