

From "Venus and Adonis"  
(Line 794 - Line 805)  
by William Shakespeare

Call it not love, for Love to heaven is fled  
Since sweating Lust on earth usurped his name;

.....

Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,  
But Lust's effect is tempest after sun;  
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,  
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done;  
Love surfeits not, Lust like a glutton dies;  
Love is all Truth, Lust full of forged lies.