

SONNET 07

How like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the flocking year
What freezings have I felt what dark days seen!
What old December's bareness everywhere!
And yet this time removed was summer's time
The teeming autumn, big w/ rich increase
Brearing the wanton burden of the prime
Like widowed womb after their lord's decrease
Yet this time seemed to me
But hope of orphans and unfathered fruit
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee
And turn away, the very birds are mute
Or if they sing, 'tis with so dull a car
That leaves look pale, marking the winter's near
Figure of speech

Alliteration

Theme: the bitterness in the absence of the beloved

TWELFTH NIGHT

Setting: Illyria

Major chars:

Orcino

Viola (Cesario)