

# Semantically chunk and paraphrase these three sonnets by following these steps:

- ① Find all the "stop sign's".
- ② Find all the coordinating conjunctions that come immediately after a comma.
- ③ Find all the subordinating conjunctions that come immediately before a clause (a complete thought).
- ③½ Circle any conjunctions that you're super-sure are separating clauses: look at the examples.
- ④ Use vertical bars and/or boxes to divide the poetry into individual clauses.
- ⑤ Number the clauses; compare with a peer's numbering.
- ⑥ Paraphrase each numbered clause in your own plain language as if you are the speaker: remember that it's love poetry! ♡

NAME: \_\_\_\_\_

DATE: \_\_\_\_\_

BLOCK: \_\_\_\_\_

STOP  
SIGNS  
↓

;  
:  
?

COORDINATING  
CONJUNCTIONS  
↓

FANBOYS  
and  
but  
or  
so  
yet

SUBORDINATING  
CONJUNCTIONS  
↓

since  
when  
where  
though  
so long as  
while  
if  
because

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,

4 And summer's lease hath all too short a date.

→ And summer break's way too short.

Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,

And often is his gold complexion dimmed;

And every fair from fair sometime declines,

By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimmed;

8 But thy eternal summer shall not fade,  
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st,

→ But your "summer" won't ever fade or get cheap.

Nor shall death brag thou wand'rest in his shade,

When in eternal lines to Time thou grow'st.

So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,<sup>12</sup>

13 So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

→ These bars will live forever.

Those hours that with gentle work did frame <sup>1</sup>  
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell, <sup>2</sup>  
Will play the tyrants to the very same  
And that unfair which fairly doth excel:

The same passage of time that created your pretty face — the one everyone stares at — will, one day, be a jerk to that same face and make ugly what is, for now, excellent.

For never-resting time leads summer on  
To hideous winter and confounds him there;  
Sap check'd with frost and lusty leaves quite gone,  
Beauty o'ersnow'd and bareness every where:  
Then, were not summer's distillation left,  
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,  
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,  
Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was:

<sup>6</sup> But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet, <sup>7</sup>  
Leese but their show; their substance still lives sweet.

But the kind of flowers that people chemically distill — when winter comes and kills them — only lose their *physical* appearance.

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;  
Coral is far more red than her lips' red;  
<sup>3</sup> 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

Obviously, music sounds way better.

<sup>11</sup> 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. <sup>13</sup>  
<sup>14</sup>

But my girl — when she walks — kind of ... clomps.

And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare  
As any she belied with false compare.