<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Component</th>
<th>Value</th>
<th>Hyper-parameter</th>
</tr>
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<td>Maximum gradient norm</td>
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Table 1: Hyper-parameter settings.
Figure 1: Pentameter model’s character attention weights for *Sonnet 18*. 
that is the world art we a lord of god
give in him, evermore to teach my prayer
and only to forget her for its sake
it is not love, for all thy flesh and peace

were in thy hand, for thee; thou wert so dear
and as i am so faithful to be great
because my love is loved unto my soul
and, for a woman, with thee as a child

there here, from heaven’s dim fanes embraced
in order of a gorgeous throne above
and sent by some bright world from night to reach
and level in the sounds of all the same

but in report or discord of the eyes
of all the senses that i saw for you
hate but you would i love him, and my heart
cease to my soul, and pass away to me

and blessed that i could but to begin
those eyes of him and breed her to my love
but then, against her god, from all it lies
for not the worke so worthy of it grows

for lo! how from a god brought them at last
a night, into that cloud he seemed to pass
from far through realms of world, and so to day
those visions of the stars and all the sky

i love him with her fears i seem no flight
than that her heart upon my bosom flew
the hope and joy of pain, ne’er like a man
and to the world, a blade of human eyes

and guardian of whom not he gave
for that his bounteous gifts, in peace prepare
allow’d his fruit, her choicest cup of wine
she pick’d the bowl with all the scanty corn

Table 2: Quatrains generated by \textit{LM}. 
pours out its distant margin’s towering steep
and winding river where a torrent rides
as on his swift way on a rushing tide
high in the leafy murmur of the strain

one on another’s most forbidden ground
he knows from sin, whose fear enjoy to shun
the father’s dog who takes him all and both
he both, and sells the secret for his love

have sent me from the knowledge of thine hand
what thou hast done it, then for god is great
stand in thy body and the heart of life
a breath to him in comfort, and no more

even here we look again; and we may pass
o god! the man, here in our hearts are lean
between their light, our souls go upward on
their strength and spirits live another hence

a lover in my spirit’s sad distress
here i rejoice, and call us at a hour
which must regret its follies first our last
and told the future, to the one’s to give

when as we made him that triumphant lies
whose beauty like a front of pomp, no doubt
can wear upon her head? what is the world
which lays it to be great, and now is mine

fair sons of greece and blameless thebes pursued
by great atrides; and with studious force
of all his toils, with all his care assign’d
the seat below, the way is sacred there

when liberal is thy song, with tasselled corn
sing to thy word, and every power of god
ring in a awful trumpet than a tongue
the world give language to the tale of praise

Table 3: Quatrains generated by LM**.
or with a giddy circle mark’d the sight
which, swift and flaming, with disorder’d light
glaring and madly forward in the moon
to shrink into a bubble burst on down
a word of cleon still! you let him make
the wages’s credit, what so strong to show
all this american, which he can take
and he is never tell, to think and know
they minister on earth to fed his dust
and cast a petty dregs of spain with blood
and in a rabble, bursting in the lust
began to infamy with all the crowd
when often as a bird doth in her play
not half enough or any thing by day
then do she in the way i run, and here
away, and from the secret to her fear
set by christ’s justice and his master’s name
with such a part not that and all is out
the day that is in it we left about
a spot, of all things, in the world of time
and read it in my shelley’s memory
i saw me to the world beggared of fame
i will not know on what if this was by
and, in the wrong of love, was it to time
much was in what we am not all to go
was always to that he may be inclined
not him; but for the lesson i will find
and, as for glory, i will never know
a sheriff’s bosom madly all the prey
in vain, he bolted from the aching foes
he went and learn to cut him from his jaws
bolt’s firmly, and relax his strength away

Table 4: Quatrains generated by $LM^{**}+PM+RM$. 