

Petrarch Sonnet example

In what bright realm, what sphere of radiant thought

Did Nature find the model whence she drew

That delicate dazzling image where we view

Here on this earth what she in heaven wrought

What fountain-haunting nymph, what dryad, sought

In groves, such golden tresses ever threw

Upon the gust? What heart such virtues knew?—

Though her chief virtue with my death is fraught.

He looks in vain for heavenly beauty, he

Who never looked upon her perfect eyes,

The vivid blue orbs turning brilliantly –

He does not know how Love yields and denies;

He only knows, who knows how sweetly she

Can talk and laugh, the sweetness of her sighs.

—Translation by [Joseph Auslander](#) of Petrarch

Sonnet 18 by Shakespeare

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 sometimes 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 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.