**Name:\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**

**Hour:\_\_\_\_\_**

 **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 wand’ring bark,

Whose worth’s unknown, although his height be taken.

 Love’s not Time’s fool, though rosy lips and cheeks

![4n__gqv2[1]]() Within his bending sickle’s compass come;

 Love alters not with 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.

 William Shakespeare

**Practice Section:**

L m n t t m o t m

A i; l i n l

W a w i a f,

O b w t r t r.

O n, i i a e-f m,

T l o t a i n s;

I i t s t e w b,

W w u, a h h b t.

L n T f, t r l a c

W h b s c c;

L a n w b h a w,

B b i o e t t e o d.

I t b e a u m p,

I n w, n n m e l.