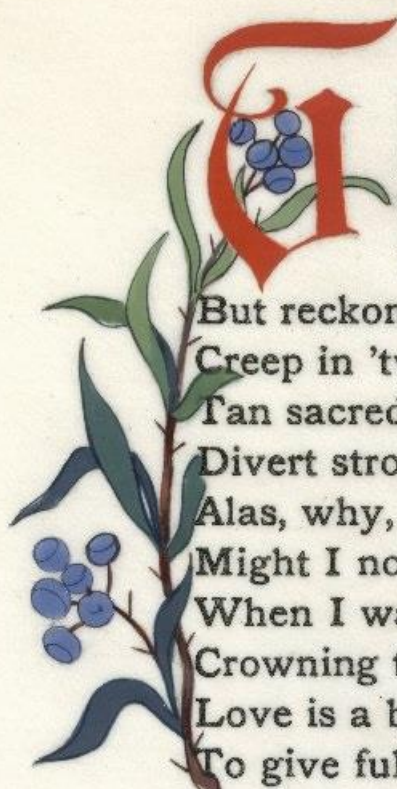



CXV



THOSE lines that I before have writ do lie,
 Even those that said I could not love you dearer:
 Yet then my judgement knew no reason why
 My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.
 But reckoning Time, whose million'd accidents
 Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings,
 Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,
 Divert strong minds to the course of altering things;
 Alas, why, fearing of Time's tyranny,
 Might I not then say 'Now I love you best,'
 When I was certain o'er uncertainty,
 Crowning the present, doubting of the rest?
 Love is a babe; then might I not say so,
 To give full growth to that which still doth grow?

CXVI



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.

Shakespeare, William and Ross Sterling Turner, illustrator. *Sonnets...Illuminated by Ross Turner*. Published for George D. Sproul, 1901. Folger PR2848 1901a Sh.Col.

Shakespeare's sonnets are simply illuminated as often they are lavishly illustrated; here, Ross Sterling Turner presents two with a light touch. Turner was an American artist active in Massachusetts during the late nineteenth century.

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