NO LONGER MOURN FOR ME WHEN I AM DEAD

Wm. Shakespeare (Sonnet LXXI)
(from "Book of Sonnets" - for Leslie)
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Gray: No Longer Mourn p. 2

Oh, the world that I am fled From this vile world with vilest worms to dwell

Nay, if you read this line, Remember not the hands

Nay, if you read this line, Remember not the hands that writ it,
Gray: No Longer Mourn p. 3

For I love you so,____ That
That I in your sweet thoughts__

I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot, If thinking on me then should make you
Would be forgot, If thinking on me,

If thinking on me, If thinking on me,
Gray: No Longer Mourn p. 4

woe.

If, I say, then should make you woe,

you look upon this verse When I perhaps compounded am with clay,

Do not so much
Gray: No Longer Mourn p. 5

33

as my poor name re-hearse, But let your love ev-en with my life De-cay.

37

diminuendo

Lest the wise world should look in -
Gray: No Longer Mourn p. 6

to your moan, And mock you with me
After I am gone.

After I am gone.

in tempore distractio