

When Forty winters

Soprano

(Words: William Shakespeare S.2)

for Soprano, Recorder & Harpsichord

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Allegro ♩ = 100



When for-ty win-ters shall be-siege thy brow, And dig deep tren-ches



in thy beau-ty's field, Thy youth's proud live-ry so gazed on now, Will



be a tot-ter'd weed of small worth held: Then being asked where



all thy beau-ty lies, Where all the treasure of thy lus-ty days: To say, with-in



thine own deep-sunken eyes, Were an all ea-ting shame, and thriftless praise.



How much more praise de-serv'd thy beau-ty if thou couldst an-swer



"This fair child of mine Shall sum my count, and make my old ex-cuse," Pro-



ving his beau-ty by suc-cession thine! This were to be new



made when thou art old, And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st



it's cold.