Kent-Drury

ENG 202

Study Guide—*Astrophil and Stella*, “Sonnet 71”

Astrophil and Stella

Sir Philip Sidney

Sonnet 71

Who will in fairest book of Nature know

How virtue may best lodged in beauty be,

Let him but learn of love to read in thee,

Stella, those fair lines which true goodness show.

There shall he find all vices’ overthrow,

Not by rude force, but sweetest sovereignty

Of reason, from whose light those night-birds fly;

That inward sun in thine eyes shineth so.

And not content to be perfection’s heir

Thyself, dost strive all minds that way to move,

Who mark in thee what is in thee most fair;

So while thy beauty draws the heart to love,

As fast thy virtue bends that love to good.

But, ah, Desire still cries: “Give me some food.”

Astrophil and Stella

Sir Philip Sidney

Sonnet 71

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| Who will in fairest book of Nature know | a |  |
| How virtue may best lodged in beauty be, | b |  |
| Let him but learn of love to read in thee, | b |  |
| Stella, those fair lines which true goodness show. | a |  |
| There shall he find all vices’ overthrow, | a |  |
| Not by rude force, but sweetest sovereignty | b | sovereignty=3syl |
| Of reason, from whose light those night-birds fly; | b |  |
| That inward sun in thine eyes shineth so. | a |  |
| And not content to be perfection’s heir | c |  |
| Thyself, dost strive all minds that way to move, | d |  |
| Who mark in thee what is in thee most fair; | c |  |
| So while thy beauty draws the heart to love, | d |  |
| As fast thy virtue bends that love to good. | e |  |
| But, ah, Desire still cries: “Give me some food.” | e |  |

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|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| Who will / in fair / est book / of Na / ture know | a |  |
| How vir / tue may / best lodged / in beau / ty be, | b |  |
| Let him / but learn / of love / to read / in thee, | b |  |
| Stella, / those fair / lines which / true good /ness show. | a |  |
| There shall / he find / all vic / es’ o / verthrow, | a |  |
| Not by / rude force, // but sweet / est so / vereignty | b | sovereignty=3syl |
| Of rea / son, from / whose light / those night- / birds fly; | b |  |
| That in / ward sun / in thine / eyes shi / neth so. | a |  |
| And not / content / to be / perfec / tion’s heir | c |  |
| Thyself, / dost strive / all minds / that way / to move, | d |  |
| Who mark / in thee / what is / in thee / most fair; | c |  |
| So while / thy beau / ty draws / the heart / to love, | d |  |
| As fast / thy vir / tue bends / that love / to good. | e |  |
| But, ah, / Desire / still cries: / “Give me / some food.” | e |  |