

Component	Value	Hyper-parameter
Shared	150	Character embedding size
	50	Character LSTM hidden size
LM	100	Word embedding size
	200	Encoder Context LSTM hidden size
	600	Decoder Word LSTM hidden size
	25	Attention size
	0.20	Learning rate
	200	Decoder LSTM hidden size
PM	50	Attention size
	1.0	Position network standard deviation (T)
	1.0	Repeat loss weight (α)
	1.0	Coverage loss weight (β)
	0.7	Minimum threshold for coverage loss (C)
RM	0.001	Learning rate
	100	Character LSTM hidden size
	5	No. of additional negative reference words
	0.5	Loss margin (δ)
Training	0.001	Learning rate
	3	Vocabulary threshold
	32	Batch size
	0.7	Dropout keep probability
	30	Number of epochs
	5	Maximum gradient norm

Table 1: Hyper-parameter settings.

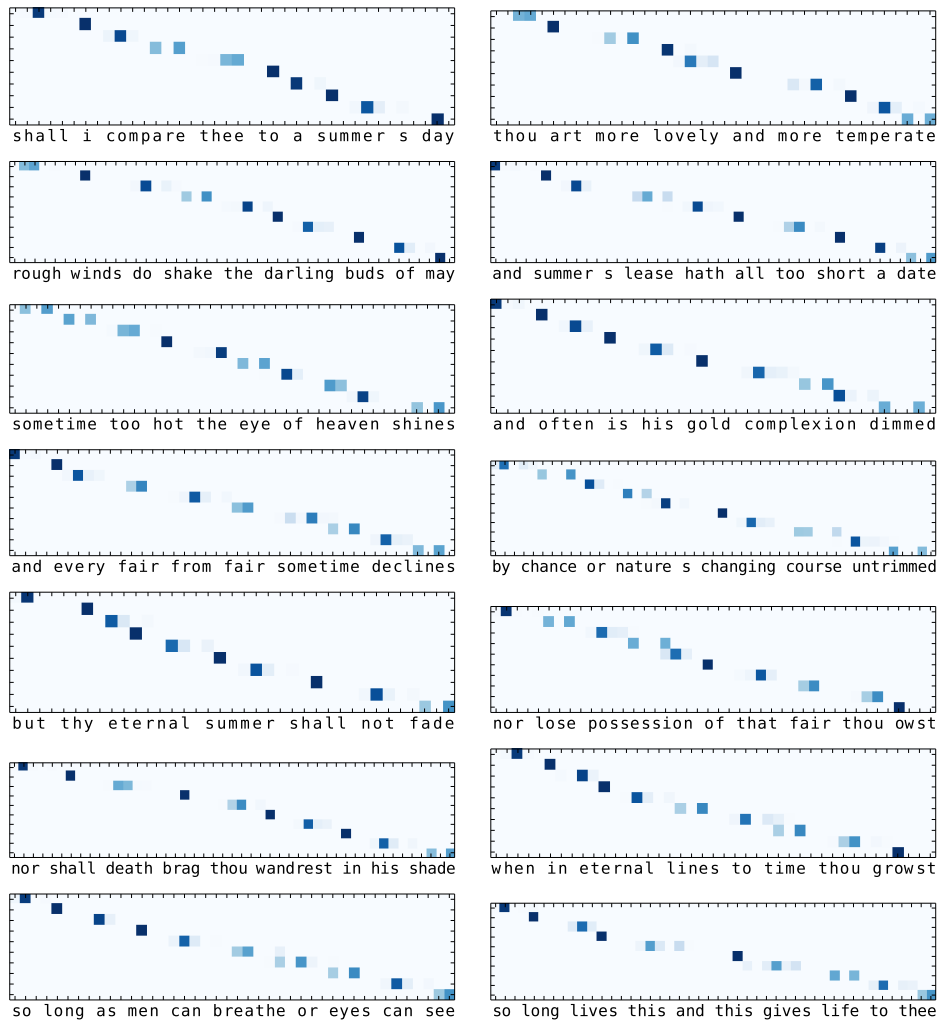


Figure 1: Pentameter model's character attention weights for *Sonnet 18*.

<p>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</p>
<p>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</p>
<p>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</p>
<p>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</p>
<p>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</p>
<p>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</p>
<p>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</p>
<p>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</p>

Table 2: Quatrains generated by LM.

<p>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</p>
<p>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</p>
<p>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</p>
<p>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</p>
<p>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</p>
<p>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</p>
<p>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</p>
<p>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</p>

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.