

Sonnet 130

4

1 **Poco adagio**
♩ = c60

My mis-tress' eyes are no-thing like the sun;—

5

Co-ral is far more red than her lips' red: If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;

9 *mf*

If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head. I have seen ro - ses

12 *meno*

da-mask'd, red and white, But nosuch ro-ses see I in her cheeks;