

Symphony

*L*et 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-fixèd 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.

*L*ove's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
With his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out ev'n to the edge of doom: -

*I*f this be error, and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

- William Shakespeare: Sonnets



From: *A Book of Old English Love Songs*

Illustration: G. W. Edwards

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N

O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890