**Guided Notes for Sonnets**

**This lesson is meant to expose you to another form of poetry, the sonnet. The sonnet uses figurative language you should already be familiar with such as, metaphors, similes, and personification.**

**Fill in the chart for the bolded sections as you read pages 678-681. Some of the chart has been filled in for you already.**

**Sonnet** – A fourteen-line lyric poem that must conform to strict patterns of rhythm and rhyme. It often uses figures of speech to express intense feelings.

Typical Themes of Renaissance sonnets: Carpe diem – “seize the day” (mixture of love and sadness)

**Petrarchan Sonnet or *Italian Sonnet*** *-* His sonnets were inspired by his distant, one sided love for Laura.

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| Rhyme Scheme of a Petrarchan Sonnet  |  |  |  |
| **Octave –** **page 678** |  | Rhyme Scheme: abbaabba |  |
| **Sestet –** **Page 678** |  | Rhyme Scheme:cdecde, cdcdcd, ccdeed, or cdcdee |  |
| **Volta –** **Page 678** |  |  |  |
| Two-Part Statements | Question/answer – turn would be the beginning of the answer to the question. | Problem/solution – turn would be the solution to the problem. | Theme/comment – turn would be the comment to the theme. |
| **Made popular by: page 678** |  |  |  |
| **Petrarchan Conceit** | A metaphor or simile that makes a striking and sometimes fanciful comparison, usually to describe the beauty of a woman. |  |  |

**Shakespearean Sonnet or *English Sonnet -* His sonnets were inspired by individualism and realism while encompassing love.**

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| **Quatrains****Page 679** |  |  |  |
| **Couplet****Page 679** |  |  |  |
| Meter | Rhythmic pattern  | Iambic Pentameter = 5 unstressed syllables alternating with 5 stressed syllables.  | Meaning that each line then has 10 syllables. |
| Rhyme Scheme -  | quatrain 1 - ababquatrain 2 - cdcdquatrain 3 - efefcouplet - gg |  |  |
| **Made Popular by: page 679** |  |  |  |

**Below are labeled examples of a Petrarchan Sonnet and a Shakespearean Sonnet to help you see the Rhyme Scheme.**

**Sonnet 61 – by Francesco Petrarch**

Blest be the day, and blest be the month and year, (a)
Season and hour and very moment blest, (b)
The lovely land and place where first possessed (b)
By two pure eyes I found me prisoner; (a)
And blest the first sweet pain, the first most dear, (a)
Which burnt my heart when Love came in as guest; (b)
And blest the bow, the shafts which shook my breast, (b)
And even the wounds which Love delivered there. (a)\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**Octave**Blest be the words and voices which filled grove (c) **Volta**
And glen with echoes of my lady’s name; (d)
The sighs, the tears, the fierce despair of love; (c)
And blest the sonnet-sources of my fame; (d)
And blest that thought of thoughts which is her own, (e)
Of her, her only, of herself alone! (e) **Sestet** (last 6 lines including the volta)

**Sonnet 116: Let me not to the marriage of true minds**

BY [WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/william-shakespeare)

Let me not to the marriage of true minds (a)

Admit impediments. Love is not love (b)

Which alters when it alteration finds, (a)

Or bends with the remover to remove. (b) 1st quatrain

O no! it is an ever-fixed mark (c)

That looks on tempests and is never shaken; (d)

It is the star to every wand'ring bark, (c)

Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken. (d) 2nd quatrain

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks (e)

Within his bending sickle's compass come; (f)

Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks, (e)

But bears it out even to the edge of doom. (f) 3rd quartrain

If this be error and upon me prov'd, (g)

I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd. (g) Couplet (last two lines)

**Enjambment – The use of run-on lines to create the smooth continuation of a thought from one line of verse to the next. It takes the emphasis off the rhyme scheme so that the real meaning of the poem can come through.**

**Just for fun –** Who or what is this sonnet talking about? (Hint - think modern, or New York)

 'Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame,
With conquering limbs astride from land to land;
Here at our sea-washed, sunset gates shall stand
A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame
Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name
Mother of Exiles. From her beacon-hand
Glows world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command
The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame.
'Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp!' cries she
With silent lips. 'Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.