

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. 4
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. 8
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. 12
 So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
 So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws
And make the Earth devour her own sweet brood;
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's ¹jaws,
And burn the long-lived phoenix in her blood; 4
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleet'st
And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
To the wide world and all her fading sweets.
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime: 8
O, carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;
Him in thy course untainted do allow
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men. 12
Yet do thy worst, old Time; despite thy wrong,
My love shall in my verse ever live young.

A woman's face with Nature's own hand painted
Hast thou, the master mistress of my passion;
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
With shifting change, as is false women's fashion; 4
An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth;
A man in hue all hues in his controlling,
Which steals men's eyes and women's souls amazeth. 8
And for a woman wert thou first created,
Till Nature as she wrought thee fell a-doting,
And by addition me of thee defeated
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing. 12
But since she pricked thee out for women's pleasure,
Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.

So is it not with me as with that muse
Stirred by a painted beauty to his verse,
Who heaven itself for ornament doth use
And every fair with his fair doth rehearse, 4
Making a couplement of proud compare
With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,
With April's firstborn flowers and all things rare
That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems. 8
O, let me, true in love, but truly write,
And then believe me, my love is as fair
As any mother's child, though not so bright
As those gold candles fixed in heaven's air. 12
Let them say more that like of hearsay well;
I will not praise that purpose not to sell.

My glass shall not persuade me I am old
So long as youth and thou are of one date,
But when in thee Time's furrows I behold,
Then look I death my days should expiate. 4
For all that beauty that doth cover thee
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me;
How can I then be elder than thou art? 8
O, therefore, love, be of thyself so wary
As I not for myself but for thee will,
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill. 12
Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain.
Thou gav'st me thine not to give back again.

As an unperfect actor on the stage
Who with his fear is put beside his part,
Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart; 4
So I for fear of trust forget to say
The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
O'ercharged with burden of mine own love's might. 8
O, let my books be then the eloquence
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast,
Who plead for love and look for recompense
More than that tongue that more hath more expressed. 12
O, learn to read what silent love hath writ.
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

Mine eye hath played the painter and hath 'stelled
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart;
My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,
And perspective it is best painter's art. 4
For through the painter must you see his skill
To find where your true image pictured lies,
Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,
That hath his windows glazèd with thine eyes. 8
Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done:
Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me
Are windows to my breast, wherethrough the sun
Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee. 12
Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art:
They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

Let those who are in favor with their stars Of public honor and proud titles boast, Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars, Unlooked for joy in that I honor most.	4
Great princes' favorites their fair leaves spread But as the marigold at the sun's eye, And in themselves their pride lies buried, For at a frown they in their glory die.	8
The painful warrior famousèd for worth, After a thousand victories once foiled, Is from the book of honor razèd quite, And all the rest forgot for which he toiled.	12
Then happy I, that love and am beloved Where I may not remove nor be removed.	

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,
To thee I send this written embassage
To witness duty, not to show my wit; 4
Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine
May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it,
But that I hope some good conceit of thine
In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it; 8
Till whatsoever star that guides my moving
Points on me graciously with fair aspect,
And puts apparel on my tattered loving
To show me worthy of 「thy」 sweet respect. 12
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee;
Till then, not show my head where thou mayst prove me.

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired,
But then begins a journey in my head
To work my mind when body's work's expired. 4
For then my thoughts, from far where I abide,
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind do see; 8
Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents 「thy」 shadow to my sightless view,
Which like a jewel hung in ghastly night
Makes black night beauteous and her old face new. 12
Lo, thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee and for myself no quiet find.
