[Sonnet 18: Shall I Compare Thee To A Summer’s Day?](http://www.nosweatshakespeare.com/sonnets/18/%22%20%5Co%20%22Permanent%20Link%3A%20Sonnet%2018%3A%20Shall%20I%20Compare%20Thee%20To%20A%20Summer%E2%80%99s%20Day)

 *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.*