

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.