

## Happy Birthday Shakespeare! A Sonnet

Who else - stranger - can it e'er be said,  
Walk'd across this spinning globe a man,  
Roughly hewn, oft indecent, balding head,  
Was not made great by royal nor divine hands?  
Whose quick spirit is as he would prefer,  
When us lucky few speak some fondest line,  
When romancers whisper recalling verse,  
Or men march to war, knavish prayers of rhyme.  
Read to the children ere chimes at midnight,  
Perform'd abroad where burning eyes shine,  
To be uttered in places dark and light,  
Or any stage on earth where wheels fall & climb.

Th' answer is sure as bodkin in board,  
Tis Shakespeare, The Bard, the man from Stratford.