

Sonnet 18

The Stylistics

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 eyes of heaven shine
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd
And every fair from fair sometime declines
By chance or nature's changing course of time

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

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely, more special in every way