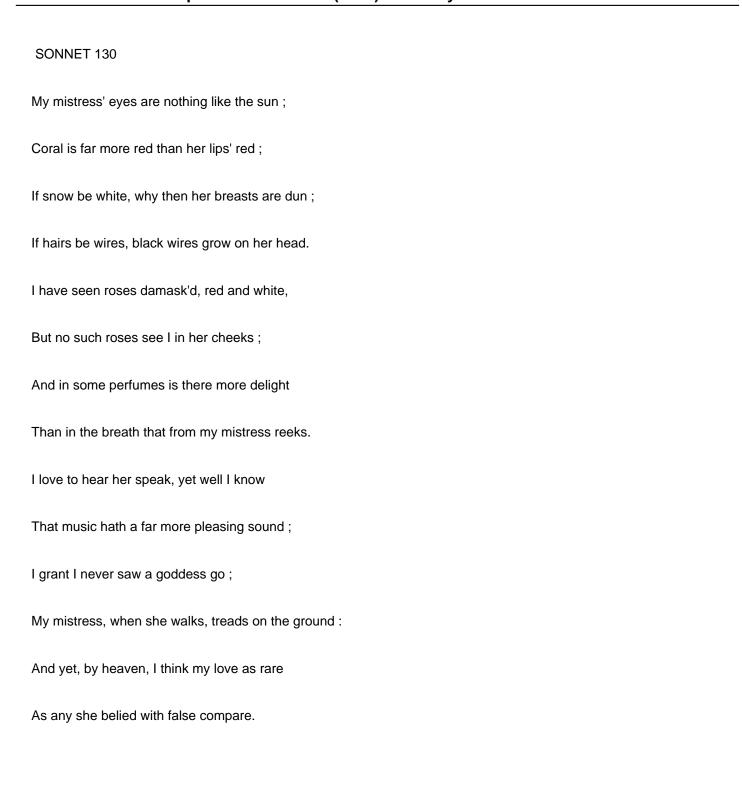Extrait du Rhuthmos

http://rhuthmos.eu/spip.php?article1712

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

- Recherches

- Le rythme dans les sciences et les arts contemporains

Date de mise en ligne : jeudi 14 janvier 2016

Rhuthmos

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.