

# Sonnets

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## 145

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, 5  
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 10  
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.'