Sonnet 145. Those lips that Love's own hand did make

Those lips that Love's own hand did make break forth with th' sun But says I hate them not

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 doot And taught it thus a new to greet I hate she altered with an end that followed it as gentle day done fallow

right who like a fiend from heav'n to hell is flown a-way I hate from hate a-way she threw and saved my life saying not you

W. Shakespeare

Music by (at) ANDREAS FEISTE MARCH 67