

# Sonnet 145

By

William Shakespeare

Those lips that Love's own hand did make,  
Breathed forth the sound that said 'I hate',  
To me that languished for her sake:  
But when she saw my woeful state,  
Straight in her heart did mercy come,  
Chiding that tongue that ever sweet,  
Was used in giving gentle doom:  
And taught it thus anew to greet:  
'I hate' she altered with an end,  
That followed it as gentle day,  
Doth follow night who like a fiend  
From heaven to hell is flown away.  
    'I hate', from hate away she threw,  
    And saved my life saying 'not you'.