Three Sonnets

1. Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing untrimm'd:
But thy eternal summer shall not fade
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall Death brag thou wanderest in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest:
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

William Shakespeare

2. Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts
Which I, by lacking, have supposed dead:
And there reigns Love, and all Love's loving parts,
And all those friends which I thought buried.
How many a holy and obsequious tear
Hath dear religious love stole'n from mine eye,
As interest of the dead! - which now appear
But things removed that hidden in thee lie.
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give:
- That due of many now is thine alone:
Their images I loved I view in thee,
And thou, all they, hast all the all of me.

William Shakespeare

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3. From you have I been absent in the spring

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything,
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew;
Nor did I wonder at the Lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the Rose;
They were but sweets, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play.

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for Rachel Payne

THREE SHAKESPEARE SONNETS

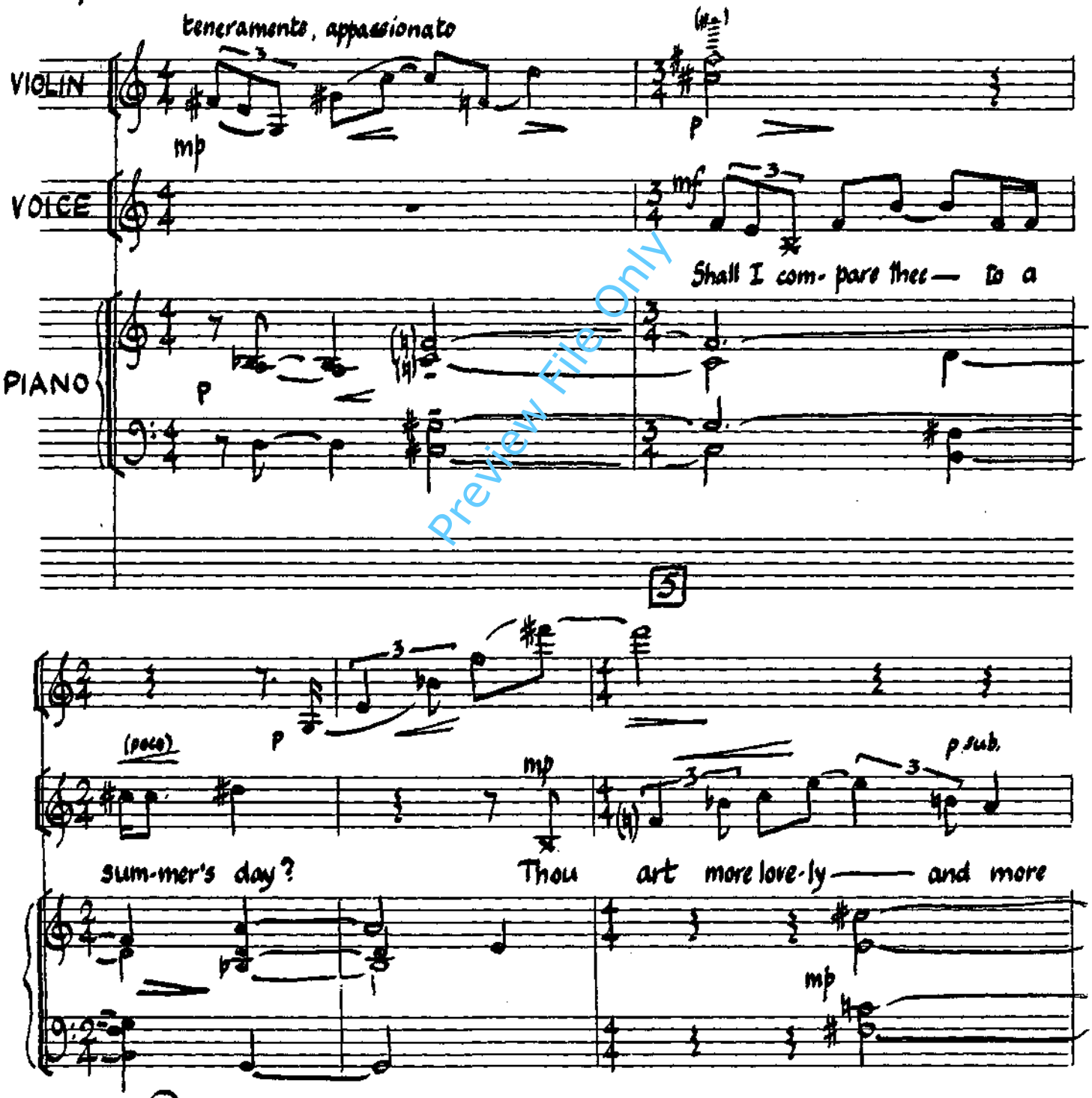
1

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?

William Shakespeare

♩ : c. 60

ENID LUFF



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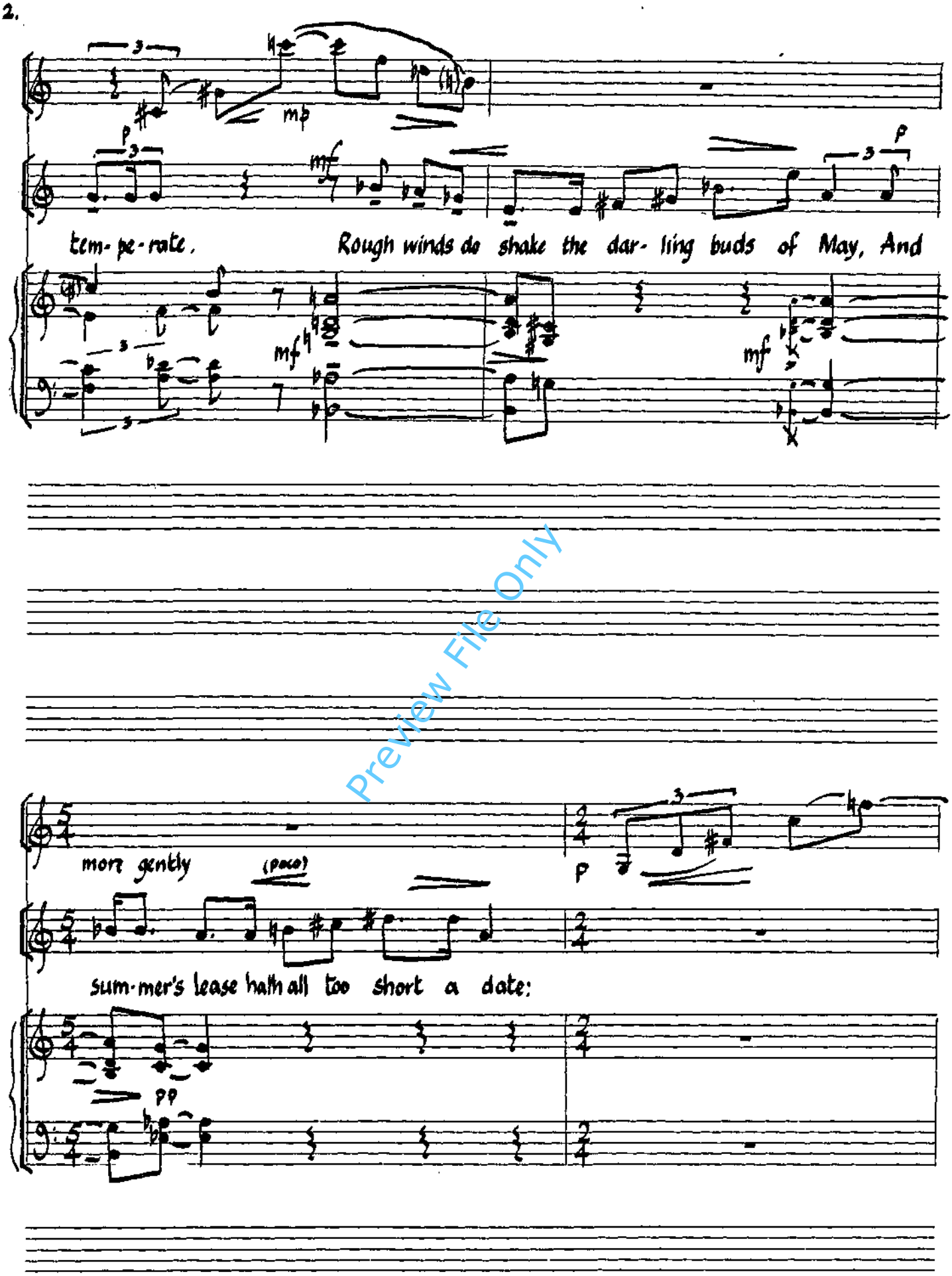
2.



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10

p

Some-time too hot the eye — of hea-ven— shines, And

mp

rubato . . . tempo (più più lento)

rit...

tempo (more urgently)

p rubato

mp

of- - ten —— is his gold com-ple-xion dimm'd; And

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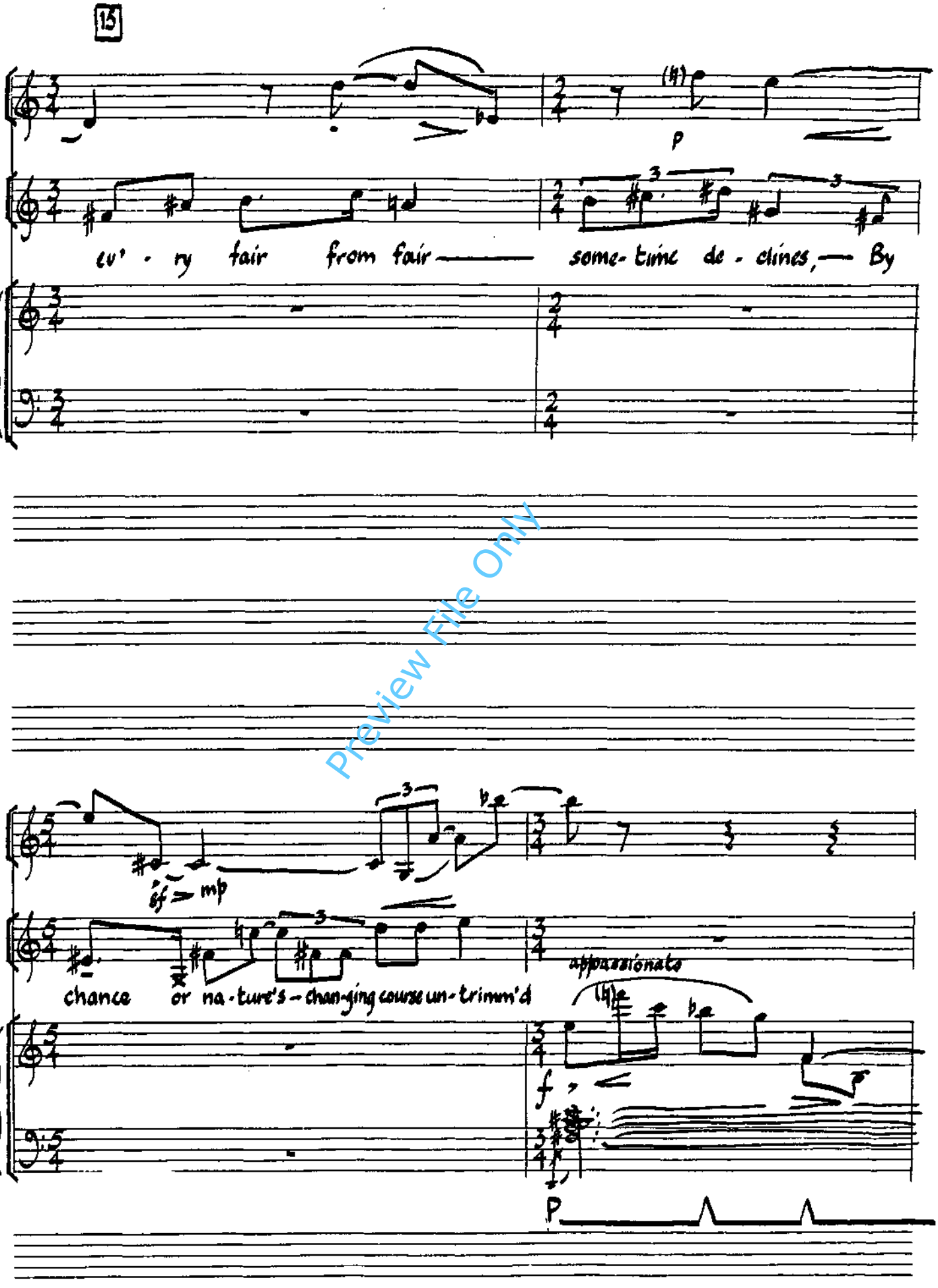

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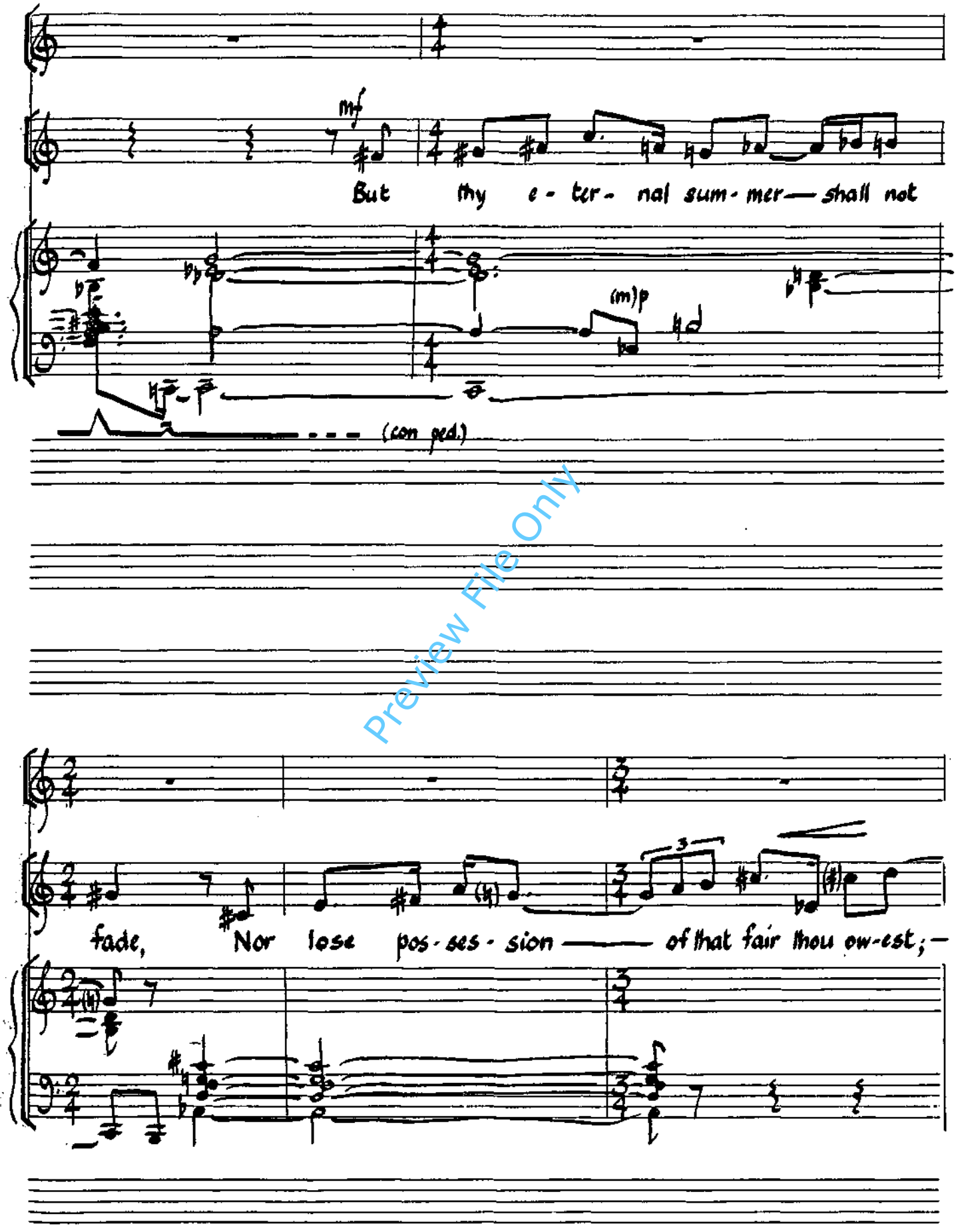

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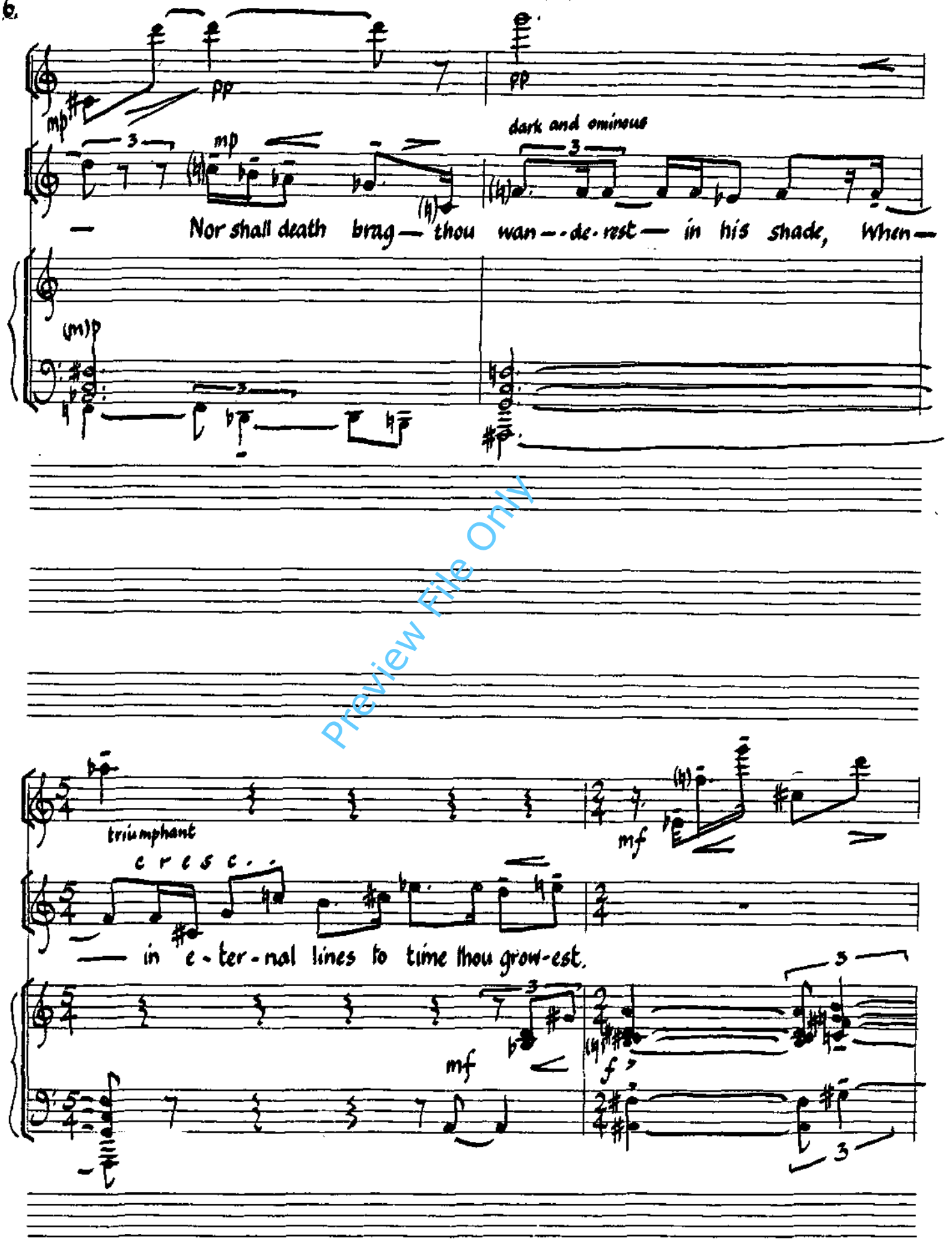

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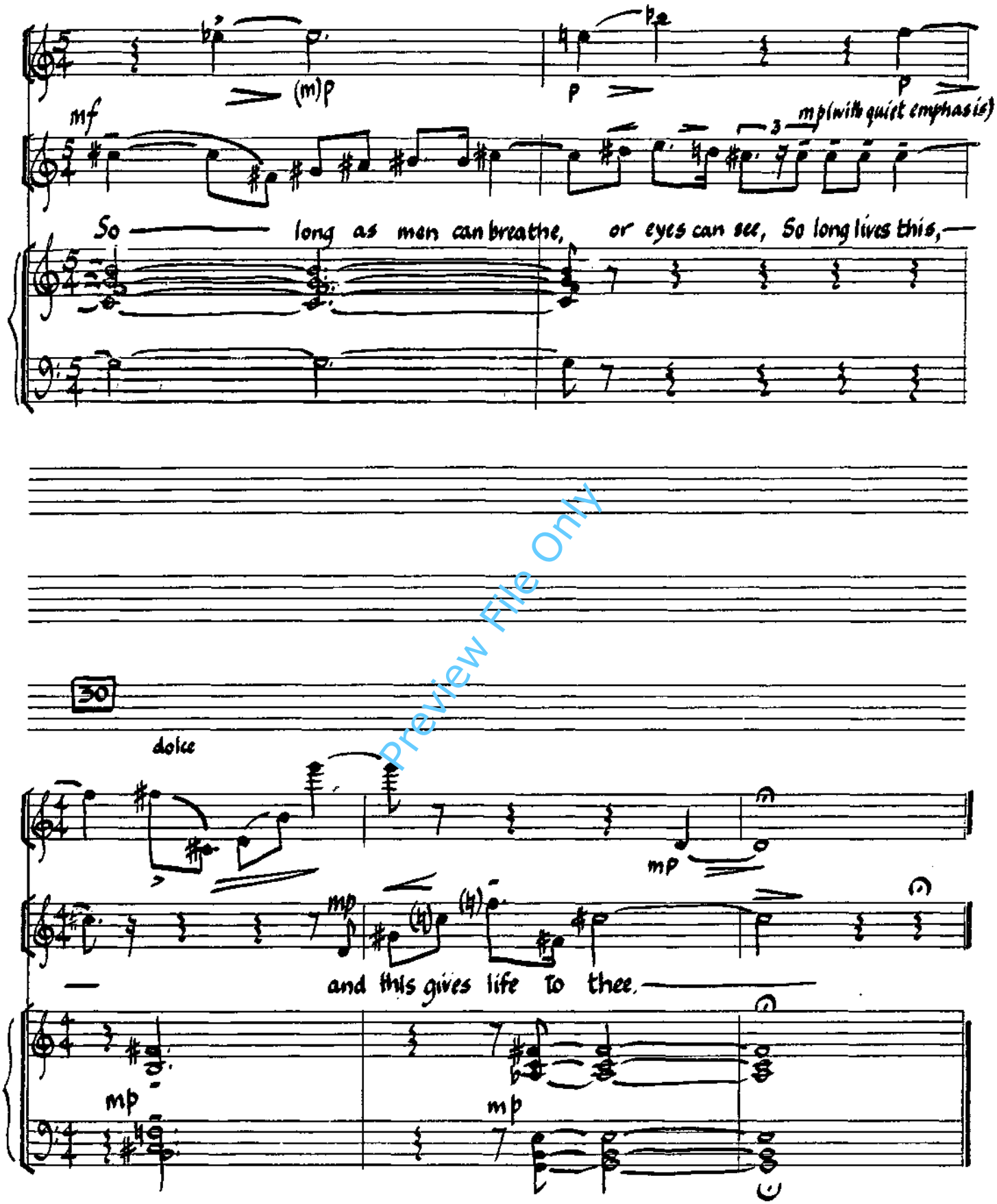

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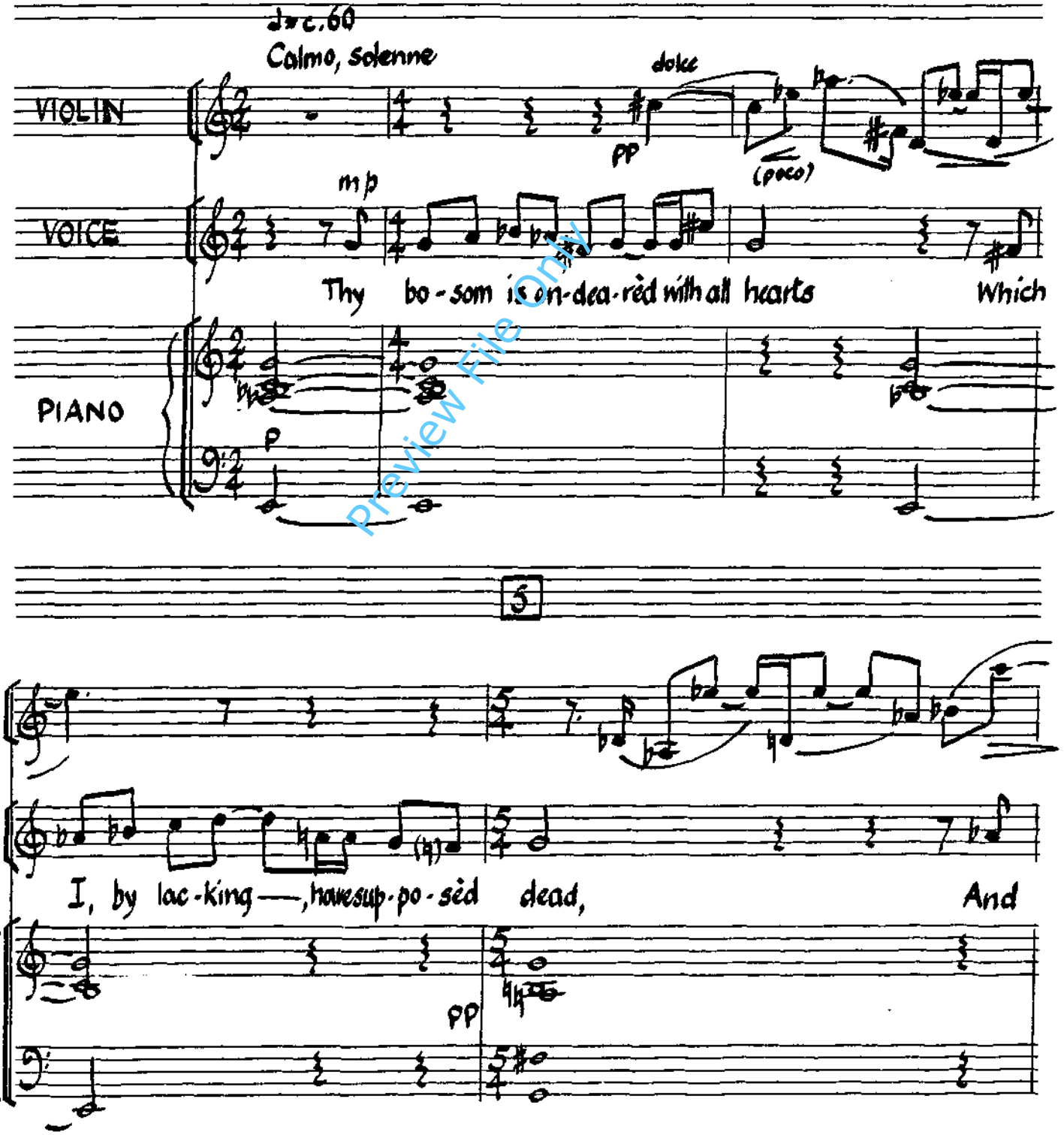
2.

Thy Bosom is endeared with all hearts



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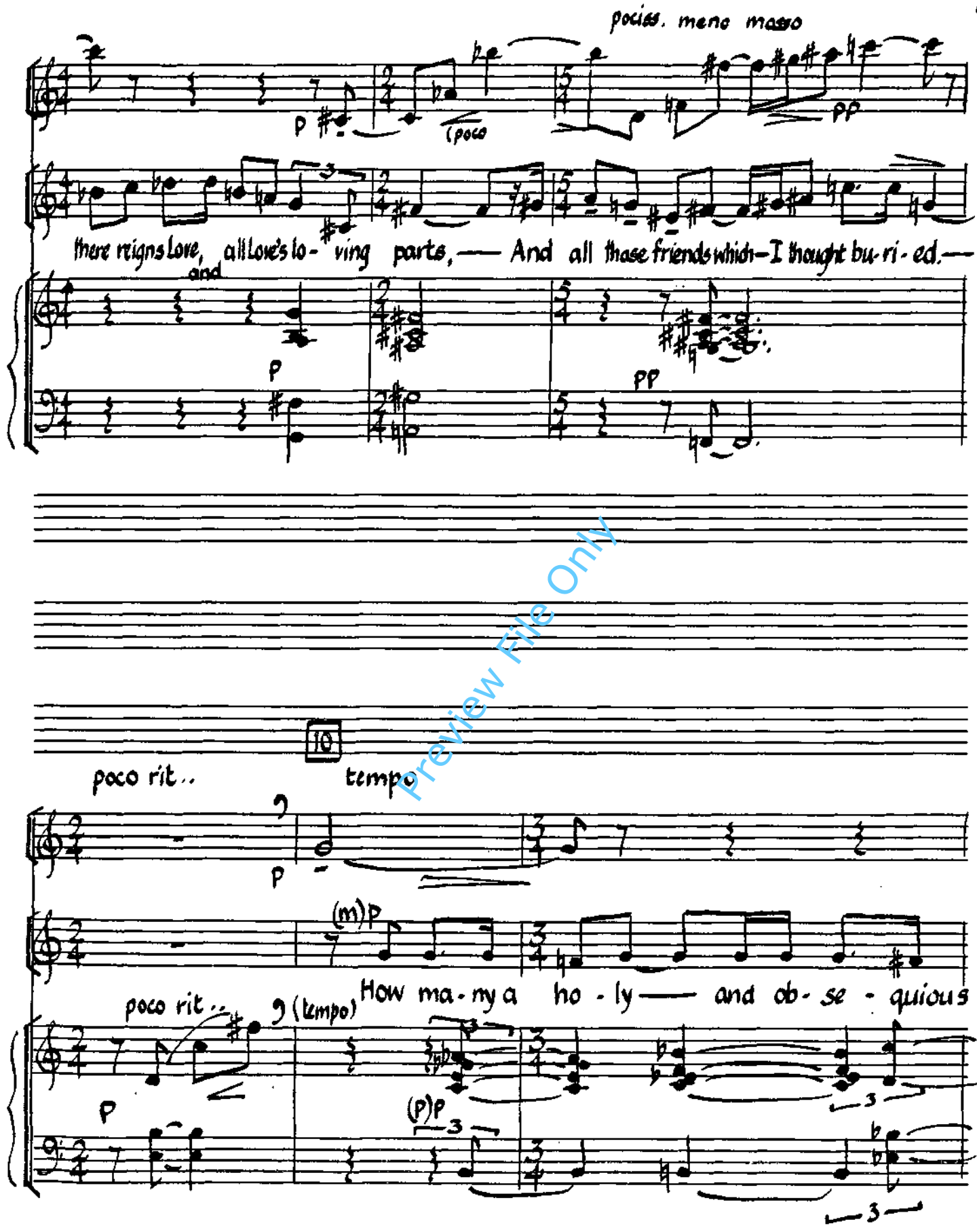

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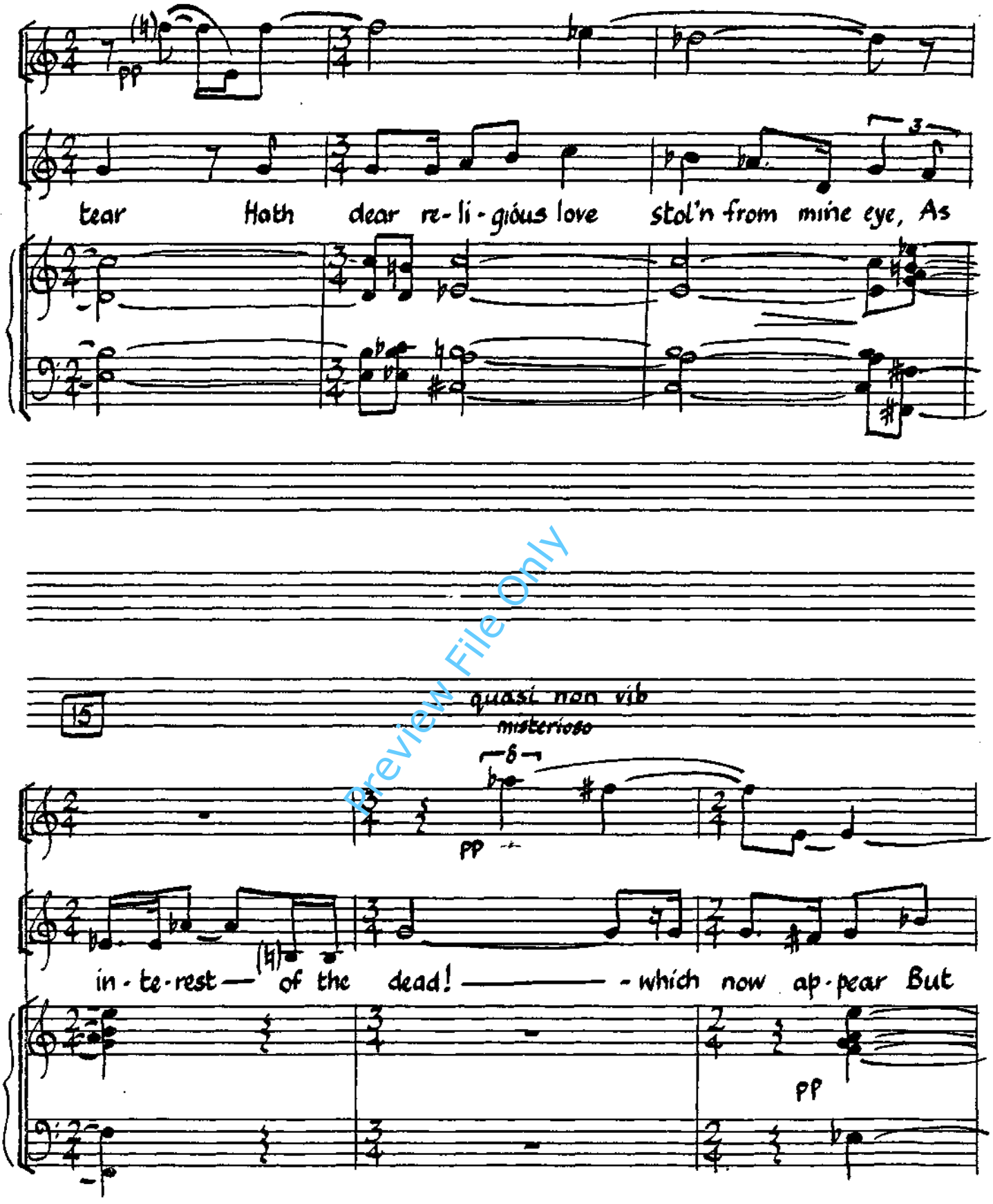

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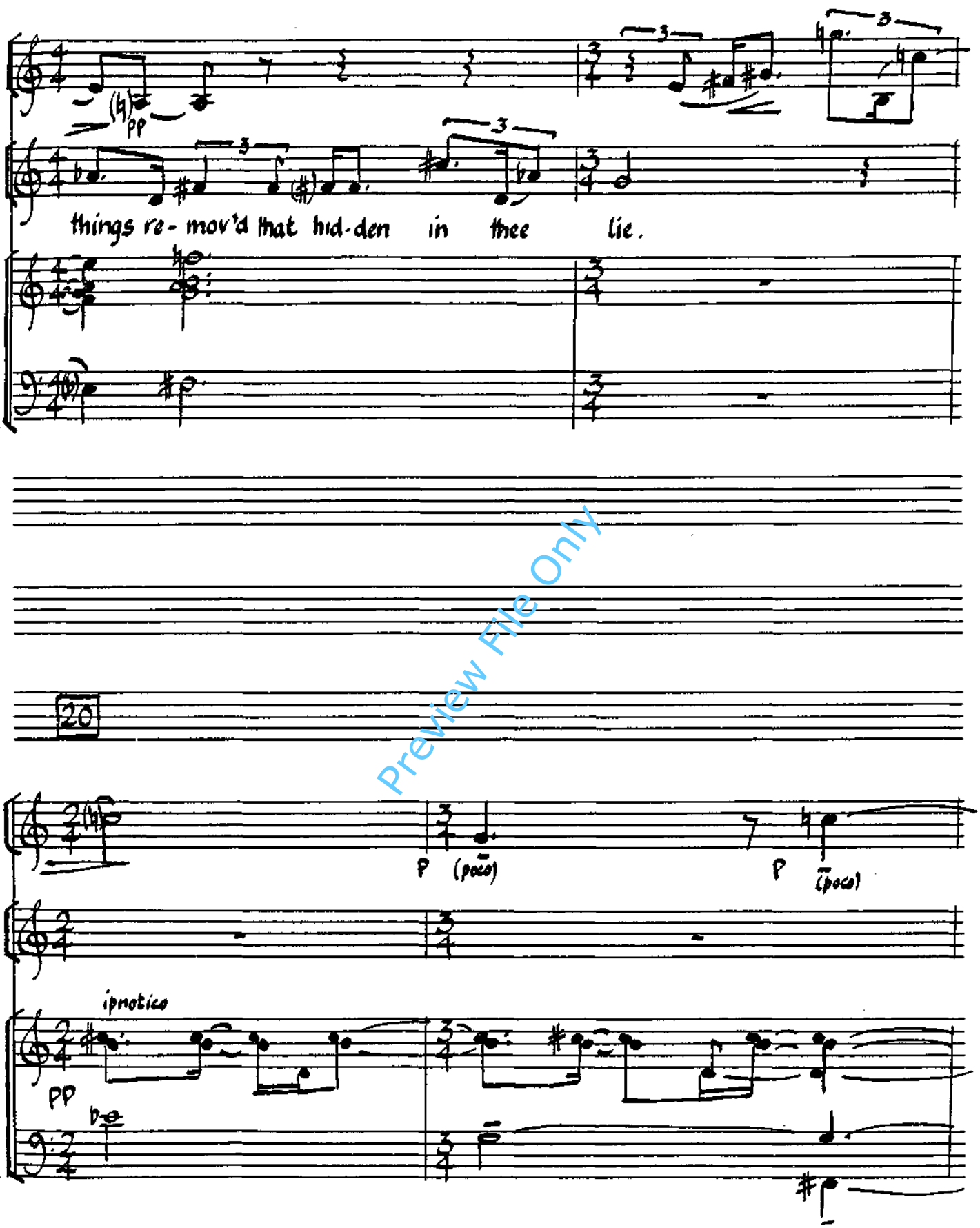

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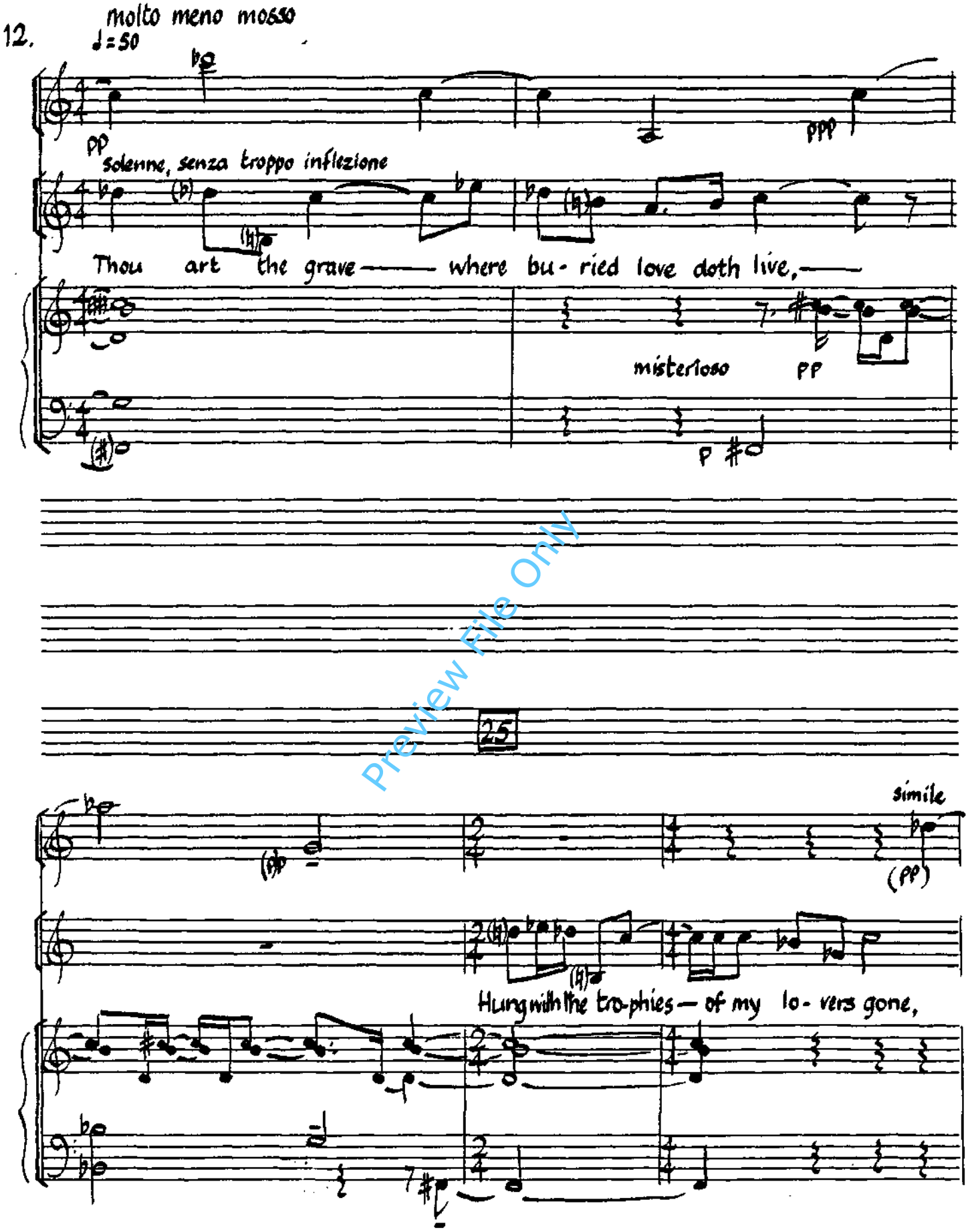

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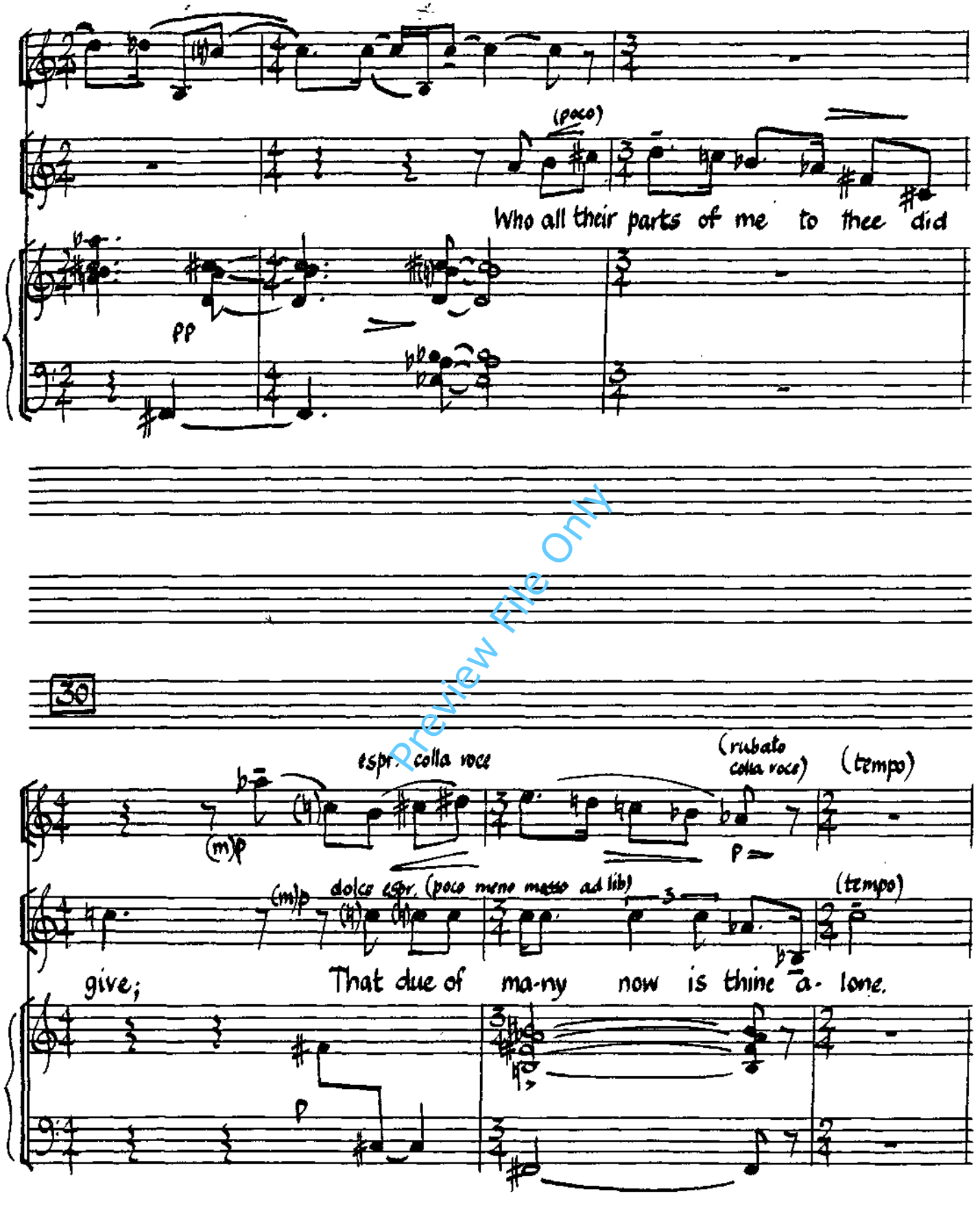

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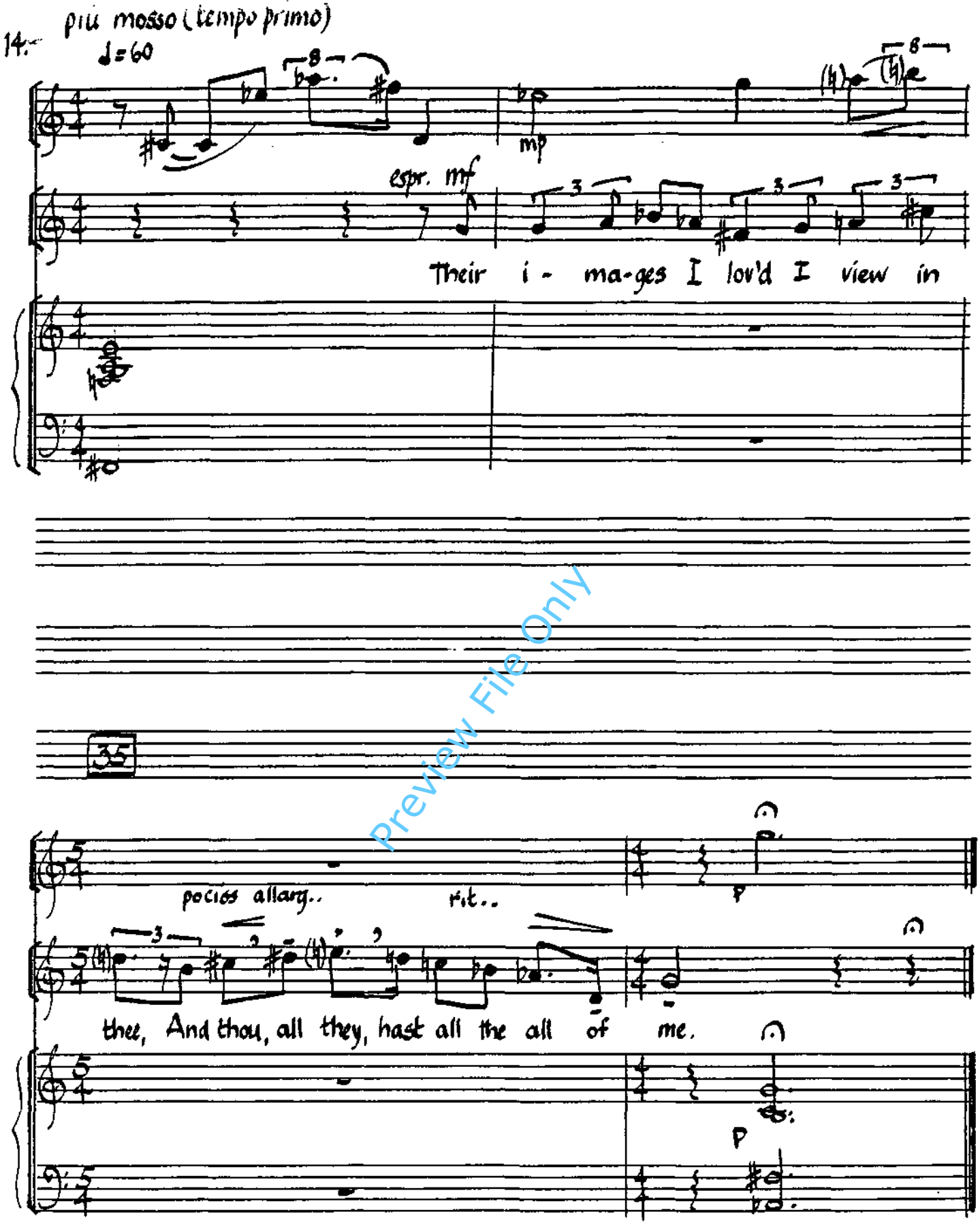

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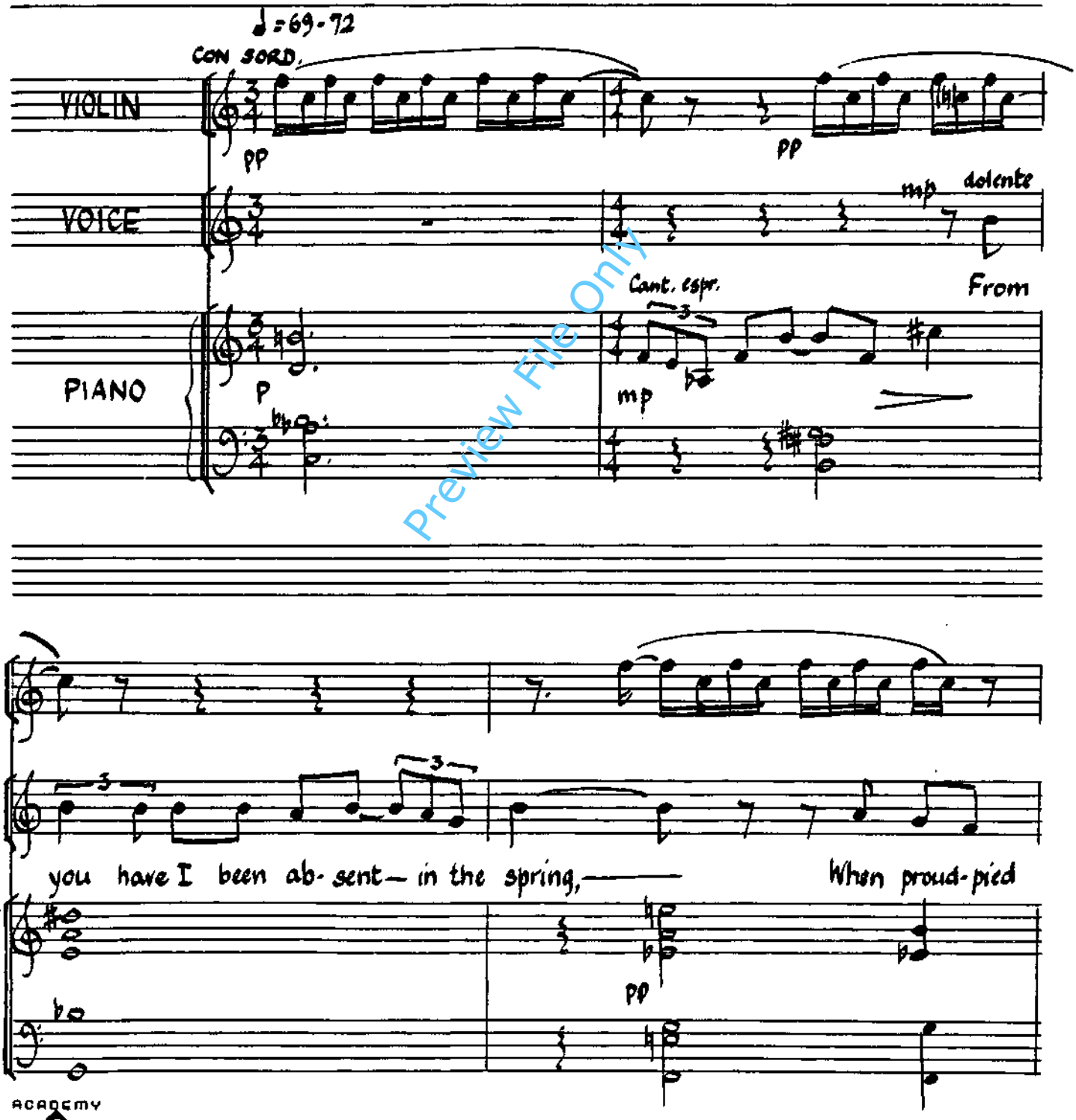
3.

From you have I been absent in the spring



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16. 5

Ap- ril dress'd in all his trim Hath

p mp

put a spi-rit of youth in ev'-ry - thing, — That hea-vy

p

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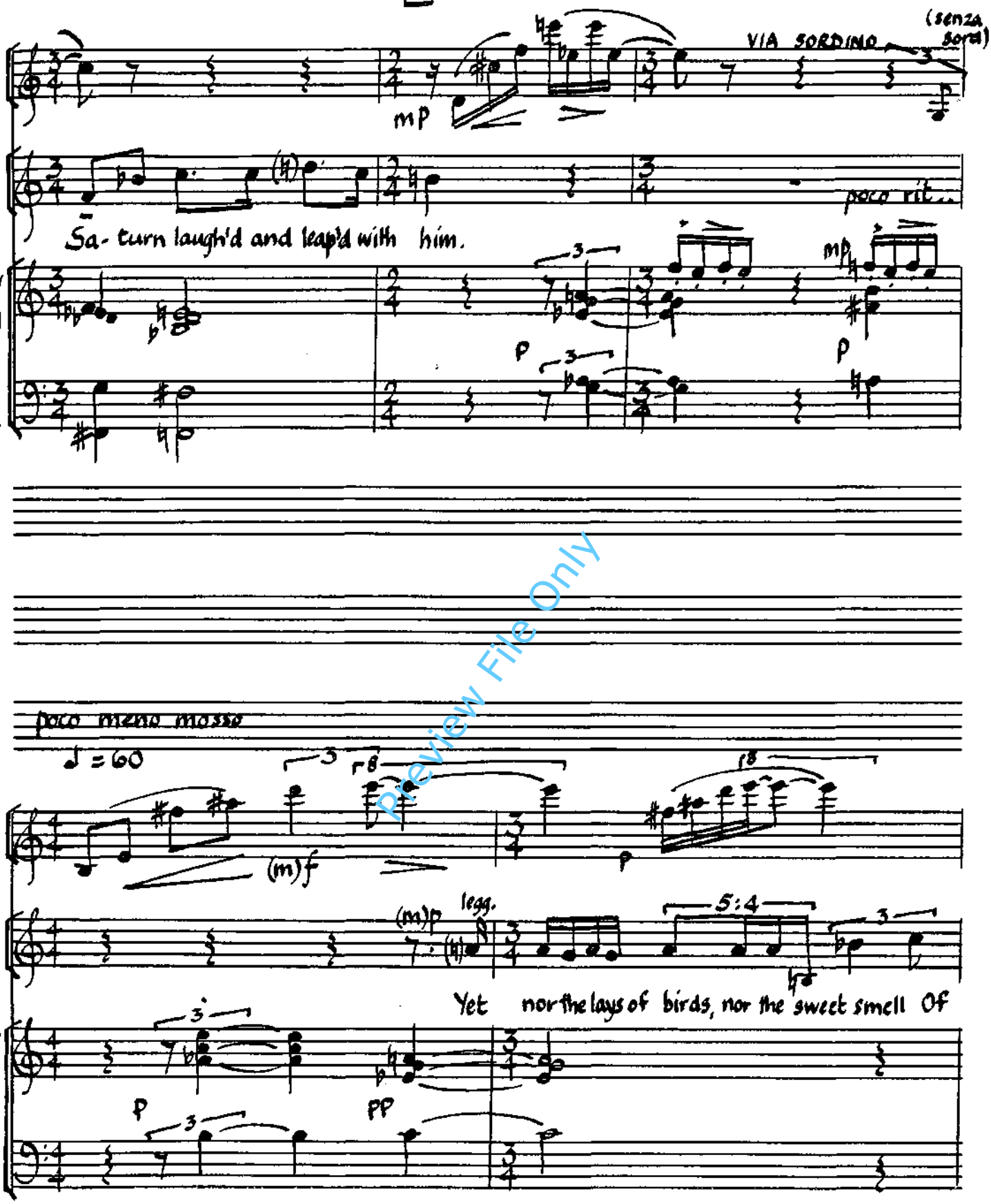

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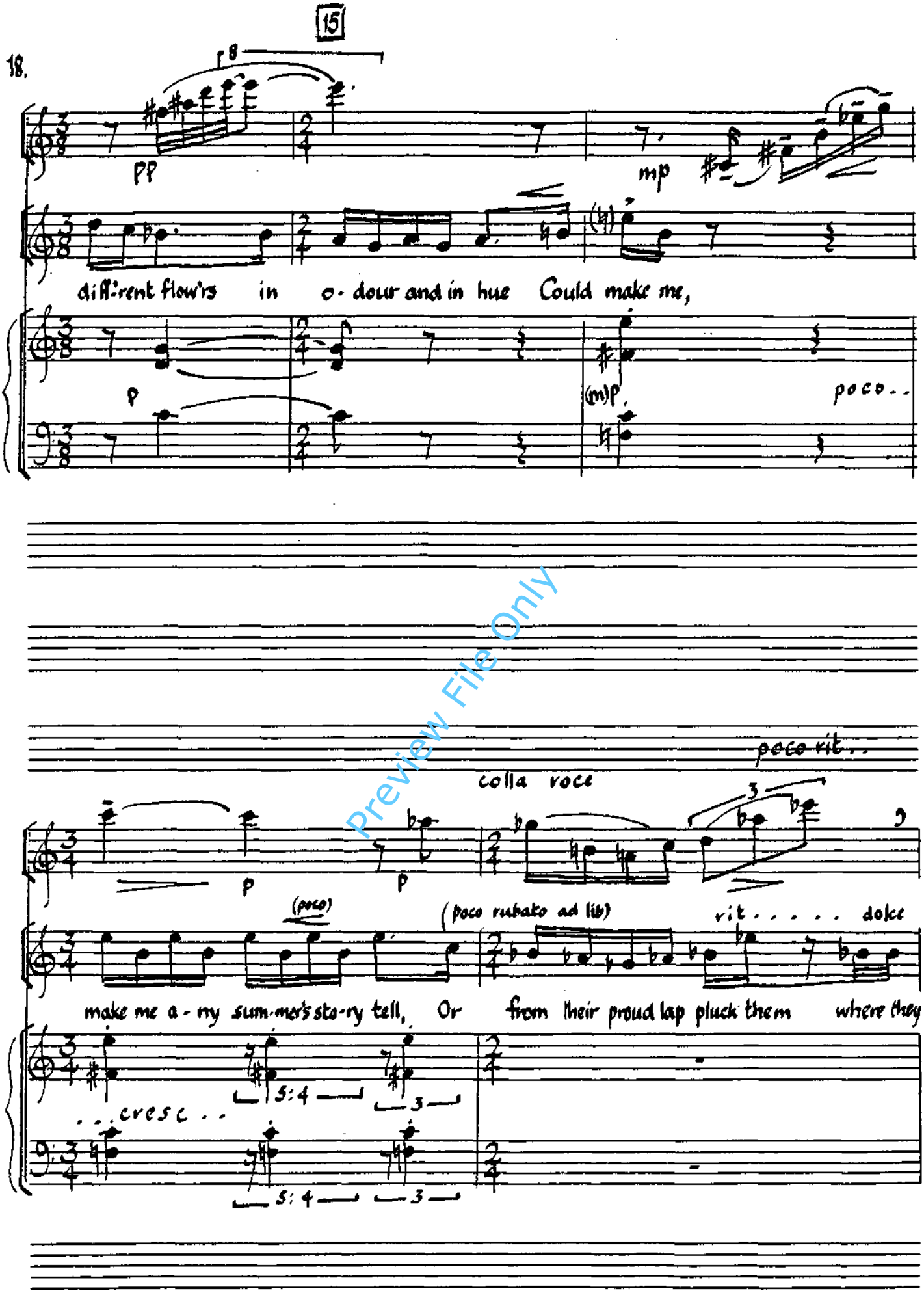

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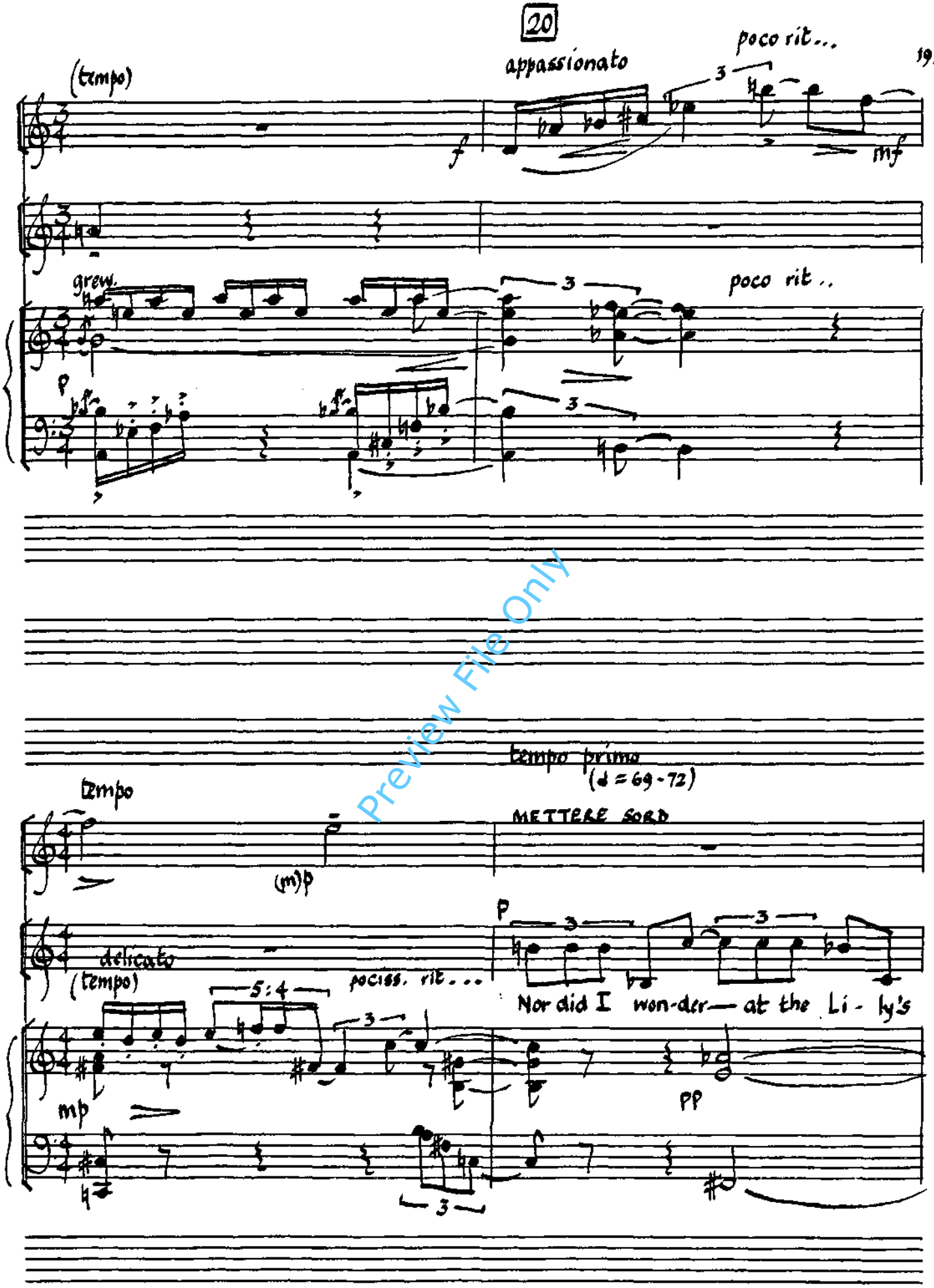

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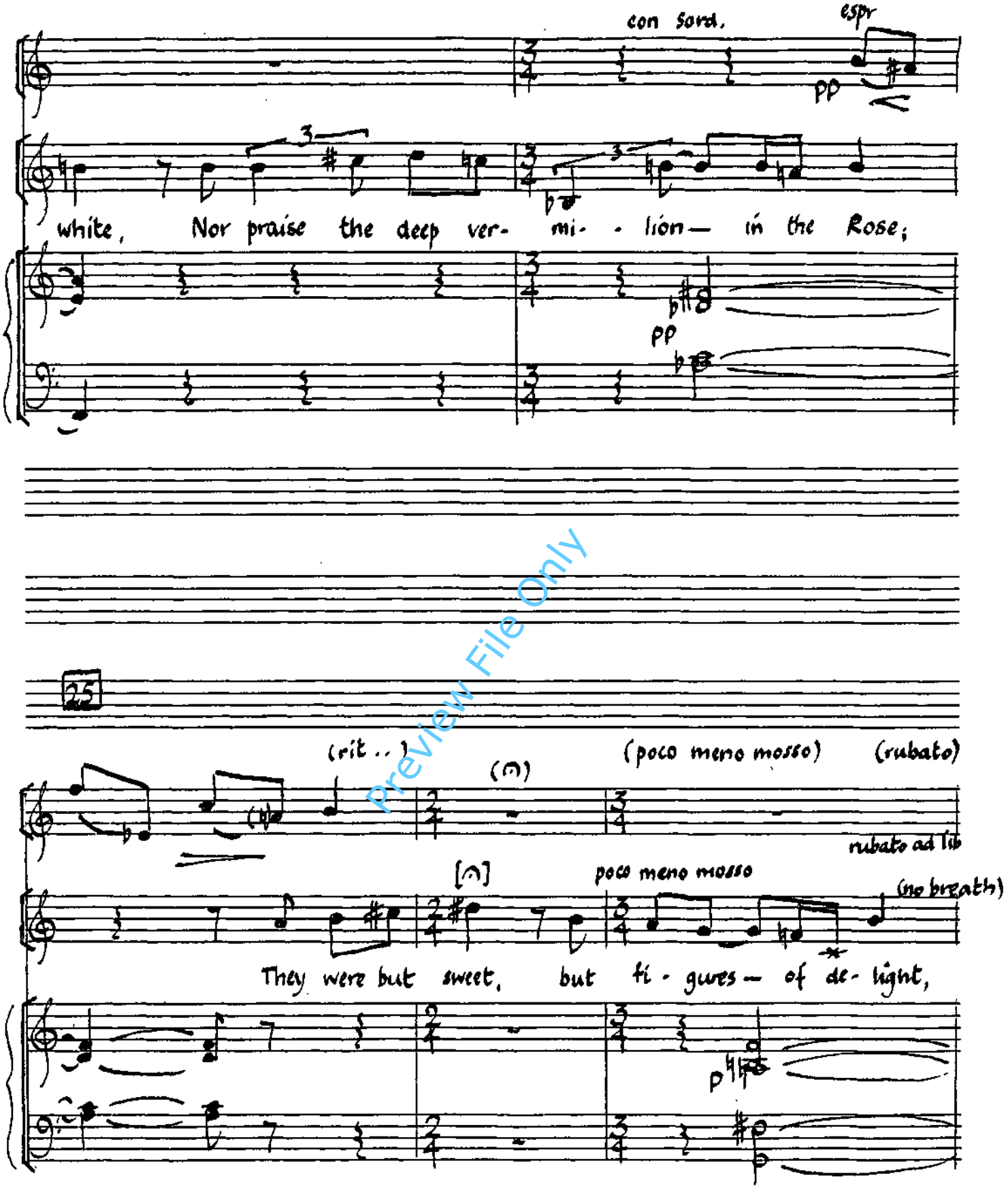

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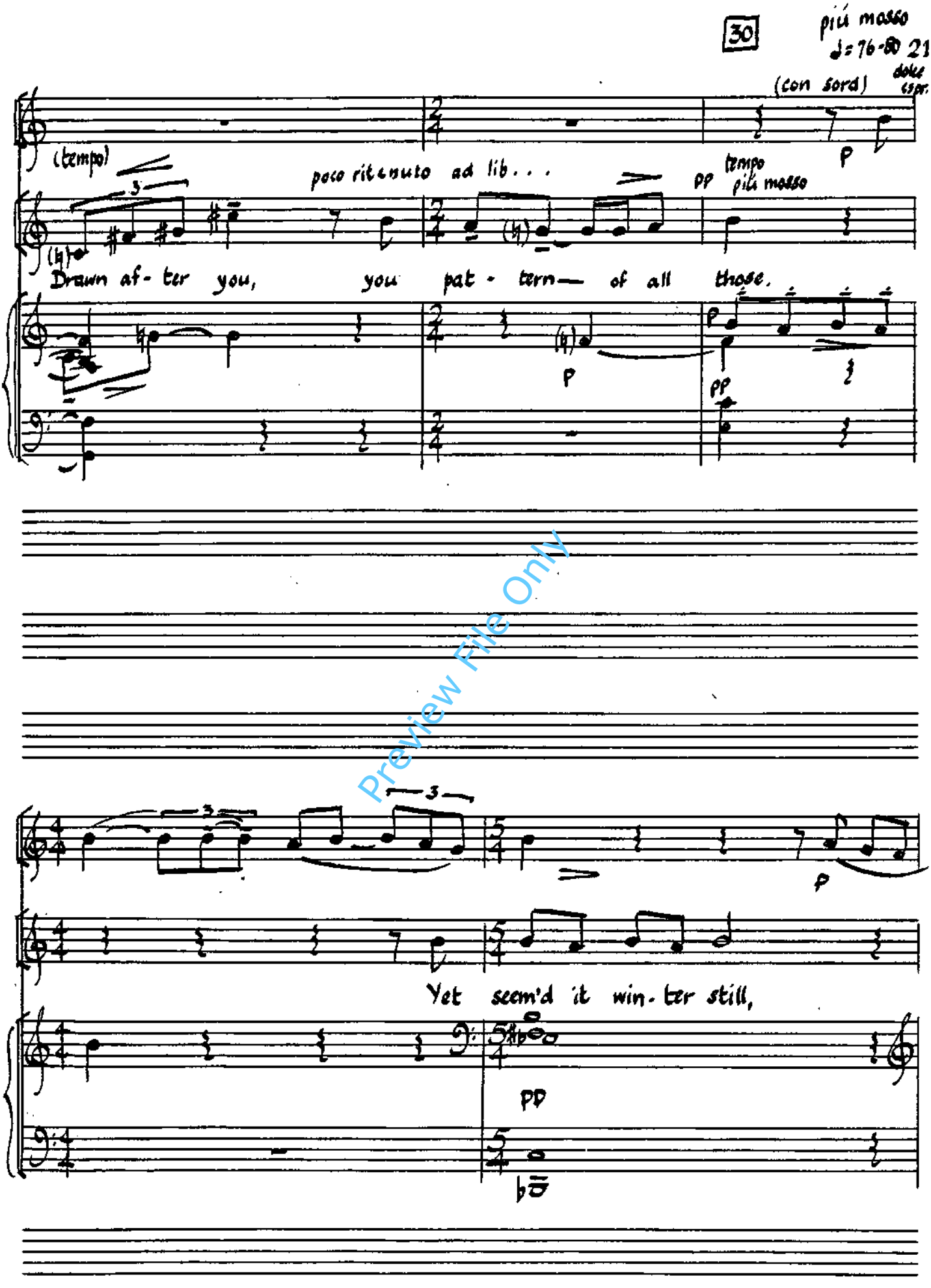

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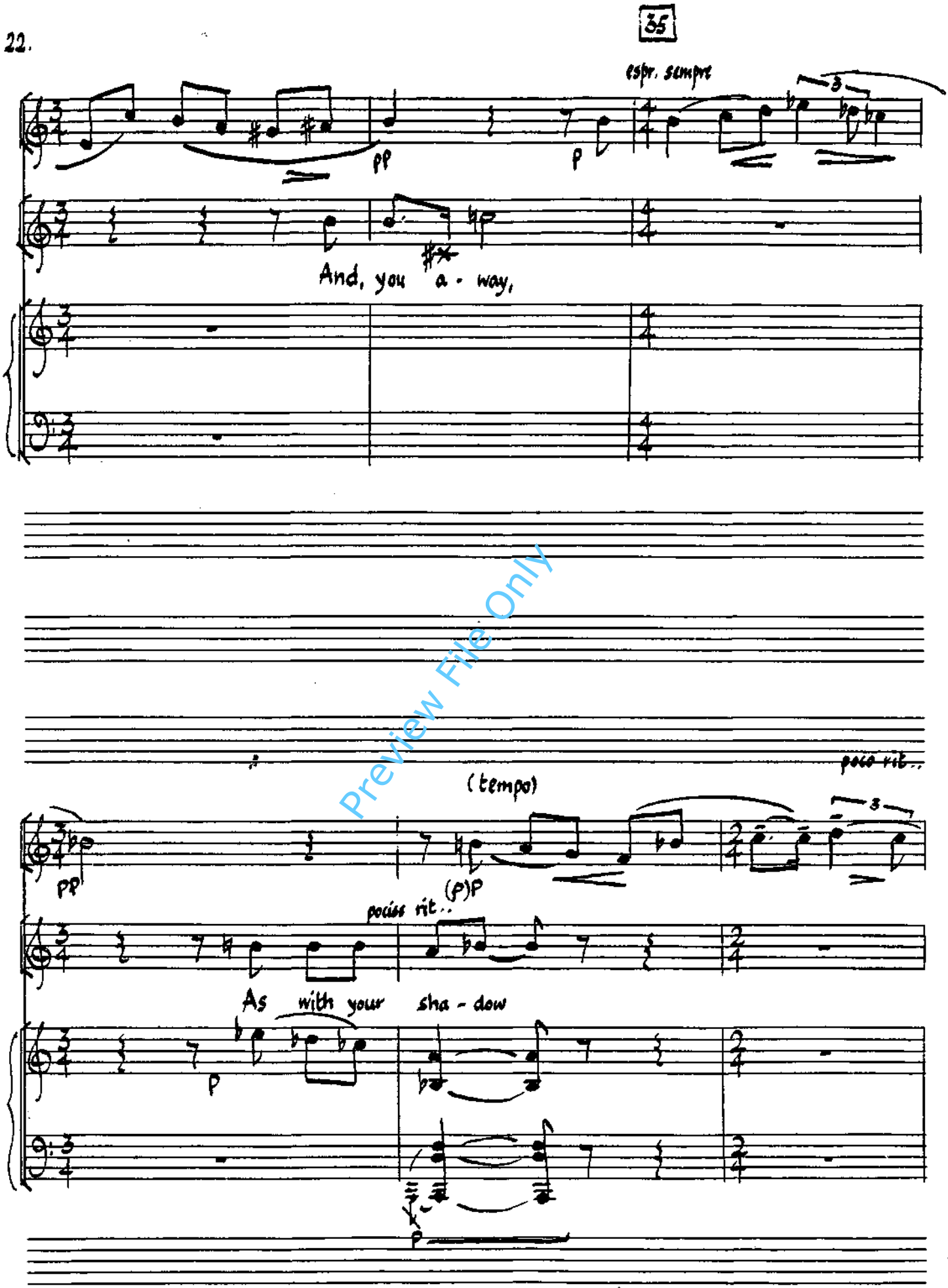

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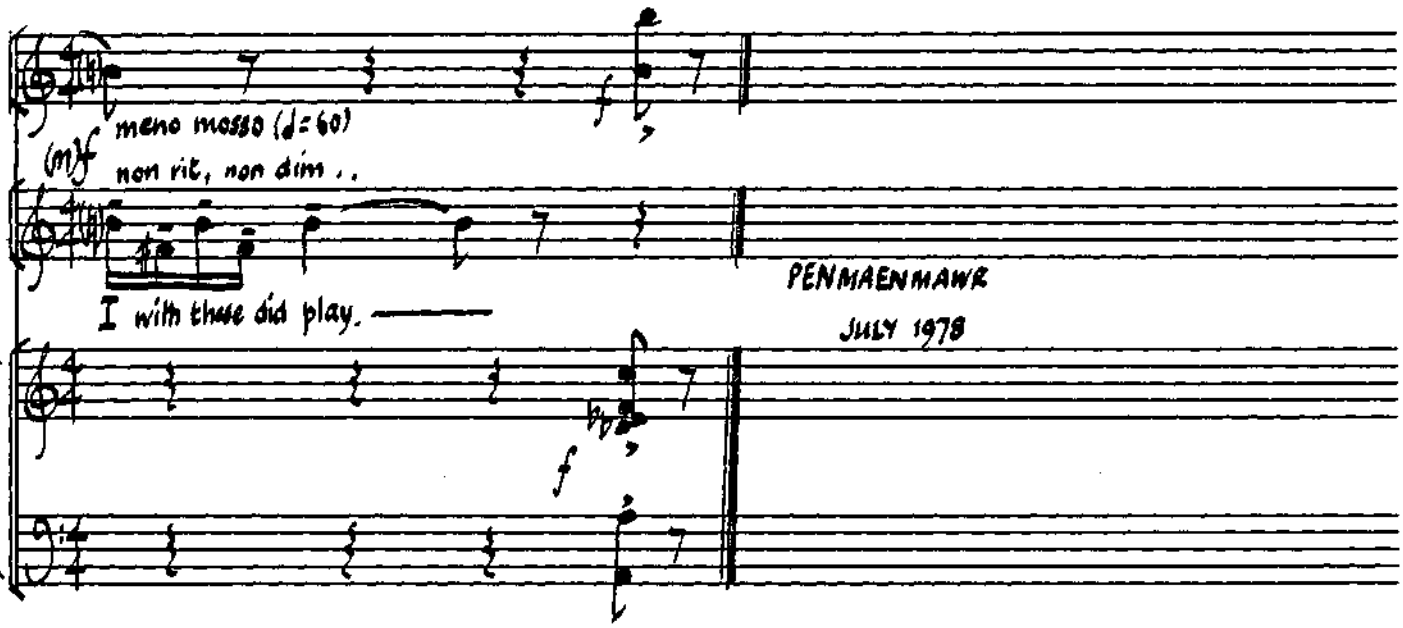

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