

## 5 Page Word Search Sample of Shakespeare Sonnet Word Search Fun!

### **Instructions**

At the bottom of each full sonnet there are nine words to search for. You simply highlight or underline the word in the sonnet, for example:

From fairest creatures we desire increase,  
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,  
But as the riper should by time decease,  
His tender heir might bear his memory:

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beauty's    fairest    memory

It's that Easy! And Fun! Don't forget to scribble all over the pages, it is more fun that way.

***For More Word Search Fun:*** Shakespeare used some words more than once in each sonnet, so if you want to, you can find and highlight all instances of a word, too.

***One last word before you start:*** Just like life, there are no answers in the back of this book, I believe we grow our abilities by solving life's little mysteries. So please have confidence in yourself, for half the fun in life is discovering the answers yourself or with a little help from your friends,

Best Wishes Have Fun!

Joe Wocoski, Author

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I

From fairest creatures we desire increase,  
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,  
But as the ripper should by time decease,  
His tender heir might bear his memory:  
But thou contracted to thine own bright eyes,  
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,  
Making a famine where abundance lies,  
Thy self thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel:  
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament,  
And only herald to the gaudy spring,  
Within thine own bud buriest thy content,  
And tender churl mak'st waste in niggarding:  
Pity the world, or else this glutton be,  
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

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abundance	creatures	ornament
buriest	glutton	riper
contracted	might	tender
bright	gaudy	grave

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II

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,  
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,  
Thy youth's proud livery so gazed on now,  
Will be a tatter'd weed of small worth held:  
Then being asked, where all thy beauty lies,  
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days;  
To say, within thine own deep sunken eyes,  
Were an all-eating shame, and thriftless praise.  
How much more praise deserv'd thy beauty's use,  
If thou couldst answer 'This fair child of mine  
Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse,'  
Proving his beauty by succession thine!  
This were to be new made when thou art old,  
And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

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answer	succession	trenches
blood	thriftless	winters
excuse	treasure	worth
livery	lusty	thine

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III

Look in thy glass and tell the face thou viewest  
Now is the time that face should form another;  
Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,  
Thou dost beguile the world, unbless some mother.  
For where is she so fair whose unear'd womb  
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?  
Or who is he so fond will be the tomb,  
Of his self-love to stop posterity?  
Thou art thy mother's glass and she in thee  
Calls back the lovely April of her prime;  
So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,  
Despite of wrinkles this thy golden time.  
But if thou live, remember'd not to be,  
Die single and thine image dies with thee.

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April	image	viewest
beguile	posterity	whose
husbandry	should	wrinkles
renewest	remember'd	mother's

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IV

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend  
Upon thy self thy beauty's legacy?  
Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend,  
And being frank she lends to those are free:  
Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse  
The bounteous largess given thee to give?  
Profitless usurer, why dost thou use  
So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live?  
For having traffic with thy self alone,  
Thou of thy self thy sweet self dost deceive:  
Then how when nature calls thee to be gone,  
What acceptable audit canst thou leave?  
Thy unused beauty must be tomb'd with thee,  
Which, used, lives th' executor to be.

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loveliness	Profitless	acceptable
legacy	sweet	tomb'd
beauteous	deceive	executor
bounteous	Unthrifty	traffic

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V

Those hours, that with gentle work did frame  
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,  
Will play the tyrants to the very same  
And that unfair which fairly doth excel;  
For never-resting time leads summer on  
To hideous winter, and confounds him there;  
Sap checked with frost, and lusty leaves quite gone,  
Beauty o'er-snowed and bareness every where:  
Then were not summer's distillation left,  
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,  
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,  
Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was:  
But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,  
Leese but their show; their substance still lives sweet.

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gentle	hideous	remembrance
tyrants	lusty	winter
summer	prisoner	substance
bareness	lovely	liquid

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of my other books fun, too!

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