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 declined,
By chance or nature's change untrimm'd.

But thy eternal summer shall not fade
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest,
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou answerest.

So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

William Shakespeare

Arr. Rudi Drigo, FEB 1970