

Sonnet 137

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

STEF CONNER

Slow; lamenting

(♩ = 46)

TENOR

mp *mf* *mp*

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine eyes, That they be-

BASS

mp *mf* *mp*

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine eyes, That they be-

6

T. *f* *p* *mp*

hold, and see not what they see? They know what beau-ty is,

B. *f* *p* *mp*

hold, and see what they see? They know what beau-ty is,

12

T. *p* *mp* *p* *poco rit.*

see where it lies, Yet what the best is take the worst to

B. *p* *mp* *p*

see where it lies, Yet what the best is take worst to

a tempo

17

T. *mp* *mp* *p*

be. If eyes, corrupt by ov - er par - tial looks, Be an - chored

B. *mp* *mp* *p*

be. eyes, cor - rupt by ov - er - par - tial looks, Be an - chored

23 *p* *mf*

T. — in the bay where all men ride, — Why of eyes' false-hood

B. — in the bay where all men ride, — Why of eyes' false-hood

30 *mf* *f* *mp*

faster still (♩ = c. 60)

T. hast thou forged hooks? Where-to the judgment of my heart is tied?

B. hast thou forged hooks? Where-to the judgment of my heart is tied?

35 *mp* *mf*

poco rit.

T. Why should my heart think that a sev'ral plot, Which my heart knows

B. Why should my heart think that a sev'ral plot, Which my heart knows

40 *mp* *p* *mp* *p*

a tempo **a little slower** (♩ = c. 52)

T. — the wide world's com mon place? Or mine eyes, see-ing this, say

B. — the wide world's com mon place? Or mine eyes, see-ing this, say

45

T. *pp* this is not, *p* To put fair—

B. *pp* this is not, *p* To put

48

T. *f* truth up-on so foul a face? *pp*

B. *f* fair up-on so foul a face? *pp*

Sombre march

53

T. *p* In things right true— *mp* my heart and my eyes—

B. *p* In things right true— *mp* my heart and my eyes

61

T. *p* have— erred, And to this false plague Are they now trans - ferred.

B. *p* have erred, And to this false plague Are they now trans - ferred.