Sonnet 18

By William Shakespeare

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 owest;   
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,   
When in eternal lines to time thou growest:   
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,   
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?

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