**Sonnet 42**

**Petrarch**

The spring returns, the spring wind softly blowing   
Sprinkles the grass with gleam and glitter of showers,   
Powdering pearl and diamond, dripping with flowers,   
Dropping wet flowers, dancing the winters going;   
The swallow twitters, the groves of midnight are glowing   
With nightingale music and madness; the sweet fierce powers   
Of love flame up through the earth; the seed-soul towers   
And trembles; nature is filled to overflowing…   
The spring returns, but there is no returning   
Of spring for me. O heart with anguish burning!   
She that unlocked all April in a breath   
Returns not…And these meadows, blossoms, birds   
These lovely gentle girls—words, empty words   
As bitter as the black estates of death!

**Sonnet 18  
William Shakespeare**

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 dimm'd;   
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 owest;  
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,  
When in eternal lines to time thou growest:   
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,  
So long lives this and this gives life to thee.