Wm. Shakespeare (Sonnet CVII)

**NOT MINE OWN FEARS**
*(from "Book of Sonnets" - for Leslie)*

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Soprano

Not mine own fears, Nor the prophetic soul Of the

Alto

Not mine own fears, Nor the prophetic soul Of the

Baritone

wide world dreaming on things to come, Can

Piano

Piano e dolce

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yet The lease of my true love control, Sup -

semper dolce

pos ed as forfeit to a con - fin'd doom.

Con do -
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endur'd,
And
Sad augurs mock their own presage;
sad augurs mock their own presage;
In - cer - tain - ties now crown them - selves as - sur'd, And
In - cer - tain - ties now crown them - selves as - sur'd, And
In - cer - tain - ties now crown them - selves as - sur'd, And
In - cer - tain - ties now crown them - selves as - sur'd, And

peace pro - claims o - lives of end - less age.
peace pro - claims o - lives of end - less age.
peace pro - claims o - lives of end - less age.
peace pro - claims o - lives of end - less age.

sur'd, And peace pro - claims o - lives of end - less
Now with the drops of this most balm - my time,

My age.

Now with the drops Of this most balm - my

love looks fresh, And Death to me sub - 

love looks fresh, And Death to me sub - signs,

time, My love looks fresh, And Death to me sub - signs,
Since, Spite of him, I'll live in this poor

Since, Spite of him, I'll live in this poor

Spite of him, I'll live in this poor

Spite of him, I'll live in this poor

While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes:

While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes:

While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes:

While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes:
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thou in this Shalt find thy monument. When tyrants'

crests And tombs of brass are spent.

in tempore stulti