

Love looks not with the eyes but with the  
mind and therefore is winged cupid painted  
blind. —*A Midsummer's Night Dream*

No sooner met but they looked/No sooner  
looked but they loved/No sooner loved but  
they sighed/No sooner sighed but they asked  
one another the reason/No sooner asked but  
they sought the remedy. —*As You Like It*

Doubt that the stars are fire/Doubt that the  
sun doth move/Doubt truth to be a liar/But  
never doubt my love.—*Hamlet*

Who ever loved that loveth not at first  
sight?—*As You Like It*

Good night Good Night! Parting is such  
sweet sorrow/That I shall say good night til  
it be morrow.—*Romeo and Juliet*

See how she leans her cheek upon her  
hand!/Oh that I were a glove upon that hand/  
that I might touch that cheek.—*Romeo and  
Juliet*