

Sonnet 97

How like a winter hath my absence been

Lyrics: William Shakespeare

Music: Thomas Persson

♩ = 70

Soprano

Alto

Tenor

Bass

p

Mm

p

Mm

p

Mm

p

Mm

5 *mp*

How like a win - ter hath my ab - sence been from

mp

How like a win - ter hath my ab - sence been from

mp

How like a win - ter hath my ab - sence been from

mp

How like a win - ter hath my ab - sence been from

9

thee, the pleas - ure of the fleet - ing year! What

thee, the pleas - ure of the fleet - ing year!

thee, the pleas - ure of the fleet - ing year!

thee, the pleas - ure of the fleet - ing year! What

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13 *mf* *mp*

frez - ings have I felt, what dark days seen! What

Aa *mf* *mp*

Aa *mf* *mp*

frez - ings have I felt, what dark days seen! What

17

old De - cem - ber's bare - ness eve - ry - where!

old De - cem - ber's bare - ness eve - ry - where!

old De - cem - ber's bare - ness eve - ry - where! And

old De - cem - ber's bare - ness eve - ry - where!

20

p *mp*

p *mp*

yet this time re - moved was sum - mer's time; the

Oo _____ was sum - mer's time; the

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24

teem - ing au - tumn, big with rich in - crease,

teem - ing au - tumn, big with rich in - crease,

28 *mp cresc.*

mp cresc. bear - ing the wan - ton bur - den of the prime,

mp cresc. bear - ing the wan - ton bur - den of the prime, like

mp cresc. Oo like

mp cresc. Oo like

32

mf wid - ow'd wombs af - ter their lords' de - cease:

mf wid - ow'd wombs af - ter their lords' de - cease:

mf wid - ow'd wombs af - ter their lords' de - cease:

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35 *mf*

Yet this a - bun - dant is - sue seemed to me but

Yet this a - bun - dant is - sue seemed to me but

Yet this a - bun - dant is - sue seemed to me but

Yet this a - bun - dant is - sue seemed to me but

39

hope of or - phans, and un - fa - thered fruit; for

hope of or - phans, and un - fa - thered fruit;

hope of or - phans, and un - fa - thered fruit;

hope of or - phans, and un - fa - thered fruit; for

43

sum - mer and his pleas - ures wait on thee, and,

Oo and,

sum - mer and his pleas - ures wait on thee, and,

sum - mer and his pleas - ures wait on thee, and,

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47

thou a - way, the ver - y birds are mute: Or,

50

mp
if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer, that

Oo.

54

leaves look pale, dread - ing the win - ter's near.

win - ter's near.