VIII SONNET 143. I careful provident. 3 dispatch haste. 5 holds her in chase runs after her. 8 Not prizing disregarding. 11 thy hope that which you hope to catch. 13 thy Will the man you are pursuing, presumably the poet's friend (with a quibble on the sense of "carnal desire"). SONNET 144. I of comfort and despair one which offers comfort and the Note other which offers despair. Comfort (the hope for divine mercy) and neaven despair are in theological terms the forces which vie for man's soul and -hell lead to salvation or damnation. 2 suggest me still continually urge me. ining es in 4 colour'd ill (a) of dark complexion (b) of evil nature. 6 side THE this PASSIONATE PILGRIM, MALONE; Q: "sight." 8 foul pride display of ugliness. unit's 10 directly clearly, unambiguously. II But being . . . each friend but when they are both absent from me, each being friend to the other. 129 12 one . . . hell i.e. they are engaged in sexual intercourse. 14 Till my ,30 . . . one out until my evil angel has infected my good one with venereal 144 Flames 153 Deuth (146) Combiguous (5's compassionale comprehension of manking

latter interprais Her failure to recognize plea for into laky what she really wants -"to go her way & come took to him later 138 the ease with which love could by reclaimed 1593-Lo, as a careful housewife runs to catch maybe One of her feathered creatures broke away, not chicken Sets down her babe, and makes all swift dispatch but "tind" like Shi in In pursuit of the thing she would have stay; Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase, Coheren Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent Canother poil To follow that which flies before her face, Not prizing her poor infant's discontent -So runn'st thou after that which flies from thee, Whilst I thy babe chase thee afar behind; But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind. So will I pray that thou mayst have thy Will, pans If thou turn back and my loud crying still. Two loves I have, of comfort and despair, ? The better angel is a man right fair, The worser spirit a woman colour'd ill. & black To win me soon to hell, my female evil. Tempteth my better angel from my side, In Pass, Poly And would corrupt my saint to be a devil, Mooing his purity with her four pride is And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend links 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. today, soul both good tothe bast 2. as reps whall of us