

## **Sonnet 18**

*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.  
Sometimes too hot the eye of heaven shines,  
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;  
And every fair from fair sometimes declines,  
By chance, or nature's changing course untrimm'd;  
But the eternal summer shall not fade,  
Nor lose possession of how fair thou ow'st,  
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,  
When 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.  
You and I*

William Shakespeare