O that you were your self, but love you are

O none but unthrifts, dear my love you know,

And all in war with Time for love of you,

Thou art more lovely and more temperate:

O carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,

My love shall in my verse ever live young.

Mine be thy love and thy love's use their treasure.

Of his self-love to stop posterity?

Calls back the lovely April of her prime,

Unthrifty loveliness why dost thou spend,

The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell

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For shame deny that thou bear'st love to any

Grant if thou wilt, thou art beloved of many,

Shall hate be fairer lodged than gentle love?

Make thee another self for love of me,

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reckon my groans; but that I love thee best, O most best, believe

Receiv'd his love?

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Mark the encounter. If he love her not,

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And as my love is siz'd, my fear is so.

Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;

Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

King. Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too;

Such love must needs be treason in my breast.

Are base respects of thrift, but none of love.

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Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.

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And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught,-

How should I your true-love know

With true-love showers.

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After the thing it loves.

Oph. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance. Pray you, love,

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I lov'd your father, and we love ourself,

King. Not that I think you did not love your father;

But that I know love is begun by time,

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Muffle your false love with some show of blindness;

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LUCIANA. Why call you me love? Call my sister so.

Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life;

Belike you thought our love would last too long,

LUCIANA. That love I begg'd for you he begg'd of me.

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