

# Shall I compare thee

Shakespeare

**Slow**

Shall I com-pare thee to a sum-mer's day? Thou art more love-ly and more  
tem-per-ate. Rough winds do shake the dar-ling buds of May, And sum-mer's  
lease hath all too short a date. Some-time too hot the eye of hea-ven shines, And  
of - ten is his gold com-plex-ion dimmed; And ev' - ry fair from fair some-  
time de-clines, By chance, or nat-ure's chang-ing course, un-trimmed; But thy e-ter-nal sum-mer  
shall not fade, Nor lose pos - ses - sion of that fair thou ow'st,  
Nor shall Death brag thou wand'-rest in his shade, When in e - ter - nal lines to him thou grow'st.  
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see, So long lives  
this, and this gives life to thee.

Eric Wetherell