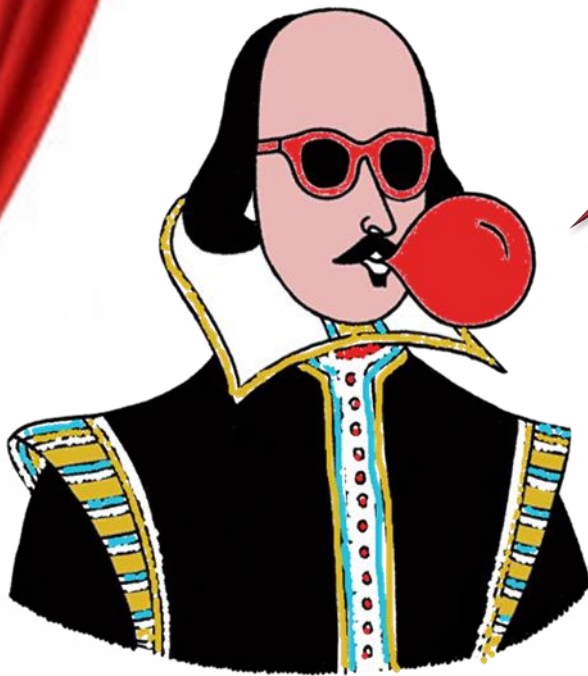


# The Sonnet





Hi, guys! Nice to see  
you back!  
Wish you a great year!

But before saying  
goodbye to leave  
you to new topics,  
you need to know  
one thing more  
about myself

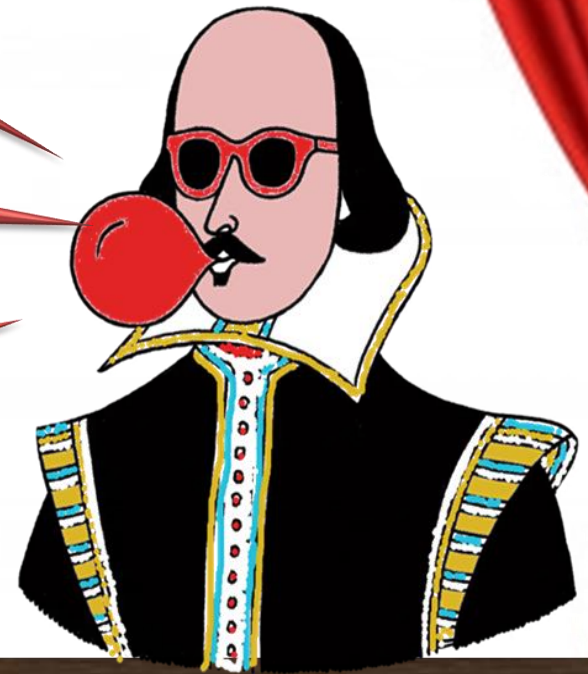




There are many people  
who assert that I never  
existed!

I mean, they believed  
that such craft in  
writing could not come  
from such a simpleton  
from a Grammar  
School like myself.

Hence , they thought that  
behind Willian Shakespeare  
there could have been a much  
more refined mind....





Such as the Earl  
of Oxford, for  
example....

...or the true rockstar  
of my age , Christopher  
Marlowe!

Somebody would have bet  
that I was Italian! Me,  
Italian!! A certain  
Guglielmo Scrollalanza fom  
Sicily, indeed!

Do you know why  
were there all  
these rumours?



Because I  
never bothered  
to sign any of  
my plays!!!

After all, there  
was no  
copyright!

The only  
thing I was  
interested in  
was.....







Susanna,  
Hamnet ,  
Judith and my  
wife Anne!

Yes , money. I had  
4 mouths to feed:  
a wife and 3  
children !

But, actually I put  
my name on  
something I regareded  
more worthy than my  
plays:





I wrote 154 beautiful sonnets, which were published in 1609.

I dedicated the first 126 to a dear friend of mine, but I kept his identity secret...

While the others are addressed to mysterious «Dark Lady»

My sonnets!





## The Sonnet form

- Originating in Italy, the oldest known sonnet form was invented by Italian poet Francesco Petrarch in the 14th century.
- A sonnet is a **short lyric poem** that consists of **14 lines**, typically written in iambic pentameter (a 10-syllable pattern of stressed and unstressed syllables)
- Sonnets have something called a **volta** (twist or turn), in which the rhyme scheme and the subject of the poem suddenly change, often to indicate a response to a question, a solution to a problem



- Called the Petrarchan or Italian sonnet, this sonnet structure consists of first an **octave** (eight lines of verse in iambic pentameter) and then a **sestet** (six lines).
- The rhyme scheme is *abba abba*; the rhyme scheme in the sestet can vary a little but is typically *cde cde* or *cdc dcd*.





- In the Shakespearean or English sonnet, each line is 10 syllables long written in iambic pentameter.
- The structure can be divided into **three quatrains (four-line stanzas) plus a final rhyming couplet (two-line stanza).**
- The Shakespearean sonnet rhyme scheme is *abab cdcd efef gg*.



	Origin	# of Lines	Iambic Pentameter?	Structure	Rhyme Scheme	Volta
<b>Petrarchan Sonnet</b>	Italian	14	Yes	An octave and a sestet	<i>abba</i> <i>abba</i> <i>cde</i> <i>cde</i> <b>OR</b> <i>abba</i> <i>abba</i> <i>cdc</i> <i>dcd</i>	Between the eighth and ninth lines
<b>Shakespearean Sonnet</b>	English	14	Yes	Three quatrains and a rhyming couplet	<i>abab</i> <i>cdcd</i> <i>efef</i> <i>gg</i>	Between the 12th and 13th lines







You may actually ask  
why I changed the  
original pattern?

First of all, tercets  
don't fit the English  
language, and few  
poems have been  
written in tercets so  
far in English.

Then , I didn't  
want it to be an  
«open» structure.  
The final couplet  
sealed what I  
wanted to say.



My favorite  
topics?

Love.....

...the inevitable  
decay of time....

... the immortalization  
of love and beauty  
through poetry

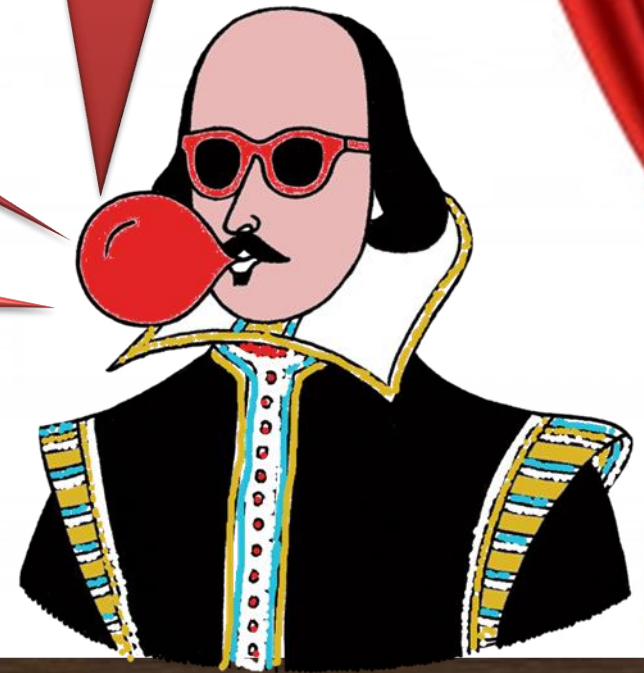




I wrote it for a  
person I loved  
dearly and I was  
much indebted to.

Today I want to  
introduce you to what  
is considered my most  
famous sonnet.  
Sonnet n° 18

But I found difficult to  
pick a subject fitting to  
compare my friend's  
qualities , as everything  
seemed inadequate...



*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.*





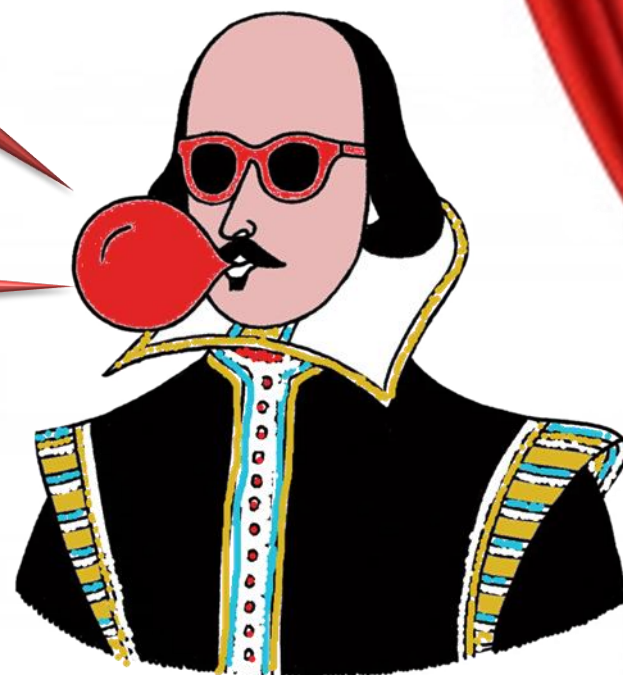
## *Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?*

This is quite a flattering question as a summer's day is usually associated to beauty.



Haven't you ever  
tried to compare the  
beauty or the  
qualities of  
somebody you love  
to something  
special?

When you fail to find  
the right words in  
particular? I am sure  
you did.





## *Thou art more lovely and more temperate*

Shakespeare , however, explains that his love's beauty exceeds that of the summer and does not have its tendency towards unpleasant extremes





*Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,  
And summer's lease hath all too short a date;*

At that time England had not adopted the Gregorian calendar yet and May was considered a summer month. Shakespeare here describes the fragility and short duration of summer's beauty. The word lease reminds us that everything beautiful remains so for a limited time.



*Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,  
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;*

The sun, which is here personified as the «eye of heaven» can be too hot or hidden by the clouds  
unlike his more «temperate» love





*And every fair from fair sometime declines,  
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd*

The repetition of the word «fair» highlights  
that this fate is inescapable for everything that  
possesses beauty





*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:*

There is a change in tone here and Shakespeare says that his love won't be subjected to those laws of nature. But how?



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

Poetry (art) will preserve his love from decaying  
beauty and death







What? You want to know the name of the addressee of this poem now?

Well, it's a man. William Herbert, the third Earl of Southampton and my patron.

I needed to flatter him a bit in order to work , you know!





Now , it's really  
time to say good-  
bye!

But before, I want you to  
read another beautiful  
sonnet of an amazing  
poetress: Elizabeth  
Barrett Browning

If you enjoyed my company, you  
know how and where to find me:  
books, theatres, movies even  
Netflix! As in eternal lines I grow.  
And remember: «All world is a  
stage» !! See you soon!



## Sonnet 43 by Elizabeth Barrett Browning

*How do I love thee? Let me count the ways. (a)*

*I love thee to the depth and breadth and height (b)*

*My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight (b)*

*For the ends of being and ideal grace. (a)*

*I love thee to the level of every day's (a)*

*Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light. (b)*

*I love thee freely, as men strive for right; (b)*

*I love thee purely, as they turn from praise. (a)*

*I love thee with the passion put to use (c)*

*In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith. (d)*

*I love thee with a love I seemed to lose (c)*

*With my lost saints. I love thee with the breath, (d)*

*Smiles, tears, of all my life; and, if God choose, (c)*

*I shall but love thee better after death. (d)*





# *The End*

