**Sonnets**

What is a sonnet?

* A poem of an expressive thought or idea
* It has fourteen (14) lines
* Each line is ten (10) syllables long
* It features end rhyme in a particular pattern depending on the type of sonnet
* There are two major kinds of sonnets

English/Shakespearean Sonnet:

* Is more common
* Has three quatrains (sets of four lines) followed by a rhyming couplet
* Rhyme scheme: abab cdcd efef gg

Italian/Petrarchan sonnet:

* Has an octave (set of eight lines) and a sestet (six lines)
* The octave asks a question and opens the poem, the sestet is the answer
* Rhyme scheme: abbaabba cdecde

**Qual Donna Attende A Gloriosa Fama**

*by Francesco Petrarch*

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.

**Sonnet 130**

*by 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 damasked, 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.