**Sonnet Jigsaw**

In a group you will analyze one of the following sonnets. Use the following questions to guide your analysis. Then, Mr. Bignell will split your group up into a new group, and you will be responsible for explaining your original sonnet analysis to the new group.

**Analysis Questions:**

1. What is the sonnet about? Paraphrase the situation in 3-4 sentences.
2. Identify the type of Sonnet. How do the content and form work together (or not work together) to achieve the author’s purpose?
3. Identify the tone of the speaker. Provide two phrases from the poem that demonstrate this tone.
4. Identify two examples of effective diction. Describe the effect that each example creates.
5. Identify and explain the significance of the literary devices contained in the poem (minimum 3).
6. Identify and explain the significance of structural devices used in the poem (minimum 1).
7. a. Make a theme statement about this poem supporting it with proof from the text.

b. Connect your thematic statement to another work we’ve studied in this course. What insights are gained through comparing this theme in multiple works?

**Sonnet #1:**

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 dimmed;

And every fair from fair sometime declines,

By chance, or nature’s changing course, untrimmed;

But thy eternal summer shall not fade,

Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow’st,

Nor shall death brag thou wand’rest 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 2:**

WHEN I consider how my light is spent,
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He returning chide,
'Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?'
I fondly ask.  But patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, 'God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts. Who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best.  His state
Is kingly: thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait.'

**Sonnet 3:**

I wake and feel the fell of dark, not day.

What hours, O what black hours we have spent

This night! what sights you, heart, saw; ways you went!

And more must, in yet longer light's delay.

   With witness I speak this. But where I say

Hours I mean years, mean life. And my lament

Is cries countless, cries like dead letters sent

To dearest him that lives alas! away.

   I am gall, I am heartburn. God's most deep decree

Bitter would have me taste: my taste was me;

Bones built in me, flesh filled, blood brimmed the curse.

   Selfyeast of spirit a dull dough sours. I see

The lost are like this, and their scourge to be

As I am mine, their sweating selves; but worse.

**Sonnet 4:**

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O no; it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
   If this be error and upon me proved,
   I never writ, nor no man ever loved.