

Vytautas Miškinis
When I do count

Five Sonnets No. 4
Text: William Shakespeare

SATB e Pianoforte

Kompositionsauftrag der Landesakademie
für die musizierende Jugend in Baden-Württemberg, Ochsenhausen
zum 30-jährigen Bestehen der Stiftung
Dem Orpheus Vokalensemble gewidmet



Carus 9.210/40

When I do count

Five Sonnets No. 4

Vytautas Miškinis (*1954)

Text: William Shakespeare (1564–1616)

Sonnet 12

Con moto ♩ = 120

Soprano

Alto

Tenore

Basso

Con moto ♩ = 120

Pianoforte

mf

4

rit.

a tempo ♩ = 120

mp

the clock,

count the clock,

mp

I do count the clock,

mp

When I do count the clock,

a tempo ♩ = 120

mp

Ped. *

Aufführungsdauer / Duration: ca. 3 min.

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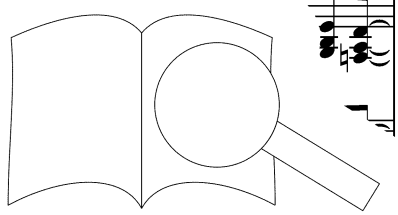
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clock that tells_ the time, and see the
 clock that tells_ the time, and see the
 clock that tells_ the time, and see the
 clock that tells_ the time, and see

Ped. * Ped. * Ped.

brave day sunk_ hid - eous night,
 brave day in hid - eous night,
 brave dav in hid - eous night,
 sunk_ in hid - eous night,

* Ped.



mp when I be - hold the vi - o -

mp when I be - hold the

mp when I be - hold

mp

let past prime, and ed o'er with white:

vi - o - let past prime, and ble curls all sil-vered o'er with white:

the vi - o - and sa - ble curls all sil-vered o'er with white:

be - ' past prime, and sa - ble curls all sil-vered o'er with

mp

* Ped. *

mf

when lof - - ty trees I see bar - ren of

mf

when lof - - ty trees I see bar - ren of

mf

lof - - ty trees I see bar - ren of

mf

white: lof - - ty trees I see bar - re

leaves, _____ which erst^t a - no-py the herd

leaves, _____ .ch _____ from heat did ca - no-py the herd

leaves, _____ which erst from heat did ca - no - py the

_____ which erst _____ from heat did ca -

and sum - mer's green all gird - ed up in sheaves

and sum - mer's green all gird - ed up in sheaves

herd and sum - mer's green all gird - ed up in

no-py the herd and sum - mer's green

Red. * *Red.* * *Red.* *

mp borne on the bier beard: then of thy beau - ty

mp borne and bris - tly beard: then of thy beau - ty

sheaves in white and bris - tly beard: then of thy beau - ty

on the bier with white and bris - tly beard: then of thy beau - ty

mp * *Red.*



do I ques - tion make

do I ques - tion make

do I ques - tion make

do I ques - tion make

mf

the wastes,

tha i - mong the wastes,

that thou a - mong the wastes,

that thou a - mong the wastes,

mp

mp

Red. *

wastes of time must go, since sweets and beau - ties

wastes of time must go, since sweets and beau - ties

wastes of time must go, since sweets and beau - ties

wastes of time must go, since sweets and beau - ties

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

do them-selves for - sake sweets and beau - ties,

do them-selves

do them-selves

- sake,

p

* *Ped.*



54

mp

and die as fast as they see oth - ers grow,

mp
and die as fast as they see oth - ers

mp
die as fast oth - ers grow,

mp
die as fast oth - ers

mp

Ped. * Ped. * * *

58

mf

and noth-ing 'gainst Time' Time's scythe can make de -

mf *mp*
grow, and noth scythe, Time's scythe can make

mf
and noth-ing 'gainst

mf
and noth-ing 'gainst

mp

Ped. * Ped.



fence save breed to brave him,

de - fence

mp Time's scythe can make de - fence

mp Time's scythe can make de - fence

* Ped. *

when he takes

pp hence.

pp hence.

pp hence.

pp hence.

rit.

p

Text

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
and see the brave day sunk in hideous night,
when I behold the violet past prime,
and sable curls all silvered o'er with white:

When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
which erst from heat did canopy the herd
and summer's green all girded up in sheaves
borne on the bier with white and bristly beard:

Then of thy beauty do I question make
that thou among the wastes of time must go,
since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,
and die as fast as they see others grow,

and nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence
save breed to brave him, when he takes thee hence.

William Shakespeare (1564–1616), Sonnet 12

Zähl ich die Glocke, die die Stunde kündet,
seh ich den Tag vergehn in düster Nacht,
das Veilchen, das nach kurzer Blüte schwindet,
und silberweiß der Locken dunkle Pracht;

seh ich entlaubt die stolzen Bäume ragen,
die Schatten liehn der Herde vor der Glut,
des Sommers Grün in Garben fortgetragen,
das auf dem Sarg mit weißem Barte ruht;

dann muss ich wohl um deine Schönheit trauern,
dass sie dem Fluch der Zeiten nicht entgeht,
denn Schönstes kann sich selbst nicht über
es welkt dahin, wie anderes entsteht;

nichts kann es vor der Zeiten Sens
als Aussaat, die dem Tode trotz'

William Shakespeare (1564–1616)
Übersetzung: Max Josef V

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