**Sonnet XV: When I Consider Everything that Grows**

[WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE](https://www.poetryinvoice.com/poems/poets/william-shakespeare)

When I consider everything that grows

Holds in perfection but a little moment,

That this huge stage presenteth nought but shows

Whereon the stars in secret influence comment;

When I perceive that men as plants increase,

Cheered and check’d even by the selfsame sky,

Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,

And wear their brave state out of memory;

Then the conceit of this inconstant stay

Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,

Where wasteful Time debateth with Decay

To change your day of youth to sullied night;

And all in war with Time for love of you,

As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

**Sonnet CXVI: Let me not to the Marriage of True Minds**

[WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE](https://www.poetryinvoice.com/poems/poets/william-shakespeare)

Let me not to the marriage of true minds

Admit impediments. Love is not love

Which alters when it alteration finds,

Or bends with the remover to remove.

O no! it is an ever-fixed mark

That looks on tempests and is never shaken;

It is the star to every wand’ring bark,

Whose worth’s unknown, although his height be taken.

Love’s not Time’s fool, though rosy lips and cheeks

Within his bending sickle’s compass come;

Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,

But bears it out even to the edge of doom.

If this be error and upon me prov’d,

I never writ, nor no man ever lov’d.

**Sonnet XVIII: Shall I Compare Thee to a Summer’s Day?**

[WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE](https://www.poetryinvoice.com/poems/poets/william-shakespeare)

Shall I compare thee to a summer’s day?

William Shakespeare, 1564 - 1616

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.

Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,

And often is his gold complexion dimmed;

And every fair from fair sometime 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 brag thou wand’rest in his shade,

When in eternal 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.

**Sonnet CXXX: My Mistress’ Eyes are Nothing Like the Sun**

[WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE](https://www.poetryinvoice.com/poems/poets/william-shakespeare)

My mistress’ eyes are nothing like the sun

William Shakespeare, 1564 - 1616

My mistress’ eyes are nothing like the sun;

Coral is far more red than her lips’ red;

If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;

If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.

I have seen roses damasked, red and white,

But no such roses see I in her cheeks;

And in some perfumes is there more delight

Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.

I love to hear her speak, yet well I know

That music hath a far more pleasing sound;

I grant I never saw a goddess go;

My mistress when she walks treads on the ground.

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

As any she belied with false compare.

**Sonnet XIX: Devouring Time, Blunt Thou the Lion’s Paws**

[WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE](https://www.poetryinvoice.com/poems/poets/william-shakespeare)

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,

And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;

Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,

And burn the long-liv'd Phoenix in her blood;

Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleets,

And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,

To the wide world and all her fading sweets;

But I forbid thee one more heinous crime:

O, carve not with the hours my love's fair brow,

Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen!

Him in thy course untainted do allow

For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.

Yet do thy worst, old Time! Despite thy wrong

My love shall in my verse ever live young.

**Sonnet XXIV: Mine Eye Hath Played the Painter and Hath Steeled**

[WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE](https://www.poetryinvoice.com/poems/poets/william-shakespeare)

Mine eye hath played the painter and hath steeled

Thy beauty’s form in table of my heart.

My body is the frame wherein ’tis held,

And pérspective it is best painter’s art.

For through the painter must you see his skill

To find where your true image pictured lies,

Which in my bosom’s shop is hanging still,

That hath his windows glazèd with thine eyes.

Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done:

Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me

Are windows to my breast, wherethrough the sun

Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee.

  Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art;

  They draw but what they see, know not the heart.