

Three Poems from Love's Labour's Lost

3. Dumaine's Poem

William Shakespeare

Frederic Chrislip, 1978

On a day, a - lack the day! Love, whose month is ev - er May,

5 spied a blos - som pass - ing fair, Play - ing in the wan - ton air.

9 Through the vel - vet leaves the wind, All un - seen, can pass - age find,

13 that the lov - er, sick to death, wished him - self the heav - en's breath.

3. Dumaine's Poem

17

"Air," quoth he, "thy cheeks may blow; Air, would I might tri - umph so!

25

But a - lack, my hand is sworn Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn.

33

Vow, a - lack, for youth un - meet, Youth so apt to pluck a sweet!

41

Do not call it sin in me That I am for - sworn for thee:

49

49 Thou for whom — Jove would swear Ju - no but an — E - thiop were,

53

53 And de - ny him - self for Jove, Turn - ing mor - tal for thy love."