

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.

© 2017 by Carus-Verlag, Stuttgart – CV 9.210/40

Vervielfältigungen jeglicher Art sind gesetzlich verboten. / Any unauthorized reproduction is prohibited by law.

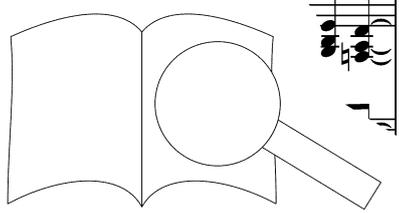
Alle Rechte vorbehalten / All rights reserved / Printed in Germany / www.carus-verlag.com

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.







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.* \*

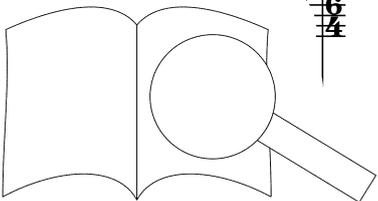
*mp* borne on the bier beard: then of thy beau - ty

*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

*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,

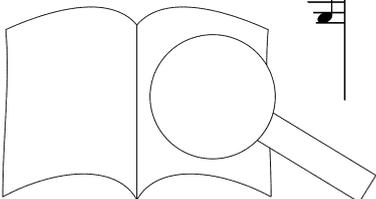
do them-selves

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 -

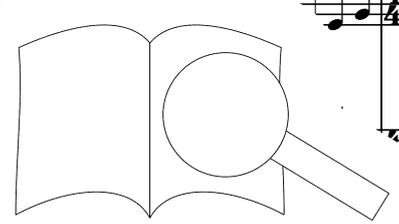
*mf* *mp*  
grow, and noth scythe, Time's scythe can make

*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

PROBE-PARTITUR  
Ausgabequalität gegenüber Original evtl. gemindert • Evaluation Copy - Quality may be reduced • Carus-Verlag

