

William Shakespeare

Shall I compare thee

Nils Lindberg

Slowly $\text{♩} = 70$

S
A

Shall I com- pare thee to a sum- mer's day? Thou art love- ly and more

T
B

4

tem - pe - rate: Rough winds do shake the dar - ling buds of May, And

7

sum - mer's lease hath all too short a date: Some- times too hot the eye of

10

heav- en shines, And of - ten is his gold com-plex - ion dimm'd

13

And eve - ry fair from fair some- time de- clines, By chance or na - ture's

16 *mf*

chang-ing course un-trimm'd:— But thy e-ter-nal sum-mer shall not fade

19 *pp* *cresc.*

Nor lose pos-ses-sion of that fair thou owe'st, Nor shall Death brag thou

22 *mf* *cresc.*

wan-der'st in his shade, When in e-ter-nal lines to— time thou grow'st; So—

25 *ff*

long as men can breathe or eyes can see, So— long lives this and

28 *rit.* *p*

this gives life to thee. Life to thee.