

Three Poems from Love's Labour's Lost

1. The King's Poem

William Shakespeare

Frederic Chrislip, 1978

So sweet a kiss the gold - en sun gives not To

4 those fresh morn - ing drops up - on the rose As thy eye - beams when

8 their fresh rays have smote The night of dew that on my cheeks down - flows. Nor

Lute

1. The King's Poem

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13

shines the sil - ver moon one - half so bright Through the trans - par - ent

17

bos - om of the deep As doth thy face through tears of mine give

21

light. Thou shin'st in ev' - ry tear that I do weep. No

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25

drop but as a coach doth car - ry thee, So

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rid - est thou tri - umph - ing in my woe. Do but be - hold the tears that

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swell in me, And they thy glo - ry through my grief will show. But

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36

do not love thy - self: then thou wilt keep My tears for glass - es

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and still make me weep. O queen of queens, how far dost thou ex -

44

cel No thought can think, nor tongue of mor - tal tell.