**Sonnet worksheet**

**Sound-play (alliteration and assonance): introductory**

*… 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,*

(Shakespeare, sonnet 73, ll. 8-11; see Paglia p. 3)

**Sound-play (alliteration and assonance): advanced**

*Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard,*

*Then of thy beauty do I question make,*

[note: these lines from sonnet 12, ll. 8-9, bridge quatrain 2 and quatrain 3 in sonnet 12, a key transition in a poem that explores how all almost things decay in time. How would you describe the shift that takes place in subject between quatrains 2 and 3? Does the alliteration in the lines *increase* or *diminish* the drama of that shift, in your opinion?]

**Caesura [dramatic pause *within* a line]**

(from l. 13, sonnet 23):

*O! learn to read what silent love hath writ*

From sonnet 73, ll. 1-3:

*That time of year thou mayst in me behold*

*When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang*

*Upon those boughs…*

**Rhyme (from sonnet 55, ll. 9-11)**

*Gainst death, and all oblivious enmity*

*Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room*

*Even in the eyes of all posterity*

*That wear this world out to the ending doom.*

Obvious observation: these two words are linked by rhyme. Going beyond the obvious begins by asking a question: *why* link and emphasize these two words or concepts? Ditto re *room* and *doom*, the other rhyme in this quatrain.

**Iambic Rhythm** (beginner). [Remember, an iamb is 2-syllable metric foot, one soft stress followed by one harder one.] You can mark it like this by hand above the printed line: — / or on a computer you could just bold the **stressed** syllables.

*Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake*

*And die as fast as they see others grow;*

**Iambic Rhythm** (intermediate):

*Then of thy beauty do I question make,*

*That thou among the wastes of time must go,*

**Iambic Rhythm** (advanced):

[sonnet 12, in *Making of a Poem*]

*When I do count the clock that tells the time,*

*And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;*

*…*

*When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,*

*Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,*