

Name _____ **Sonnet**

Sonnet

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for every thing, we are out of tune;
It moves us not. Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.



—William Wordsworth, 1807

1. How many lines does the poem have? _____

2. How many syllables are in each line? _____

3. What is the rhyme scheme of the poem?

Write out the first line of the poem. Above the line, mark each syllable as stressed or unstressed.
