Shakespearean Sonnets
Shakespearean Sonnet: 14 line stanza; abab, cdcd, efef, gg rhyme scheme; can be divided into 3 quatrains and a couplet

1. Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
2. Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
3. Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
4. And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
5. Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
6. And often is his gold complexion dimmed,
7. And every fair from fair sometime declines,
8. By chance, or nature's changing course untrimmed:
9. But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
10. Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st,
11. Nor shall death brag thou wand'rest in his shade,
12. When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st,
13. So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
14. So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.
Shakespearean Sonnets are written in **iambic pentameter**: 10 syllables, alternating the unstressed-stressed pattern.

Shall I / com–pare / thee to / a sum / mer's day

Thou art / more love / ly and / more temp / er-ate

Rough winds / do shake / the dar / ling buds / of May,

And sum / mer's lease / hath all / too short / a date:
So what does it mean?

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 wand'rest 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.

Should I compare you to a summer day?
You are prettier and more pleasant
Because sometimes it gets windy and the buds on the trees get shaken off
And summer doesn't last very long
Sometimes the summer sun is too hot,
Or it will be hidden behind the clouds
And everything beautiful eventually gets ugly
Either because something bad happened or because it was nature's plan
BUT – you will always be young,
And your beauty will last forever
Death will never be able to claim you,
Because you'll live in this poem I am writing about you
So as long as men are alive and they can see enough to read this poem
You and your beauty will live on in this poem
More Patterns

- Pattern of rhyme scheme and meter

- Also, pattern of message

- Where is the turn in the message?

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:
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So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

Quatrain 1: I would compare you to summer, but summer's not that great!

Quatrain 2: Yep, there are a lot of bad things about summer and most other beautiful things.

Quatrain 3: HOWEVER, you will never ever have to worry about getting old or losing your beauty.

Couplet: You will live on forever in this poem I wrote for you.
Try this one...

1. Label the rhyme scheme
When in disgrace with Fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon my self and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least,
Yet in these thoughts my self almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
(Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate,
For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings,
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

1. Label the quatrains and the couplet

1. Scan (label the stressed and unstressed syllables) the sonnet

1. Find the turn in the message
**Sonnet 29**

| a | When in disgrace with Fortune and men's eyes, | Quatrain 1 |
| b | I all alone beweep my outcast state, |
| a | And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries, |
| b | And look upon my self and curse my fate, |
| c | Wishing me like to one more rich in hope, |
| d | Featured like him, like him with friends possessed, |
| c | Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope, |
| d | With what I most enjoy contented least, |
| e | Yet in these thoughts my self almost despising, |
| f | Haply I think on thee, and then my state, |
| e | (Like to the lark at break of day arising |
| f | From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate, |
| g | For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings, |
| g | That then I scorn to change my state with kings. |
Sonnet 29

When in grace with tune and men's eyes,
I all-alone weep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heav'n with my bootless cries,
And look upon my self and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,
Dessiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least,
Yet in these thoughts my self almost despising,
Happily I think on thee, and then my state,
(Like to the lark at break of day a rising
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate,
For thy sweet love rememberd such wealth brings,
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.
When in disgrace with Fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon my self and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least,
Yet in these thoughts my self almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate,
For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings,
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

When I am unlucky and no one likes me,
I cry like an outcast all by myself,
And I cry to heaven, but no one is listening,
And I feel sorry for myself
I wish I was like the people who had a lot of hope,
I wish I looked like them and was popular like them,
I wish I had their talent and their opportunities,
I am least happy with the things I used to enjoy,
But, I hate myself for thinking this way
And I think of you, and then my sadness
Like the lark that sings at the break of day
From the dark earth and sing hymns to heaven;
For thinking about our love makes me happy
And at that point, I would not change my present condition, not even with a king.