

# Sonnets

## 144

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.