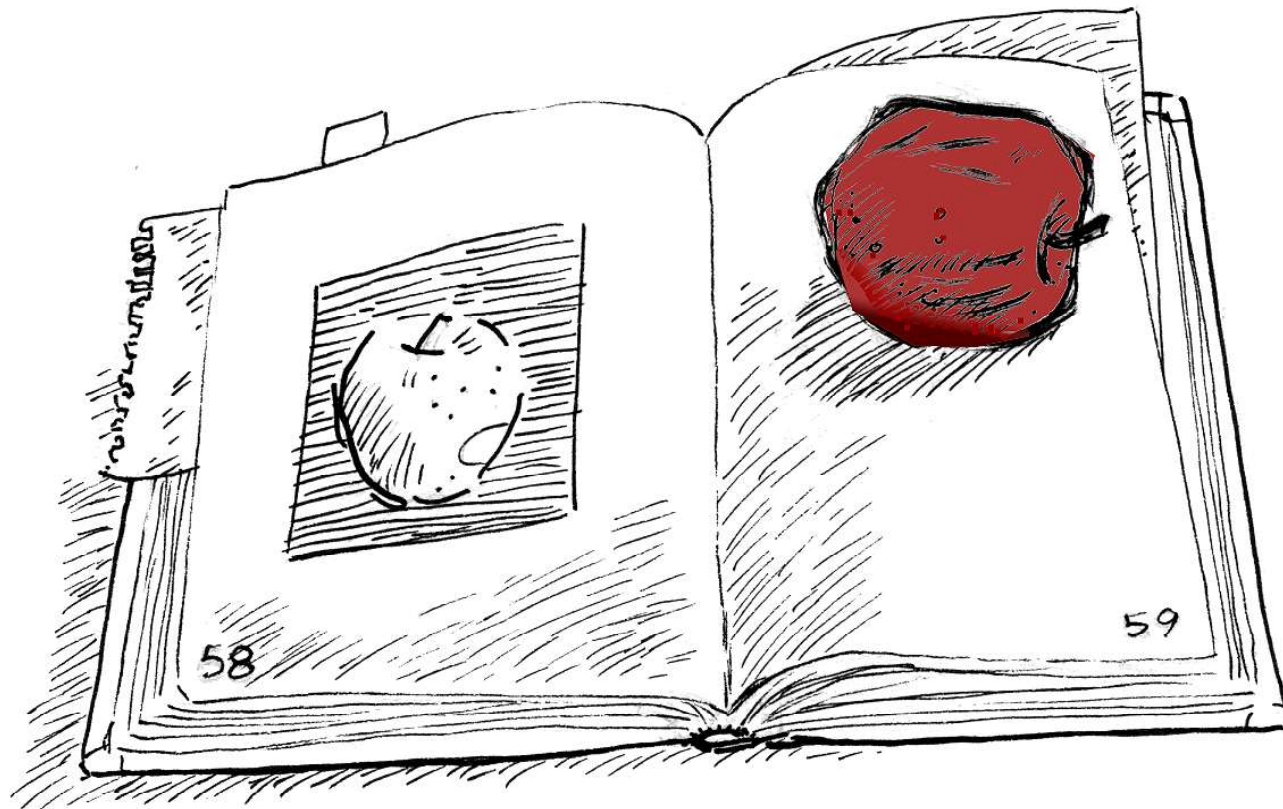


# Sonnets

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# *Sir Sidney Sonnet Form*

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## *Astrophil and Stella*

This sonnet sequence was created by Sir Philip Sidney (1554 – 1586).

- creates variations on the Petrarchan form
  - > an ongoing but obscure narrative
  - > modifies the Petrarchan rhyme scheme: 15 variations exist
- English sonnet sequence containing 108 sonnets and 11 songs.
- The name derives from the two Greek words:
  - ‘aster’ (star) and ‘phil’ (lover), and the Latin word ‘stella’ meaning star.
- Astrophil is the star lover, and Stella is his star.

# Sir Sidney Sonnet Form

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31

- A 5 With how sad steps, Oh Moon, thou climb'st the skies,  
B 5 How silently, and with how wan<sup>1</sup> a face!  
B 5.5 What may it be, that even in heav'nly place  
A 5 That busy archer<sup>2</sup> his sharp arrows tries?  
A 5 Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes  
B 5 Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case;  
B 5 I read it in thy looks: thy languished grace,  
A 5 To me that feel the like, thy state describes<sup>3</sup>.  
C 5.5 **Then** even of fellowship, Oh Moon, tell me,  
D 5 Is constant love deemed there but want of wit?  
C 5 Are beauties there<sup>4</sup> as proud as here they be?  
D 5 Do they<sup>5</sup> above love to be loved, and yet  
E 5 Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess?  
E 5 Do they call virtue there ungratefulness?<sup>6</sup>

1. pale
2. *Who is the "archer"?*
3. reveals
4. *Where is "there"?*
5. *Who are "they"?*
6. *What is the resulting tone of the sonnet?  
What mood does the speaker express?*

# Sir Sidney Sonnet Form

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1

- A 6 Loving in truth, and fain in verse my love to show,  
B 6 That she (dear She) might take some pleasure of my pain:  
A 6 Pleasure might cause her read, reading might make her know,  
B 6 Knowledge might pity win, and pity grace obtain,  
A 6 I sought fit words to paint the blackest face of woe,  
B 6 Studying inventions fine, her wits to entertain:  
A 6 Oft turning others' leaves, to see if thence would flow  
**B 6.5** Some fresh and fruitful showers upon my sun-burned brain.  
C 6 But words came halting forth, wanting Invention's stay,  
D 6 Invention, Nature's child, fled step-dame Study's blows,  
C 6 And others' feet still seemed but strangers in my way.  
D 6 Thus great with child to speak, and helpless in my throes,  
E 6 Biting my truant pen, beating myself for spite,  
E 6 'Fool' said my Muse to me, 'look in thy heart and write.'