

# From fairest creatures

(words: William Shakespeare s.1)

*for Soprano & Piano*

Michel Rondeau

Feb.23-24, 2008

Andante  $\text{♩} = 75$  (02:46)

4

From fai - - - rest crea - tures we de - si - re

9

in - crease, That there-by beau - ty's rose shall ne-ver die, But as the ri - per

15

should by time de - cease, His ten - der heir might bear his me-mo-ry: But

20

thou contracted to thine own \_\_\_\_\_ bright eyes, Feed'st thy light's flame with self-sub - stanstial fuel,

25

Making a fa-mine where a-bundance lies, Thy self thy foe, to thy sweet self too

30

cruel: Thou that art now the world's fresh or - nament, And on-ly

35

he - rald to the gau-dy spring, With-in thine own bud bu - ri-est thy con - tent,

41

And, ten - der churl, mak'st waste in nig-gar - ding: Pi - ty the world, or

47

else this glut-ton be, To eat the world's due, \_\_\_\_\_ by the grave and thee.