

# When Forty winters

Soprano

(Words: William Shakespeare S.2)

*for Soprano, Recorder & Harpsichord*

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Feb. 24th - 2008

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 trea-sure of thy lus-ty days: To say, with-in  
thine own deep sun-ken 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-ces-sion thine! This were to be new  
made when thou art old, And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st  
it's cold.