

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Hour: \_\_\_\_\_

**Choose one of the following sonnets to scansion, study, and memorize. Your analysis and recitation is due in three weeks, on September 7, 2017.**

**Sonnet 18:**

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.

**Sonnet 118**

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,  
With eager compounds we our palate urge;  
As, to prevent our maladies unseen,  
We sicken to shun sickness when we purge;

Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying sweetness,  
To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding;  
And, sick of welfare, found a kind of meetness  
To be diseased, ere that there was true needing.

Thus policy in love, to anticipate  
The ills that were not, grew to faults assured,  
And brought to medicine a healthful state  
Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be cured;

But thence I learn and find the lesson true,  
Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

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**Sonnet 130**

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.