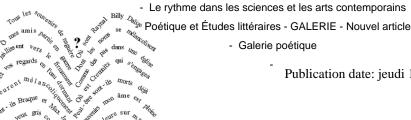
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William Shakespeare - Sonnet 130 (1609) - Read by Alan **Rickman - In memoriam**

- Recherches



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SONNET 130

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