

## **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:**

**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.**