Love looks not with the eyes but with the mind

The course of true love never did run smooth

Full of vexation come I with complaint against my child

Fetch me that flower; the herb I shew’d thee once.

The juice of it on sleeping eye-lids laid

Will make a man or woman madly dote

Upon the next live creature that it sees.

My Oberon, what visions have I seen!

Methought I was enamoured of an ass.

If we shadows have offended

Think but this and all is mended,

That you have but

Slumber’d here while these visions did appear.

And yet to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together nowadays.

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet, are of imagination all compact.

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,

Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,

Lovers and madmen have such seething brains

Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend

More than cool reason ever comprehends.

I’ll follow thee and make a heaven of hell,

To die upon the hand I love so well.

O, when she’s angry, she is keen and shrewd! She was a vixen when she went to school; And though she be but little, she is fierce.

Love's stories written in love's richest books.

To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes.

So we grew together like to a double cherry, seeming parted, but yet an union in partition, two lovely berries molded on one stem.

O me, you juggler, you canker-blossom, you thief of love!