

When Forty winters

(Words: William Shakespeare S.2)

Score

for Soprano, Recorder & Harpsichord

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Allegro ♩ = 100 (01:30)

Soprano

Tenor Recorder

Harpsichord

S

T. Rec.

Hpschd.

9

for - ty win - ters shall be - siege thy brow, And dig deep tren - ches in thy beau - ty's field, Thy youth's proud

18

live - ry so gazed on now, Will be a tot - ter'd weed of small worth held:

When Forty winters

26

S

Then being asked where

T. Rec.

Hpschd.

34

S

all thy beau - ty lies, Where all the trea - sure of thy lus - ty days: To say, with-in thine own

T. Rec.

Hpschd.

43

S

deep sun-ken eyes, Were an all ea - ting shame, and thrift-less praise.

T. Rec.

Hpschd.

51

S

How much more praise de-

T. Rec.

Hpschd.

59

S

serv'd thy beau - ty if thou couldst an - swer "This fair child of mine Shall sum my count, — and make my old ex -

T. Rec.

Hpschd.

68

S

cuse," Pro - ving — his beau - ty by — suc - ces - sion thine!

T. Rec.

Hpschd.

77

S

This were to be new made when thou art old, And

T. Rec.

Hpschd.

85

S

see thy blood warm when thou feel'st — it's — cold.

T. Rec.

Hpschd.