## 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 of true Adjective		
Admit is not love		
Which alters when it 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.		

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