



Love looks not with the eyes,  
But with the mind.

Shakespeare - Midsummer Night's Dream



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Doubt thou the stars are fire,  
Doubt that the sun doth move  
his aides, Doubt truth to be a  
liar, But never doubt I love

Shakespeare - Hamlet



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Shall I compare thee to a  
summer's day? Thou art  
more lovely and more temperate.

Shakespeare - Sonnet 18



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Love is not love, that alters  
when it alteration finds

Shakespeare - Sonnet 116

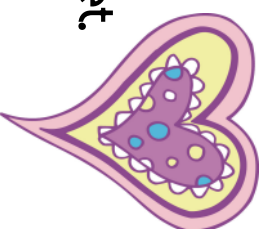


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This bud of love by summer's  
ripening breath, May prove a  
beauteous flower when next we meet.

Shakespeare - Romeo and Juliet



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