Sonnet 98

From you have I been absent in the spring when proud-pied April,

dress'd in all his trim, Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,

That heavy
leap'd with him. Yet nor the lays of birds, 

leap'd with him. nor

leap'd with him. nor

Sat - urn laugh'd and leap'd with him. nor

Sat - urn laugh'd and leap'd with him.

nor the sweet smell Of different in o - dour and in hue,

nor the sweet smell Of different flowers in o - dour and in hue, 

nor the sweet smell Of different flowers Could

nor the sweet smell Of different flowers

Could

in o - dour and in hue, Could
pluck them where they grew.

Nor did I wonder at the lily's white, nor praise the deep ver-

grew.

nor praise the deep ver-

grew.

nor praise the deep ver-

grew.

nor praise the deep ver-
milion in the rose; They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
milion in the rose; They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
milion in the rose; They were but sweet but figures of delight,
milion in the rose;

Drawn after you, you pattern of all those. Yet seemed it winter
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
still, and, you away, As with your shadow

and, you away, As with your shadow

and, you away, As with your shadow

and, you away, with your shadow

I with these I with these I with these did play.

I with these I with these did play.

I with these did play.

I with these did play.

I with these did play.