

\_\_\_\_\_ 's Sonnet 18

**MAD LIB**

Shall I compare thee to a \_\_\_\_\_? A  
 They are more \_\_\_\_\_, and more \_\_\_\_\_ B  
 \_\_\_\_\_, do shake the \_\_\_\_\_ of \_\_\_\_\_ A  
 And \_\_\_\_\_, such all too \_\_\_\_\_ B  
 Sometimes too \_\_\_\_\_ the \_\_\_\_\_ of \_\_\_\_\_ shines, C  
 And often to his \_\_\_\_\_ declines, D  
 And every \_\_\_\_\_, from \_\_\_\_\_ sometimes declines, C  
 By chance or nature's \_\_\_\_\_ D  
 But thy eternal \_\_\_\_\_ shall not \_\_\_\_\_ E  
 Nor lose \_\_\_\_\_ of that \_\_\_\_\_ thou \_\_\_\_\_ F  
 Nor shall \_\_\_\_\_ long thy \_\_\_\_\_ in his shade, E  
 When to \_\_\_\_\_ to time thou grow'st: F  
  
 So long as men can \_\_\_\_\_ or eyes can \_\_\_\_\_ G  
 So long \_\_\_\_\_, this, and this gives \_\_\_\_\_ to thee. G

\*\*\*Warning! You must stick with Shakespeare's rhyme scheme and meter, but feel free to have fun! G

Sonnet 18

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;  
 Sometimes too hot the eye of heaven shines,  
 And often to his gold complexion dross doth give,  
 And every fair from fair sometime declines,  
 By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd;  
 But thy eternal summer shall not fade,  
 Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st;  
 Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st 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.

-William Shakespeare