

♩=72

O, ne-ver say that I \_\_\_\_\_ was false of heart, Though ab-sence seemed my flame to qua-li-fy, \_

5

As ea-sy might I \_\_\_\_\_ 3 from my-self de-part As from my soul, \_\_\_\_\_ which in thy breast doth lie: \_\_\_\_\_

9

That is \_\_\_\_\_ my home of love: if I have ranged, Like him that travels \_\_\_\_\_ I re-turn a gain, \_

13

Just to the time, \_\_\_\_\_ 3 not with the time ex-changed, So that my-self bring wa-ter \_\_\_\_\_ for my stain.. \_

17

Ne-ver be- lieve, — though in my na-ture reigned All frail- ties\_ that be- seige\_ all kinds of\_ blood, —

21

That it could so pre-post-er-ous-ly\_ — be-stained, To leave\_ for no- thing\_ all they sum of good;

25

For no- thing\_ this wide\_ — <sup>3</sup>un - i - verse I call, Save thou, —

29

my rose; — in it you are my all. —

33

I can-not com-pre- hend how you com-menced, From where in my heart the be - gin - ing foamed To a

37

foun- tain of such false in-spir-a - tion. A son-net would have been too beau - ti - ful, Too

41

sweet and tamed for you, but for me joy - ful. You did-n't want to be the brief hai - ku;

45

Of truth and nat- ure you were no con-fec-tion, To have been brief would have been too kind of you.

49

You wished to be free verse and flow as pleased,

53

But in no or - der, se - quence have you flowed! Now as I sit a - mong rump - led pa - per,

57

I real - ize that when your words first showed I should not have cared, or have been strick - en, Yet,

61

you were the son - net I should have writ - ten.