

# Sonnet CXVI

for Irving Shulman

$\text{♩} = 80$  *rit. a piacere*

Let me not to the

mar-riage of true minds ad-mit im - pe - di - ments.

Love is not love, which al - te - ra - tion finds, or

bends with the re - mo - ver to re - move. O

*mf*

*rit.* *simile*

*f*

3

20

no! it is an e - ver fix - ed mark, that looks on tem-pests and is

24

ne-ver sha-ken; it is the star to ev'-ry

29

wan-d'ring bark, whose worth's un-known, al-though its height be ta-ken.

33

— Love's not time's fool, though ro-sy lips and cheeks with-in his

38

bend-ing sick-le's com-pass come; \_\_\_\_\_ Love al - ters not, with his

44

brief hours and weeks, but bears it out e - ven to the edge of

49

*a piacere*  
doom. \_\_\_\_\_ If this be er - ror and up-on me proved,

55

*ritardando*  
I ne-ver writ, nor no man e - ver loved. \_\_\_\_\_

*colla parte* *pp*

circa 2' 30"