

*"Let me not to the marriage of true minds*

*Admit impediments. Love is not love*

*Which alters when it alteration finds,*

*Or bends with the remover to remove.*

*O no! it is an ever-fixed mark*

*That looks on tempests and is never shaken;*

*It is the star to every wand'ring bark,*

*Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.*

*Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks*

*Within his bending sickle's compass come;*

*Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,*

*But bears it out even to the edge of doom.*

*If this be error and upon me prov'd,*

*I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd."*

*"My bounty is as boundless as the sea,*

*My love as deep; the more I give to thee,*

*The more I have, for both are infinite."*