

LET ME NOT TO THE MARRIAGE OF TRUE MINDES
ADMIT IMPEDIMENTS, LOVE IS NOT LOVE
WHICH ALTERS WHEN IT ALTERATION FINDES,
OR BENDS WITH THE REMOVER TO REMOVE.
O NO, IT IS AN EVER FIXED MARKE
THAT LOOKES ON TEMPESTS

AND IS NEVER SHAKEN;
IT IS THE STAR TO EVERY
WANDRING BARKE,
WHOSE WORTHS UNKNOWNE,
ALTHOUGH HIS HIGHT BE TAKEN.

LOV'S NOT TIMES FOOLE,
THOUGH ROSIE LIPS AND CHEEKS
WITHIN HIS BENDING SICKLES

COMPASSE COME,
LOVE ALTERS NOT WITH HIS
BREEFE HOURES AND WEEKES,
BUT BEARES IT OUT
EVEN TO THE

EDGE OF DOOME:
IF THIS BE ERROR

I AND UPON ME PROVED,
I NEVER WRIT,
NOR NO MAN EVER
LOVED. WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARE · 1609