**Sonnet Comparison**

Look at the two sonnets and figure out the rules of a sonnet by figuring out what they have in common.

**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 LXXIII**

That time of year thou mayst in me behold,

When yellow leaves, or none, or few do hang

Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,

Bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.

In me thou seest the twilight of such day,

As after sunset fadeth in the west,

Which by and by black night doth take away,

Death's second self that seals up all in rest.

In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,

That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,

As the deathbed, whereon it must expire,

Consumed by that which it was nourished by.

*This* thou perceivest, which makes thy love more strong,

To love that well, which thou must leave ere long.

**Sonnets**

**Sonnets are poems with a specific set of rules. Here are two Shakespearean sonnets. Read them and in your table groups, come up with a set of rules that they both follow.**

**Rules:**

**1)**

**2)**

**3)**

**4)**

**5)**

**Here is one author’s sonnet about sonnets if you need some help!**

**Sonnet - Billy Collins**

All we need is fourteen lines, well, thirteen now,
and after this one just a dozen
to launch a little ship on love's storm-tossed seas,
then only ten more left like rows of beans.
How easily it goes unless you get Elizabethan (5)
and insist the iambic bongos must be played
and rhymes positioned at the ends of lines,
one for every station of the cross.
But hang on here wile we make the turn
into the final six where all will be resolved, (10)
where longing and heartache will find an end,
where Laura will tell Petrarch to put down his pen,
take off those crazy medieval tights,
blow out the lights, and come at last to bed.