Petrarchan style sonnets (Italian sonnets)

Fransesco Petrarca 1304- c. 1374) Renaissance era 1300-1700

[poemshape.wordpress.com/2009/01/11/what-is-shakespearean-spenserian-amp-petrarchan-sonnets/](https://poemshape.wordpress.com/2009/01/11/what-is-shakespearean-spenserian-amp-petrarchan-sonnets/)

**William Wordsworth (1770-1850)**

Rhyme Scheme: **ABBA ACCA DEDEDE**



Surprised by joy — impatient as the Wind  
I turned to share the transport–Oh! with whom  
But Thee, deep buried in the silent tomb,  
That spot which no vicissitude can find?

Love, faithful love, recalled thee to my mind–  
But how could I forget thee? Through what power,  
Even for the least division of an hour,  
Have I been so beguiled as to be blind

To my most grievous loss?–That thought’s return  
Was the worst pang that sorrow ever bore,  
Save one, one only, when I stood forlorn,  
Knowing my heart’s best treasure was no more;  
That neither present time, nor years unborn  
Could to my sight that heavenly face restore.

**Elizabeth Barrett Browning**

**(1806-1861)** Rhyme Scheme**:**

**ABBA ABBA CDCDCD**

**[](https://poemshape.files.wordpress.com/2009/01/eb-browning.jpg)**

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.  
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height  
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight  
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.  
I love thee to the level of everyday’s  
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.  
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;  
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.  
I love thee with a passion put to use  
In my old griefs, and with my childhood’s faith.  
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose  
With my lost saints, — I love thee with the breath,  
Smiles, tears, of all my life! — and, if God choose,  
I shall but love thee better after death.

**John Keats (1795-1821)** Rhyme Scheme:

**ABBA ABBA CDCDCD** (The same as Milton’s)

On First Looking into Chapman’s Homer



Much have I travell’d in the realms of gold,  
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;  
Round many western islands have I been  
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.

Oft of one wide expanse had I been told  
That deep-brow’d Homer ruled as his demesne;  
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene  
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies  
When a new planet swims into his ken;  
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes  
He star’d at the Pacific–and all his men  
Look’d at each other with a wild surmise  
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

**Edna St. Vincent Millay (1892-1950)**

Rhyme Scheme: **ABBA ABBA CDEDCE**



What lips my lips have kissed, and where, and why,  
I have forgotten, and what arms have lain  
Under my head till morning; but the rain  
Is full of ghosts to-night, that tap and sigh

Upon the glass and listen for reply,  
And in my heart there stirs a quiet pain,  
For unremembered lads that not again  
Will turn to me at midnight with a cry.

Thus in the winter stands the lonely tree,  
Nor knows what birds have vanished one by one,  
Yet knows its boughs more silent than before:  
I cannot say what loves have come and gone;  
I only know that summer sang in me  
A little while, that in me sings no more.

Sonnet 19: When I consider how my light is spent Petrarch – Renaissance era, considered the Father of Humanism

By John Milton **(1608-1674)** Humanism– a belief that emphasizes the importance of

rather than the divine or supernatural matters; a movement

When I consider how my light is spent, medieval scholasticism and a renewed interest in ancienct  
··Ere half my days in this dark world and wide, Greek and Roman thought.  
··And that one talent which is death to hide Petrarch was Italian and wrote in Italian; he did not use iambic   
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent pentameter since that didn’t work well in Italian.   
To serve therewith my Maker, and present His sonnets are not so much about rhyme scheme as expression   
··My true account, lest He returning chide; of idea (and not always love themes). They lack an ending   
··“Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?” couplet which makes the poem less hard stamped at the end   
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent and more contemplative,

That murmur, soon replies, “God doth not need Petrarchan sonnets are more statement poems, unlike   
Either man’s work or His own gifts. Who best the Shakespeare’s argument style sonnets   
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best. His state abbaabba cdcdcd  
Is kingly: thousands at His bidding speed, abbaabba cdecde

And post o’er land and ocean without rest; abbaabba cdedce (and other possible rhyme schemes)   
They also serve who only stand and wait.” Petrarchan sonnets were first written in English by Sir Thomas Wyatt and Henry Howard Earl of Surrey 