Sonnet #18 – William Shakespeare

Shall I/ compare/ thee to/ a sum/mer's day?
Thou art/ more love/ly and/ more tem/perate:
Rough winds/ do shake/ the dar/ling buds/ of May,
And sum/mer's lease/ hath all/ too short/ a date:

Sometime/ too hot/ the eye/ of hea/ven shines,
And of/ten is/ his gold/ comple/xion dimmed,
And ev/ery fair/ from fair/ sometime/ declines,
By chance,/ or na/ture's chan/ging course/ untrimmed:

But thy/ eter/nal sum/mer shall/ not fade,
Nor lose/ posses/sion of/ that fair/ thou ow'st,
Nor shall/ death brag/ thou wand/'rest in/ his shade,
When in/ eter/nal 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.