

metaphorical seas

tide
heavens

Sonnet 75
Edmund Spenser

① action

One day I wrote her name upon the strand.
But came the waves and washèd it away:

stretch of beach

REP

Again I wrote it with a second hand,
But came the tide, and made my pains his prey.

personification

② comment

"Vain man," said she, "that dost in vain assay,

futility

A mortal thing so to immortalize,

contrast to try, attempt

For I myself shall like to this decay,

And eek my name by wipèd out likewise."

③ response

"Not so," quod I, "let baser things devise,
To die in dust, but you shall live by fame.

hyperbole

My verse your virtues rare shall eternize,

And in the heavens write your glorious name.

volta

Where whenas death shall all the world subdue,

④ assertion

our love shall live, and later life renew."

alliteration

dialogue -
sections 2 & 3