No longer mourn for me

Words from a Sonnet of William Shakespeare.
From "English Lyrics" - Set 2 - Number 3

No longer mourn for me when I am dead Than you shall hear the surly sullen
bell Give warning to the world that I am fled From this vile world with vilest worms to dwell:

Nay if you read this line, remember not the hand that writ it; for l
love you so That I in your sweet thoughts would be for-

-got If thinking on me then should make you

woe. a tempo

Oh

dim. sempre
if, I say, you look upon this verse

When I perchance compounded am with

clay, Do not so

much as my poor name rehearse, But let your
love

E'en with my

dim.

decay,

Lest the wise world should look into your
moan, And mock you with me after I am gone, After I am gone.