

## William Shakespeare – Sonnet #18

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.

## SONNET VOCAB

ambic pentameter:	
juatrain:	
hyming couplet:	
iotes:	