

let me: not to the marriage of true mēnds
admit impediments, lʏve is not lʏve
hwich alte:ɪs hwēn it alte:ɪ:sɪʊn fəndz,
o: bends with the remʏvɪt tə rɪmʏvɪ.
o: no:, it is an ever fixɪd mɑ:k
thət looks on tempɪsts and is never shɛ:kɛn;
it is the stɑ: to evrə wɑndrɪn bɑ:k,
whose wɛ:ɪθs ʏnkno:wɪn, altho: ɪz hæɪθ bɪ tɛ:kɛn.
lʏves not təɪmɛs fʊl, tho: rɔ:səɪ lɪps ən che:kz
within ɪz bendɪn sɪckles cʏmpɑss cʏme,
lʏve alte:ɪs not with hɪs bre:f o:ɪs ən wɛ:kz,
bət bɛ:ɪs ɪt əʊt e:n to the edge of dʏm:
ɪf thɪs be erro:ɪ ənd ʊpɔn me: prʏvɛd,
əɪ never wɪt, nɔ: no: mɑn ever lʏvɛd.