

Shall I compare you to a summer's day?



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you to a summer's day?
You are 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