

SHALL I COMPARE THEE TO A  
SUMMER'S DAY?

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.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, SONNET 18

1. CENTRED, VERTICAL LAYOUT, Title at the top, credit underneath

SHALL I COMPARE THEE TO A  
SUMMER'S DAY?

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.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, SONNET 18

2. VERTICAL LAYOUT, Alternate lines inset, unaligned right edge



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.

3. VERTICAL LAYOUT, Asymmetrical, Credit amongst text, and illustration.

O THAT YOU WERE YOURSELF, BUT LOVE YOU ARE

O, that you were yourself! but, love, you are no longer yours than you yourself here live:  
Against this coming end you should prepare, and your sweet semblance to some other give.  
So should that beauty which you hold in lease find no determination: then you were  
Yourself again after yourself's decease, when your sweet issue your sweet form should bear.  
Who lets so fair a house fall to decay, which husbandry in honour might uphold  
Against the stormy gusts of winter's day and barren rage of death's eternal cold?  
O, none but unthrifs! Dear my love, you know you had a father: let your son say so.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE SONNET 13

4. CENTRED HORIZONTAL LAYOUT, Title and credit with wide letter spacing

O, that you were yourself! but, love, you are  
No longer yours than you yourself here live:  
Against this coming end you should prepare,  
And your sweet semblance to some other give.  
So should that beauty which you hold in lease  
Find no determination: then you were  
Yourself again after yourself's decease,

O THAT YOU WERE YOURSELF, BUT LOVE YOU ARE



When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear.  
Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,  
Which husbandry in honour might uphold  
Against the stormy gusts of winter's day  
And barren rage of death's eternal cold?  
O, none but unthrifs! Dear my love, you know  
You had a father: let your son say so.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE SONNET 13

5. HORIZONTAL OFFSET LAYOUT, Two-column, simple hand drawn illustration

O THAT YOU WERE YOURSELF,  
BUT LOVE YOU ARE  
LORD OF MY LOVE,  
TO WHOM IN VASSALAGE  
THY MERIT HATH A DUTY  
STRONGLY KNIT,  
TO THEE I SEND THIS WRITTEN  
EMBASSAGE,  
TO WITNESS DUTY,  
NOT TO SHOW MY WIT:

THEN MAY I DARE TO BOAST HOW I DO LOVE THEE; TILL THEN NOT SHOW MY HEAD WHERE THOU MAYST PROVE ME  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE SONNET 26

Duty so great; which wit so poor as mine  
May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it;  
But that I hope some good conceit of thine  
In thy soul's thought; all naked, will bestow it;  
Till whatsoever star that guides my moving  
Points on me graciously with fair aspect  
And puts apparel on my tatter'd loving,  
To show me worthy of thy sweet respect:

6. MORE COMPLEX HORIZONTAL LAYOUT, Two-column, with different weights and sizes of text.



SHALL I COMPARE THEE TO A SUMMER'S DAY?

DEVOURING TIME  
BLUNT THOUGH  
THE LION'S PAWS

Devouring Time,  
blunt than the lion's paws,  
And make the earth devour  
her own sweet bread;  
Pluck the lens teeth  
from the fierce tiger's jaws,  
And burn the long-lived  
phoenix in her blood;

Make glad and sorry  
seasons as thou fliest,  
And do whatever thou wilt;  
swift-footed Time,  
To the wide world and  
all her fading sweets,  
But I forbid thee one  
most heinous crime:

SONNET 12

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.

A WOMAN'S FACE  
WITH NATURE'S  
OWN HAND

A woman's face with  
Nature's own hand painted  
Fast thou, the master-mistress  
of my passion;  
A woman's gentle heart,  
but not acquainted  
with shifting change  
as is false women's fashion;

An eye more bright than stars,  
less false in rolling,  
Gilding the object  
whereupon it gazeth;  
A man in hue,  
all that's in his controlling,  
Much steals women's eyes and  
women's souls amazeth.

SONNET 19

O, never will thy love my love's true love, nor shall we then share with those who are gone. And for a woman with that first coming, all heaven, so she cannot die, all is adding.  
And to the other, never will thy love my love's true love, nor shall we then share with those who are gone. And for a woman with that first coming, all heaven, so she cannot die, all is adding.  
No, do thy worst, all those despite thy wrong, my love shall be my love and my love's.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE SONNET 12

7. MORE COMPLEX VERTICAL LAYOUT, Incorporating different weights and sizes of text and illustration.

There are many other layout possibilities, including writing in a circle or spiral. A decorative word or alphabet or an illustration in the middle, and writing on curved lines. Layout is very creative area of calligraphic design.