



POETRY FOUNDATION

Home > Poems & Poets > Browse Poems > Sonnet 130: My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun

Sonnet 130: My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

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 damasked, 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.

Source: *The Norton Anthology of English Literature: Volume One Seventh Edition* (2000)

RELATED CONTENT

Discover this poem's context and related poetry, articles, and media.

POET

William Shakespeare

SUBJECTS

Love, Classic Love, Realistic & Complicated, Romantic Love, Relationships

OCCASIONS

Anniversary

HOLIDAYS

Valentine's Day

POET'S REGION

England

SCHOOL / PERIOD

Renaissance

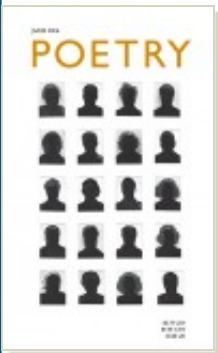
POETIC TERMS

Sonnet

[Report a problem with this poem.](#)

POETRY

The oldest monthly devoted to verse in the English language.



[June 2016 Table of Contents](#)

[Buy This Issue](#)

[Subscribe to *Poetry* Magazine](#)

[Browse All Issues Back to 1912](#)