	WRITE Your Own English Sonnet!	
's Name	Period	

Shakespearean Sonnet Requirements:

- > **MUST** be 14 Lines.
- MUST be iambic pentameter (10 syllables per line)
- ➤ **MUST** have 3 Quatrains (4 lines) and 1 Couplet (2)
- ➤ **MUST** follow the rhyme scheme ABAB CDCD EFEF GG
- > **MUST** be about a clear topic

Use this chart to make sure you are using enough syllables. Try to use the unstressed / stressed pattern.



Sample Sonnet (Inspired by Sonnet 18):

Shall I compare thee to a nacho chip? Thou art more crunchy -- though without the cheese:

Rough winds do blow when I forget the dip,
For nachos are so very hard to please:
Sometimes too hot, so I must let them cool,
And often is their gold complexion dimm'd,
But only when I make them like a fool,
By chance they burn like candles yet untrimm'd:
But thy eternal crunchiness won't fade,
Nor burn like all my failed attempts to bake,
Nor shall you be like these -- so poorly made,
Which in eternal snacking I forsake.
So long as men can breathe and tongue can taste,
Your nacho-likeness will not be erased.

Rhyme Scheme	/	J	/	J	/	J	/	J	/	<u> </u>
Α										
В										
Α										
В										
С										
D										
С										
D										
E										
F										
E										
F										
G										
G										

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 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.