Sonnet 130

Author: William Shakespeare (British, 1564-1616)

A My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun,
B Coral is far more red than her lips red.
A If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun,
B If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
C I have seen roses damasked, red and white,
D But no such roses see I in her cheeks.
C And in some perfumes is there more delight
D Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
E I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
F That music hath a far more pleasing sound.
E I grant I never saw a goddess go,
F My mistress when she walks, treads on the ground.
G And yet, by Heaven, I think my love as rare
G As any she belied with false compare.