**SONNET 130**

**By William Shakespeare**

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun; A  
Coral is far more red than her lips' red; B  
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun; A  
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head. B

I have seen roses damask'd, red and white, C  
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;  D  
And in some perfumes is there more delight C  
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks. D

I love to hear her speak, yet well I know E  
That music hath a far more pleasing sound; F  
I grant I never saw a goddess go; E  
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground: F

And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare G

As any she belied with false compare.  G