

Paper#3: The Sonnet

1. Read the handout on sonnet form and define the following in your notebook: Petrarchan (Italian) sonnet and Shakespearean (English) Sonnet.
2. Read the works on the below, making sure to respond to each in the Response section of your journal. Look to focus specifically on the effect of the sonnet form.
3. Read the central piece of this study, "Sonnet CXVI" by Shakespeare, and write a brief Writer's Craft paper in which you identify how the sonnet form affects the piece as a whole.

Reading List for Paper #3:

The following are in this packet:

1. Petrarch "Qual Donna Attende A Gloriosa Fama"
2. Elizabeth Barrett Browning "Sonnet XLIII"
3. Shakespeare "Sonnet LXXIII"
4. Shakespeare "Sonnet XVIII"

Procedure:

Read each piece and type a paragraph or two in which you focus on the sonnet form. Tell me how you feel the sonnet form effects the piece, whether it has to do with the content of the poem, the structure of the poem, or the language used within the poem.

Then...read and analyze "Sonnet CXVI" by Shakespeare.

Next...

Write a brief paper, 1½-3 pages, that looks to illuminate the effect the sonnet **form (i.e. structure)** has on the piece. Your thesis should be clearly stated (it should have something to do with what you feel form does for the piece) and proven. As always, follow the style sheet.

Due Dates:

Paragraphs 1,2: Thursday, February 7, 2008

Paragraphs 3,4: Friday, February 8, 2008

Rough Draft: Wednesday, February 13, 2008

Final Draft: Wednesday, February 27, 2008

Assessment: Paragraphs (20 points total)
 Rough Draft (20 point)
 Paper (50 points)

Sonnets for Analysis

Paragraphs 1 and 2

Franscesco Petrarch:

Qual Donna Attende A Gloriosa Fama

Doth any maiden seek the glorious fame
Of chastity, of strength, of courtesy?
Gaze in the eyes of that sweet enemy
Whom all the world doth as my lady name!
How honour grows, and pure devotion's flame,
How truth is joined with graceful dignity,
There thou may'st learn, and what the path may be
To that high heaven which doth her spirit claim;
There learn soft speech, beyond all poet's skill,
And softer silence, and those holy ways
Unutterable, untold by human heart.
But the infinite beauty that all eyes doth fill,
This none can copy! since its lovely rays
Are given by God's pure grace, and not by art.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning:

Sonnet XLIII

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.
I love thee to the level of everyday's
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints,--I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life!--and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

Paragraphs 3 and 4

Shakespeare: **Sonnet LXXIII**

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 ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou see'st 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 see'st the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire
Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

Sonnet XVIII.

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

Write the paper on this one!

Shakespeare: **Sonnet CXVI**

LET me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love 's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.