

Sonnet 18 – Shall I compare thee ...

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| Shall I compare thee to a summer's day? |
| Thou art more lovely and more temperate. |
| Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May, |
| And summer's lease hath all too short a date. |
| Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines, |
| And often is his gold complexion dimm'd; |
| And every fair from fair sometime declines, |
| By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd; |
| But thy eternal summer shall not fade |
| Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st; |
| Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade, |
| When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st: |
| So long as men can breathe or eyes can see, |
| So long lives this, and this gives life to thee. |