Sonnet 18: Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?

By 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 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.