TO ME, FAIR FRIEND, YOU NEVER CAN BE OLD

Wm. Shakespeare (Sonnet CIV)
(from "Book of Sonnets" - for Leslie)

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Soprano

Alto

Baritone

Piano

To me, fair friend, you never can be old, For as
you were when first your eye I Ey'd.

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ne'er can be old For as you were when first your eye I

ne'er can be old For as you were when first Your eye I ey'd,

When first your eye I ey'd,

Such seems your beauty,

Such seems your beauty, Beauty still.

Such seems your beauty, Beauty still.

Such seems your beauty, Beauty still.
Gray: To Me, Fair Friend p.3

Three winters cold Have from the forests shook three summer's pride,

Three beau-teous springs to yel-low Au-tumn turn'd In pro cess of the sea-sons have I seen,

Three beau-teous springs to yel-low Au-tumn turn'd In pro cess of the sea-sons have I
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd Since first I saw you fresh, Which yet are green.

Ah! Yet doth beauty, beauty like a dial-hand, Steal from his figure and no pace pre-
Yet doth beauty, beauty like a dial hand Steal from his figure and no pace perceiv'd, Yet doth beauty, beauty like a dial hand And no pace perceiv'd,

So your sweet hue, which me-thinks still doth stand Hath motion,

So your sweet hue, which me-thinks doth stand Hath motion,
Hath motion, and my eye be deceiv'd, Hath motion and my eye may be deceiv'd:

Hath motion and my eye may be deceiv'd, Be deceiv'd:

For fear of which, Hear this thou age un

fear of which, hear this thou age un

bred Hear this, thou age un

bred, For.
fear of which, hear this thou age unbred: Ere you were born,
bred, Of which, hear this thou age unbred: Ere you were born,

Ere you were born was beauty, Beauty's summer dead.

Ere you were born was beauty, Beauty's summer dead.
Gray: To Me, Fair Friend p.8

To me, fair friend, you never can be old
For as you were when first your eye I Ey'd...

Such seems your beauty, Beauty still.

Such seems your beauty, Beauty still.

Such seems your beauty, Beauty still.

In tempore ficta.