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:

Some time too hot the eye

of heaven shines, And often is his gold complexion dimm’d;

And every fair from fair some time declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course untrimm'd.

But thy eternal summer shall not fade

Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st.
Nor shall Death brag thou wan'drest in his shade,
in his shade,
in his shade,
in his shade,

When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st:
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st:
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st:
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.