

## Sonnet 116

1. Adjective
2. Adjective
3. Noun
4. Noun
5. Proper Noun
6. Proper Noun
7. Verb - Past Tense
8. Proper Noun

# Sonnet 116

Let me not to the \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective of true \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective

Admit \_\_\_\_\_ Noun. \_\_\_\_\_ Noun is not love

Which alters when it \_\_\_\_\_ Proper Noun 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 \_\_\_\_\_ Proper Noun fool, \_\_\_\_\_ Verb - Past Tense 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 \_\_\_\_\_ Proper Noun me proved,

I never writ, nor no man ever loved.