John Webber

TEN SONNETS

William Shakespeare

for baritone and piano

WEBBERMUSIC
200506

WEBBER MUSIC - ITHACA- NEW YORK

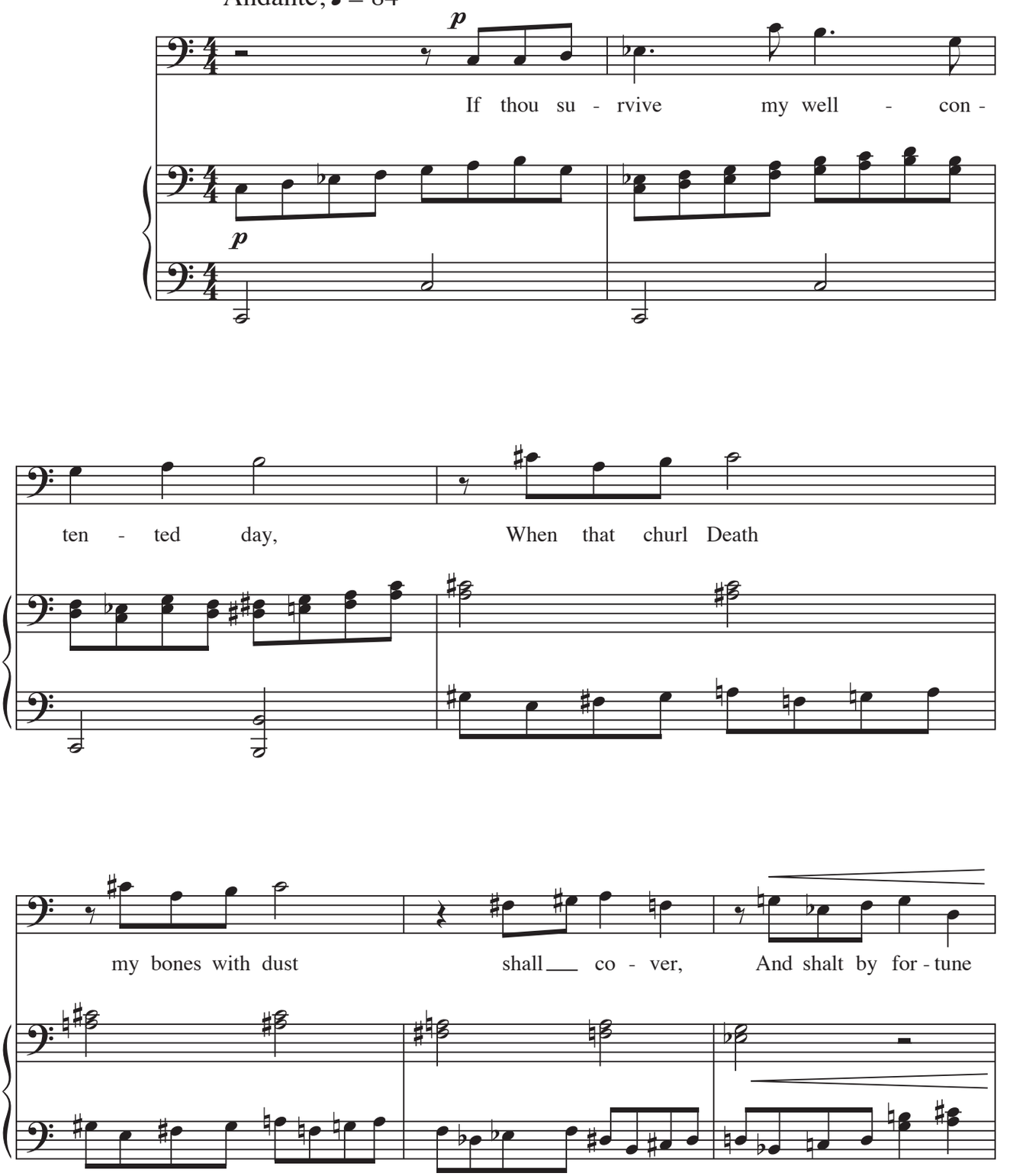
TEN SONNETS

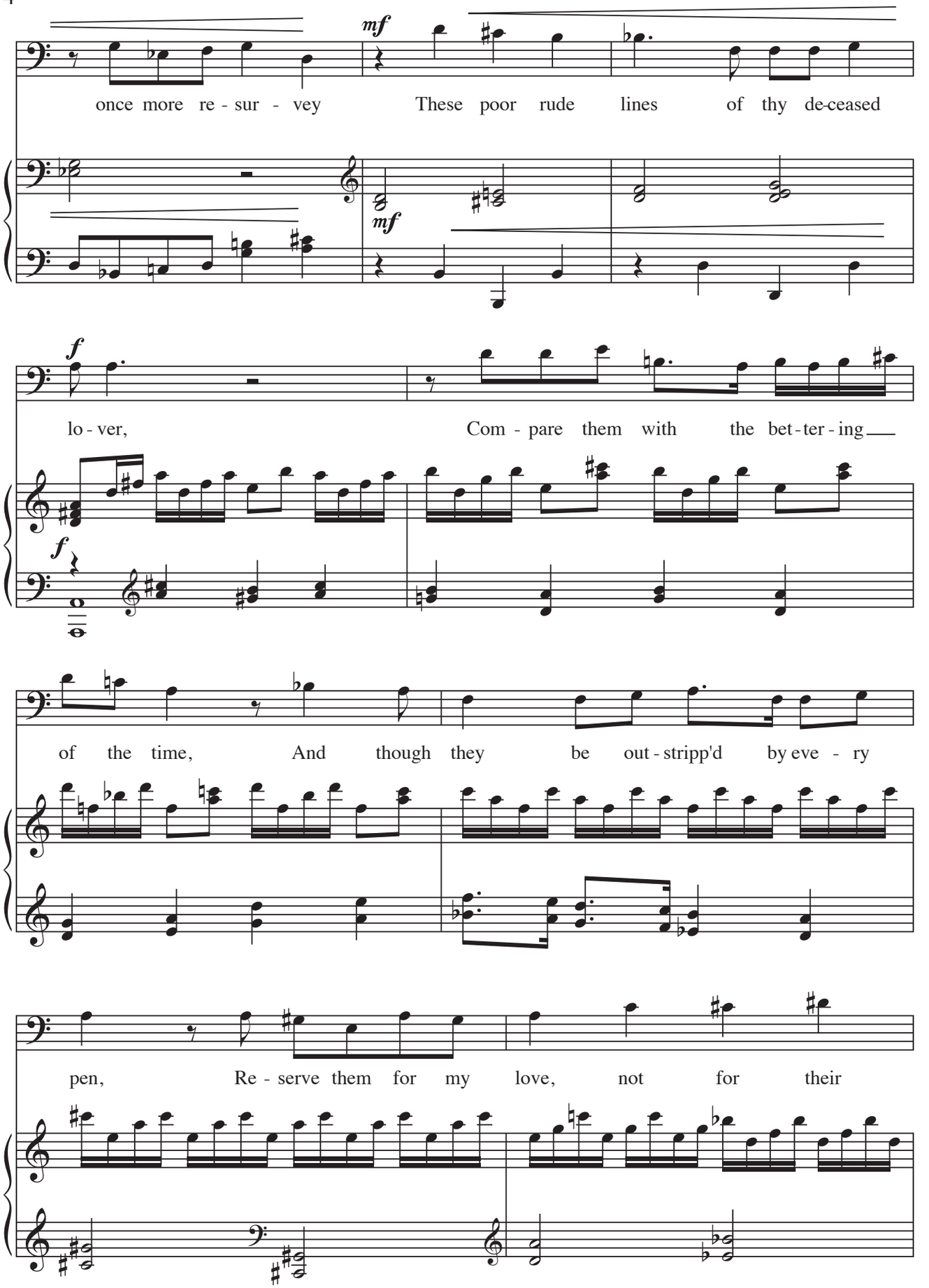
William Shakespeare

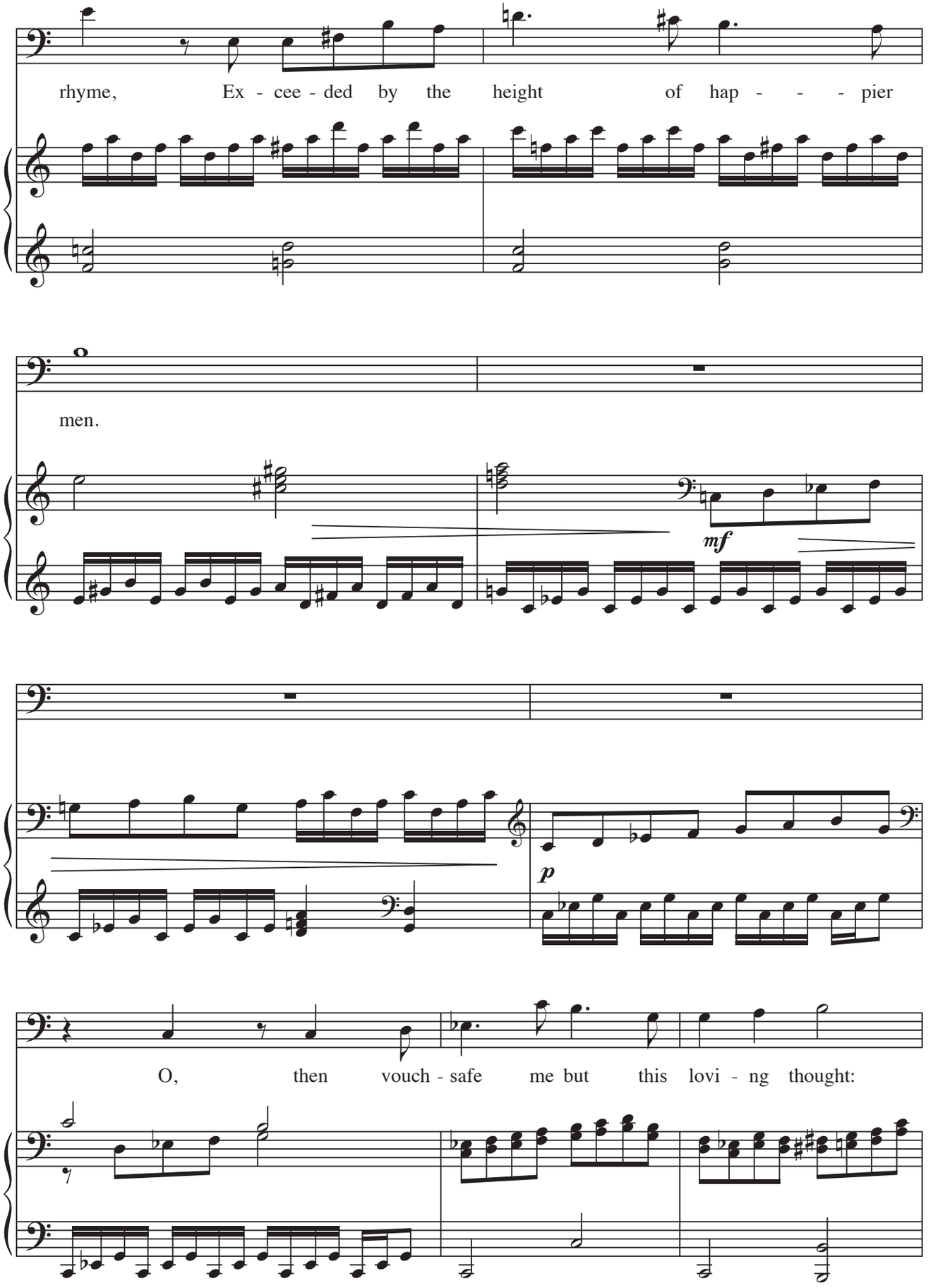
Webber 200506

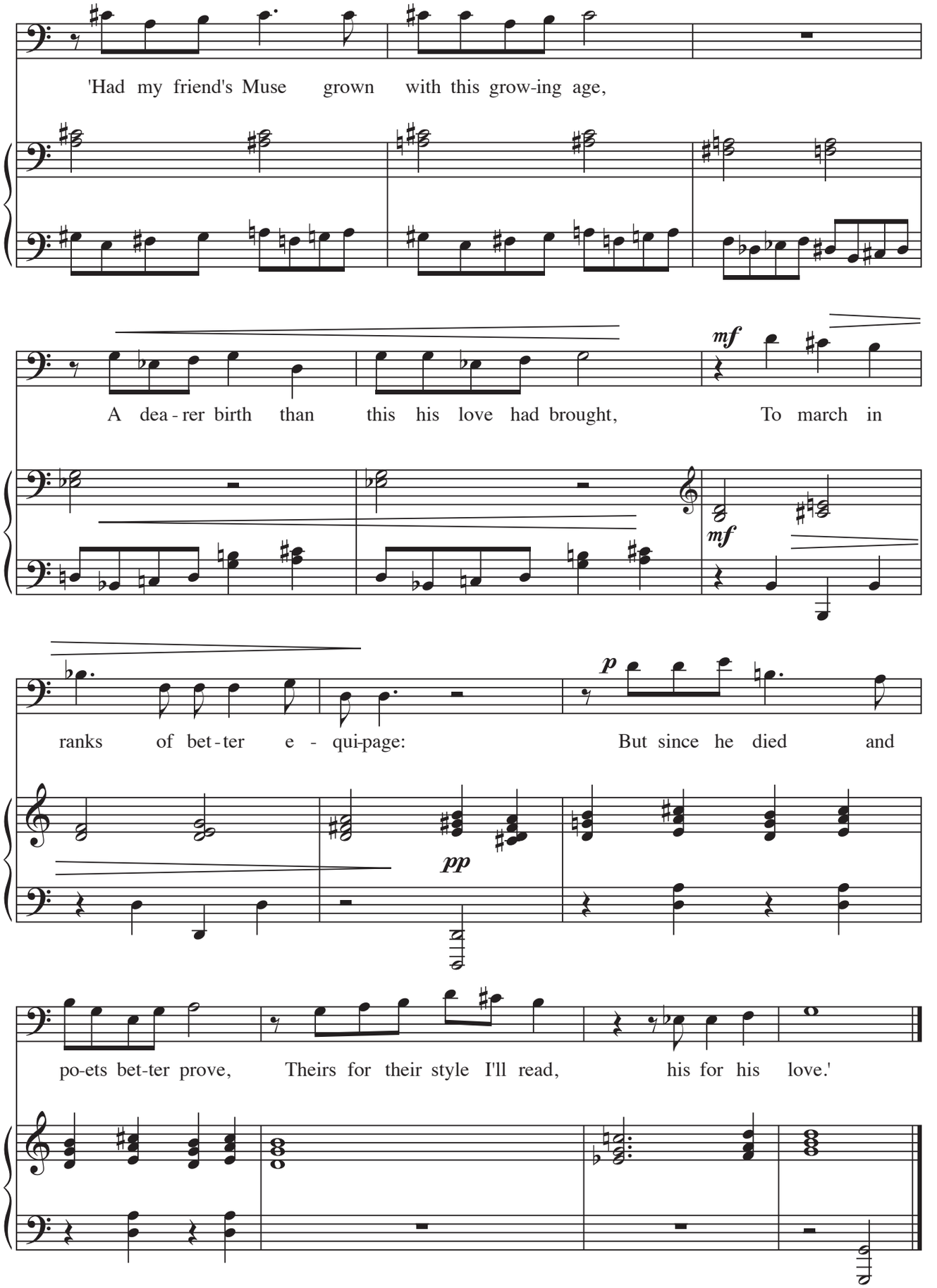
I Sonnet XXXII

Andante, ♩ = 84



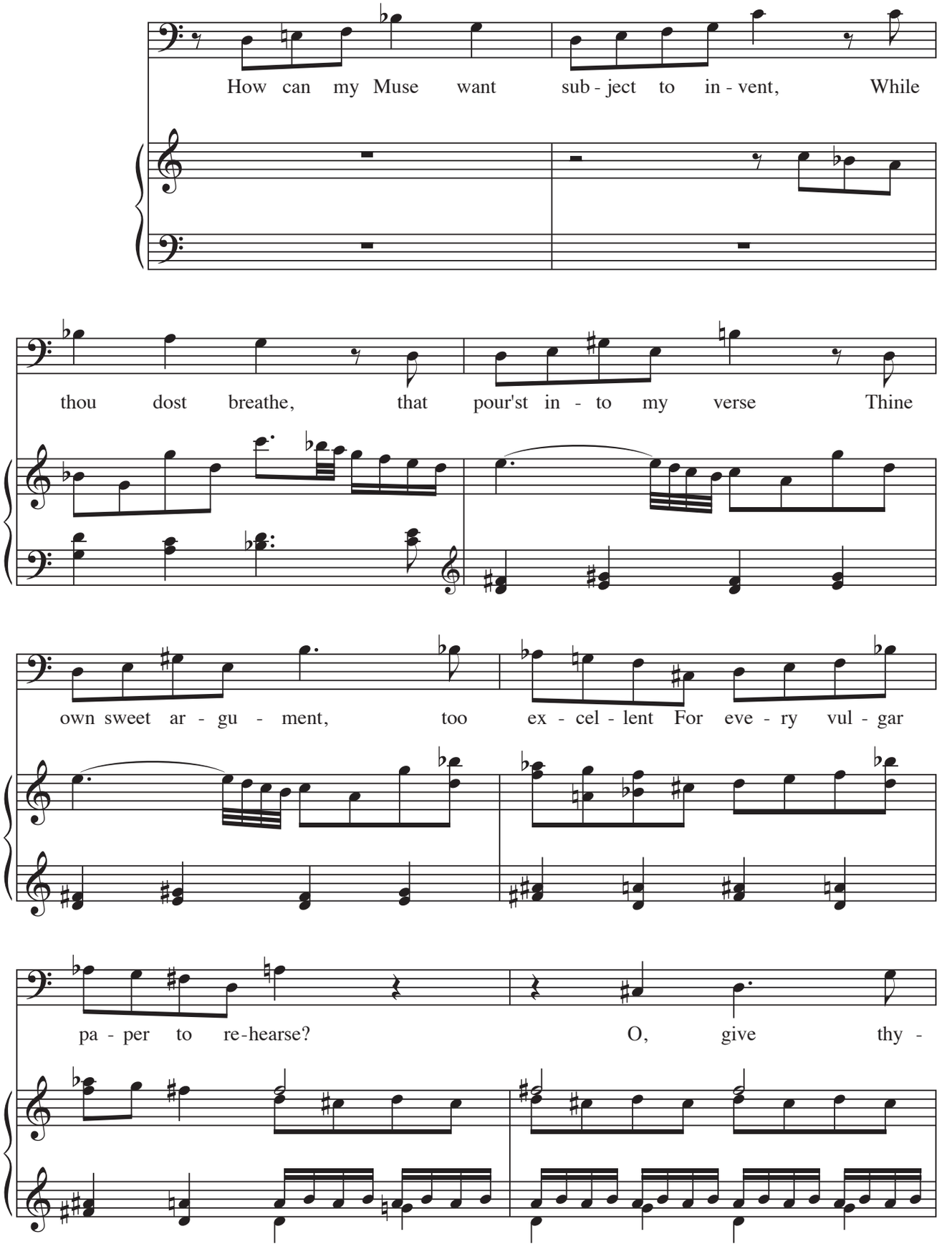

mf
once more re - sur - vey
These poor rude lines of thy de-ceased
mf
f
lo - ver,
Com - pare them with the bet - ter - ing
f
of the time,
And though they be out - stripp'd by eve - ry
pen,
Re - serve them for my love, not for their

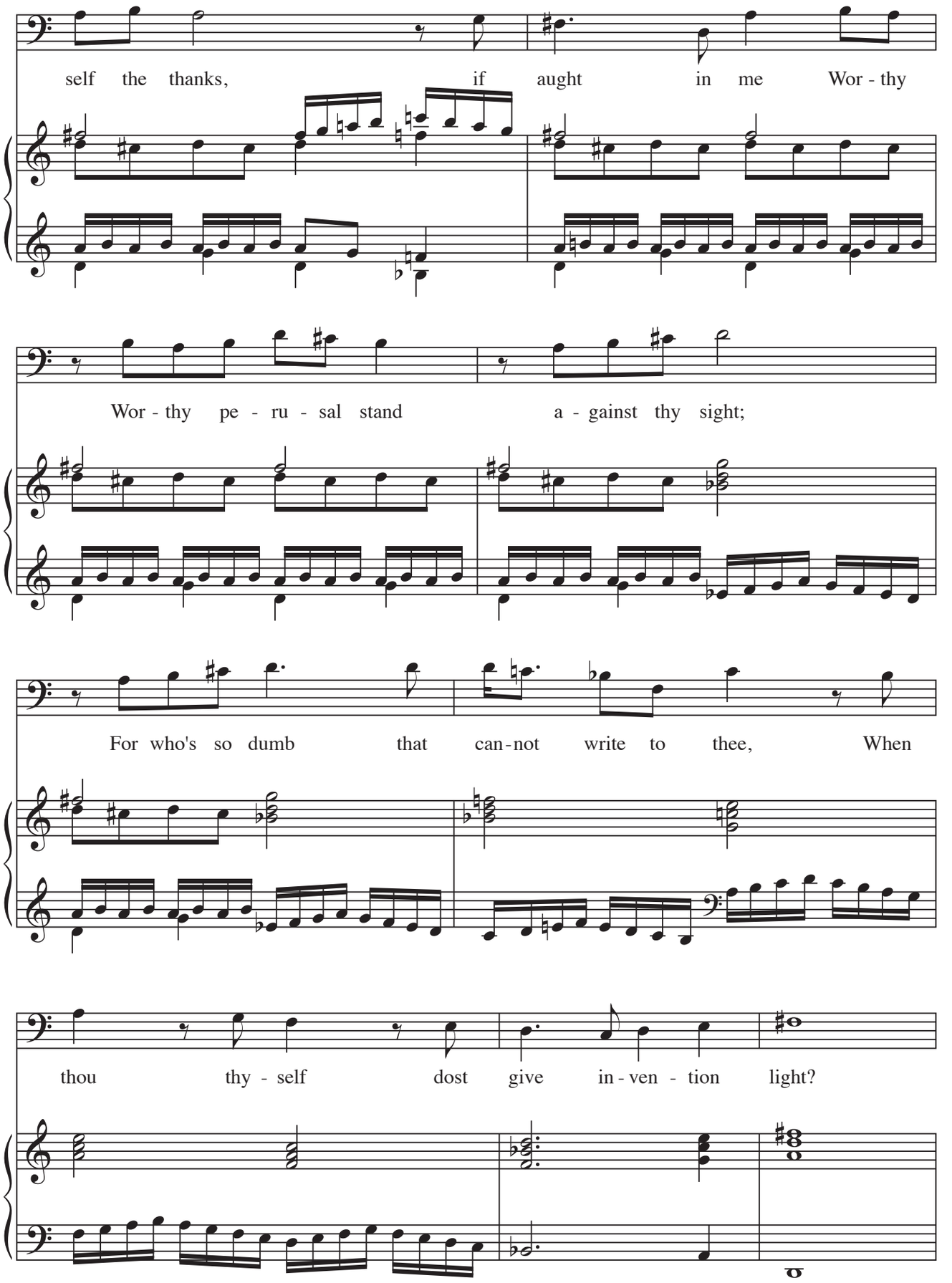

rhyme, Ex - cee - ded by the height of hap - - - pier
men.
mf
p
O, then vouch - safe me but this lovi - ng thought:

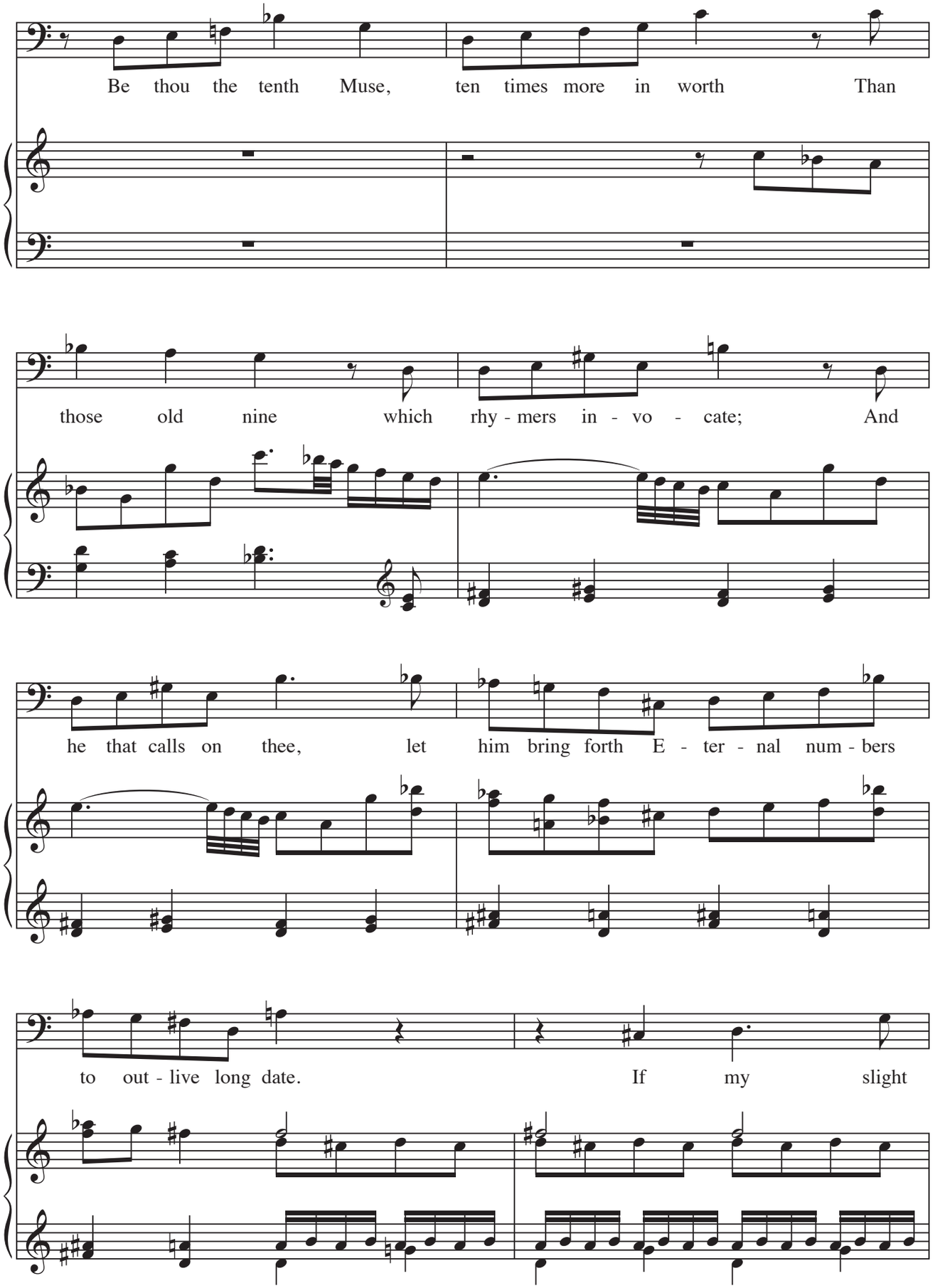

'Had my friend's Muse grown with this grow-ing age,
A dea - rer birth than this his love had brought,
mf
To march in
mf
ranks of bet - ter e - qui-page:
p
But since he died and
pp
po-ets bet-ter prove, Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love.'

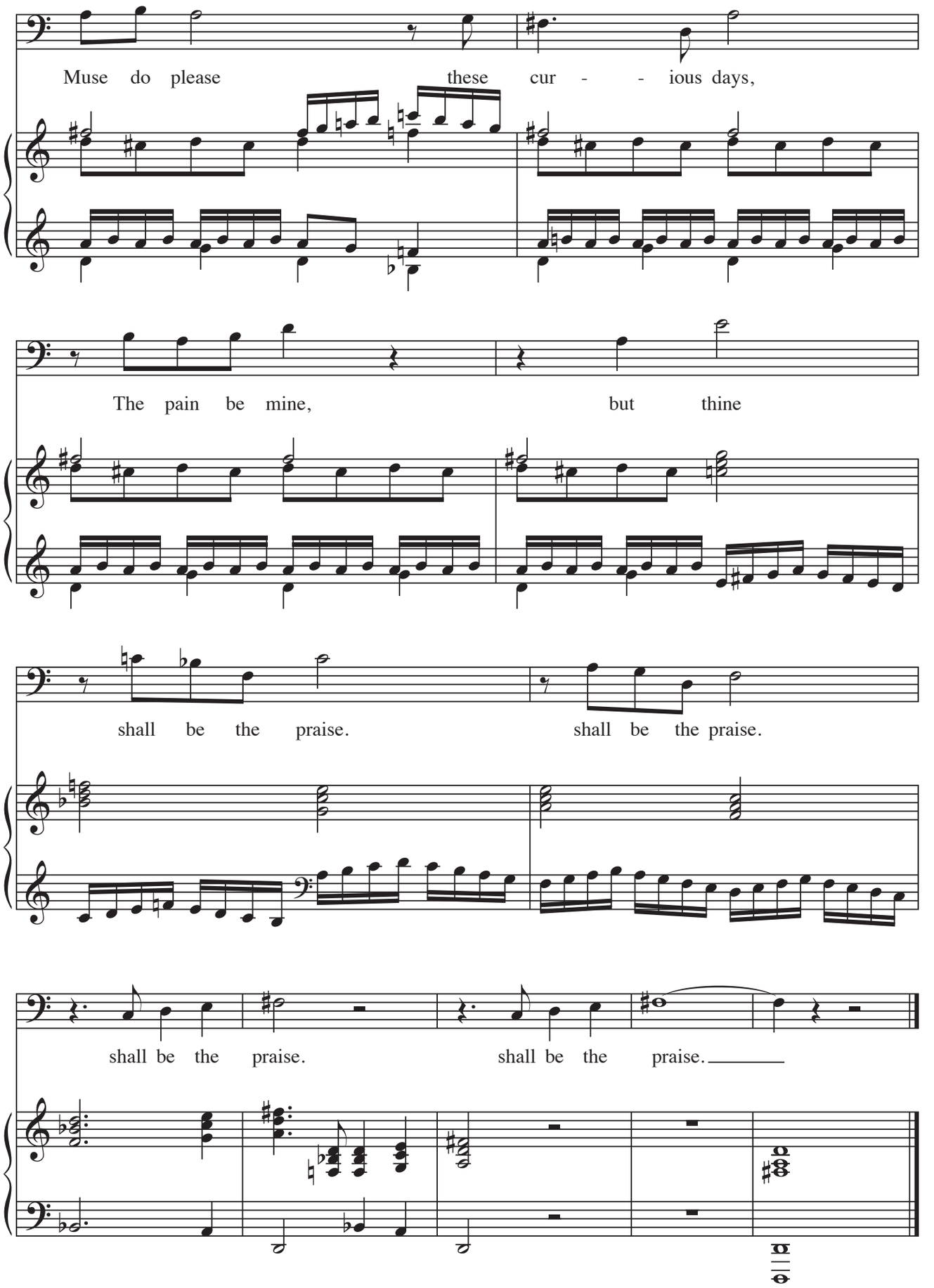
II Sonnet XXXVIII

Allegretto, ♩ = 104



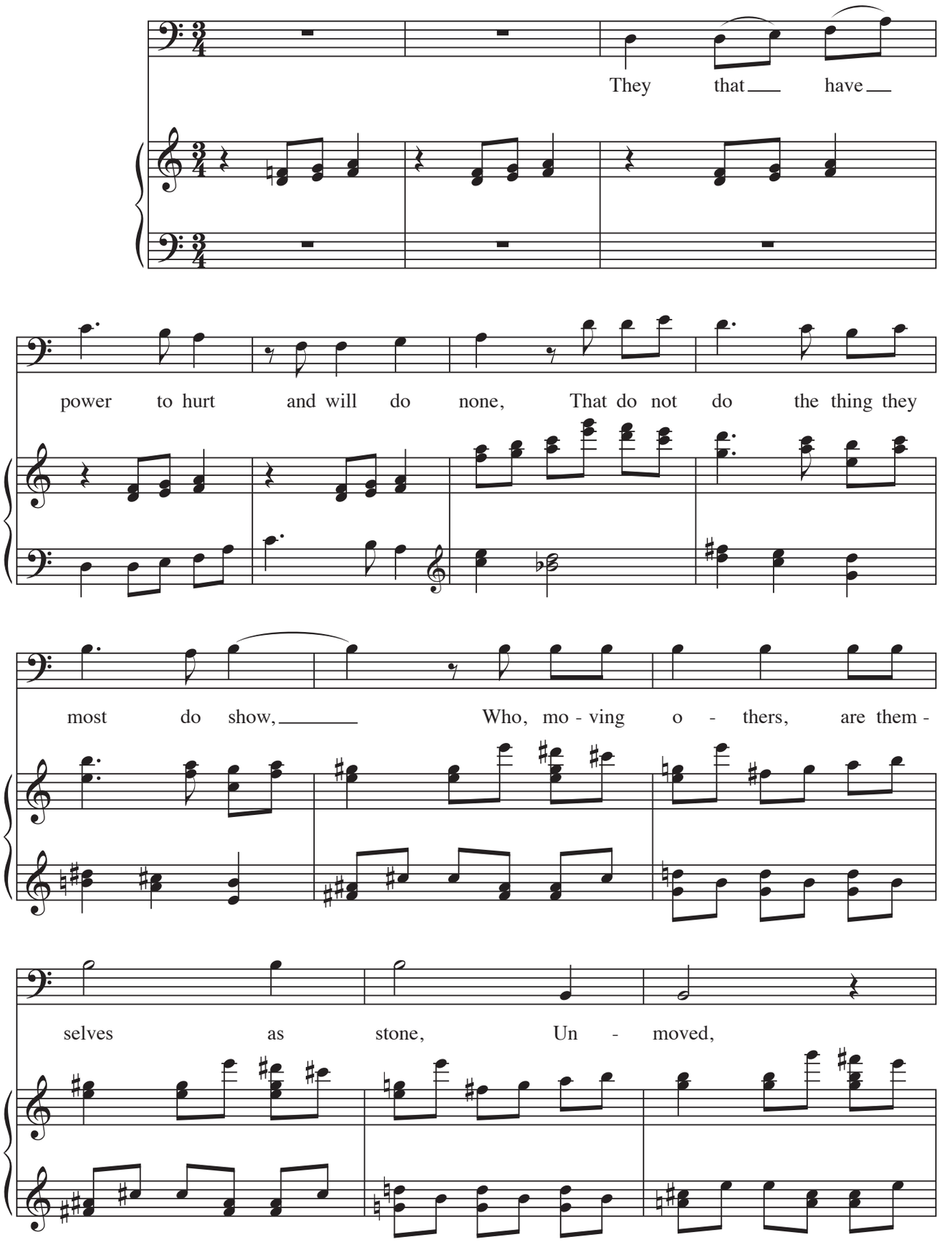

self the thanks, if aught in me Wor - thy
Wor - thy pe - ru - sal stand a - gainst thy sight;
For who's so dumb that can-not write to thee, When
thou thy - self dost give in - ven - tion light?

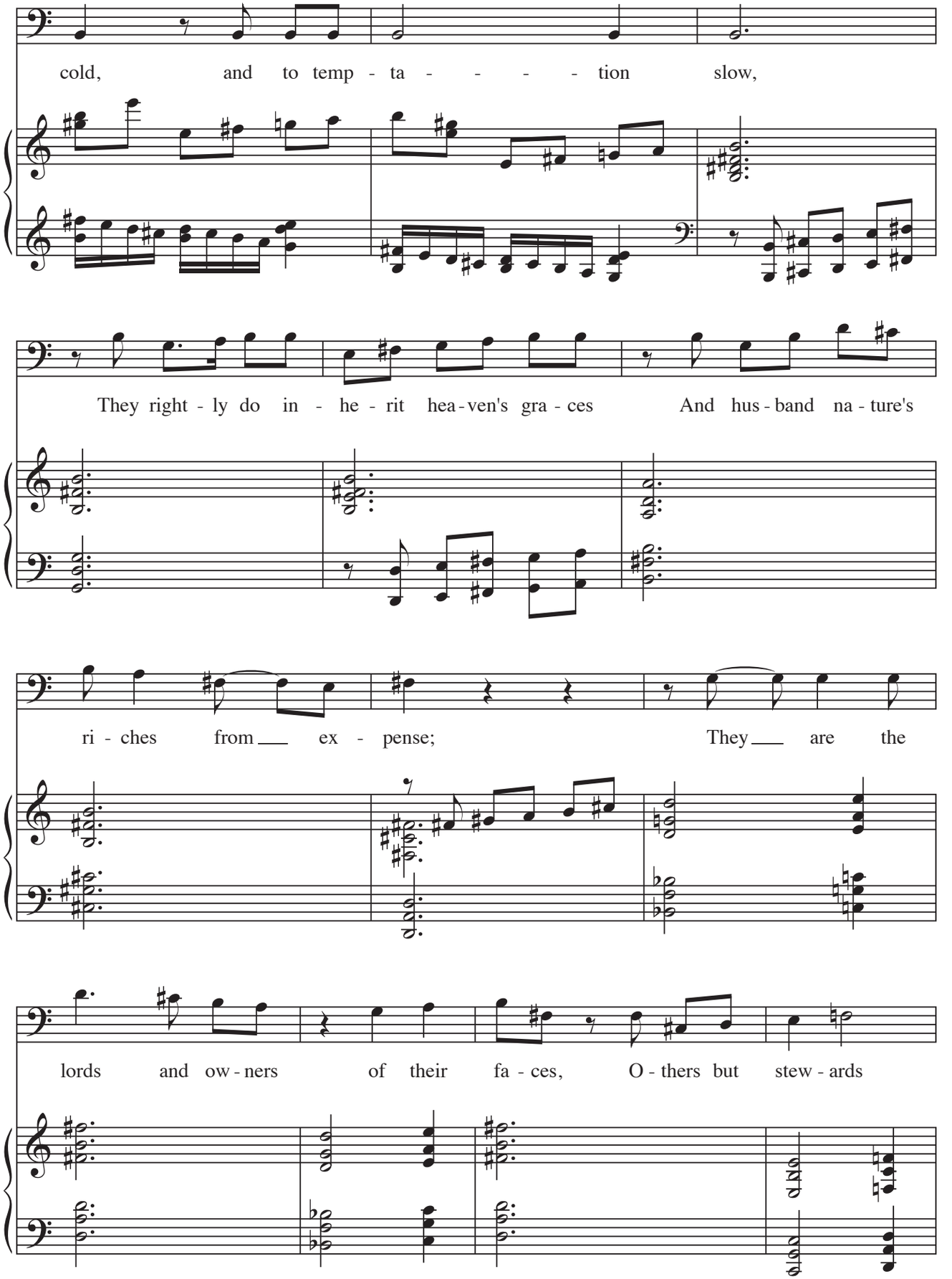

Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth Than
those old nine which rhy - mers in - vo - cate; And
he that calls on thee, let him bring forth E - ter - nal num - bers
to out - live long date. If my slight

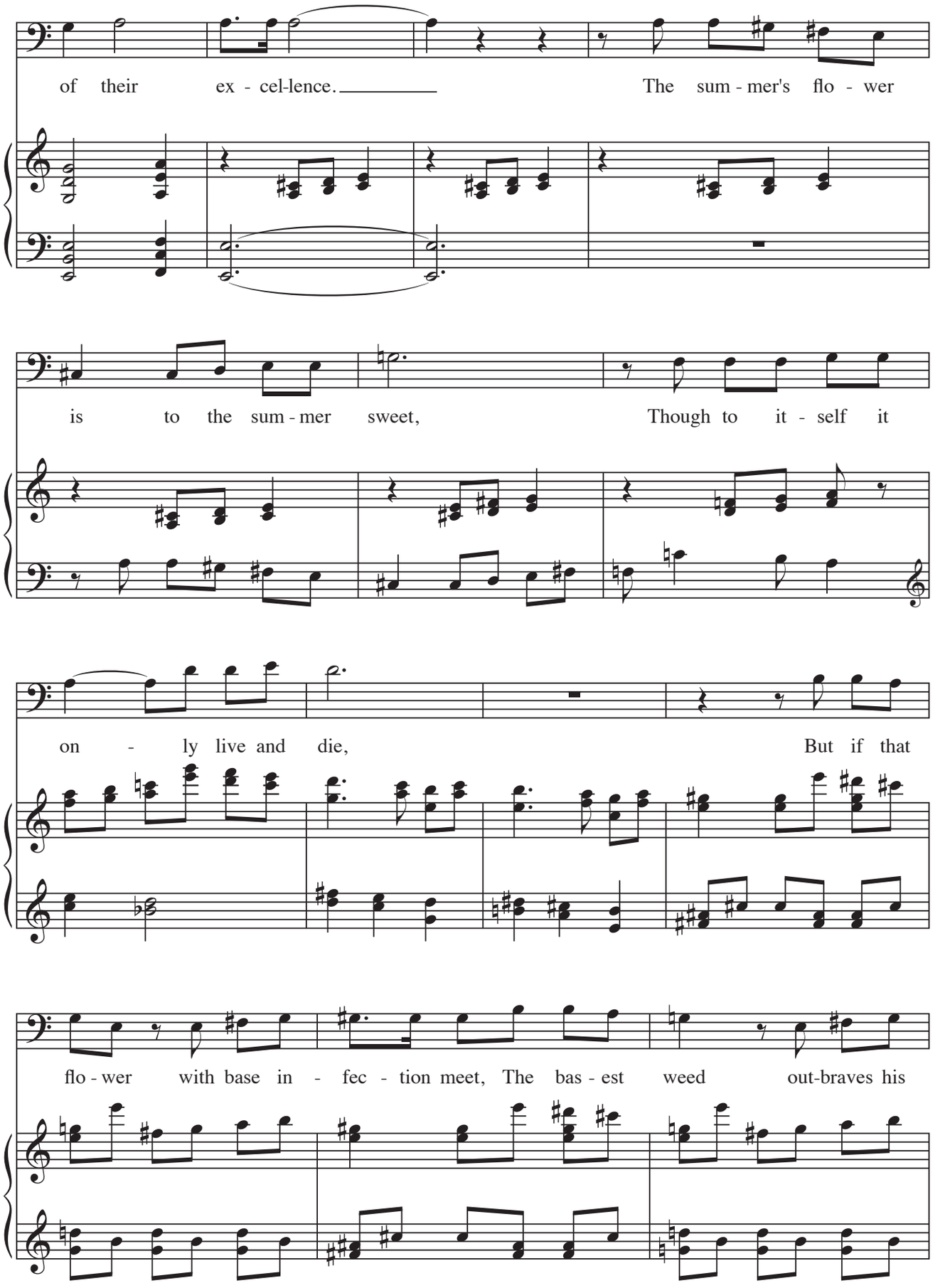

Muse do please these cur - - ious days,
The pain be mine, but thine
shall be the praise. shall be the praise.
shall be the praise. shall be the praise.

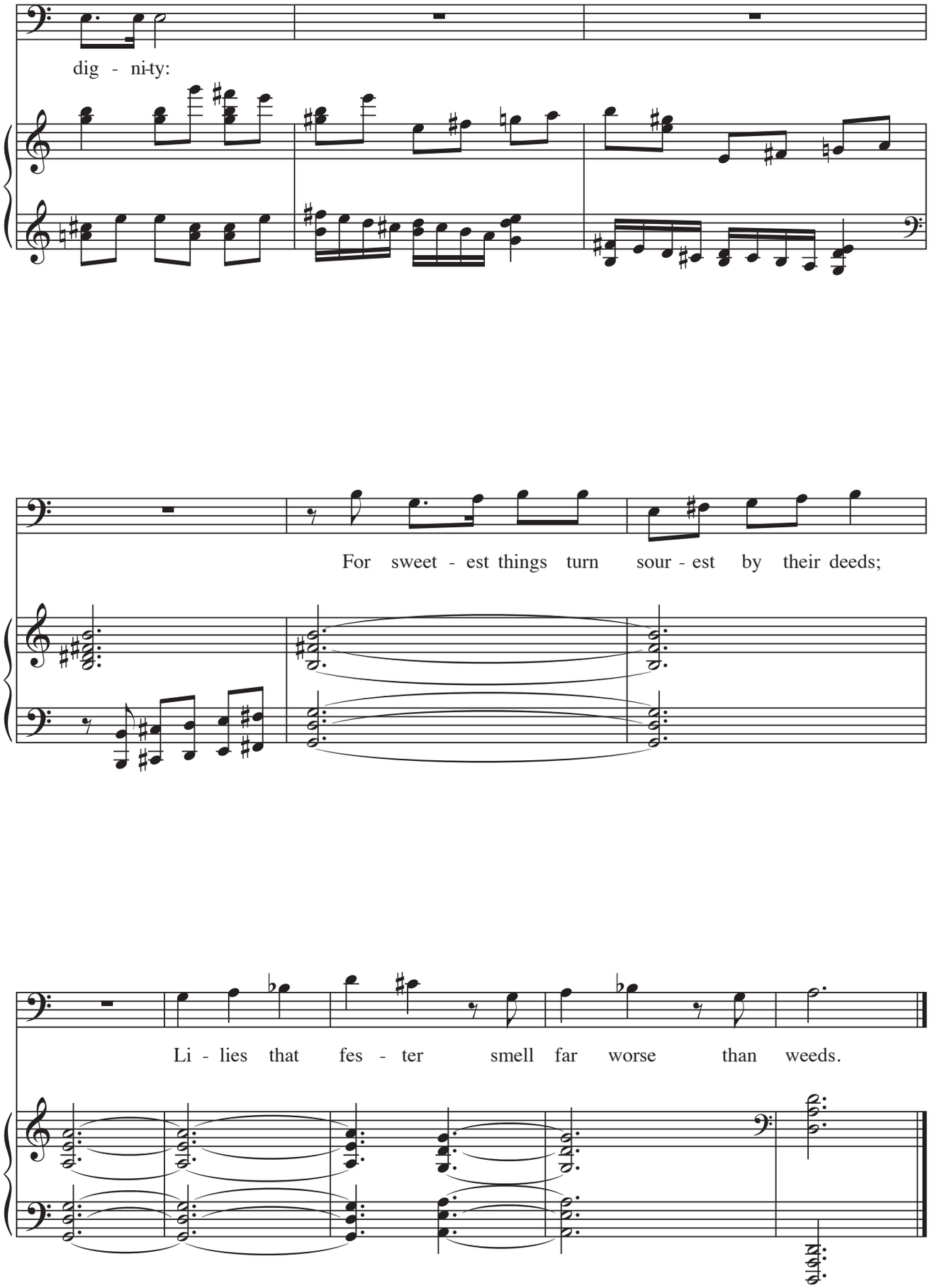
III Sonnet XCIV

Adagio, ♩ = 84



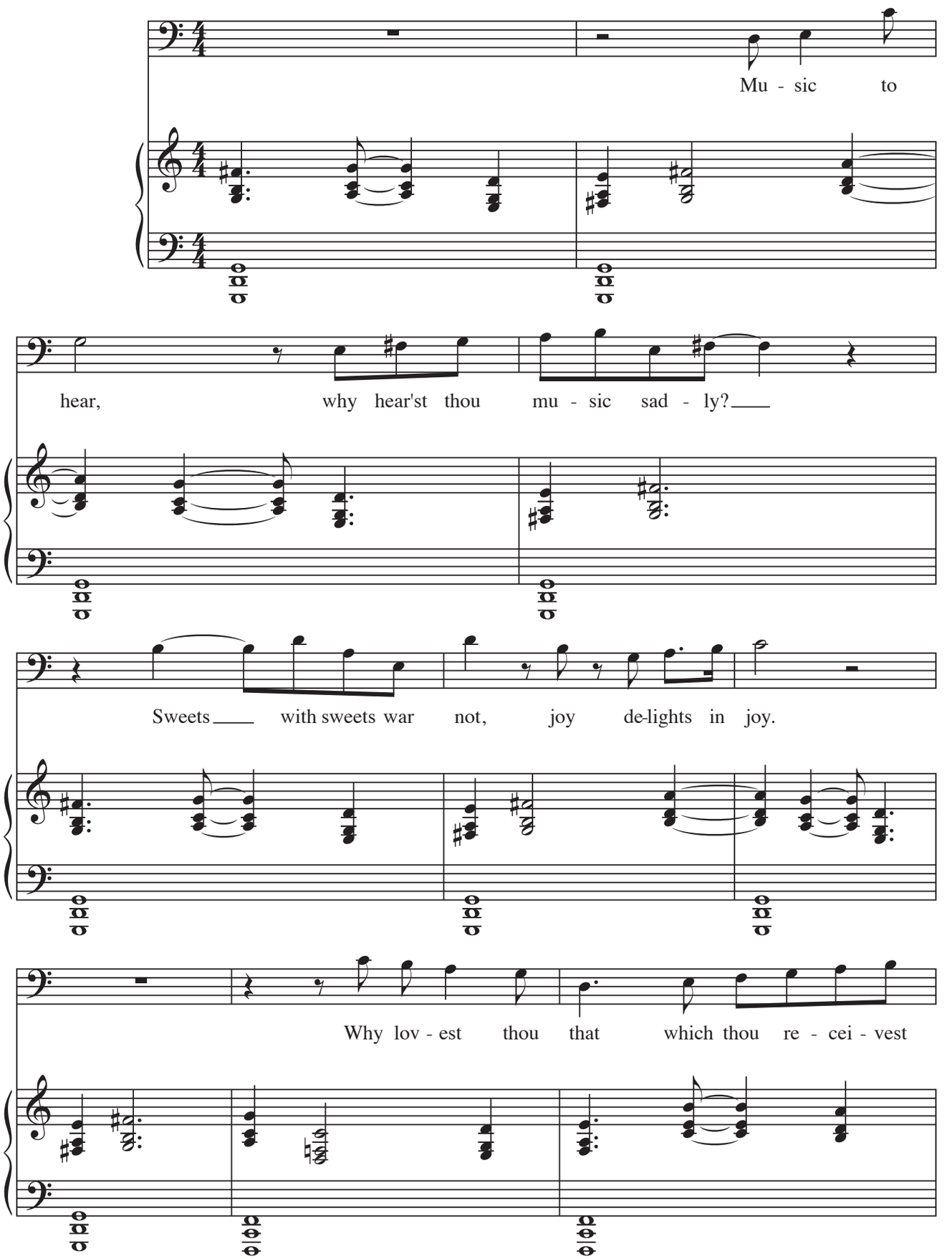

cold, and to temp - ta - - - - - tion slow,
They right - ly do in - he - rit hea - ven's gra - ces And hus - band na - ture's
ri - ches from ex - pense; They are the
lords and ow - ners of their fa - ces, O - thers but stew - ards

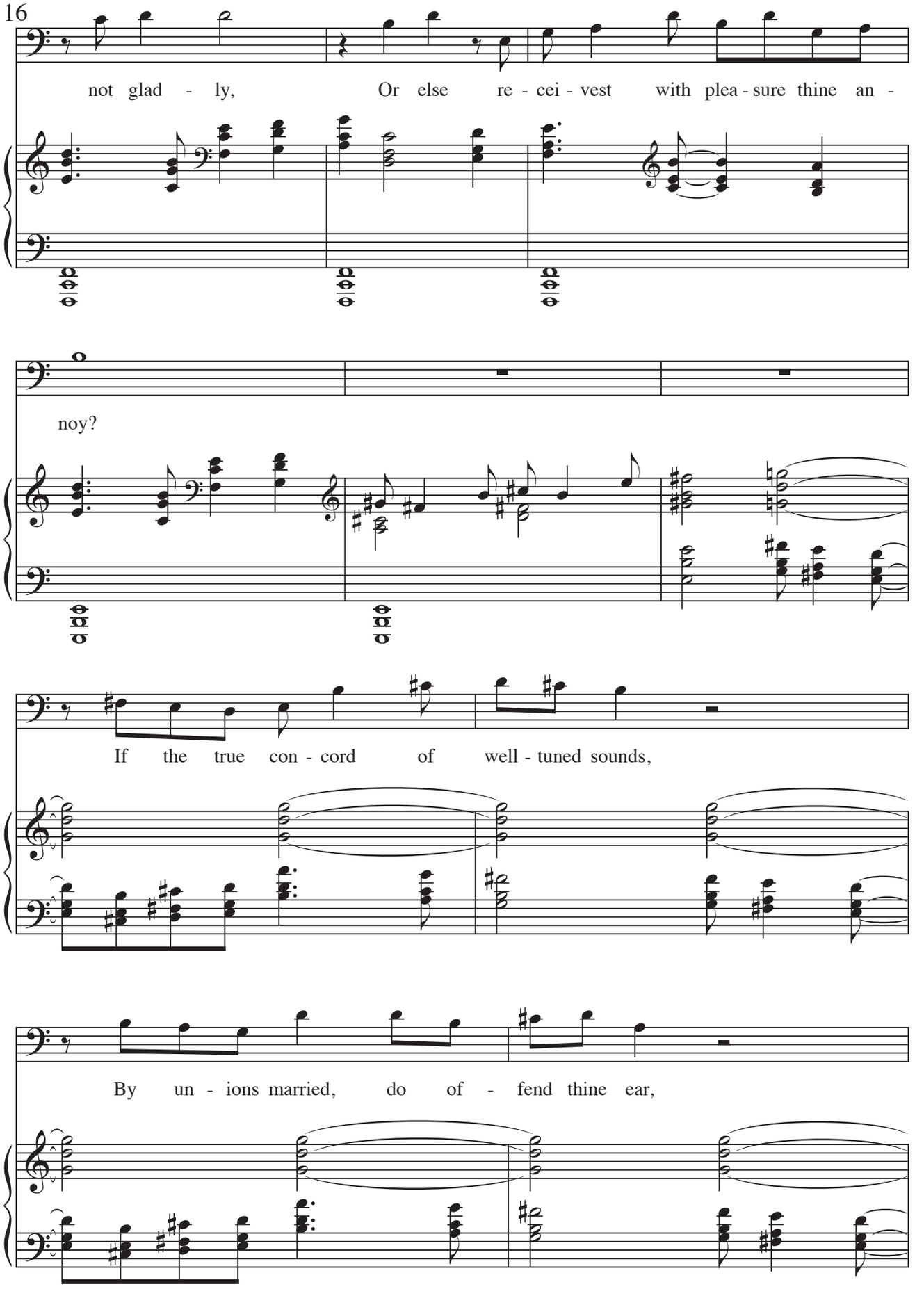

of their ex - cel-lence. The sum - mer's flo - wer
is to the sum - mer sweet, Though to it - self it
on - ly live and die, But if that
flo - wer with base in - fec - tion meet, The bas - est weed out-braves his

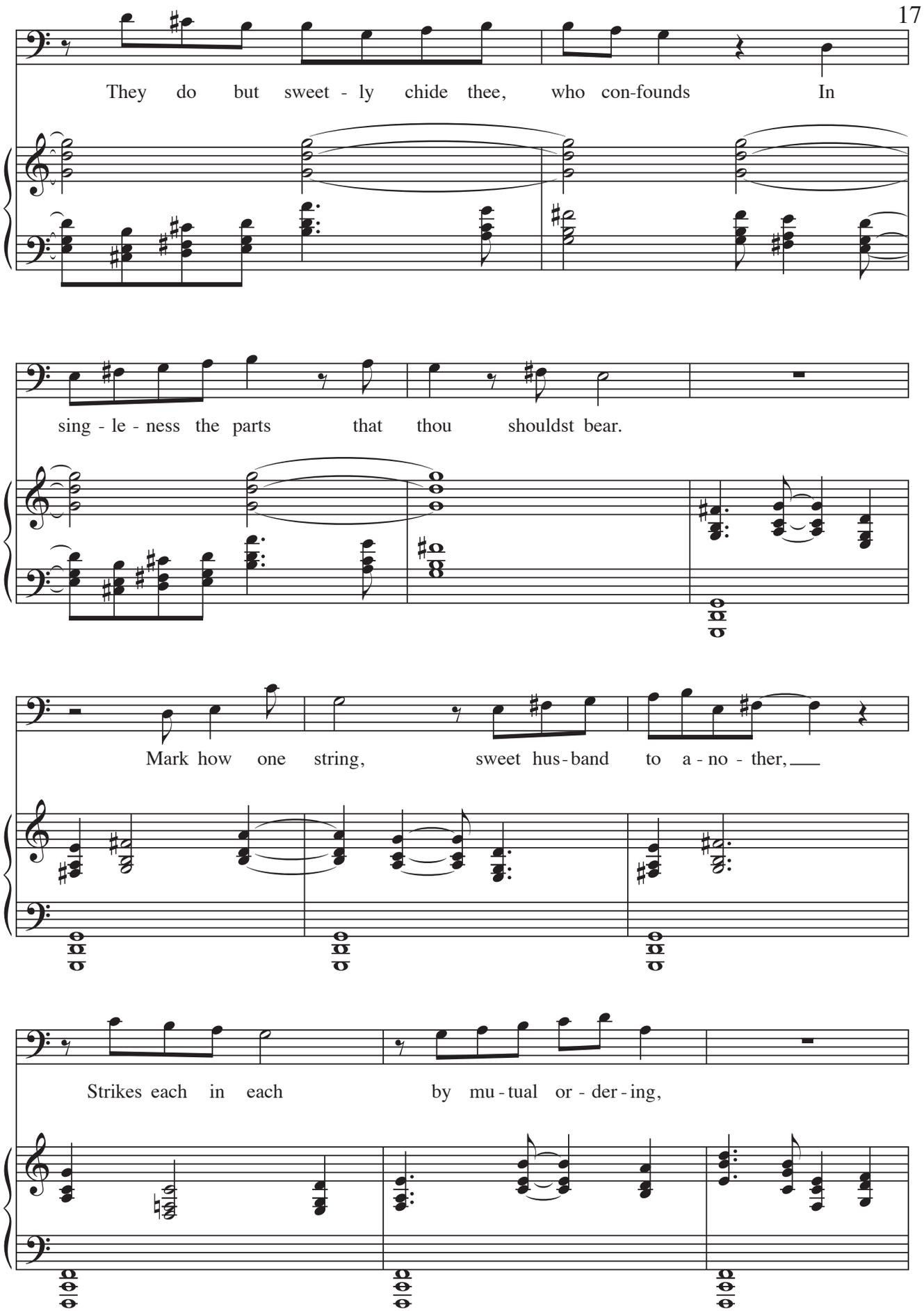

dig - ni-ty:
For sweet - est things turn sour - est by their deeds;
Li - lies that fes - ter smell far worse than weeds.

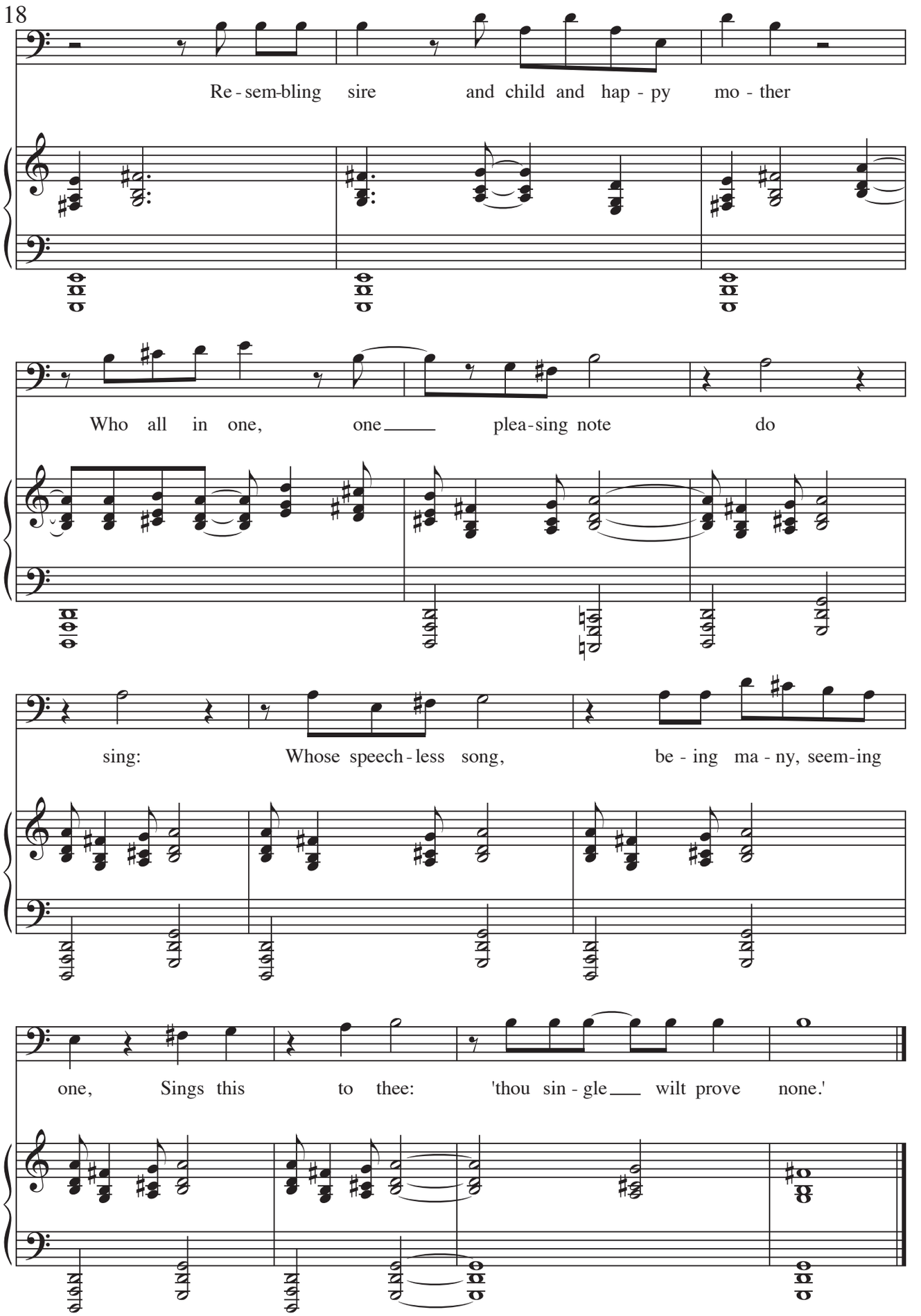
IV Sonnet VIII

Adagio, ♩ = 60



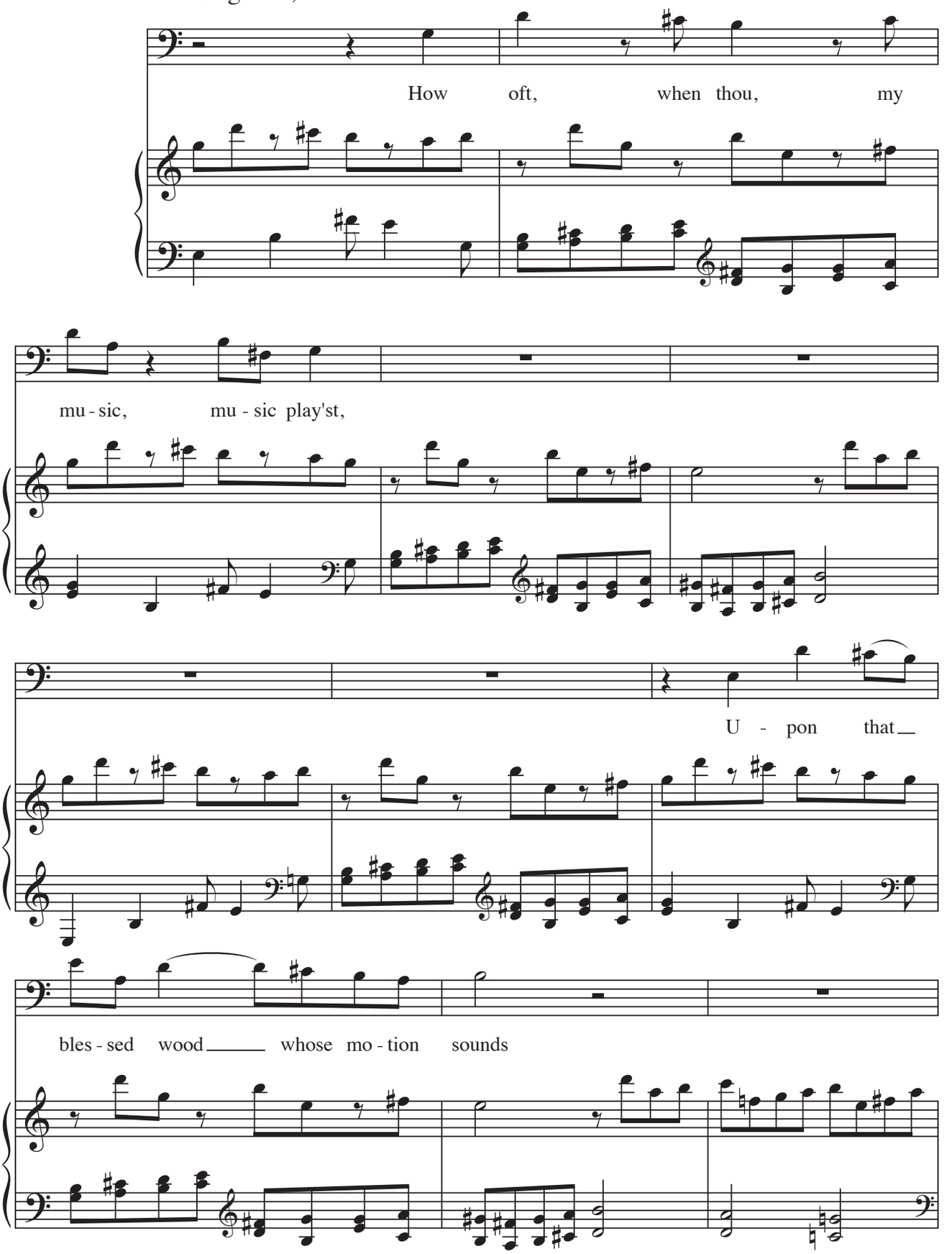

not glad - ly, Or else re - cei - vest with plea - sure thine an -
noy?
If the true con - cord of well - tuned sounds,
By un - ions married, do of - fend thine ear,

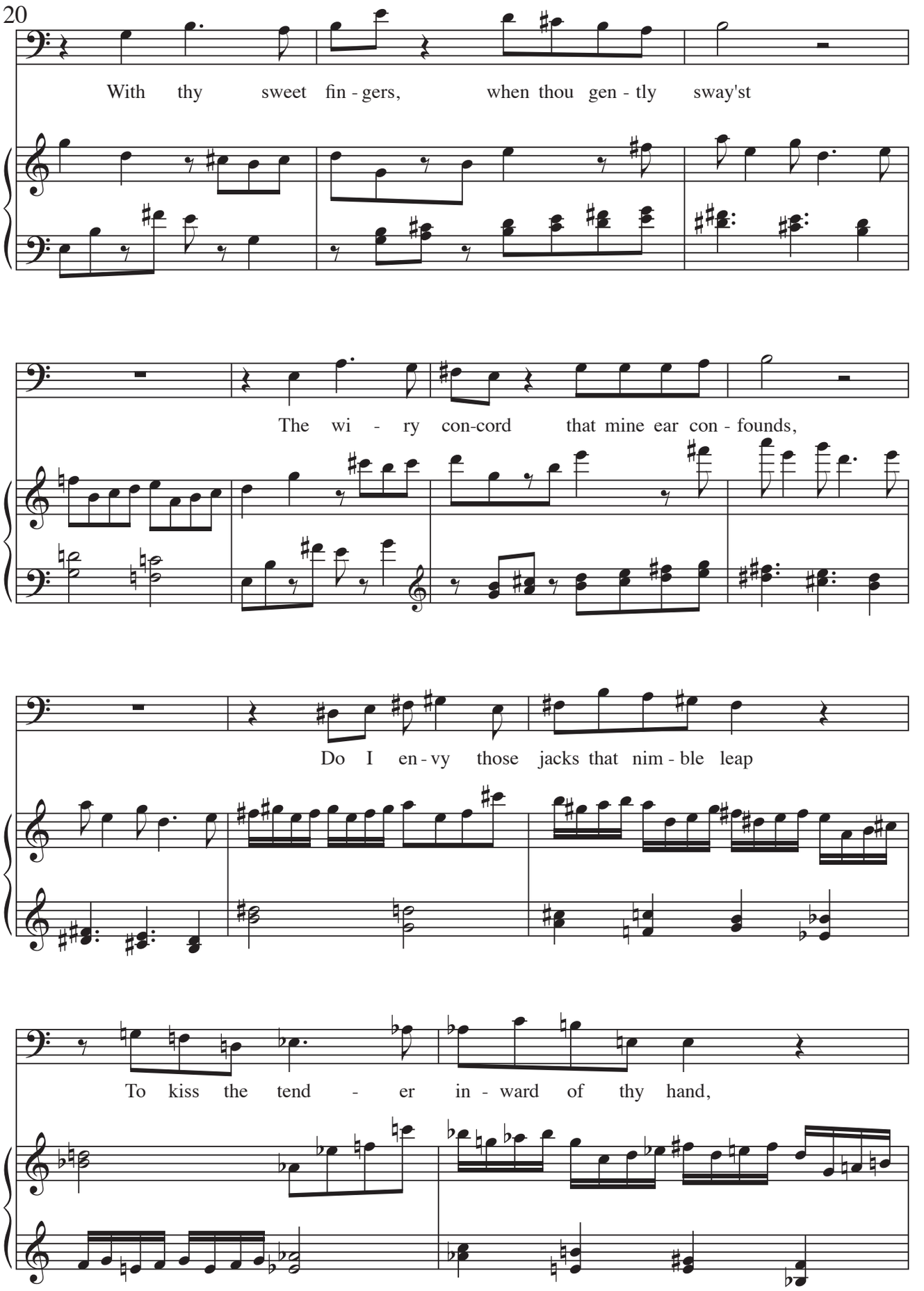

They do but sweet - ly chide thee, who con-founds In
sing - le - ness the parts that thou shouldst bear.
Mark how one string, sweet hus-band to a - no - ther,
Strikes each in each by mu-tual or - der - ing,

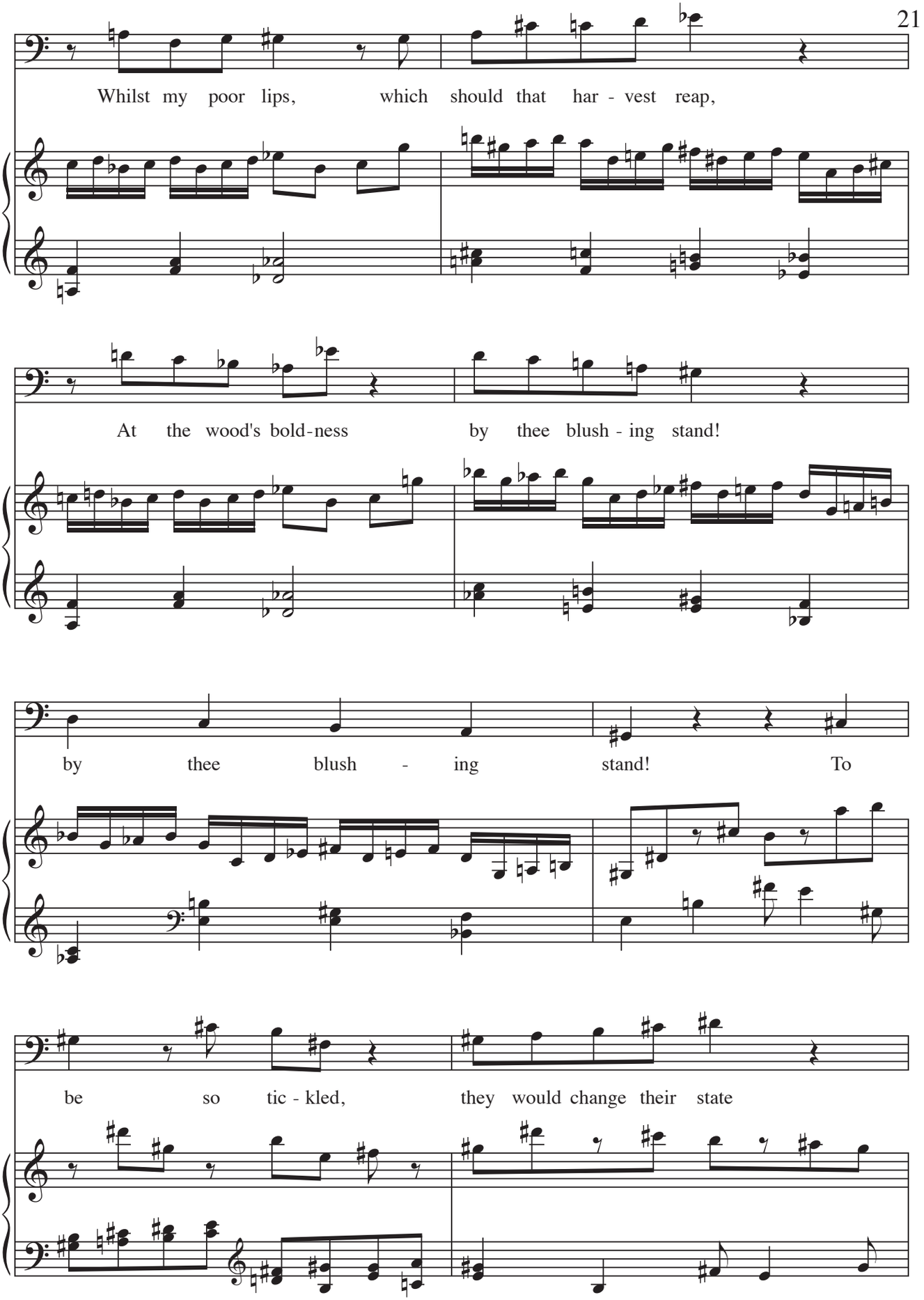

Re - sem-bling sire and child and hap - py mo - ther
Who all in one, one plea-sing note do
sing: Whose speech - less song, be - ing ma - ny, seem-ing
one, Sings this to thee: 'thou sin - gle wilt prove none.'

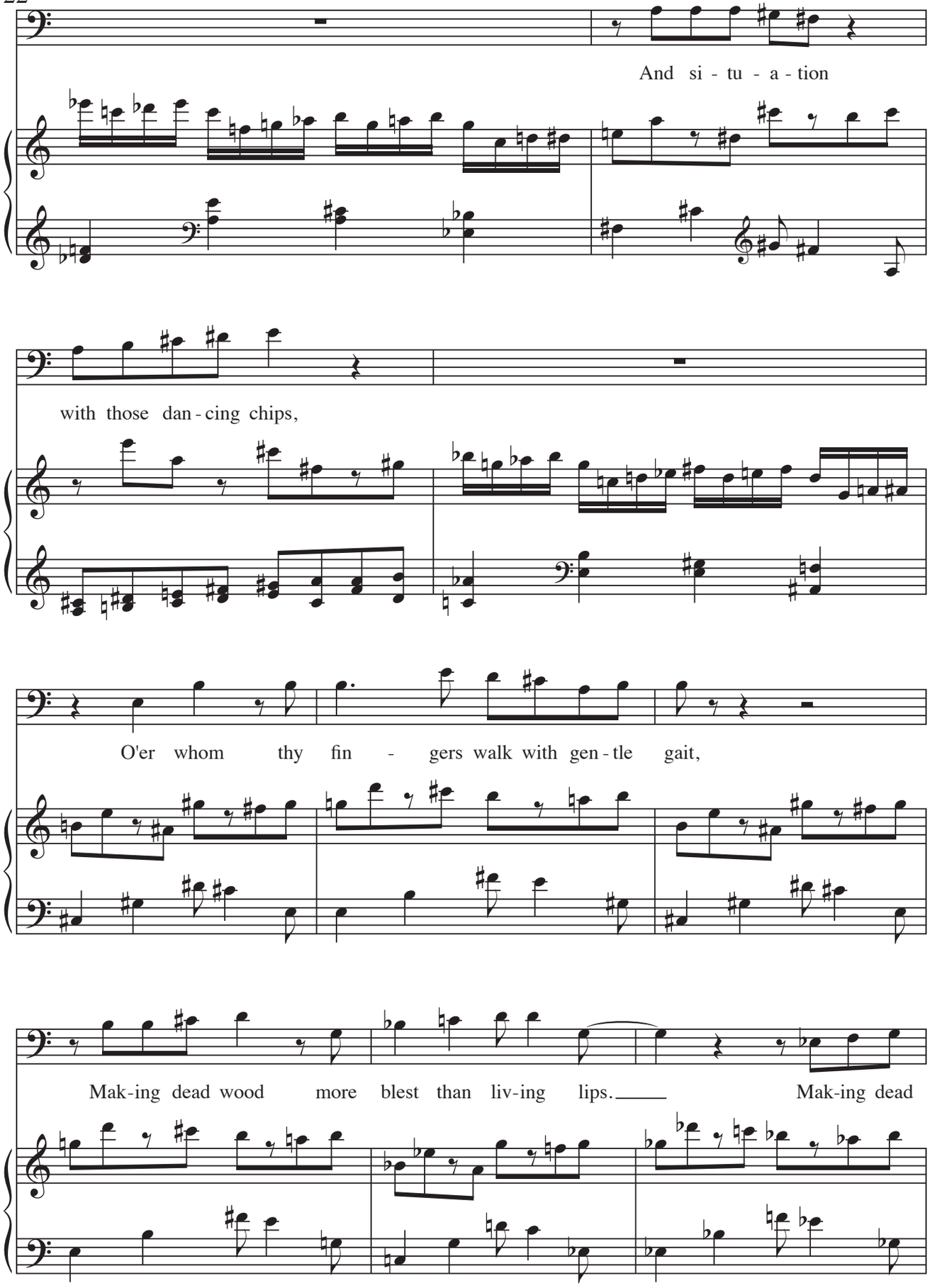
V Sonnet CXXVIII

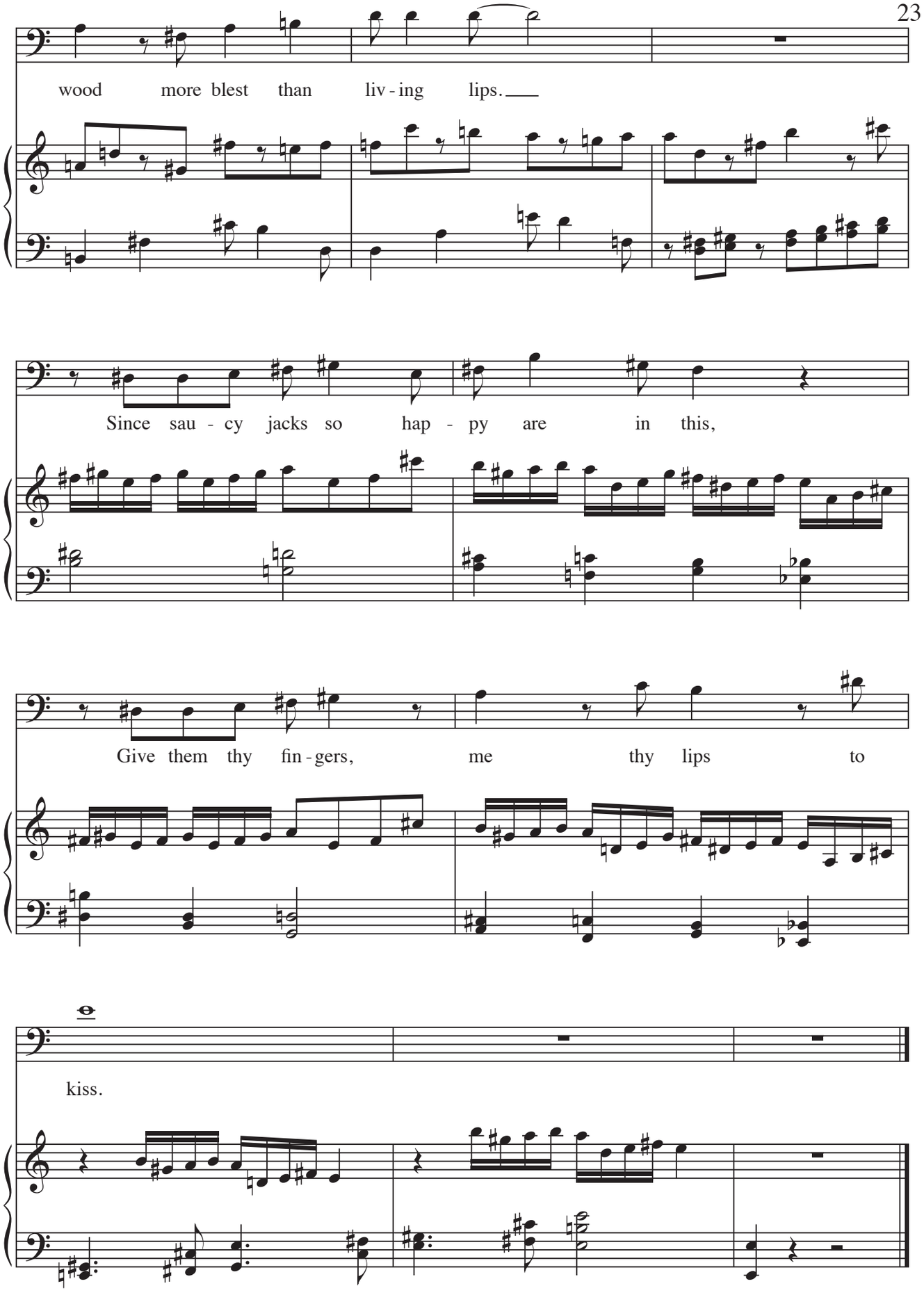
Allegretto, ♩ = 100




With thy sweet fin - gers, when thou gen - tly sway'st
The wi - ry con-cord that mine ear con - founds,
Do I en - vy those jacks that nim - ble leap
To kiss the tend - er in - ward of thy hand,

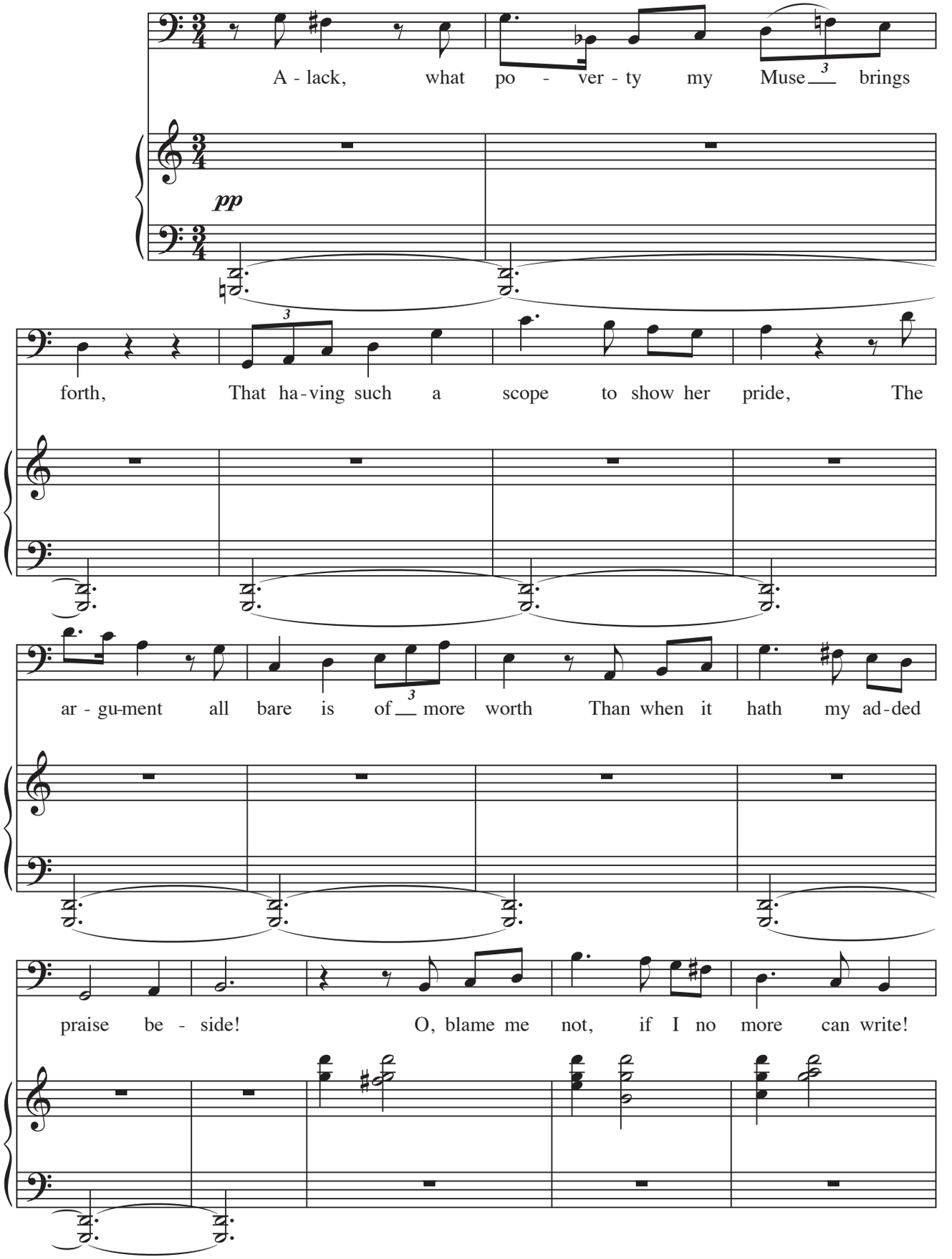

Whilst my poor lips, which should that har - vest reap,
At the wood's bold-ness by thee blush - ing stand!
by thee blush - ing stand! To
be so tic - kled, they would change their state

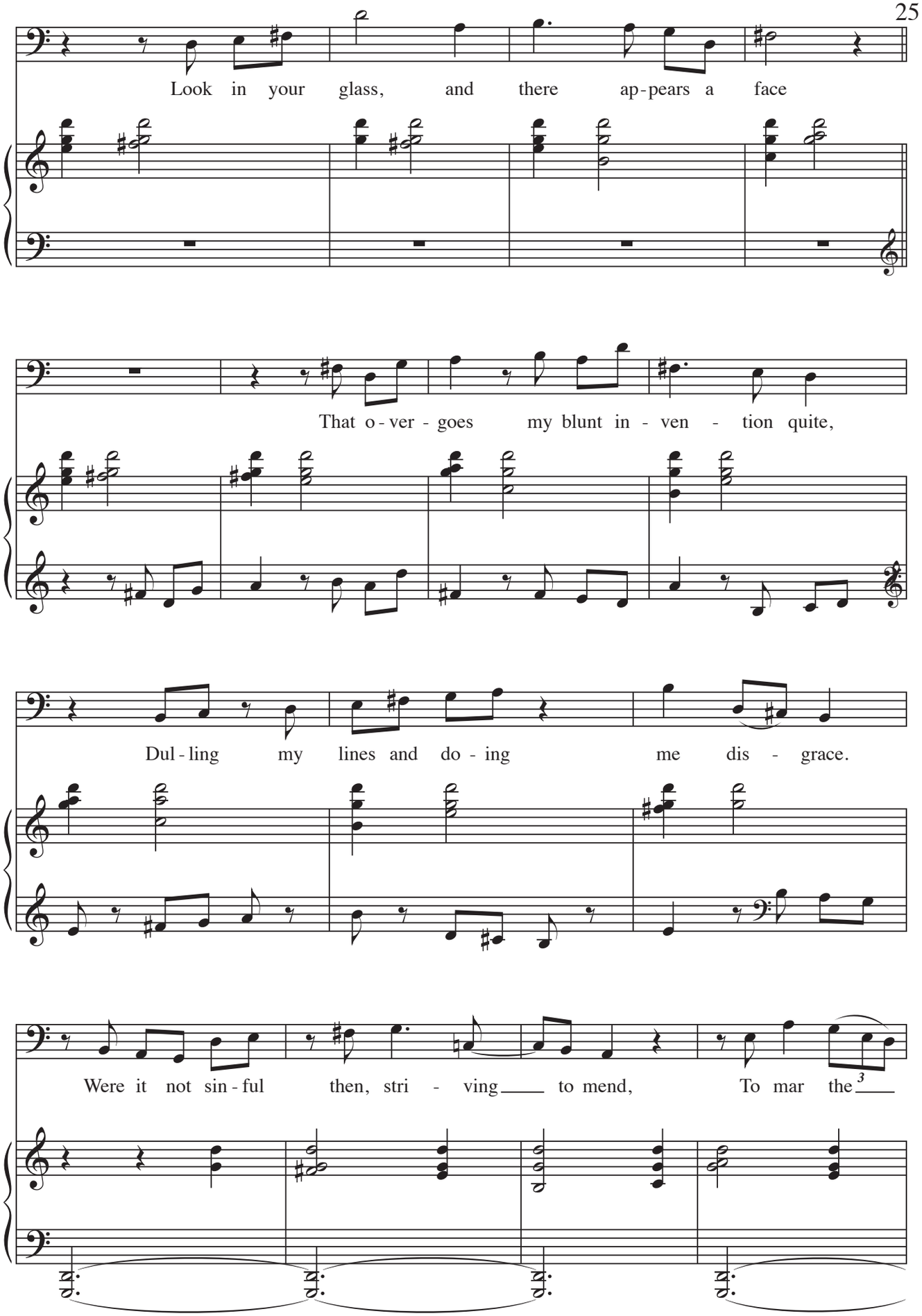

And si - tu - a - tion
with those dan - cing chips,
O'er whom thy fin - gers walk with gen - tle gait,
Mak - ing dead wood more blest than liv - ing lips. Mak - ing dead

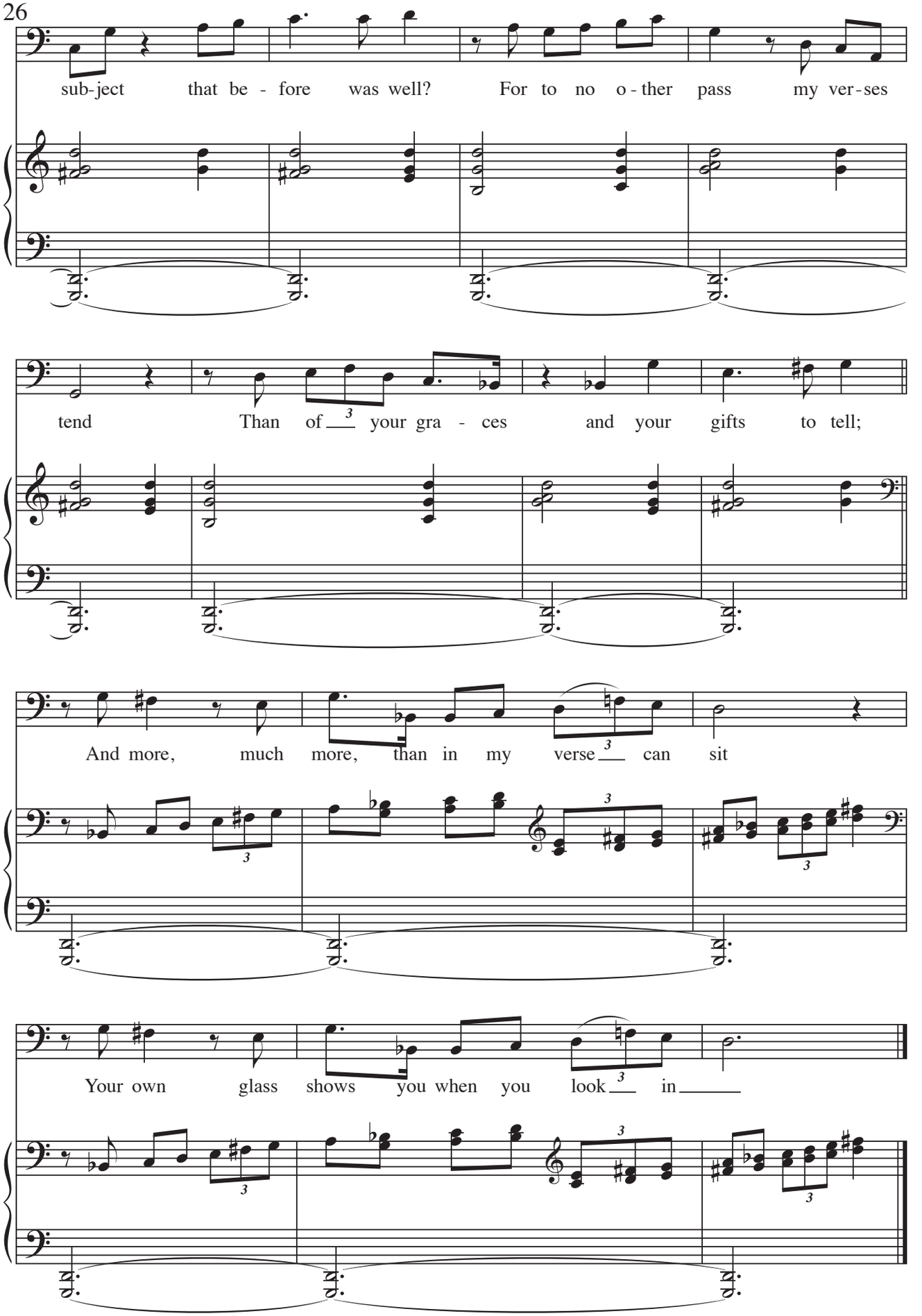

wood more blest than liv - ing lips.
Since sau - cy jacks so hap - py are in this,
Give them thy fin - gers, me thy lips to
kiss.

VI Sonnet XXXII

Andante, ♩ = 72

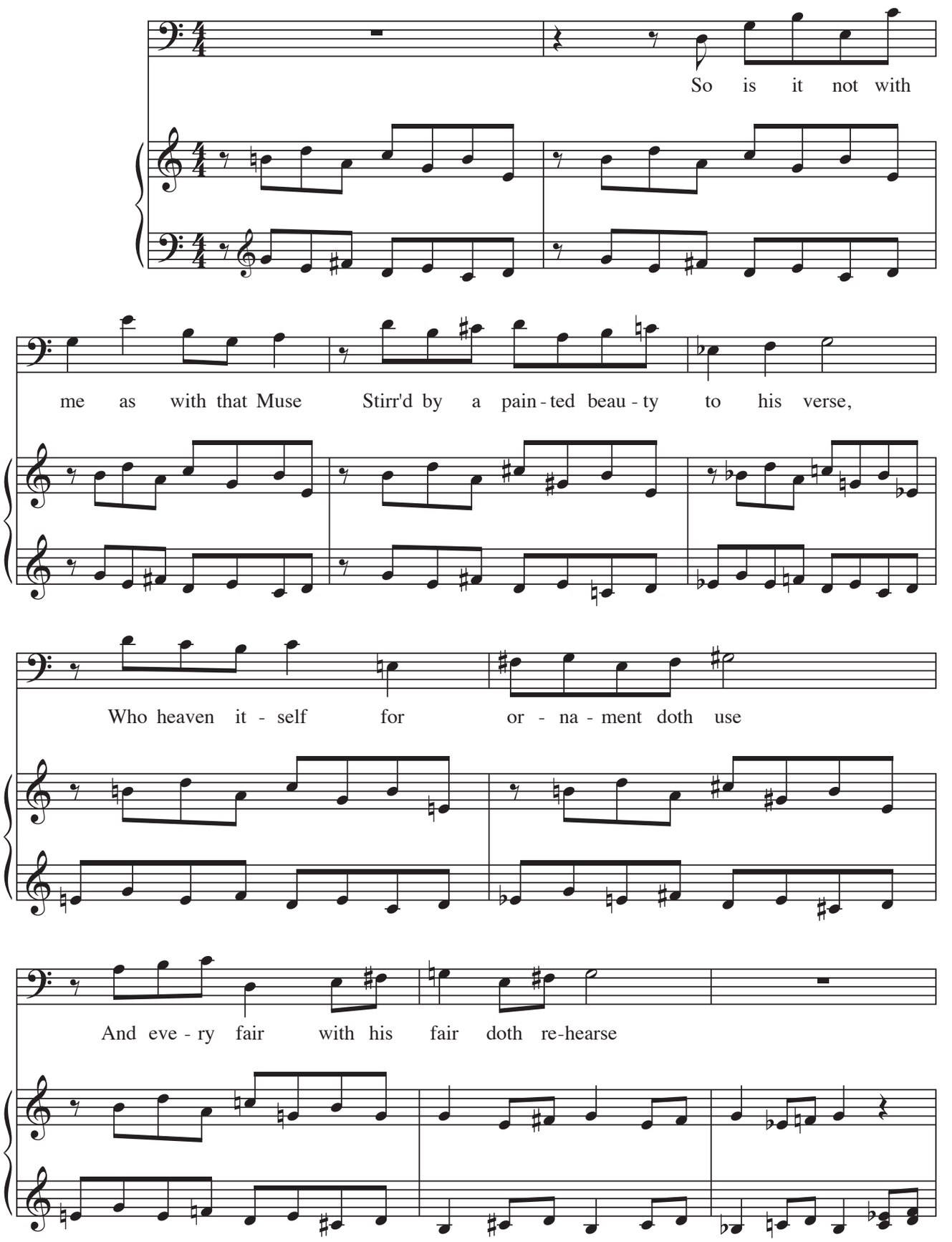


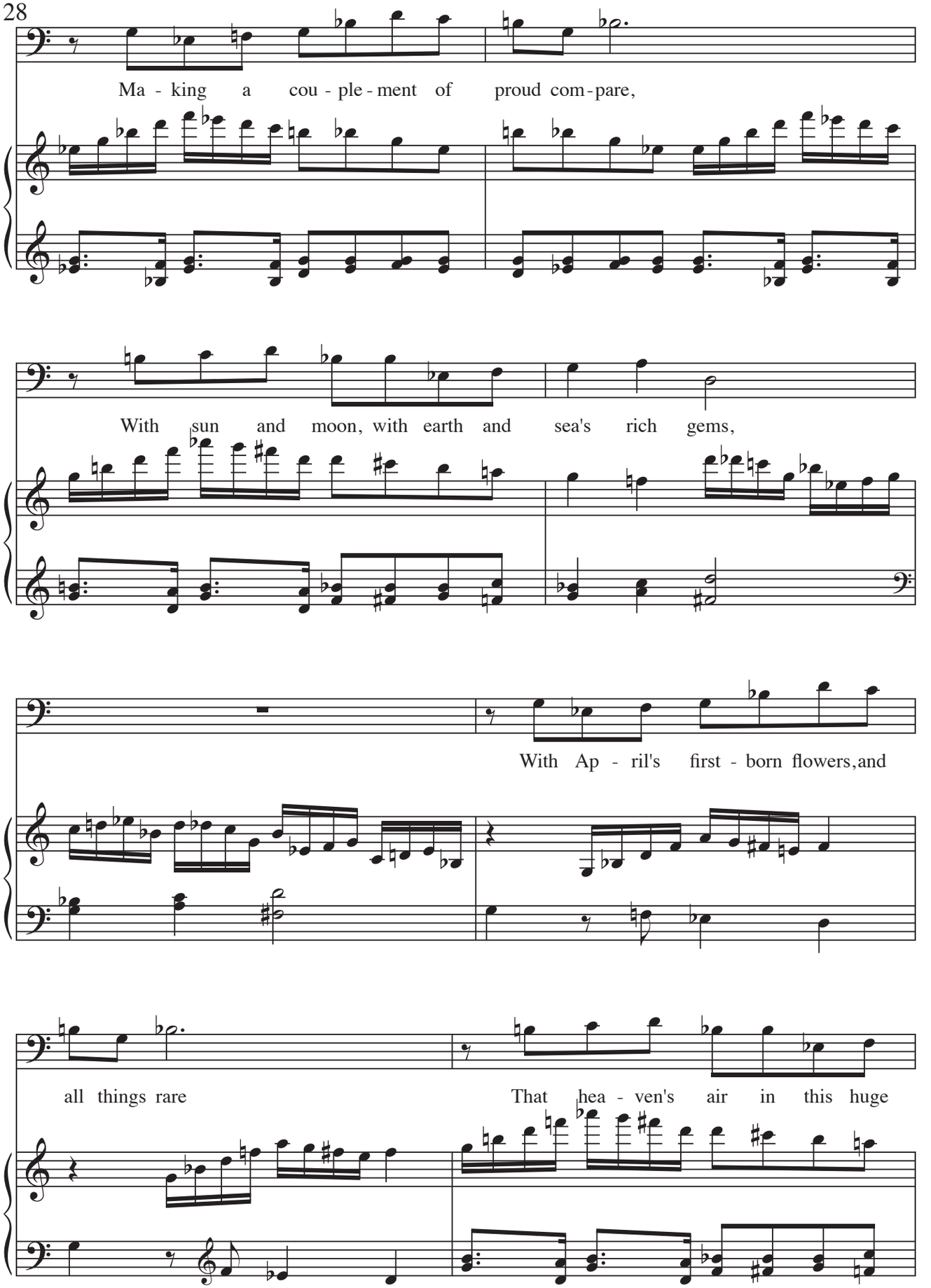

Look in your glass, and there ap-pears a face
That o-ver-goes my blunt in-ven-tion quite,
Dul-ling my lines and do-ing me dis-grace.
Were it not sin-ful then, stri-ving to mend,
To mar the
3

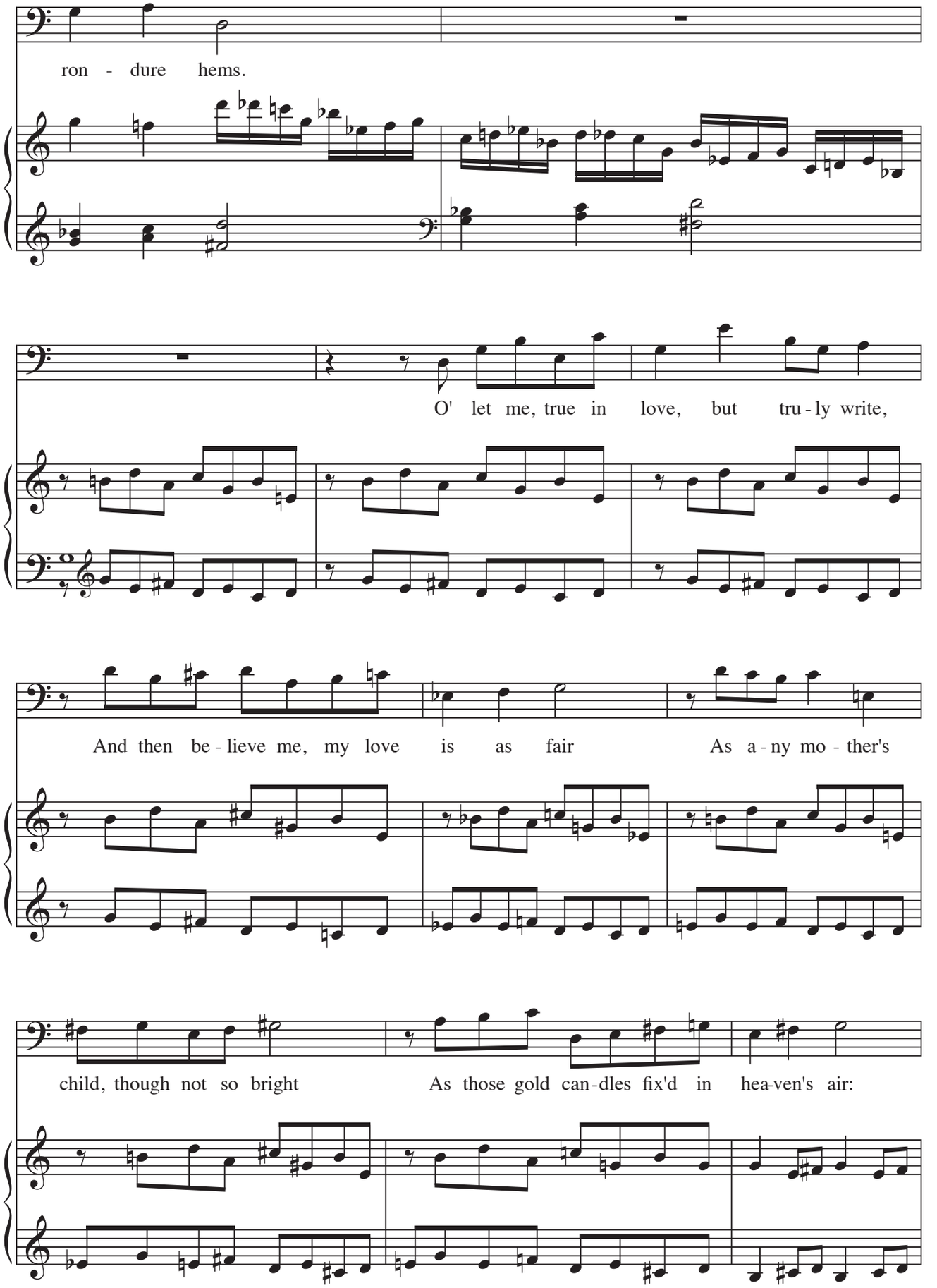

sub-ject that be - fore was well? For to no o - ther pass my ver-ses
tend Than of your gra - ces and your gifts to tell;
And more, much more, than in my verse can sit
Your own glass shows you when you look in

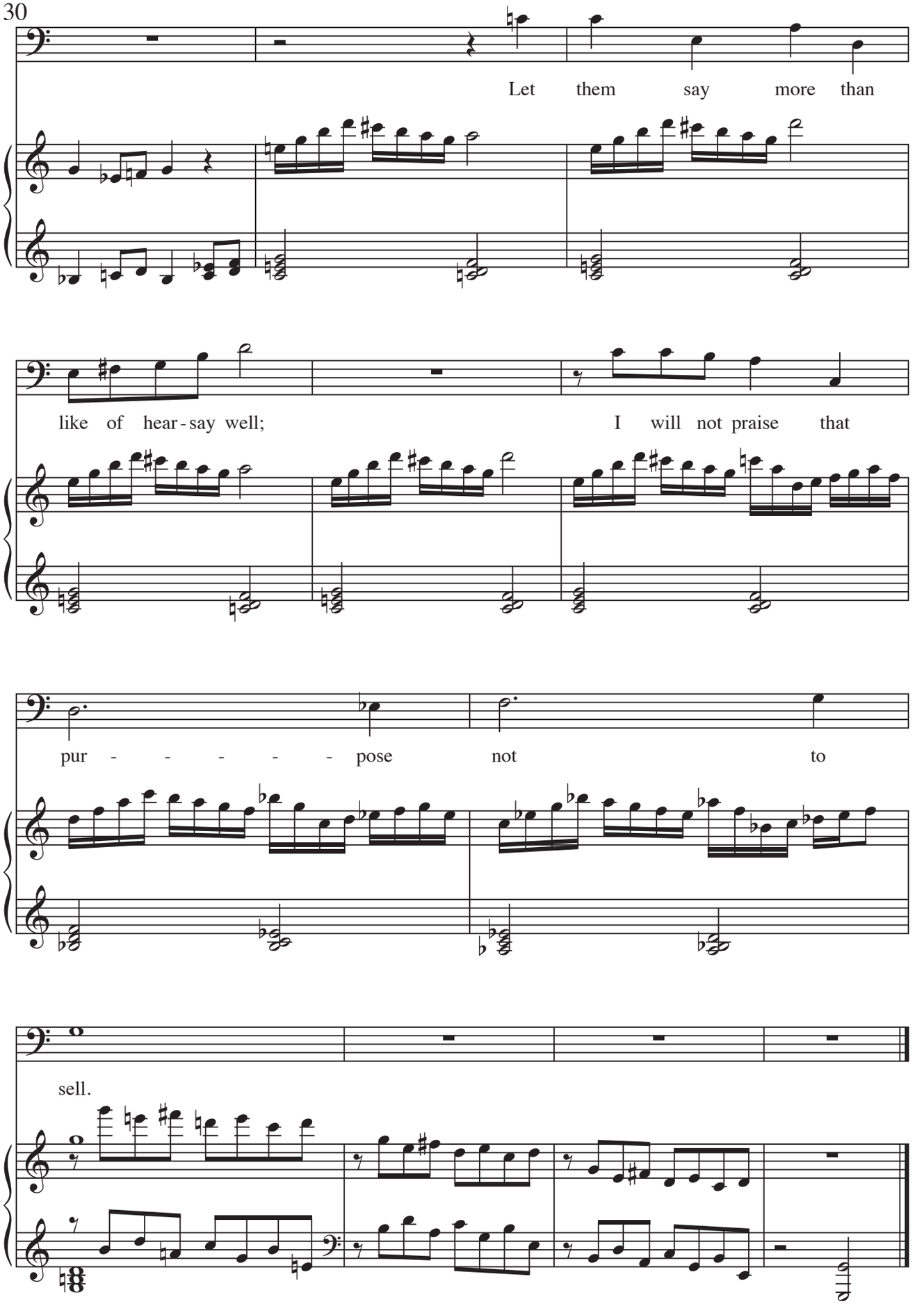
VII Sonnet XXI

Andante, ♩ = 100



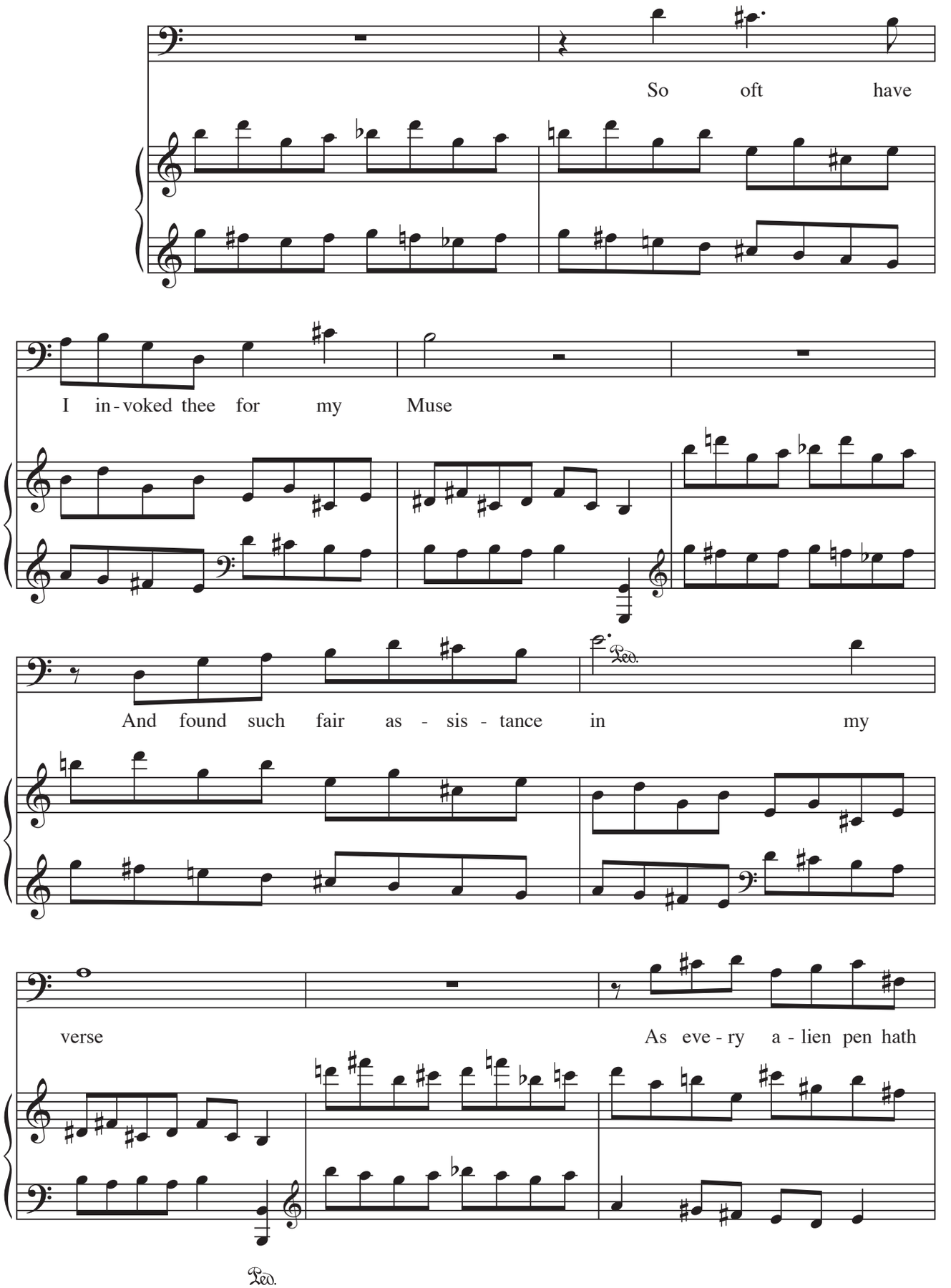

Ma - king a cou - ple - ment of proud com - pare,
With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,
With Ap - ril's first - born flowers, and
all things rare
That hea - ven's air in this huge


ron - dure hems.
O' let me, true in love, but tru - ly write,
And then be - lieve me, my love is as fair As a - ny mo - ther's
child, though not so bright As those gold can - dles fix'd in hea-ven's air:


Let them say more than
like of hear - say well; I will not praise that
pur - - - - - - pose not to
sell.

VIII Sonnet LXXVIII

Andante, ♩ = 120



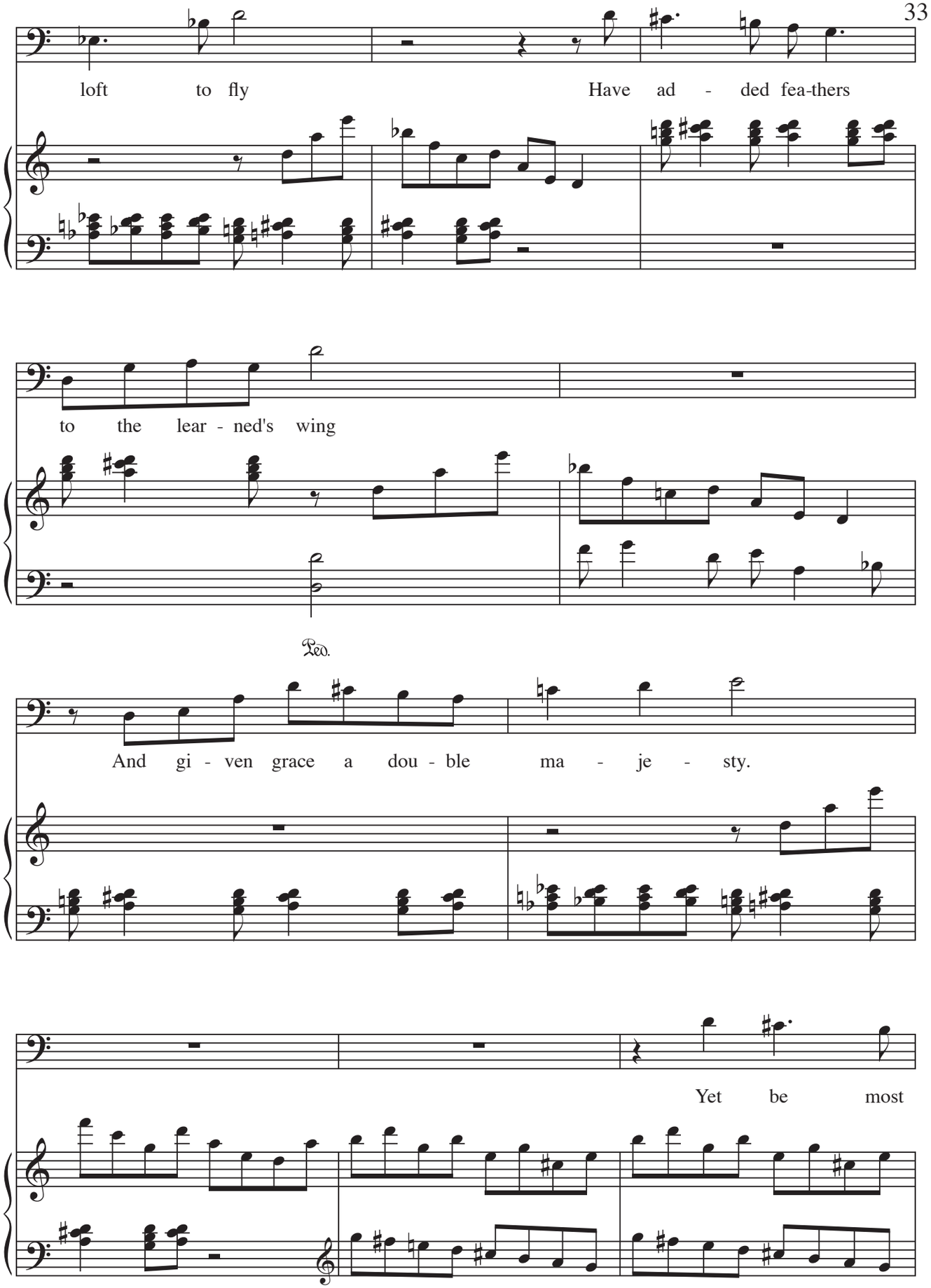
got my use And un - der thee their po - e - sy dis - perse.

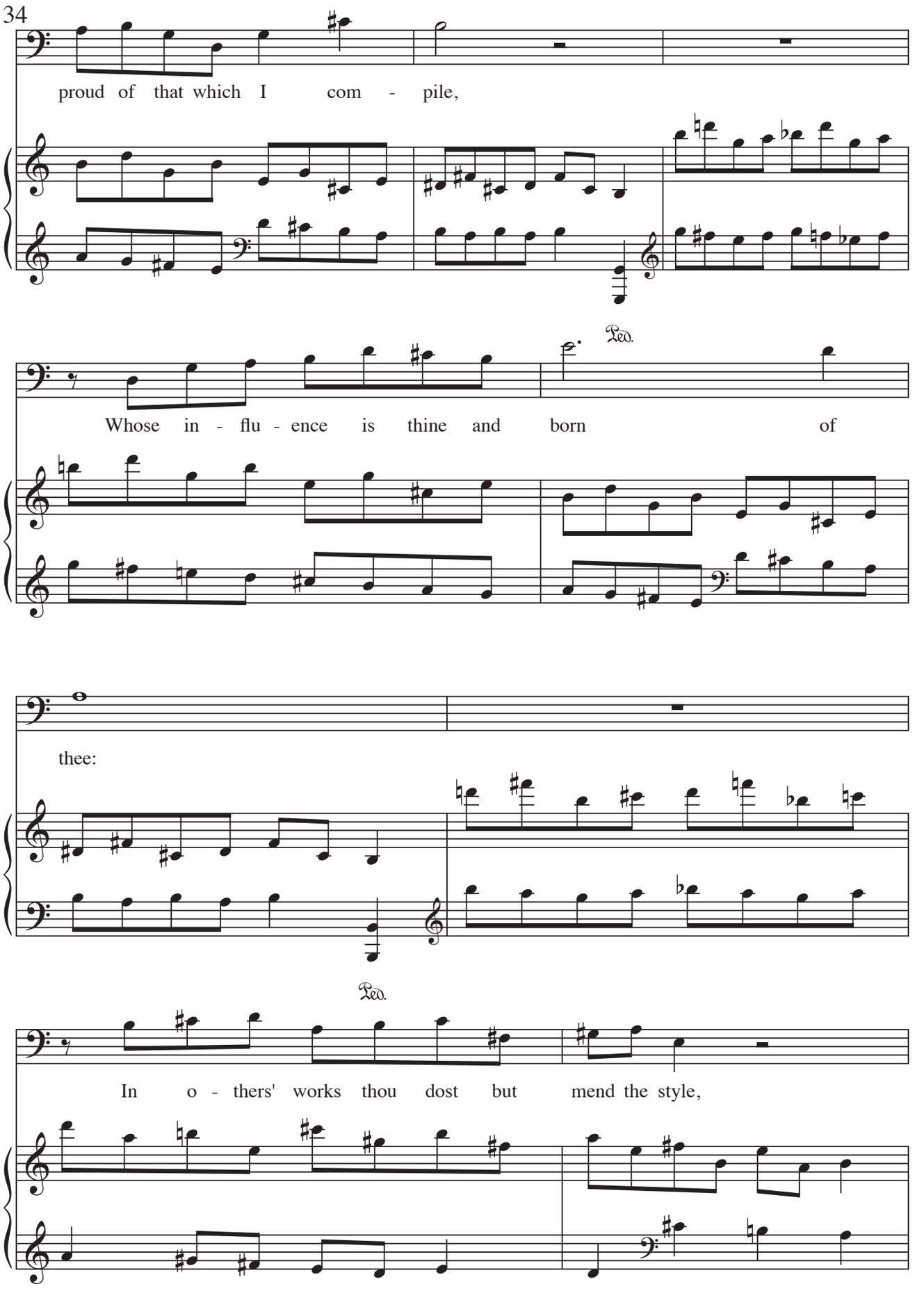
Ped.

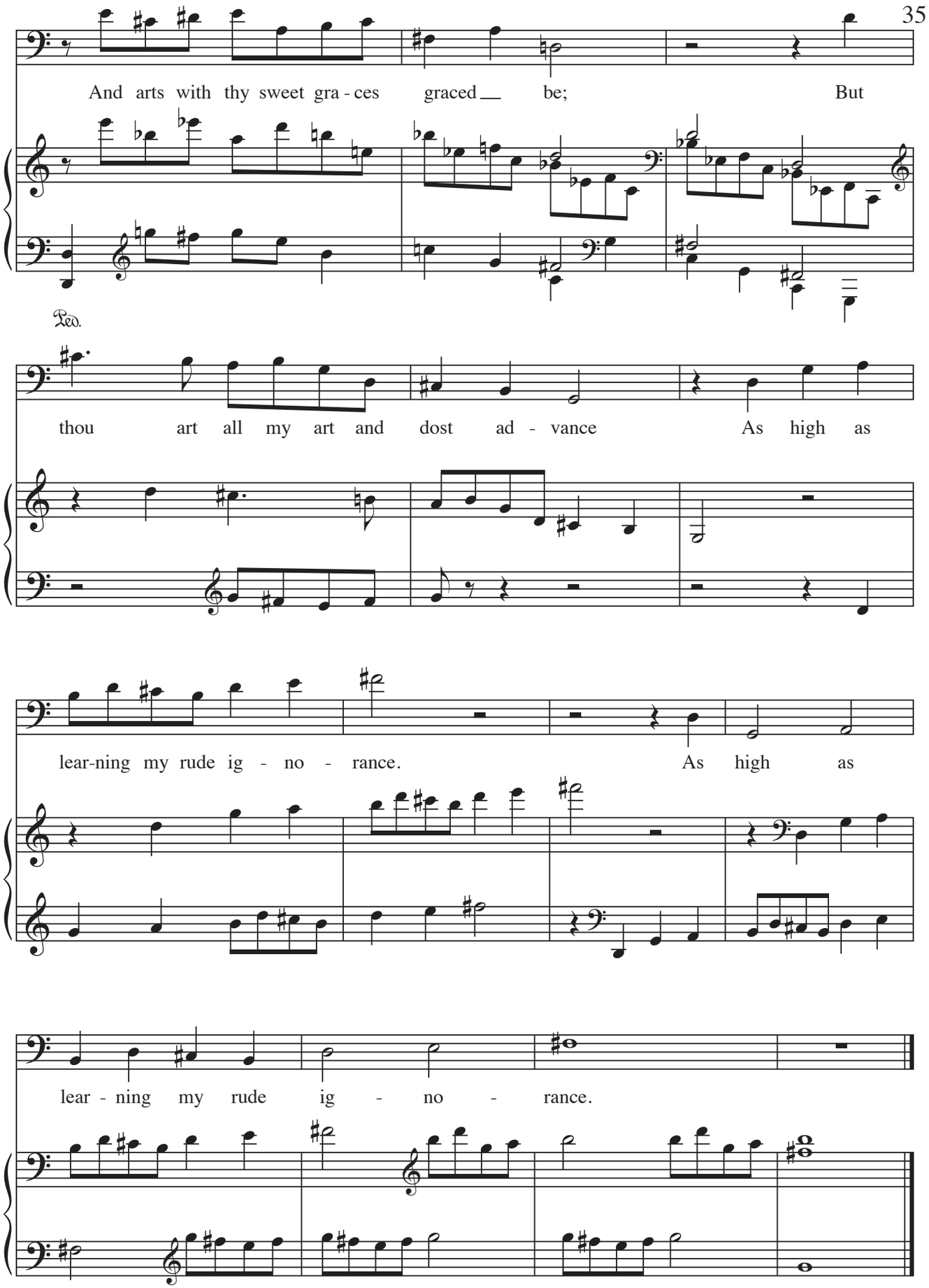
Thine eyes that taught the dumb

on high to sing And hea - vy ig - nor - ance a -

Ped.

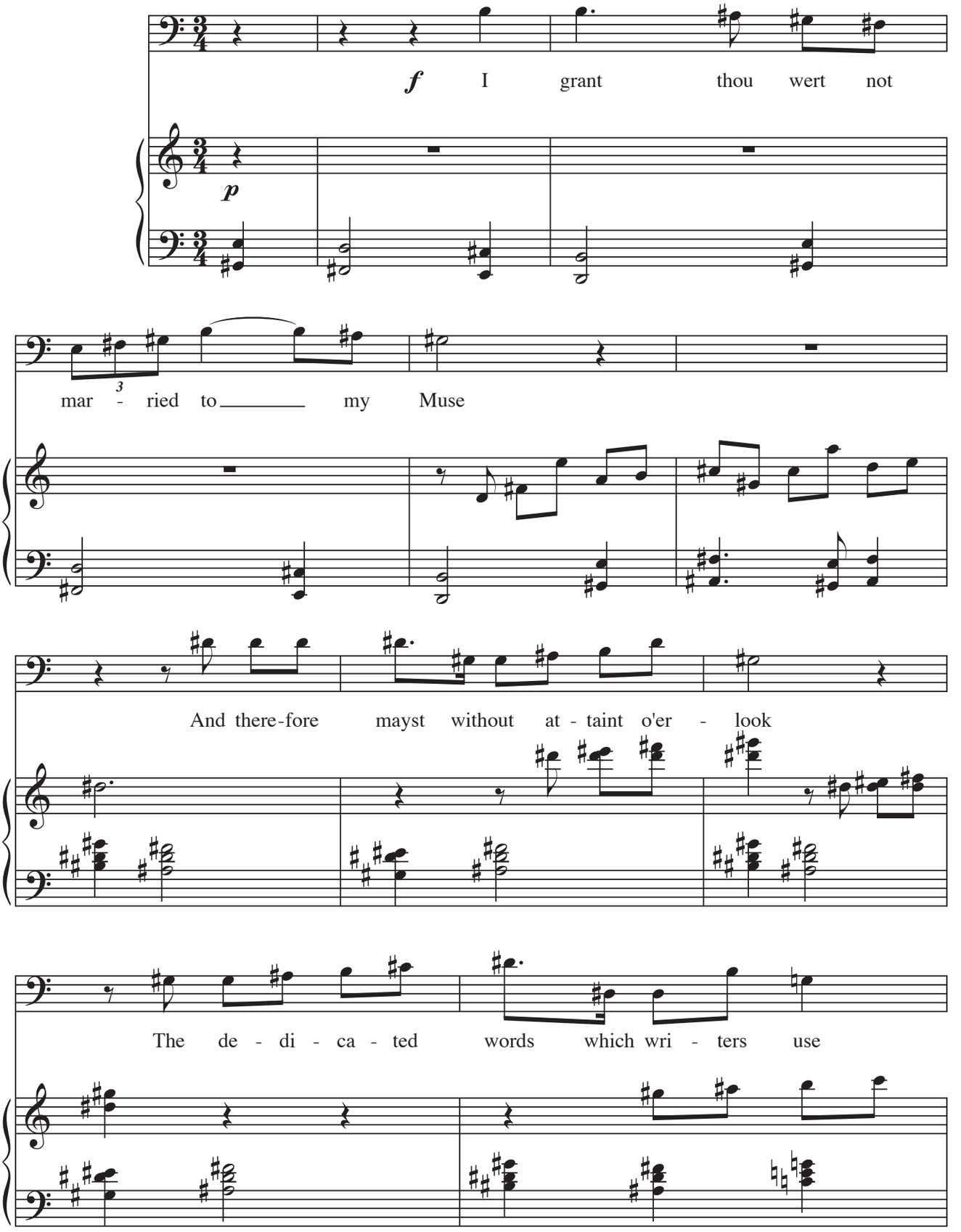

loft to fly
Have ad - ded fea-thers
to the lear - ned's wing
Ped.
And gi - ven grace a dou - ble ma - je - sty.
Yet be most

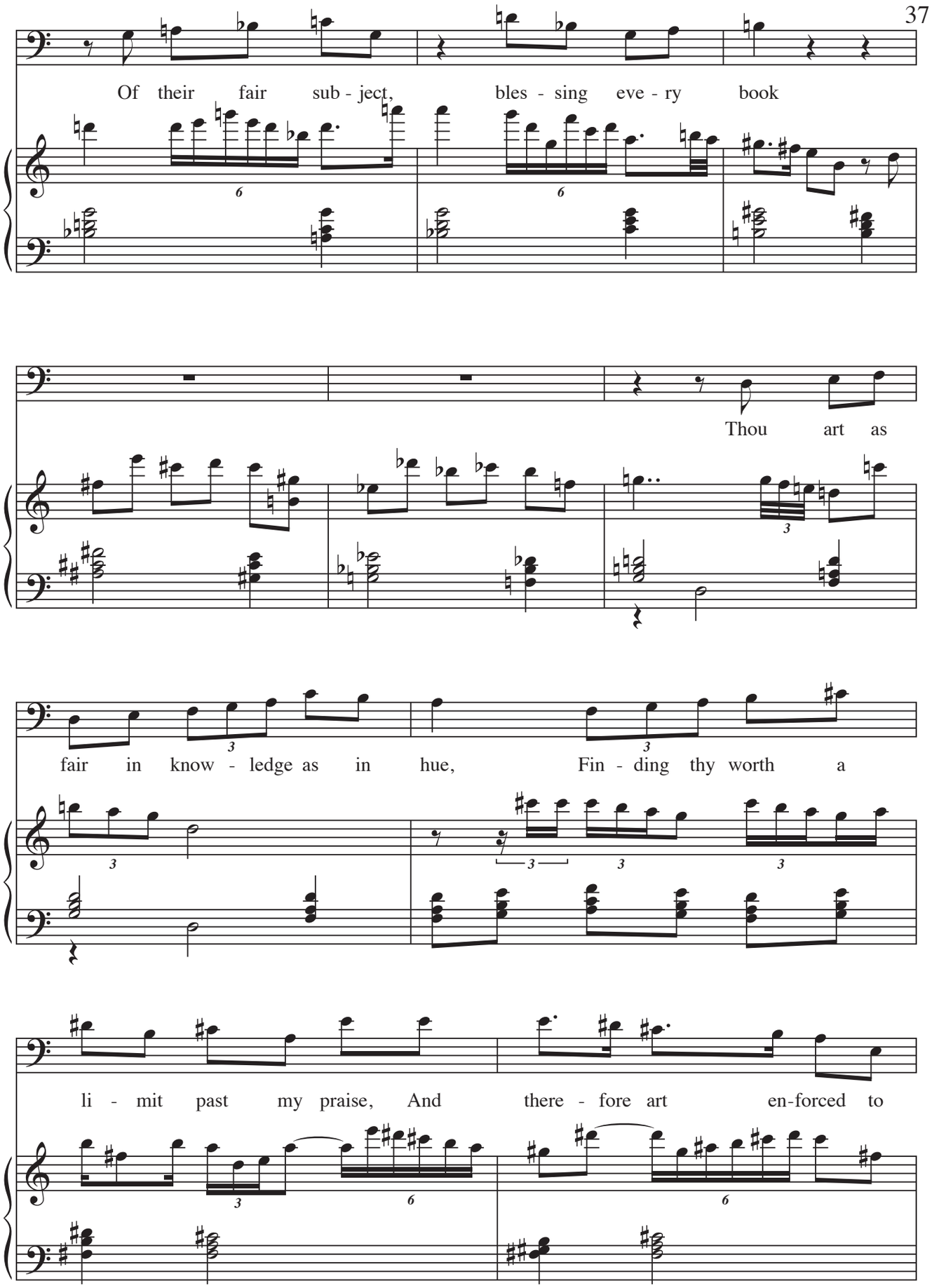

proud of that which I com - pile,
Ped.
Whose in - flu - ence is thine and born of
thee:
Ped.
In o - thers' works thou dost but mend the style,

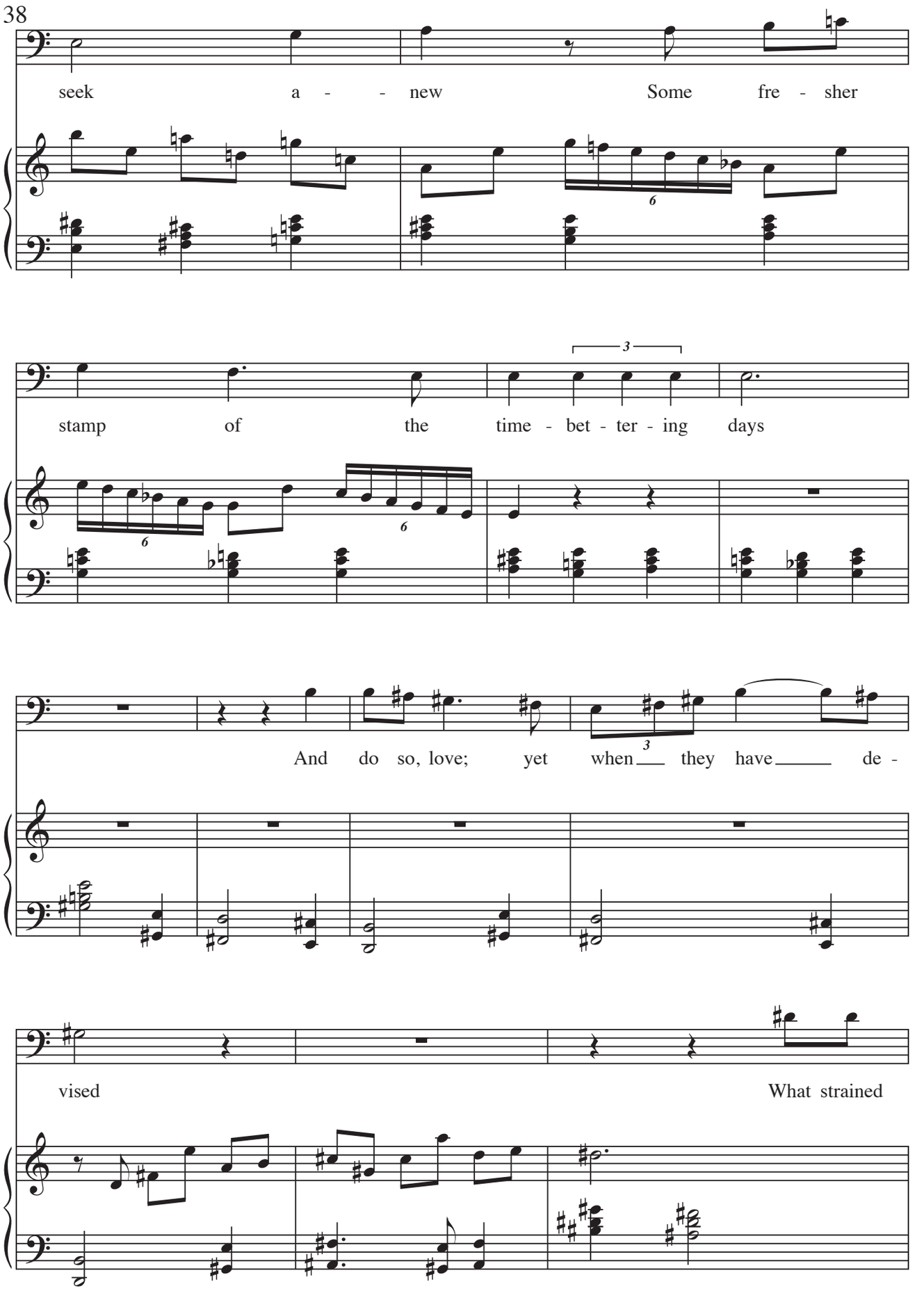

And arts with thy sweet gra - ces graced be; But
Ped.
thou art all my art and dost ad - vance As high as
lear-ning my rude ig - no - rance. As high as
lear - ning my rude ig - no - rance.

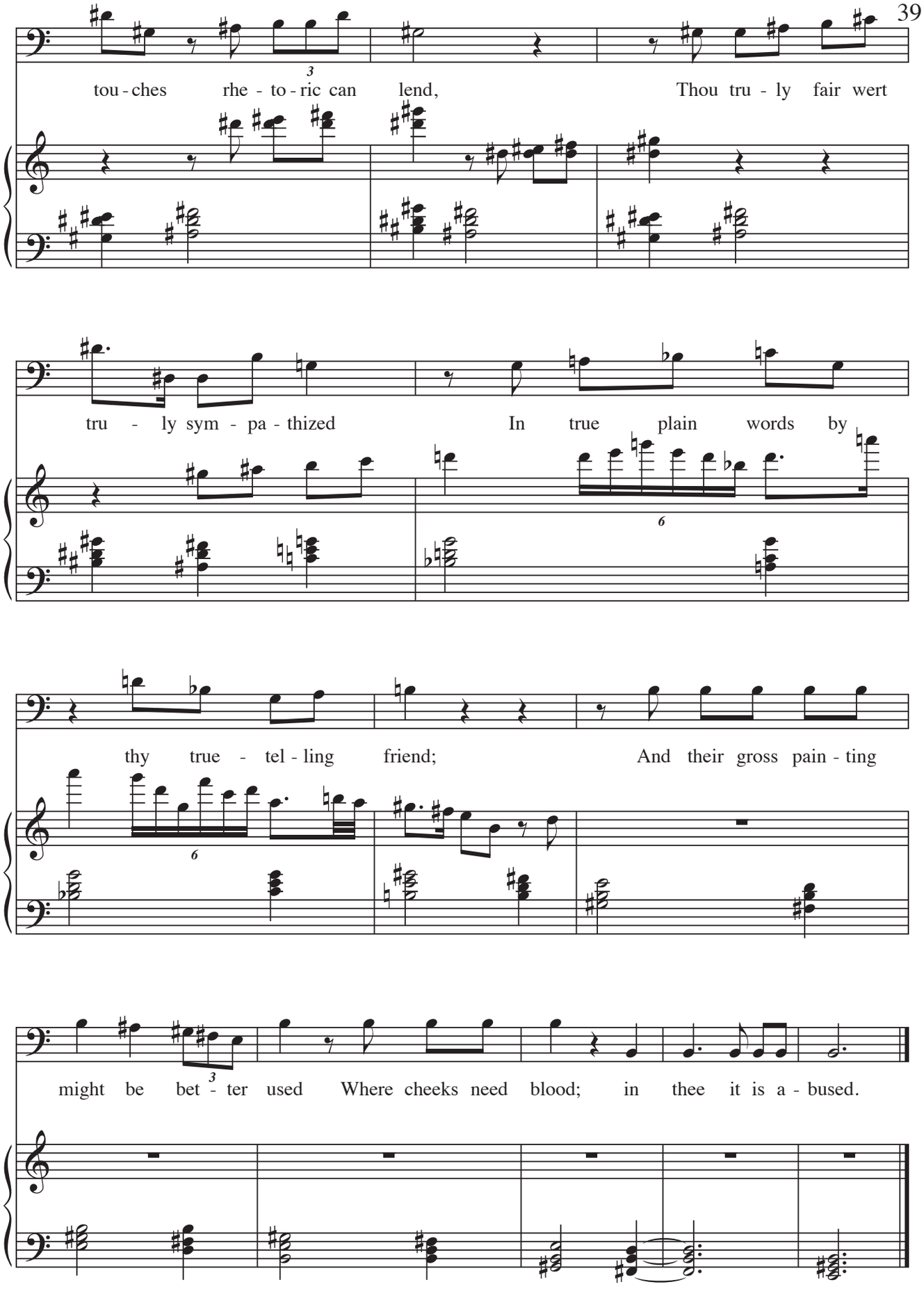
IX Sonnet LXXXII

Andante, ♩ = 72



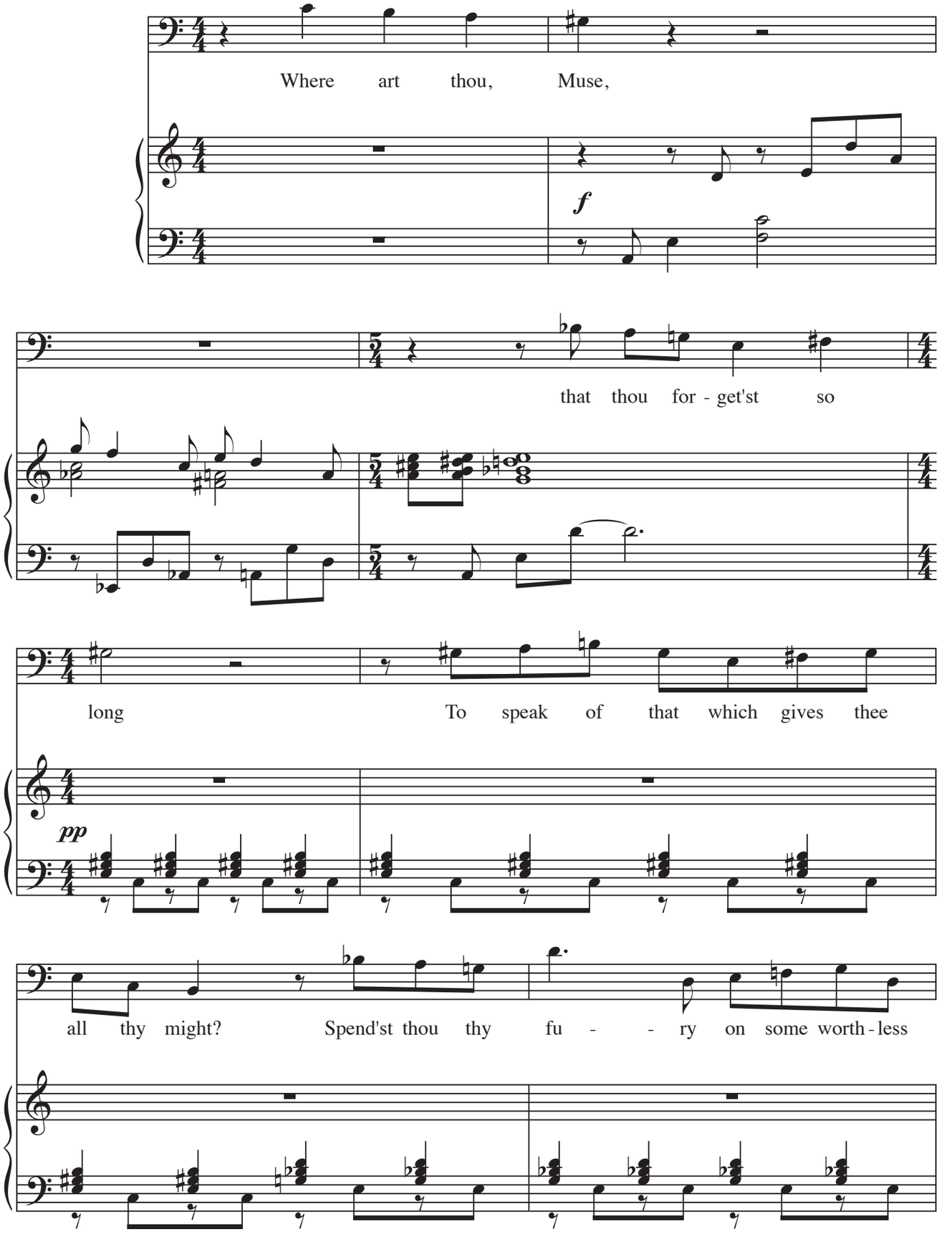

Of their fair sub - ject, bles - sing eve - ry book
Thou art as
fair in know - ledge as in hue, Fin - ding thy worth a
li - mit past my praise, And there - fore art en-forced to

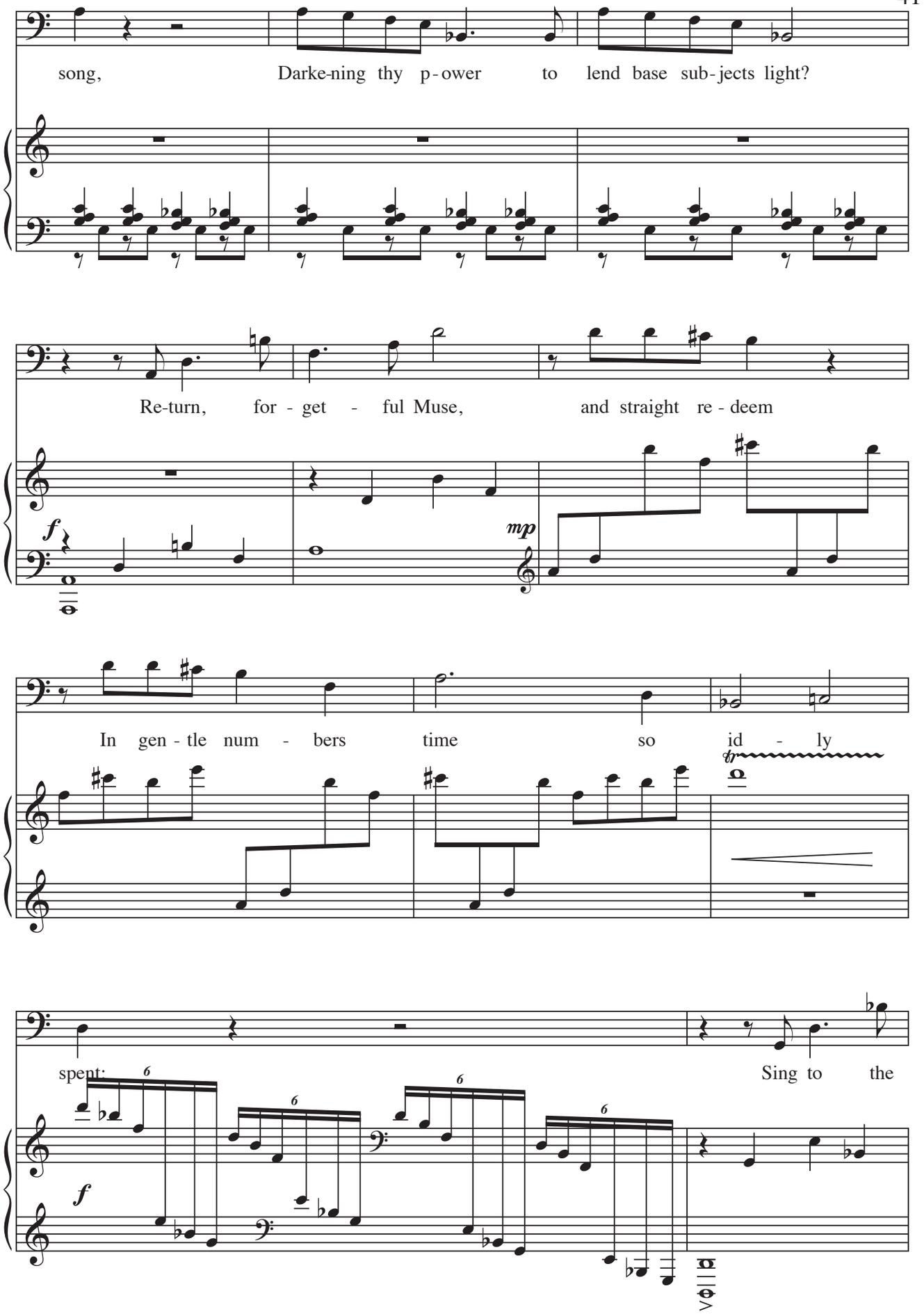

seek a - - new Some fre - sher
stamp of the time - bet - ter - ing days
And do so, love; yet when they have de -
vised
What strained

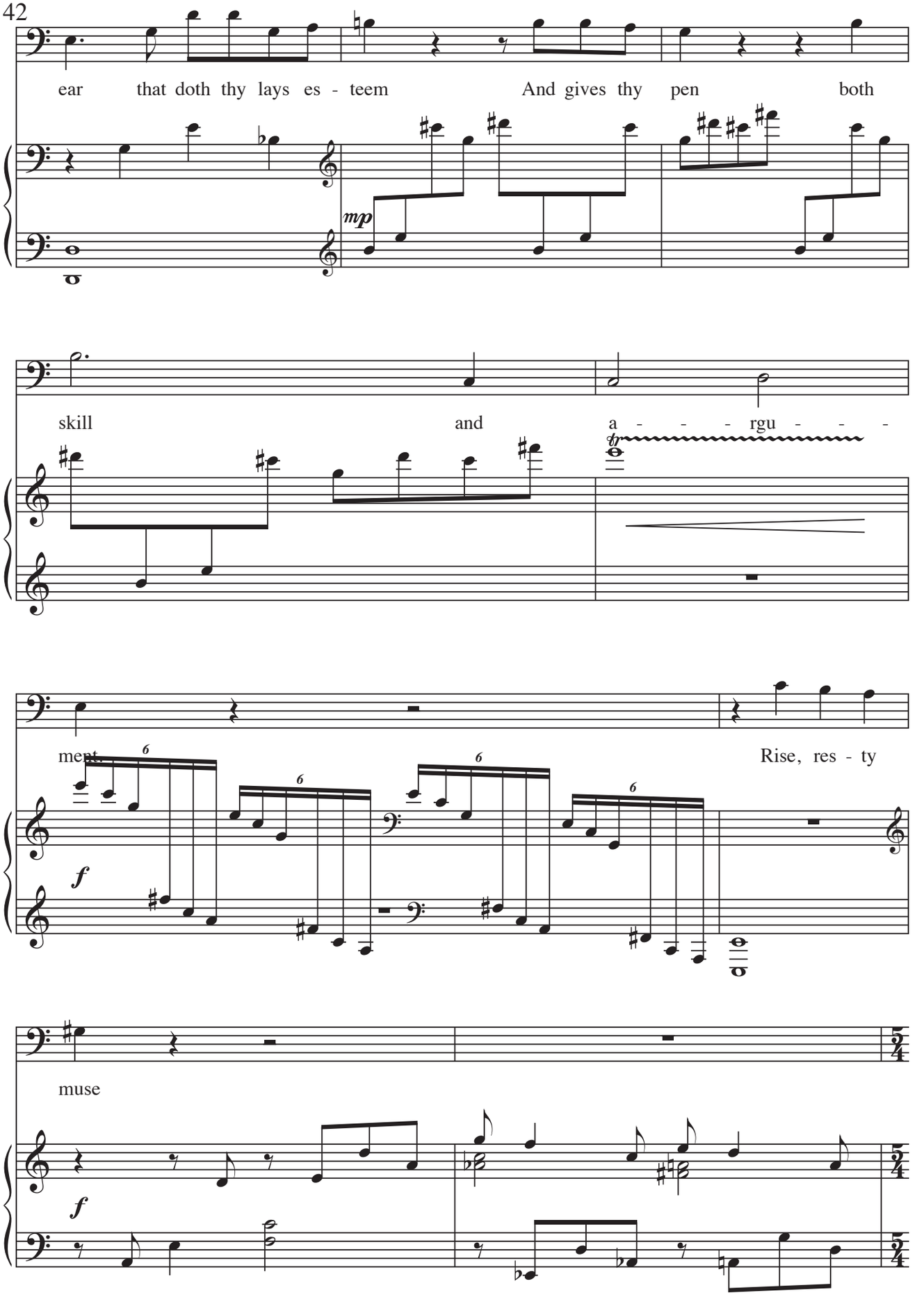

tou - ches rhe - to - ric can lend, Thou tru - ly fair wert
tru - ly sym - pa - thized In true plain words by
thy true - tel - ling friend; And their gross pain - ting
might be bet - ter used Where cheeks need blood; in thee it is a - bused.

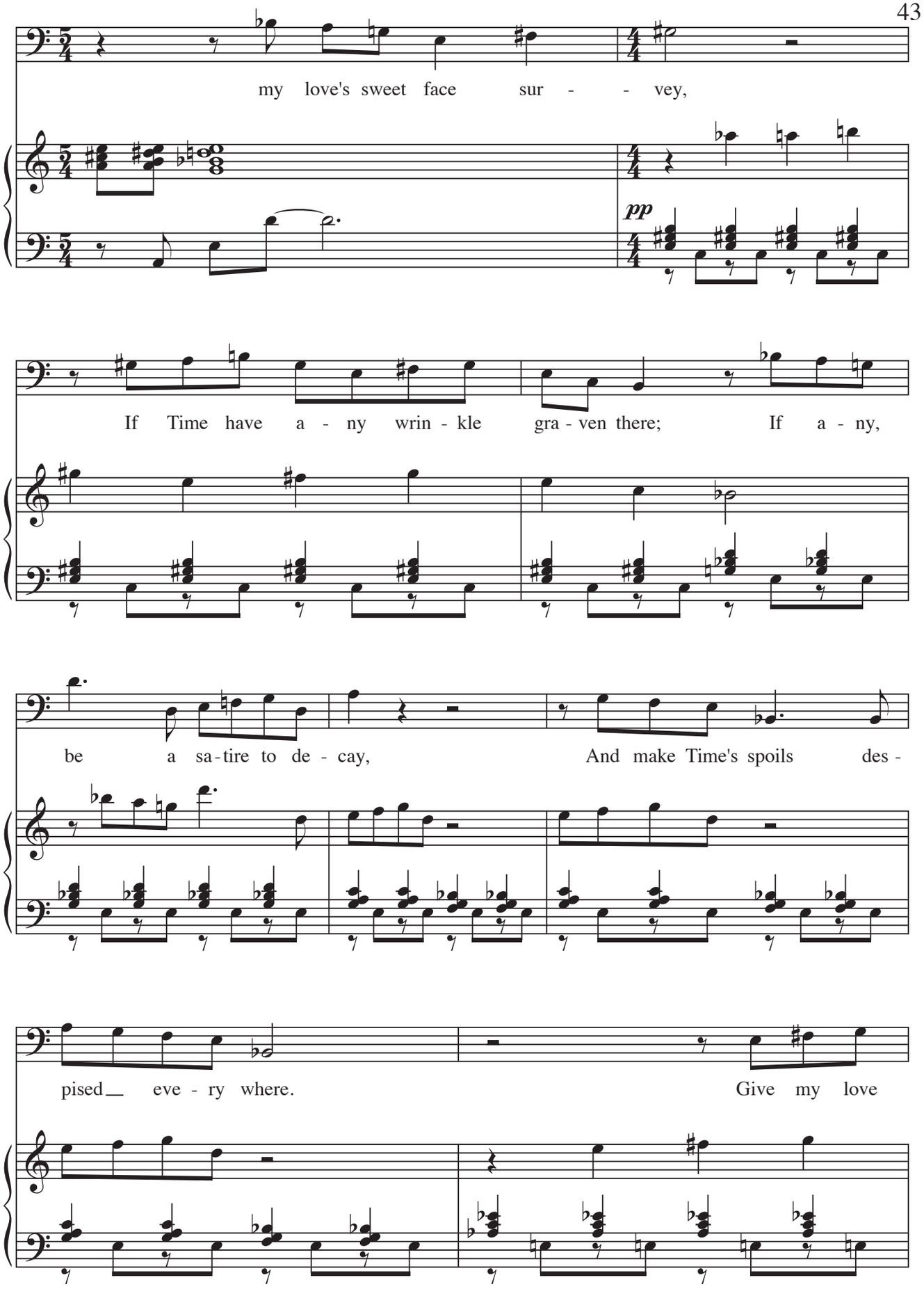
X Sonnet C

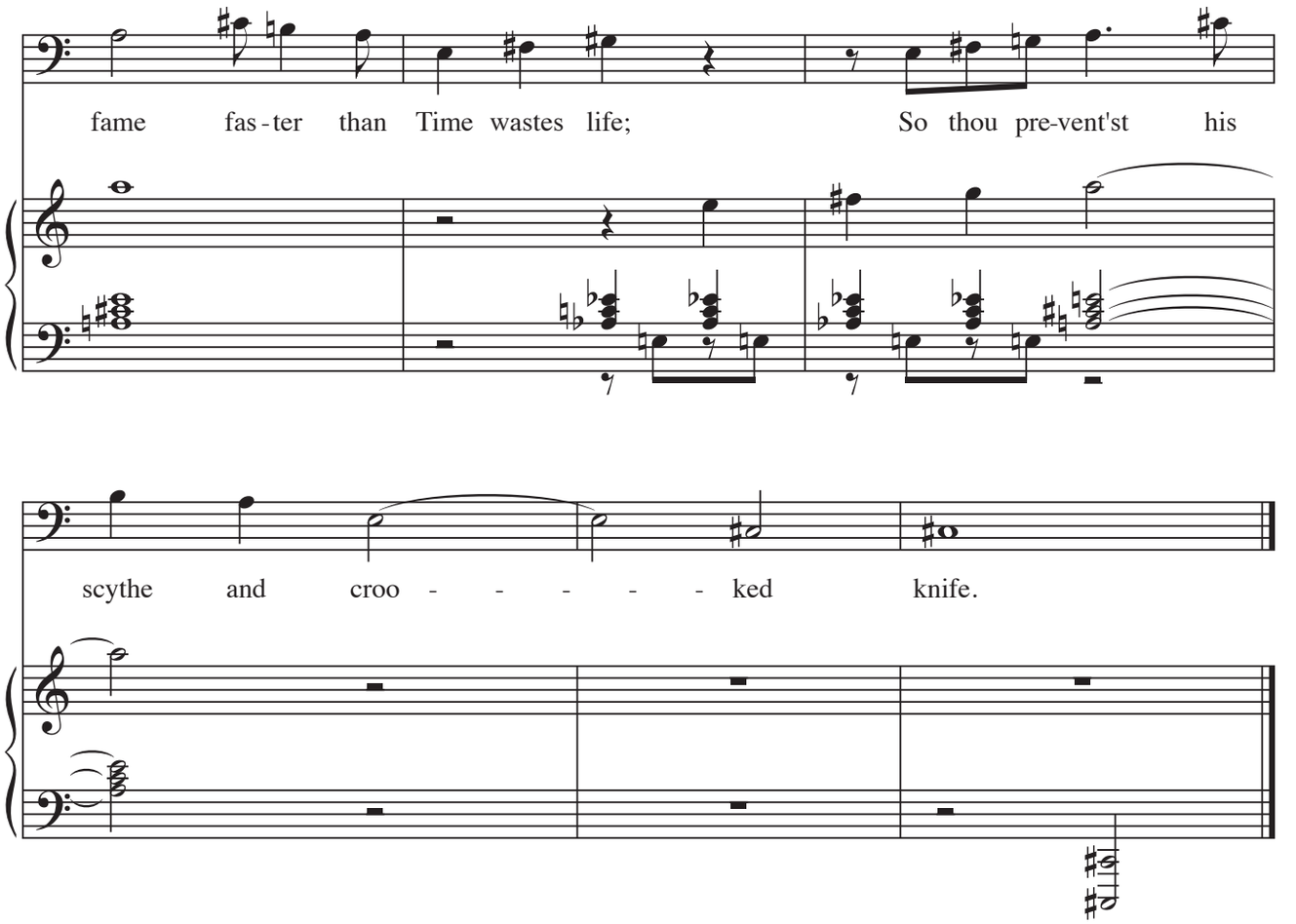
Andante, ♩ = 120




song, Darke-ning thy p-ower to lend base sub-jects light?
Re-turn, for-get-ful Muse, and straight re-deem
In gen-tle num-bers time so id-ly
spent: Sing to the


ear that doth thy lays es - teem And gives thy pen both
mp
skill and a - - - rgu - - -
tr
ment
Rise, res - ty
f
muse
f


my love's sweet face sur - - vey,
pp
If Time have a - ny wrin - kle gra - ven there; If a - ny,
be a sa - tire to de - cay, And make Time's spoils des -
pised eve - ry where. Give my love


fame fas-ter than Time wastes life; So thou pre-vent'st his
scythe and croo - - - - - ked knife.