

Sonnet 130

4

1 **Poco adagio**
♩ = c60

My mis-tress' eyes are no-thing like the sun; Co-ral is far more

6

red than her lips' red: If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun; If hairs be wires,

10 *mf*

black wires grow on her head. I have seen ro-ses da-mask'd, red and white,

13 *meno* *mf*

But no such ro-ses see I in her cheeks; And in some per-fumes is there more de-light