*Shall I compare thee to a summer’s day?*

*(Sonnet 18)*

[William Shakespeare](https://poets.org/poet/william-shakespeare) - 1564-1616

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 dimmed;  
And every fair from fair sometime declines,  
By chance, or nature’s changing course, untrimmed;  
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,  
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow’st,  
Nor shall death brag thou wand'rest 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.

*When I do count the clock that tells the time*

*Sonnet 12*

[William Shakespeare](https://poets.org/poet/william-shakespeare) - 1564-1616

When I do count the clock that tells the time,

And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;

When I behold the violet past prime,

And sable curls all silver’d o’er with white;

When lofty trees I see barren of leaves

Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,

And summer’s green all girded up in sheaves

Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard,

Then of thy beauty do I question make,

That thou among the wastes of time must go,

Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake

And die as fast as they see others grow;

   And nothing ‘gainst Time’s scythe can make defence

   Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

*My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun*

*(Sonnet 130)*

[William Shakespeare](https://poets.org/poet/william-shakespeare) - 1564-1616

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;  
Coral is far more red than her lips' red;  
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;  
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.  
I have seen roses damasked, red and white,  
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;  
And in some perfumes is there more delight  
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.  
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know  
That music hath a far more pleasing sound;  
I grant I never saw a goddess go;  
My mistress when she walks treads on the ground.  
     And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare  
     As any she belied with false compare.