

# SONNET WALK WEEKEND 10, 2023!

## Sonnet 19 (Stoke Park), Penelope Maynard

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,  
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;  
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,  
And burn the long-lived phoenix in her blood;  
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleets,  
And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,  
To the wide world and all her fading sweets;  
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:  
O, carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,  
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;  
Him in thy course untainted do allow  
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.  
Yet, do thy worst, old Time: despite thy wrong,  
My love shall in my verse ever live young.

*Now that's a love poem, eh? But, there's a man haunts our [town], that abuses our young plants with carving 'Rosalind' on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns and elegies on brambles, all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: Taking a poem a tree and reading...*

"Why should this a desert be?  
For it is unpeopled?  
No: Tongues I'll hang on every tree,  
That shall civil sayings show:

But upon the fairest boughs,  
Or at every sentence end,  
Will I Rosalinda write..."

## Sonnet 55 (World War II Tank Traps), Hayden Mampasi

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments  
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;  
But you shall shine more bright in these contents  
Than unswept stone besmear'd with sluttish time.  
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,  
And broils root out the work of masonry,  
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn  
The living record of your memory.  
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity  
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room  
Even in the eyes of all posterity  
That wear this world out to the ending doom.  
So, till the judgment that yourself arise,  
You live in this, and dwell in lover's eyes.

## Sonnet 123 (G Live Olympic Torch Statue), Noel White

No, Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change:  
Thy pyramids built up with newer might  
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;  
They are but dressings of a former sight.  
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire  
What thou dost foist upon us that is old,  
And rather make them born to our desire  
Than think that we before have heard them told.  
Thy registers and thee I both defy,  
Not wondering at the present nor the past,  
For thy records and what we see doth lie,  
Made more or less by thy continual haste.  
This I do vow and this shall ever be;  
I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee.

## The Jabberwocky (Allen House Garden), Jack Whitam

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:  
All mimsy were the borogoves,  
And the mome raths outrgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!  
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!  
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun  
The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand;  
Long time the manxome foe he sought—  
So rested he by the Tumtum tree  
And stood awhile in thought.

And, as in uffish thought he stood,  
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,  
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,  
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through  
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!  
He left it dead, and with its head  
He went galumphing back.

"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?  
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!  
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"  
He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:  
All mimsy were the borogoves,  
And the mome raths outrgrabe.

## Love's Labour's Lost (Guildford Institute), Deeivya Meir

"From the east to western Ind,  
No jewel is like Rosalind.  
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,  
Through all the world bears Rosalind.  
All the pictures fairest lined  
Are but black to Rosalind.  
Let no fair be kept in mind  
But the fair of Rosalind."

Why, universal plodding poisons up  
The nimble spirits in the arteries,  
As motion and long-during action tires  
The sinewy vigour of the traveller.  
O, we have made a vow to study, lords,  
And in that vow we have forsworn our books.  
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,  
In leaden contemplation have found out  
Such fiery numbers as the prompting eyes  
Of beauty's tutors have enrich'd you with?  
Other slow arts entirely keep the brain;  
And therefore, finding barren practisers,  
Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil;  
But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,  
Lives not alone immured in the brain;  
But, with the motion of all elements,  
Courses as swift as thought in every power,  
And gives to every power a double power,  
Above their functions and their offices.  
It adds a precious seeing to the eye;  
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;  
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,  
When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd:  
And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods  
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.  
Never durst poet touch a pen to write  
Until his ink were temper'd with Love's sighs;  
O, then his lines would ravish savage ears  
And plant in tyrants mild humility.  
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:  
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;  
They are the books, the arts, the academies,  
That show, contain and nourish all the world:  
Else none at all in ought proves excellent.

**Sonnet 54 (Angel Gate), Eddy Payne**

O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem  
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!  
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem  
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.  
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye  
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,  
Hang on such thorns and play as wantonly  
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses:  
But, for their virtue only is their show,  
They live unwoo'd and unrespected fade,  
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;  
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made:  
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,  
When that shall fade, my verse distills your truth.

**King Lear, Macbeth, Twelfth Night, As You Like It (Castle Keep), Emily Juler**

Come on; here's the place: stand still. How fearful  
And dizzy 't is, to cast one's eyes so low!  
The crows and choughs, that wing the midway air,  
Show scarce so gross as beetles: halfway down  
Hangs one that gathers samphire, dreadful trade!  
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head:  
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,  
Appear like mice; and yond tall anchoring bark,  
Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy  
Almost too small for sight: the murmuring surge,  
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,  
Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more,  
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight  
Topple down headlong.

This castle hath a pleasant seat, the air  
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself  
Unto our gentle senses.

Ah! This guest of summer,  
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,  
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath  
Smells wooingly here; no jutty, frieze,  
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird  
Hath made his pendant bed and procreant cradle.  
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd  
The air is delicate.

What's to do? Shall we go and see the relics of this town?  
Let us satisfy our eyes  
With the memorials and things of fame  
That do renown this city.

I like this place and willingly could waste my time in it.

**As You Like It (Royal Oak), Emma Fenney, Laura Matthews**

CELIA  
Didst thou hear these verses?

ROSALIND  
O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in  
them more feet than the verses would bear.

CELIA  
But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be  
hanged and carved upon these trees?

ROSALIND  
I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came;  
for look here what I found on a palm-tree. I was never so be-  
rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can  
hardly remember.

CELIA  
Trow you who hath done this?

ROSALIND  
Is it a man?

CELIA  
And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you  
colour?

ROSALIND  
I prithee, who?

CELIA  
O Lord, Lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains  
may be removed with earthquakes and so encounter.

ROSALIND  
Nay, but who is it?

CELIA  
Is it possible?

ROSALIND  
Nay, I prithee now with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who  
it is.

CELIA  
O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful! and yet again  
wonderful, and after that, out of all hooping!

ROSALIND  
Good my complexion! I prithee, tell me who is it quickly, and  
speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst  
pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a  
narrow-mouthed bottle, either too much at once, or none at all. I  
prithee, take the cork out of thy mouth that may drink thy tidings.

CELIA  
So you may put a man in your belly.

ROSALIND  
Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a  
hat, or his chin worth a beard?

CELIA  
Nay, he hath but a little beard.

ROSALIND  
Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful: let me stay  
the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his  
chin.

CELIA  
It is young Orlando, that tripped up the wrestler's heels and your  
heart both in an instant.

ROSALIND  
Nay, but the devil take mocking: speak, sad brow and true maid.

CELIA  
I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

ROSALIND  
Orlando?

CELIA  
Orlando.

ROSALIND  
Alas the day! What did he when thou sawest him? What said he?  
How looked he? Wherein went he? What makes him here? Did he  
ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and  
when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

CELIA  
You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first: 'tis a word too  
great for any mouth of this age's size. To say ay and no to these  
particulars is more than to answer in a catechism.

ROSALIND  
Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

CELIA  
It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions of a  
lover; but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good  
observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

ROSALIND  
It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

CELIA  
Give me audience, good madam.

ROSALIND  
Proceed.

CELIA  
There lay he, stretched along, like a wounded knight.

ROSALIND  
Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

CELIA  
Cry 'holla' to thy tongue, I prithee; it curvets unseasonably. He  
was furnished like a hunter.

ROSALIND  
O, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

CELIA  
I would sing my song without a burden: thou bringest me out of  
tune.

ROSALIND  
Do you not know I am a woman? When I think, I must speak.  
Sweet, say on... oh wait, let's get us another glass first...