Then hate me when thou wilt, if ever, now,
Now while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after-loss.
Ah, do not, when my heart hath 'scaped this sorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquered woe;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purposed overthrow.
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other petty griefs have done their spite;
But in the onset come, so shall I taste
At first the very worst of fortune's might,
    And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
    Compared with loss of thee will not seem so.
(l. 7) one of those aphoristic gems that stud the sonnets.

The opening clause of the sestet, “If thou wilt leave me,” in the context presages defeat, not a happy event. Still, the speaker wants to salvage what he can. Talking about his war with “the world,” he calls his social misfortunes “petty griefs.” (l. 10) However, this simply underscores the magnitude of the friend’s hatred. The rhetorical strategy is clear: the speaker wishes to shame his friend with a logical indictment, proving to him that his behavior is worse than that of “the world.”