Shall I Compare Thee

Text by:
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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:

Some time too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;

And every fair from fair some-time declines,

By chance or

nature's changing course untrimmed:
But thy eternal Summer shall not fade

Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st

Nor shall Death bring thou wander'st in his shade, When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st:
Ah,

So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,

So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.