



A *sonnet* is a lyric poem containing **14** lines.

Contents of a *Shakespearean (Elizabethan)* sonnet:

1. Format---3 Quatrains (A *quatrain* stanza or poem consisting of 4 lines.) and 1 couplet (A *couplet* is a pair of successive lines of metre in poetry).
2. Rhythm---**Iambic Pentameter** (a poetic line with 5 *iambic* feet; each foot consisting of one unstressed and one stressed syllable...**da-DUM- da-DUM- da-DUM- da-DUM- da-DUM**)
3. Reason---consider content of the poem, the meaning. Sonnets topics can range from a comparison (extended metaphor), an argument, a verse showing praise or ridicule, expressing emotion, etc.

### SONNET 130

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*

### RHYME SCHEME

<b>A</b>	
<b>B</b>	Quatrain
<b>A</b>	1
<b>B</b>	
<b>C</b>	
<b>D</b>	Quatrain
<b>C</b>	2
<b>D</b>	
<b>E</b>	
<b>F</b>	Quatrain
<b>E</b>	3
<b>F</b>	
<b>G</b>	
<b>G</b>	Couplet

### SONNET 18

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 dimmed,  
And every fair from fair sometime declines,  
By chance, or nature's changing course untrimmed:  
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.

### THE PROLOGUE (Romeo & Juliet)

Two households, both alike in dignity  
(In fair Verona, where we lay our scene),  
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,  
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.  
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes  
A pair of star-crossed lovers take their life;  
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows  
Doth with their death bury their parents' strife.  
The fearful passage of their death-marked love  
And the continuance of their parents' rage,  
Which, but their children's end, naught could remove,  
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;  
The which, if you with patient ears attend,  
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

***HAMLET***

To be or not to be—that is the question:  
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,  
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles  
 And, by opposing, end them. To die, to sleep—  
 No more—and by a sleep to say we end  
 The heartache and the thousand natural shocks  
 That flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation  
 Devoutly to be wished. To die, to sleep—  
 To sleep, perchance to dream. Ay, there's the rub,  
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,  
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
 Must give us pause. There's the respect  
 That makes calamity of so long life.  
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,  
 Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,  
 The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,  
 The insolence of office, and the spurns  
 That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,  
 When he himself might his quietus make  
 With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,  
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life,  
 But that the dread of something after death,  
 The undiscovered country from whose bourn  
 No traveler returns, puzzles the will  
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have  
 Than fly to others that we know not of?  
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,  
 And thus the native hue of resolution  
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,  
 And enterprises of great pitch and moment  
 With this regard their currents turn awry  
 And lose the name of action.—Soft you now,  
 The fair Ophelia.—Nymph, in thy orisons  
 Be all my sins remembered.

# of Lines: \_\_\_\_\_.  
 # of Thoughts: \_\_\_\_\_.  
 # of Statements: \_\_\_\_\_.  
 # of Exclamations: \_\_\_\_\_.  
 # of Questions: \_\_\_\_\_.  
 # of Midline Thoughts: \_\_\_\_\_