

## Homework #4: Stress and Juncture in Sonnet 57

Due in class Tuesday Nov. 2

Here is the text of Shakespeare's Sonnet 57:

Being your slave what should I do but tend,  
Upon the hours, and times of your desire?  
I have no precious time at all to spend;  
Nor services to do, till you require.  
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour,  
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,  
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour,  
When you have bid your servant once adieu;  
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought  
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,  
But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought  
Save, where you are, how happy you make those.  
So true a fool is love, that in your will,  
Though you do anything, he thinks no ill.

For convenience, you can download it from the course Web site (<http://www.linguistics.ucla.edu/people/hayes/191/index.htm>), where I have also put it syllable by syllable into an Excel spreadsheet.

### 1. Juncture

- Mark all junctures using the standard system of the course, -, =, #, ##, ###. You can use the worksheet attached to give your answer.
- Prepare a juncture profile, counting the number of each kind in each position (after 1, after 2, after 3, ... after 9).
- Extra credit: use <http://www.unc.edu/~preacher/chisq/chisq.htm> to examine your findings more closely. I suggest you test these hypotheses:
  - Is set of breaks at Hemistich boundary (assume it is after 4) different from the set of breaks at the Line boundary?
  - Is set of breaks at Hemistich boundary (assume it is after 4) different from the set of breaks that occur within Hemistichs?

### 2. Stress

- Line up the syllables of the poem with the iambic pentameter grid, as we did in class. The iambic pentameter grid is:

	x		x		x		x		x
x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x

- Use the stress rules taught in the lectures and readings to assign a stress pattern to the words.
- Circle all “anti-Jespersen” locations—where stress goes up and meter goes down, or vice versa.

### 3. Worksheet

Be- ing your slave what should I do but tend,  
 Up- on the hours, and times of your de- sire?  
 I have no pre- cious time at all to spend;  
 Nor ser- vi- ces to do, till you re- quire.  
 Nor dare I chide the world- with- out- end hour,  
 Whilst I, my sov'- reign, watch the clock for you,  
 Nor think the bit- ter- ness of ab- sence sour,  
 When you have bid your ser- vant once a- dieu;  
 Nor dare I ques- tion with my jeal- ous thought  
 Where you may be, or your af- fairs sup- pose,  
 But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought  
 Save, where you are, how hap- py you make those.  
 So true a fool is love, that in your will,  
 Though you do an- y- thing, he thinks no ill.