

Entry 192: English Sonnet

Lines	A sonnet includes _____ lines.
Meter	Each line includes _____ syllables.
Rhyme Scheme	<p>The rhyme scheme of an English sonnet is as follows:</p> <p>Line 1 Line 2 Line 3 Line 4 Line 5 Line 6 Line 7 Line 8 Line 9 Line 10 Line 11 Line 12 Line 13 Line 14</p>
Components	<p>A sonnet is made up of three quatrains (a rhyming four-line stanza) and a couplet (two rhyming lines in a row).</p> <p>Each quatrain usually makes a point or gives an example.</p> <p>The couplet sums up the ideas in the poem.</p>
Rhyme Scheme	<p>Line 1 Line 2 Line 3 Line 4 Line 5 Line 6 Line 7 Line 8 Line 9 Line 10 Line 11 Line 12 Line 13 Line 14</p>
Original Sonnet	<p>Use the rhyme scheme we created together to write your own sonnet. Your sonnet must have:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none">• 10 syllables per line• a focus for each quatrain• a couplet that sums up your poem

Sonnet 18, William Shakespeare

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 man can breath, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

Sonnet 28, William Shakespeare

That time of year thou mayst in me behold,
When yellow leaves, or none, or few do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou seest the twilight of such day,
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self that seals up all in rest.
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the deathbed, whereon it must expire,
Consumed by that which it was nourished by.
This thou perceivest, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well, which thou must leave ere long.

Sonnet 130, 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 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.