

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?  
 2 Thou art more lovely and more temperate:  
 3 Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,  
 4 And summer's lease hath all too short a date:  
 5 Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,  
 And often is his gold complexion dimmed;  
 7 And every fair from fair sometime declines,  
 8 By chance or nature's changing course untrimmed;  
 10 Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;  
 5 Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,  
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 7 And every fair from fair sometime declines,  
 8 By chance or nature's changing course untrimmed;  
 9 But thy eternal summer shall not fade  
 10 Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;  
 11 Nor shall Death brag thou wanderest in his shade,  
 When in eternal lines to time thou growest:  
 13 So long as men can breath or eyes can see  
 14 So long lives this and this gives life to thee.  
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