Scorn not the Sonnet

1.	Poetry Genre
2.	Poetry Genre

Scorn not the Sonnet

Scorn not the; Critic, you have frowned
Mindless of its just honours; with this key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart; the melody
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound;
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound;
With it Camens soothed an exile's grief;
The glittered a gay myrtle leaf
Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
His visionary brow: a glow-worm lamp,
It cheered mild Spenser, called from Faery-land
To struggle through dark ways; and, when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The Thing became a trumpet; whence he blew
Soul-animating strainsalas, too few!

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