**SONNET 116**

**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 wandering 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 proved,  
   I never writ, nor no man ever loved.**