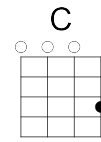
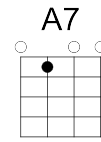
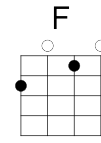
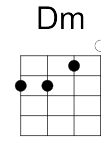


Sonnet 18

William Shakespeare / Paul Kelly



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 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

Instrumental

```

Dm C      Dm C      Dm Am      Dm
A| -----0-3----- 0-0-0-----
E| --1--013-----3- -----310---
C| 2---0-----2-
G| -----
Dm C      Dm C      Dm Am      Dm
A| -----0-3----- 0-0-0-----
E| --1--013-----3- -----310---
C| 2---0-----2-
G| -----
C          Dm C      Dm
A| 3-3-3-01-0- 3-3-3-01-0-
E| -----3-----3-----
C| -----
G| -----
Dm C      Dm C      Dm Am      Dm
A| -----0-3----- 0-0-0-----
E| --1--013-----3- -----310---
C| 2---0-----2-
G| -----
    
```

Repeat Verse