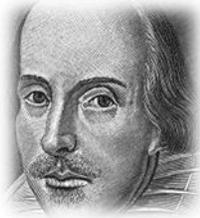
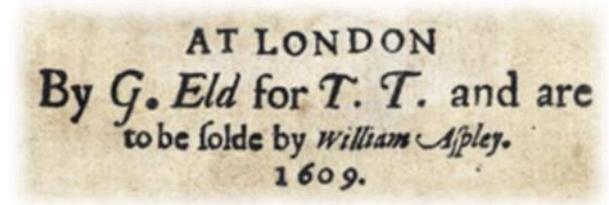


# WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

1564-1616



William\_Shakespeare\_portrait\_section.JPG  
(238 × 253 pixels, file size: 25 KB, MIME type: image/jpeg)



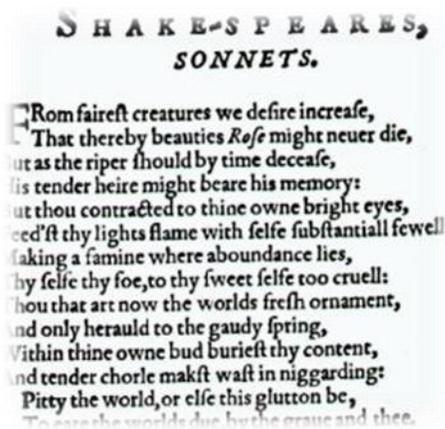
## MODERN TRANSLATION

From fairest creatures we desire increase,  
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,  
But as the ripper should by time decease,  
His tender heir might bear his memory:  
But thou contracted to thine own bright eyes,  
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,  
Making a famine where abundance lies,  
Thy self thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel:  
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament,  
And only herald to the gaudy spring,  
Within thine own bud buriest thy content,  
And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding:  
Pity the world, or else this glutton be,  
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

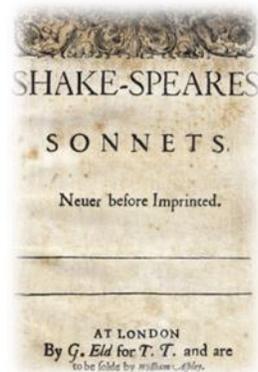
## THE 1609 QYARTI VERSUIB

From faireft creatures we defire increafe,  
That thereby beauties Rose might neuer die,  
But as the riper should by time deceafe,  
His tender heire might beare his memory:  
But thou contracted to thine owne bright eyes,  
Feed'ft thy lights flame with felfe substantiall fewell,  
Making a famine where abundance lies,  
Thy felfe thy foe, to thy sweet felfe too cruell:  
Thou that art now the worlds fresh ornament,  
And only herauld to the gaudy spring,  
Within thine owne bud burieft thy content,  
And tender chorle makft waft in niggarding:  
Pitty the world, or elfe this glutton be,  
To eate the worlds due, by the graue and thee.

## Above Sonnet Printed in 1605



## Collection of Sonnets Printed in 1609



William Shakespeare - Shake-Speare's Sonnets, quarto published by Thomas Thorpe, London, 1609

## SIR THOMAS WYATT

1503-1542

Engraving of Sir Thomas Wyatt.  
Photograph: Bridgeman Art Library



### I FIND NO PEACE

I find no peace, and all my war is done.  
I fear and hope. I burn and freeze like ice.  
I fly above the wind, yet can I not arise;  
And nought I have, and all the world I season.  
That loseth nor locketh holdeth me in prison  
And holdeth me not—yet can I scape no wise—  
Nor letteth me live nor die at my device,  
And yet of death it giveth me occasion.  
Without eyen I see, and without tongue I plain.  
I desire to perish, and yet I ask health.  
I love another, and thus I hate myself.  
I feed me in sorrow and laugh in all my pain;  
Likewise displeaseth me both life and death,  
And my delight is causer of this strife.

## HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY

1517-1547

Painting of Henry Howard in Tudor and Jacobean England 1530-  
1630. New York: Rizzoli, 1995



### ALAS, SO ALL THINGS NOW DO HOLD THEIR PEACE!

Alas, so all things now do hold their peace!  
Heaven and earth disturbèd in no thing;  
The beasts, the air, the birds their song do cease,  
The nightè car the stars about doth bring;  
Calm is the sea; the waves work less and less:  
So am not I, whom love, alas! doth wring,  
Bringing before my face the great increase  
Of my desires, whereat I weep and sing,  
In joy and woe, as in a doubtful case.  
For my sweet thoughts sometime do pleasure bring:  
But by and by, the cause of my disease  
Gives me a pang that inwardly doth sting,  
When that I think what grief it is again  
To live and lack the thing should rid my pain.

## JOHN DONNE

1572-1631

Oil Painting, *John Donne* (1573-1631), at the age of 49.  
Anon. British School, 1622. Image courtesy of the Victoria and  
Albert Museum.



### HOLY SONNETS: BATTER MY HEART, THREE-PERSON'D GOD

Batter my heart, three-person'd God, for you  
As yet but knock, breathe, shine, and seek to mend;  
That I may rise and stand, o'erthrow me, and bend  
Your force to break, blow, burn, and make me new.  
I, like an usurp'd town to another due,  
Labor to admit you, but oh, to no end;  
Reason, your viceroy in me, me should defend,  
But is captiv'd, and proves weak or untrue.  
Yet dearly I love you, and would be lov'd fain,  
But am betroth'd unto your enemy;  
Divorce me, untie or break that knot again,  
Take me to you, imprison me, for I,  
Except you enthrall me, never shall be free,  
Nor ever chaste, except you ravish me.

## SHAKESPEAREAN SONNET REQUIREMENTS

- **MUST** be 14 Lines.
- **MUST** have 3 Quatrains (set of 4 lines) and 1 Couplet (2 lines)
- **MUST** follow the rhyme scheme ABABDCDEFEFGG
- **MUST** be about love (or related subjects: envy, heartbreak, friendship, family, passions, favorite things)
- **EXTRA CREDIT:** Must be in IAMBIC PENTAMETER (10 syllables per line)

I. Your **First Stanza** should introduce the **SPEAKER** and **AUDIENCE**, explain the **OCCASION** or situation, and make the **SUBJECT** of the poem clear.

II. Your **Second and Third Stanza** should develop the **TONE** of the poem... what are the feelings involved? Convey these feelings using figurative language: metaphors, similes, personification. **EX: "I love you like music needs a beat"**

III. Your Rhyming Couplet at the end should resolve the poem, or provide a dramatic twist to the story. Make sure your **PURPOSE** is clear. The couplet is probably the most important two lines of the sonnet... so make them good! **THE CLINCHER!**

*Describe it using 10 words:*

*Make a simile—what would you compare your topic to?*

*Write what you love:*

*How does your topic make you feel? Write 5 words*

*What would you do without it?*

**FIRST STANZA:**

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**A**

---

**B**

---

**A**

---

**B**

**SECOND STANZA:**

---

**C**

---

**D**

---

**C**

---

**D**

**THIRD STANZA:**

---

**E**

---

**F**

---

**E**

---

**F**

**RHYMING COUPLET:**

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**G**

---

**G**

## SONNET PEER EDIT SHEET

Check off each item as you complete it.

\_\_\_\_\_ Count the number of syllables in each line and write the number to the left of the line.

\_\_\_\_\_ Check that the sonnet has the correct rhyme scheme and make notes if there are any errors.

\_\_\_\_\_ Put an “x” beside any ending (rhyming) words that seem chosen just for the rhyme so that the meaning is compromised.

\_\_\_\_\_ Check that the meter is iambic pentameter by scanning the lines OR speaking them softly to yourself to hear the meter. Circle any words that violate the iambic pentameter rhythm of the line. \*Note: You’ll have a hard time checking the meter for lines that are not 10 syllables.

\_\_\_\_\_ Theme or message Write the sonnet’s message here: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ Does the poem stick to the message? Y / N

\_\_\_\_\_ Structure: Does the poem have a logical order of contents? Y / N

\_\_\_\_\_ Write the title here \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ Does the punctuation seem to be natural so that it flows based on meaning? Y / N