Four Shakespeare Songs
2. SHALL I COMPARE THEE
(Text: Sonnet 18)

Huub de Lange (*1955)

Mixed choir

\( q = 100 \)

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease has all too short a date:
Some time too hot the eye
Of heaven shines, And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair some time declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course untrimmed.

But thy eternal summer shall not fade.

Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st.
Nor shall Death brag thou wan-der'st in his shade,

When in e-ter-nal lines to time thou grow'st:

So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.