James DeMars

FOUR SONGS

from the Sonnets

(for tenor and piano)

Four Songs from the Sonnets

For Tenor and Piano

These texts are adapted by the composer
from Shakespeare's Sonnets #18, 97, 2, and 33;
and dedicated to my wife and son.

I. SUMMER

Shall I compare you to a summer's day?
More beautiful, more temperate, in perfect warmth of summer,
More beautiful than day in perfect warmth of life,
You are yet full and lovely as summer fades.

Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
Or his gold complexion dims,
As every fair from fair sometimes declines
And beauty fades away.

But your eternal summer will not go,
Nor lose possession of your beauty,
In these eternal lines with time you grow,
So long as men can breath, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

II. AUTUMN

How like a winter has this autumn been,
Gone are the pleasures of this fleeting year.
This teeming autumn big with rich increase,
Yet , how like a winter has my absence been from you.

What pleasure; you are the pleasure of this fleeting year.
What freezing I have felt! What darkness seen,
December's bareness bareness everywhere;
And yet, our time apart was summertime and autumn,
Teeming autumn seemed like widowed wombs, unfathered fruit.

You are away, the birds are mute;
Or if they sing it's with so little cheer,
That leaves look pale, dreading that winter's near.

III. WINTER

When forty winters crease your brow,
Dig trenches in your beauty,
The lovely field I gaze on now,
In forty years becomes a weed of little worth.
Then asked where all your beauty lies,
This treasure of your future?
And you will speak through sunken eyes of shame,
For seeking lustful praise of little worth.

More praise deserves your beauty's use,
If you could simply answer,
"This son of mine, fair child of mine,
Proves beauty by succession,
This son of mine shall sum my count,
Make my excuse…"

He is new when you are old,
His blood is warm when yours feels cold.

IV. SPRING

Full many a glorious morn have I seen,
In spring with all things rare,
The sun of this glorious morning
does flatter the mountain tops,
In spring.

His sovereign eye with golden face
Kissing the meadows green,
Gilding the streams with heavenly alchemy,
In spring.

So too, one day my son did shine triumphant on my brow,
He was but out one hour mine,
Clouds mask him from me now.

Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth,
The sons of the world may stain,
When heaven's sun staineth.

FOUR SONGS from the Sonnets

(for tenor and piano)

for Janet Proulx DeMars

I. SUMMER

Flowing ♩ = 72

James DeMars
4/4/2017

mf

mf joyful

Shall I com-pare you to a sum - mer's day? More

sub. *p*

mf

beau - ti - ful, more tem - p'rate, in per fect warmth of sum mer.

p *piu legato*

Somewhat faster

rit.

♩ = 82

More beau-ti - ful than

Somewhat faster

rit.

mf *sub.* *p* *mf* *p*

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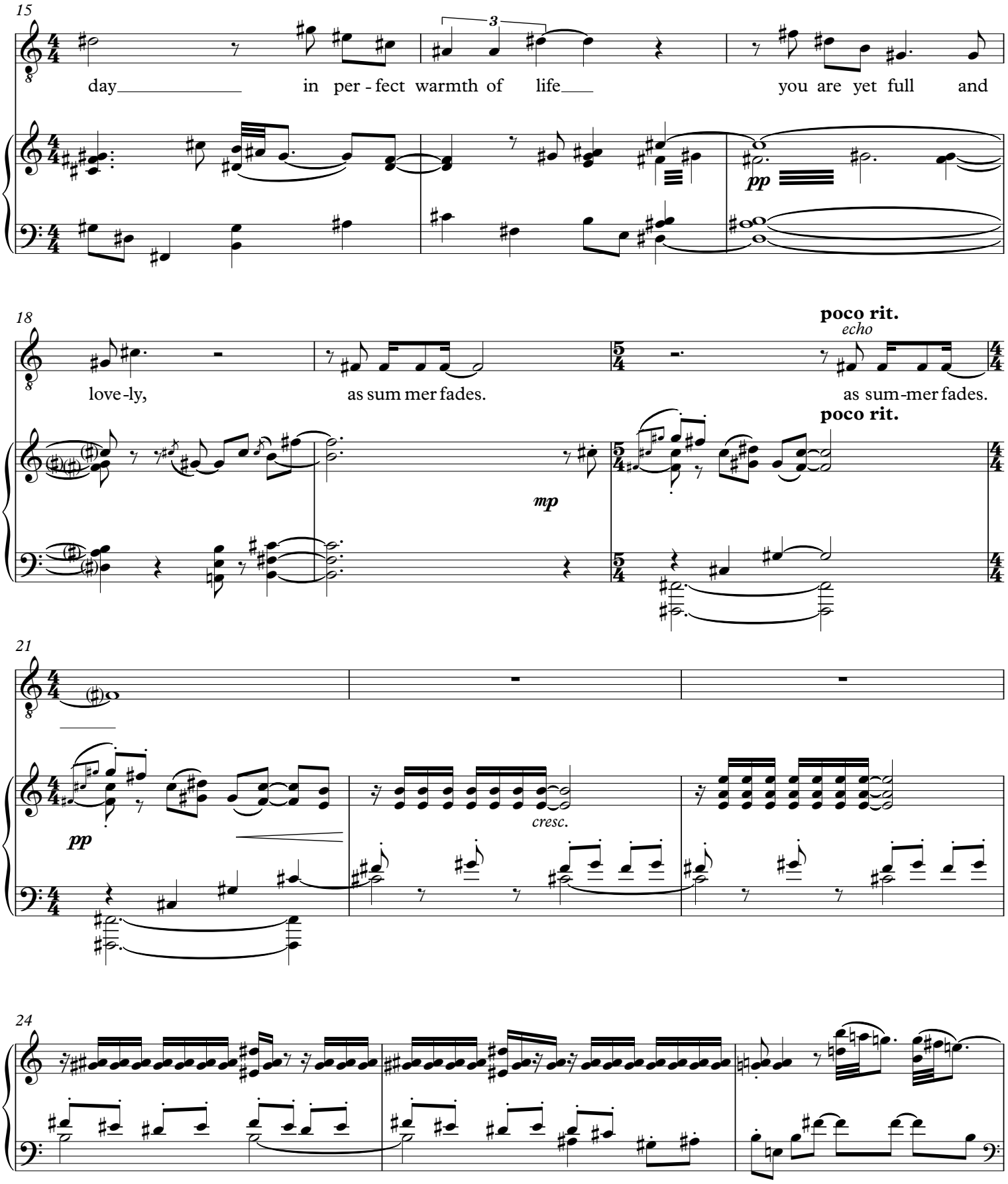

15
day in per - fect warmth of life you are yet full and
3
pp
18
love - ly, as sum mer fades. as sum - mer fades.
poco rit.
echo
poco rit.
mp
21
pp
cresc.
24

quasi recit.

27

mf **Meno mosso** **accel.**

Some-times too hot the eye of hea-ven shines

Meno mosso **accel.**

p *sub.*

29

A tempo

or his gold com-plex-ion dims,

mf ***p***

32

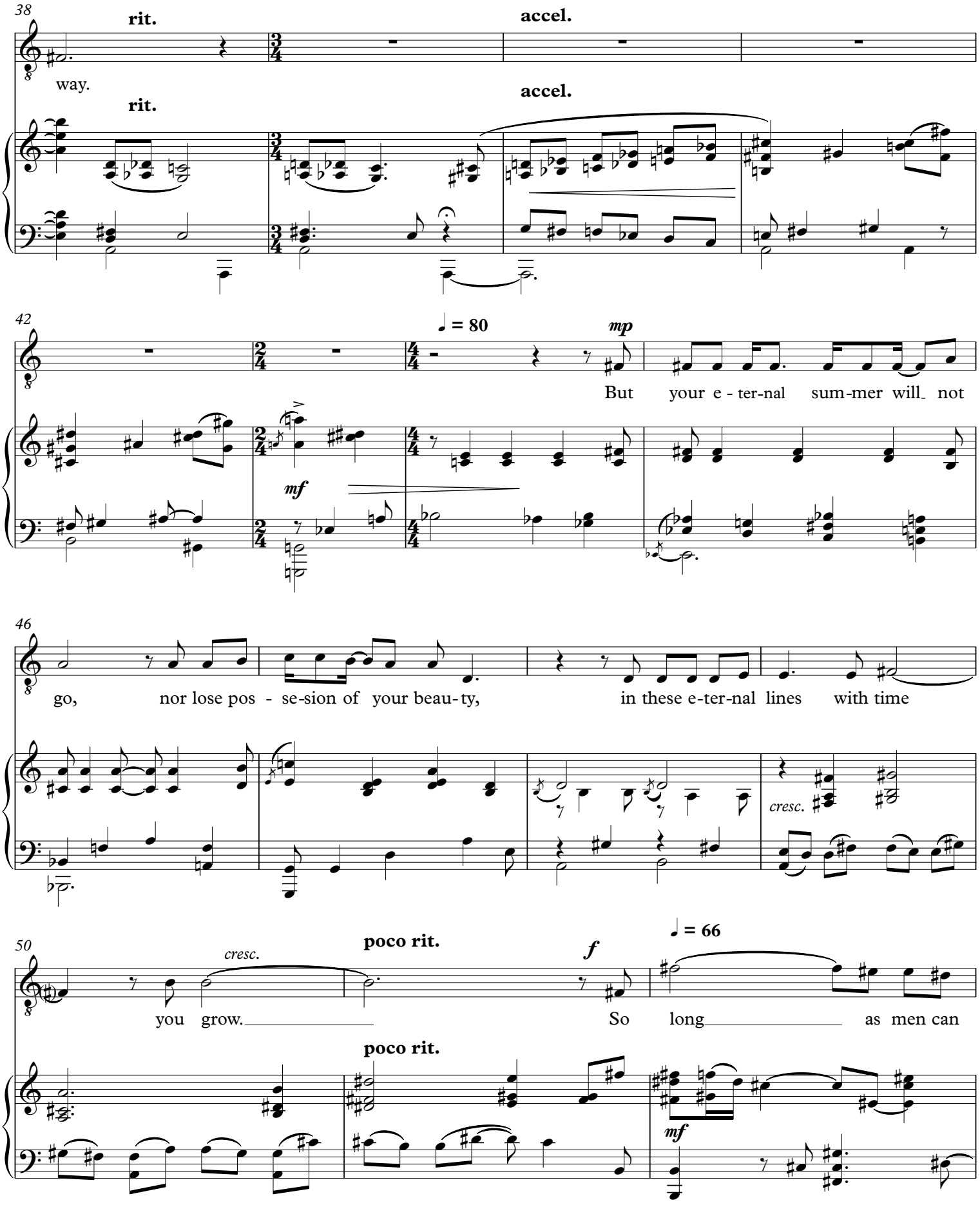
as ev' ry fair from fair some-times de - clines

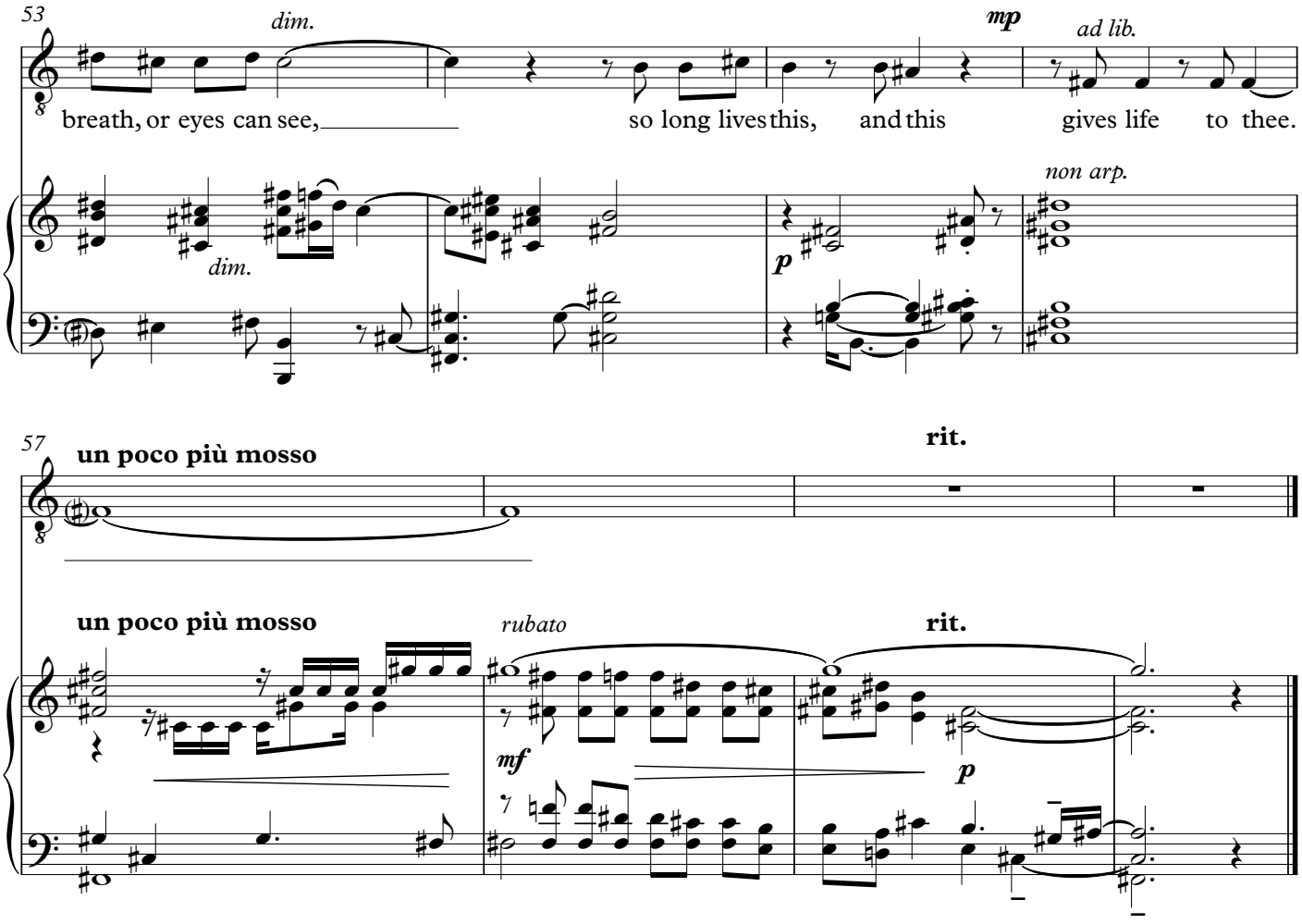
35

and beau-ty fades, and beau-ty fades, a -

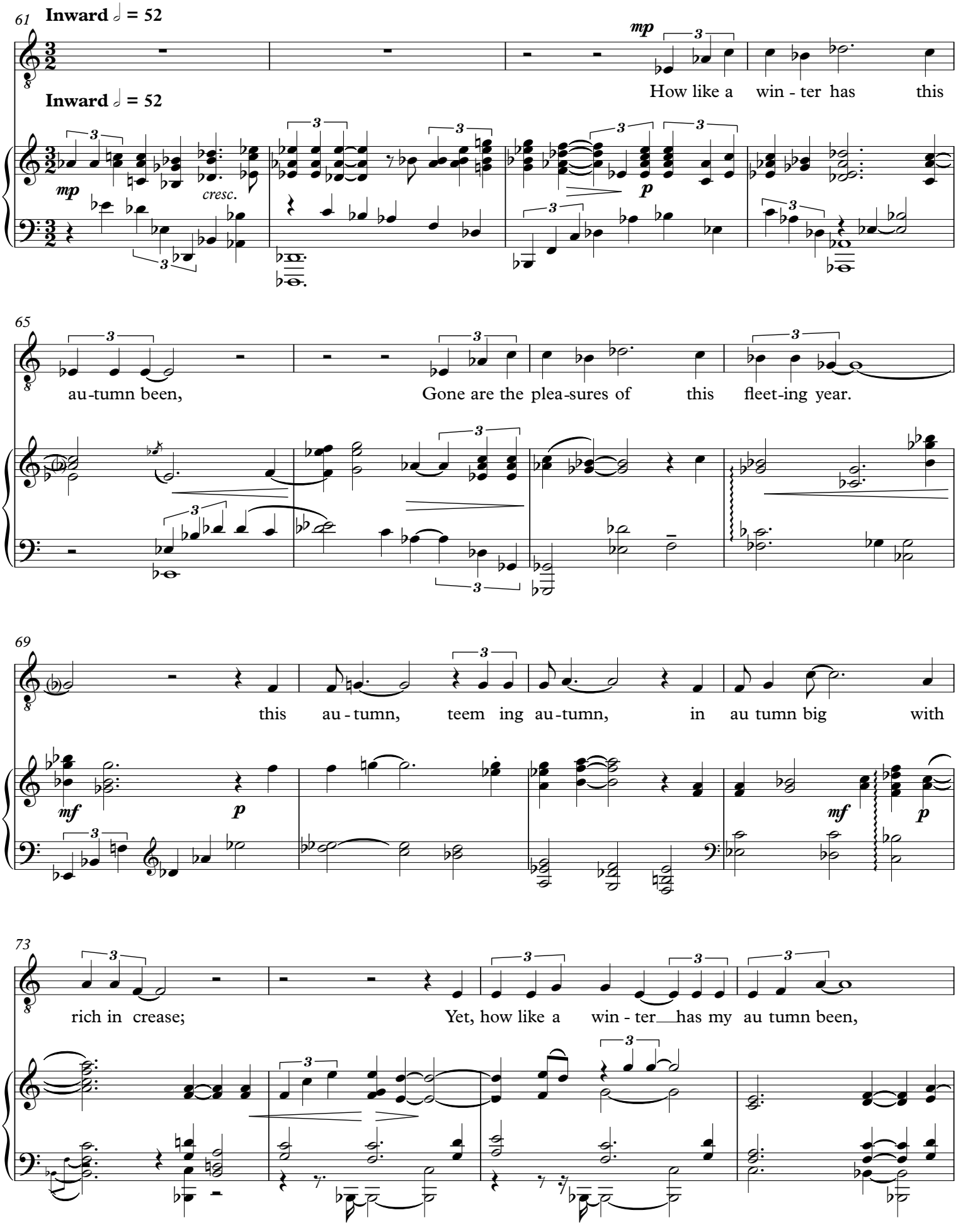
rubato

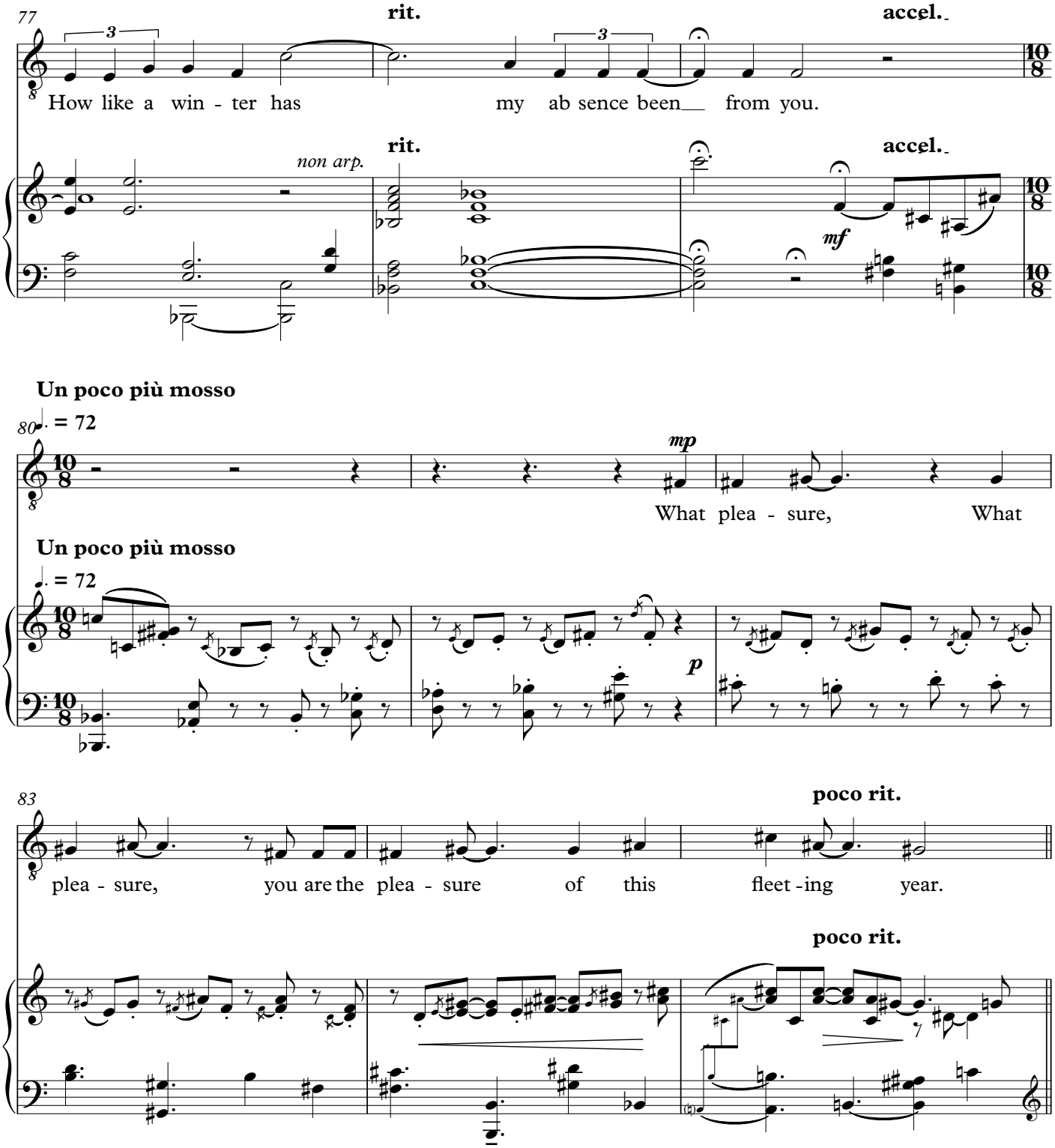
p *sub.* ***mp*** ***mf***

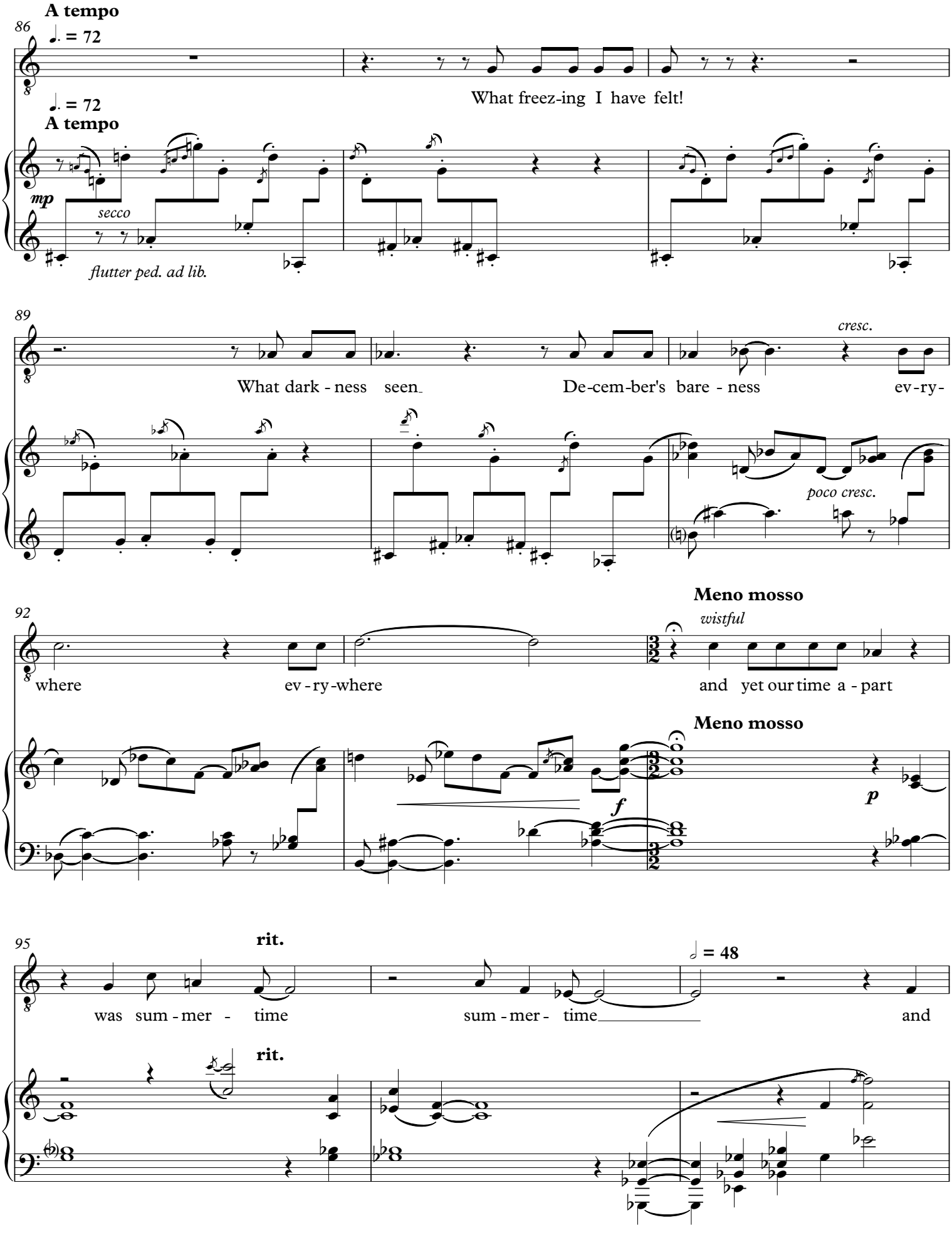

38
rit.
accel.
way.
rit.
accel.
42
♩ = 80
mp
But your e - ter-nal sum-mer will not
mf
46
go, nor lose pos - se-sion of your beau-ty, in these e-ter-nal lines with time
cresc.
50
cresc.
poco rit.
f
♩ = 66
you grow.
So long as men can
poco rit.
mf

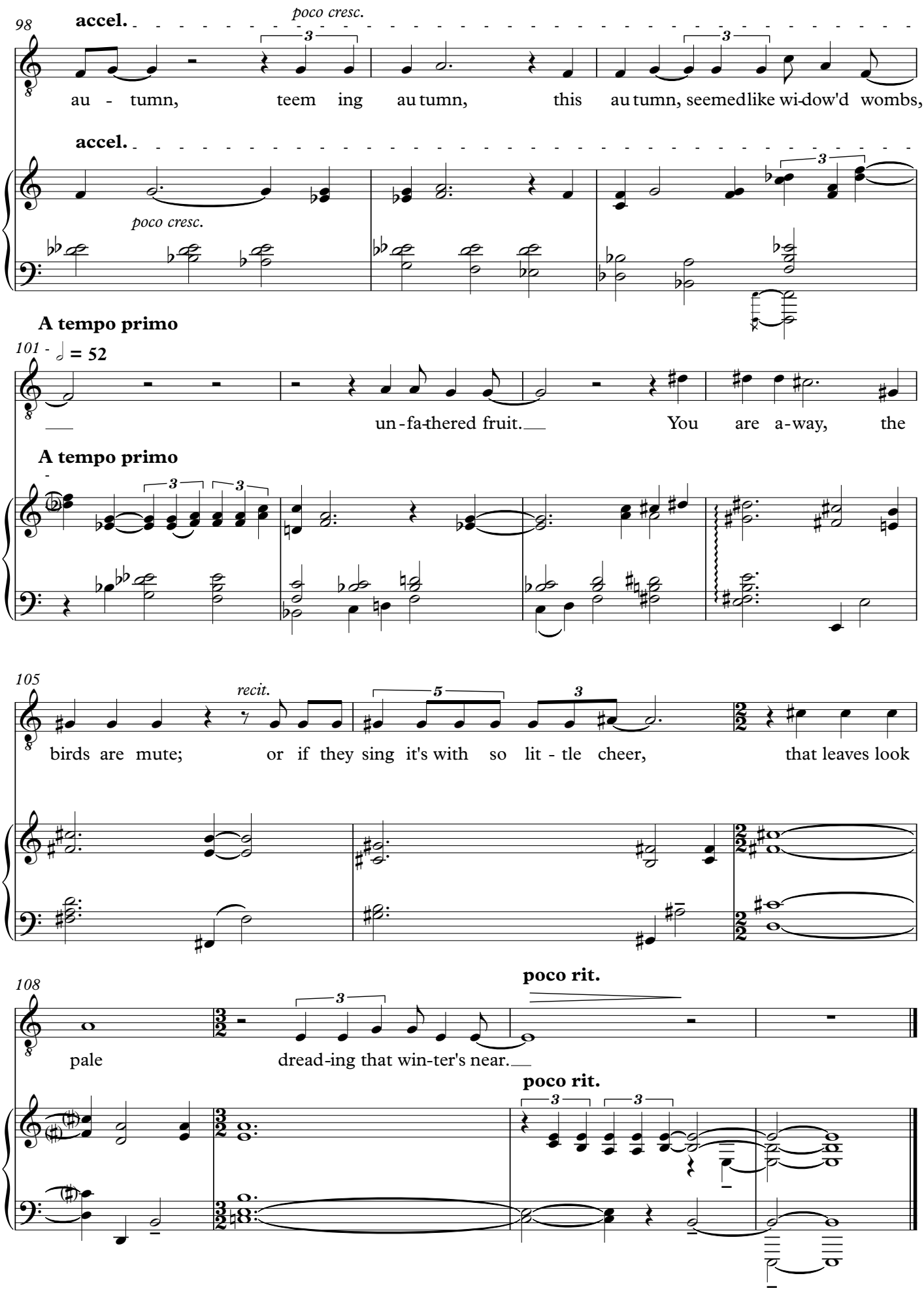

53
dim.
mp
ad lib.
breath, or eyes can see, so long lives this, and this gives life to thee.
dim.
p
non arp.
57
un poco più mosso
rit.
un poco più mosso
rubato
rit.
mf
p

II. Autumn


61
Inward ♩ = 52
Inward ♩ = 52
mp
How like a win - ter has this
mp
cresc.
p
65
au-tumn been,
Gone are the plea-sures of this fleet-ing year.
69
this au - tumn, teem ing au-tumn, in au tumn big with
mf
p
mf
p
73
rich in crease;
Yet, how like a win - ter has my au tumn been,

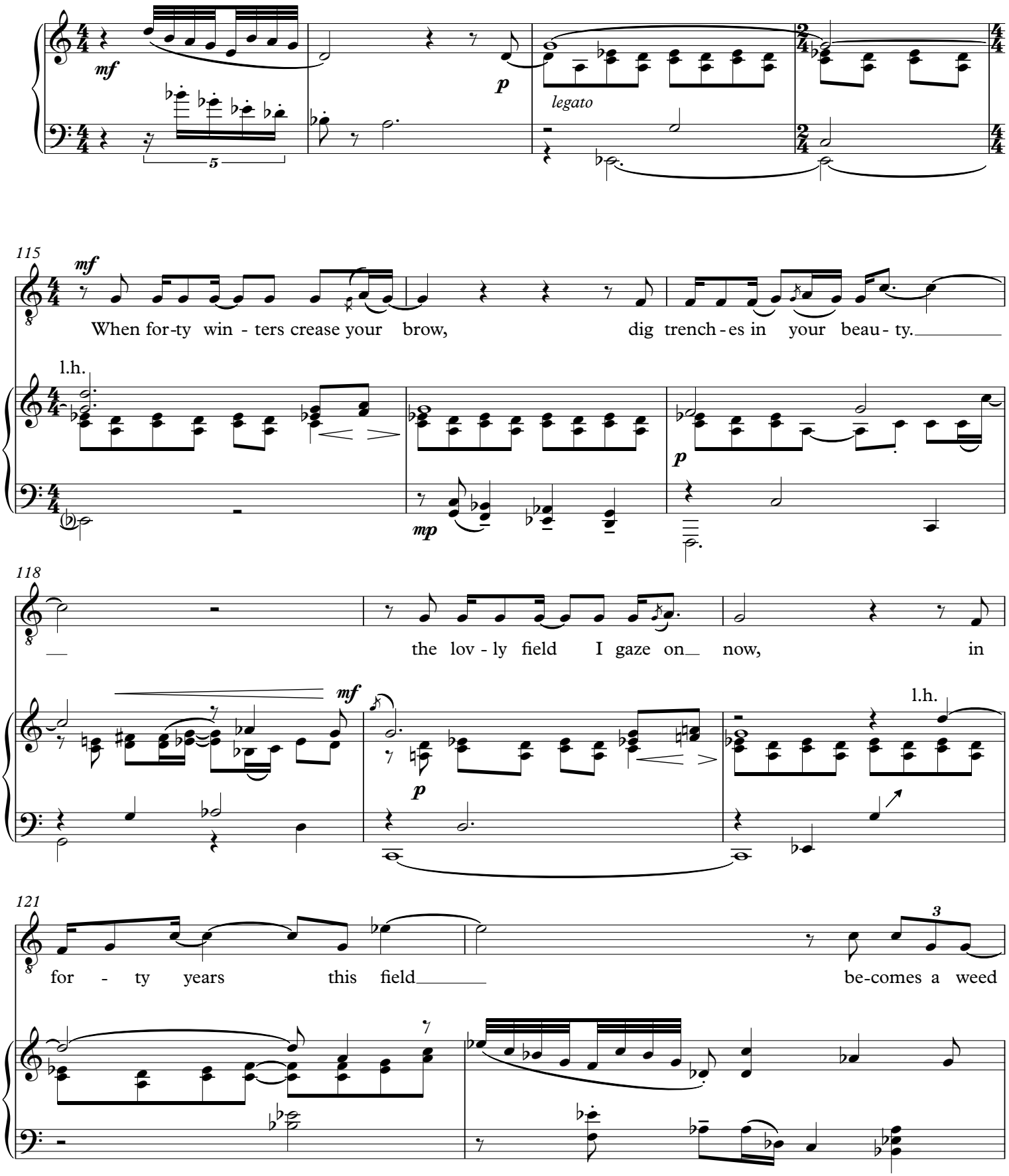

77
rit.
accel.
How like a win - ter has my ab sence been from you.
non arp.
rit.
accel.
mf
Un poco più mosso
80
♩. = 72
mp
What plea - sure, What
Un poco più mosso
♩. = 72
p
83
poco rit.
plea - sure, you are the plea - sure of this fleet - ing year.
poco rit.

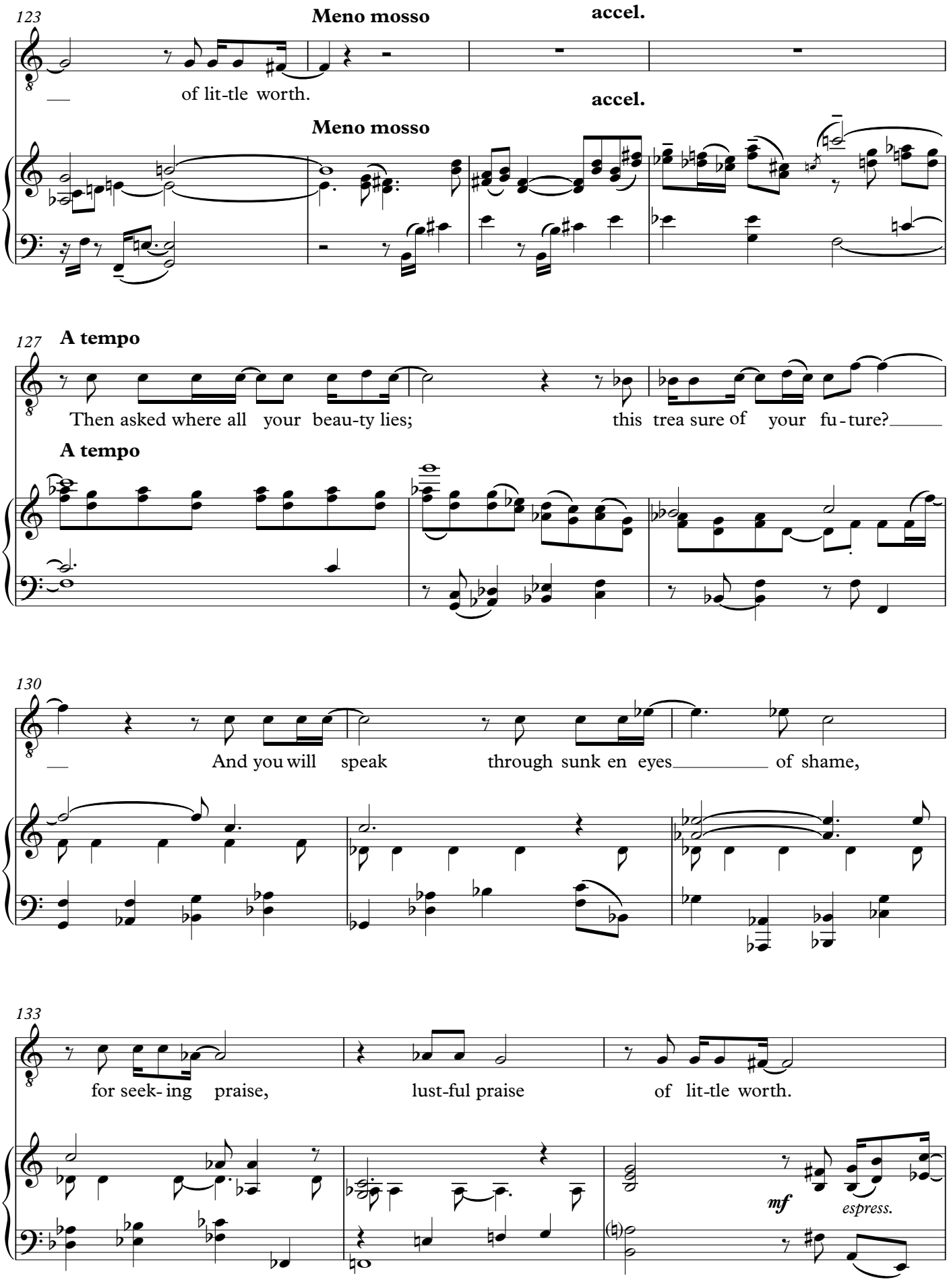

A tempo
86
♩. = 72
What freez-ing I have felt!
♩. = 72
A tempo
mp
secco
flutter ped. ad lib.
89
What dark - ness seen
De-cem-ber's bare - ness
cresc.
ev-ry-
poco cresc.
92
Meno mosso
wistful
where
ev - ry-where
and yet our time a - part
Meno mosso
f
p
95
rit.
was sum - mer - time
sum - mer - time
♩ = 48
and
rit.

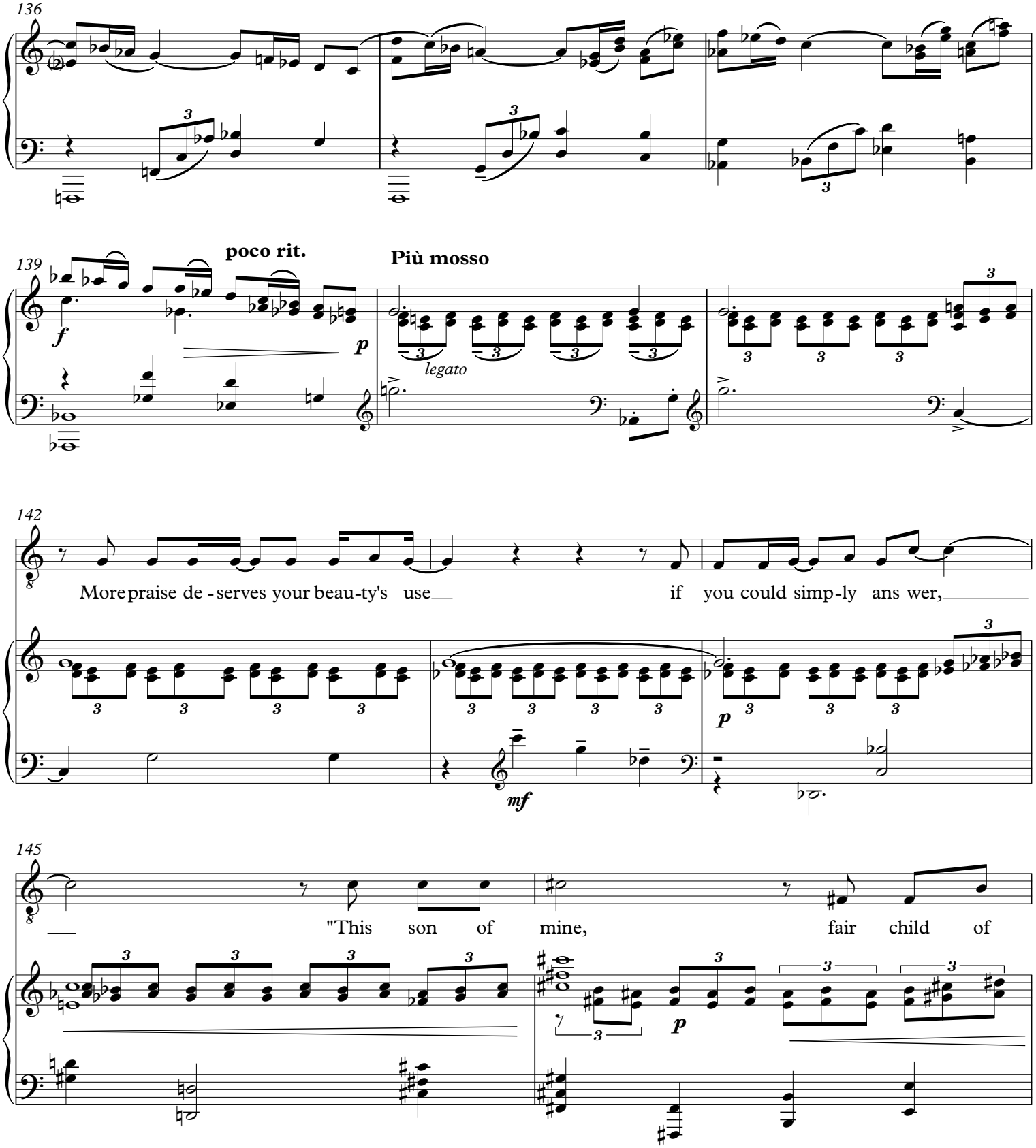

98
accel.
poco cresc.
au - tumn, teem ing au tumn, this au tumn, seemed like wi-dow'd wombs,
accel.
poco cresc.
A tempo primo
101 - ♩ = 52
un - fa-thered fruit. You are a-way, the
A tempo primo
105
recit.
birds are mute; or if they sing it's with so lit - tle cheer, that leaves look
108
poco rit.
pale dread-ing that win-ter's near.
poco rit.

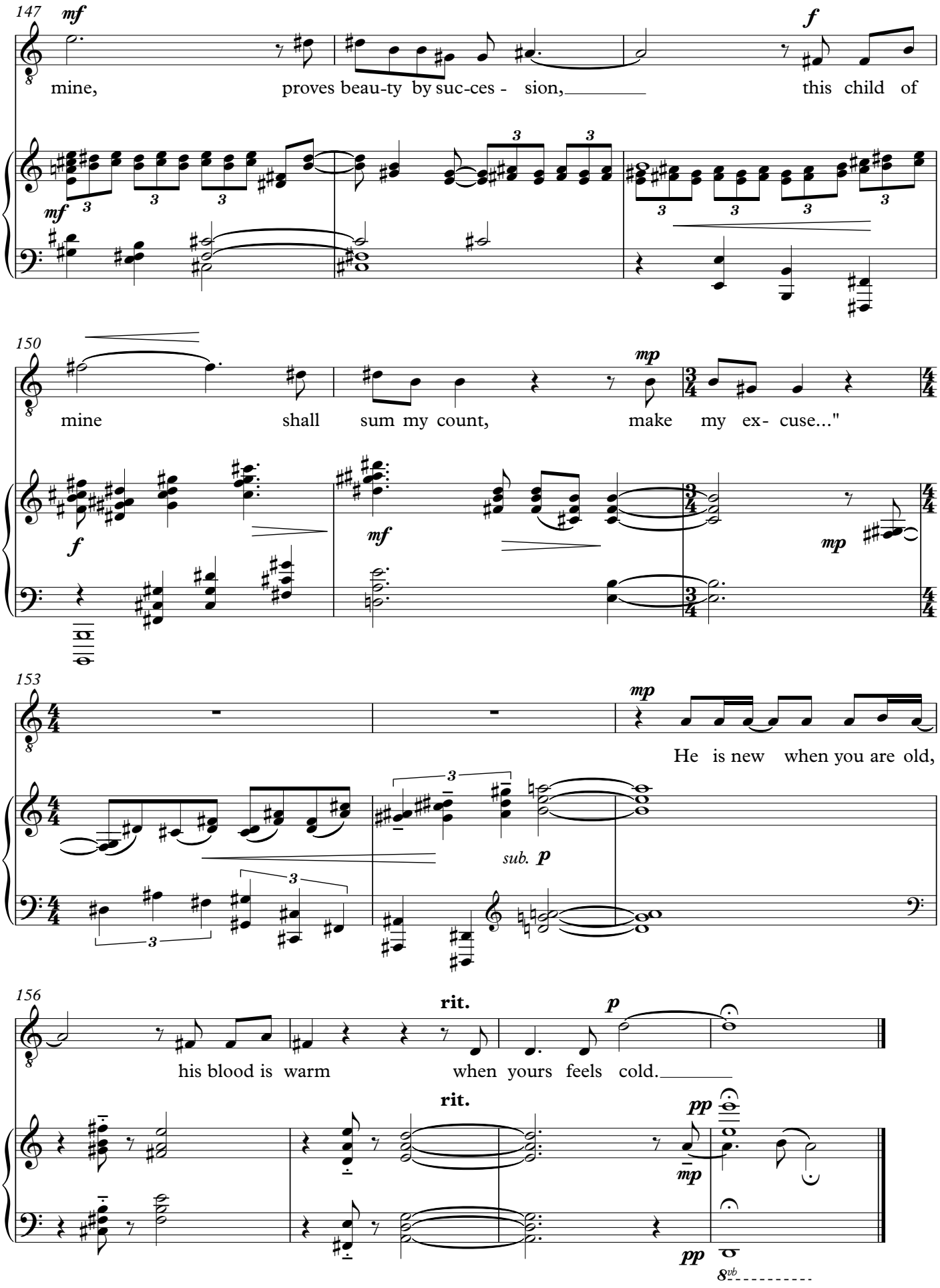
III. WINTER

Flowing ♩ = 66




123
Meno mosso
accel.
of lit-tle worth.
accel.
Meno mosso
127
A tempo
Then asked where all your beau-ty lies;
this trea sure of your fu-ture?
A tempo
130
And you will speak
through sunk en eyes
of shame,
133
for seek-ing praise,
lust-ful praise
of lit-tle worth.
mf
espress.


136
139
poco rit.
Più mosso
f
p
legato
142
More praise de - serves your beau-ty's use if you could simp-ly ans wer,
p
mf
145
"This son of mine, fair child of
p


147
mf
mine,
proves beau-ty by suc-ces - sion,
this child of
f
150
mine
shall sum my count,
make my ex- cuse..."
mp
153
He is new when you are old,
sub. p
156
his blood is warm
when yours feels cold.
rit.
p
pp
8vb

Allegretto

IV. SPRING

for my son

♩. =88

160

mf

p

164

with abandon

mf

Full ma - ny a glo - ri - ous morn have I seen

p

mf

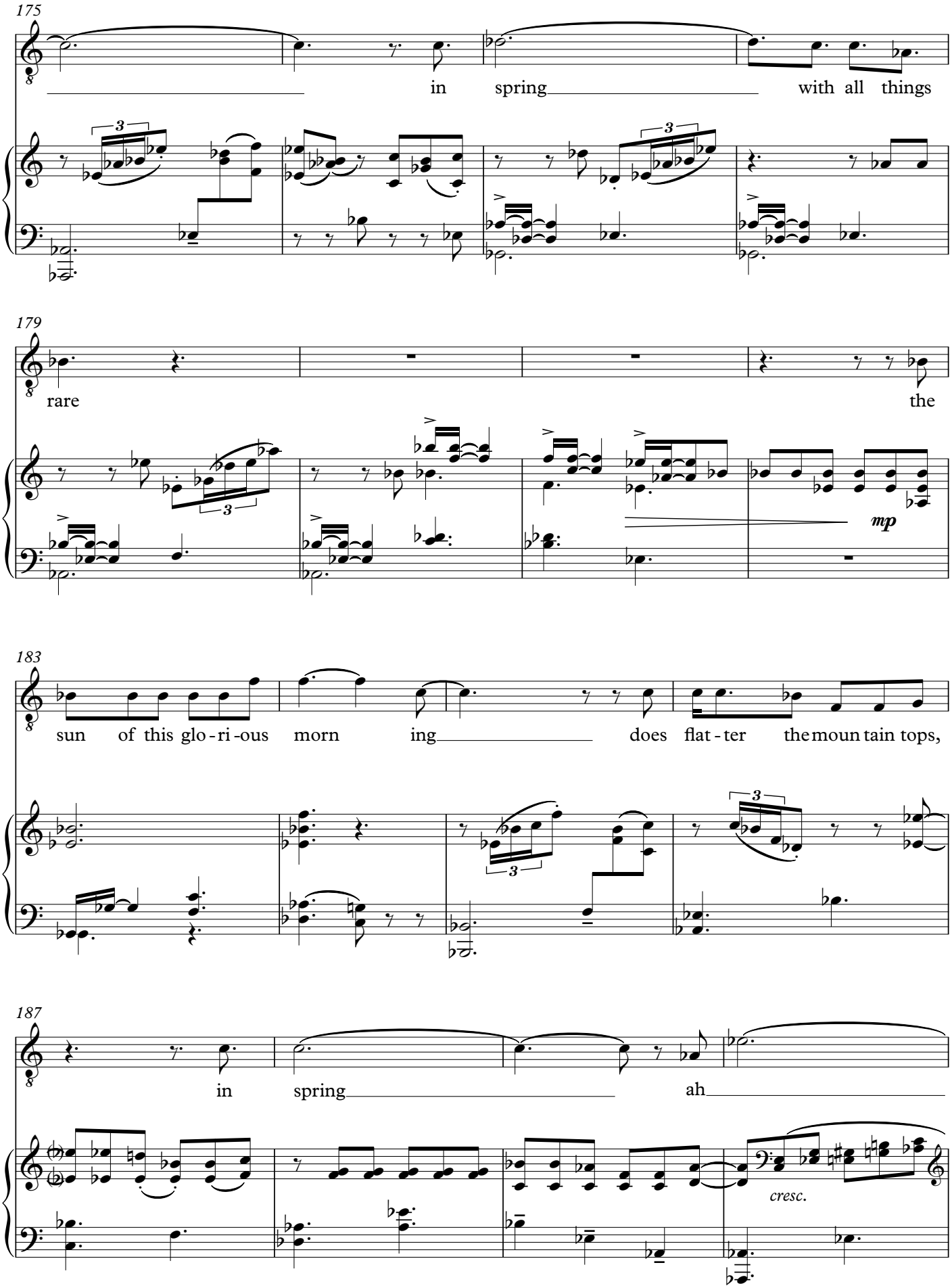
168

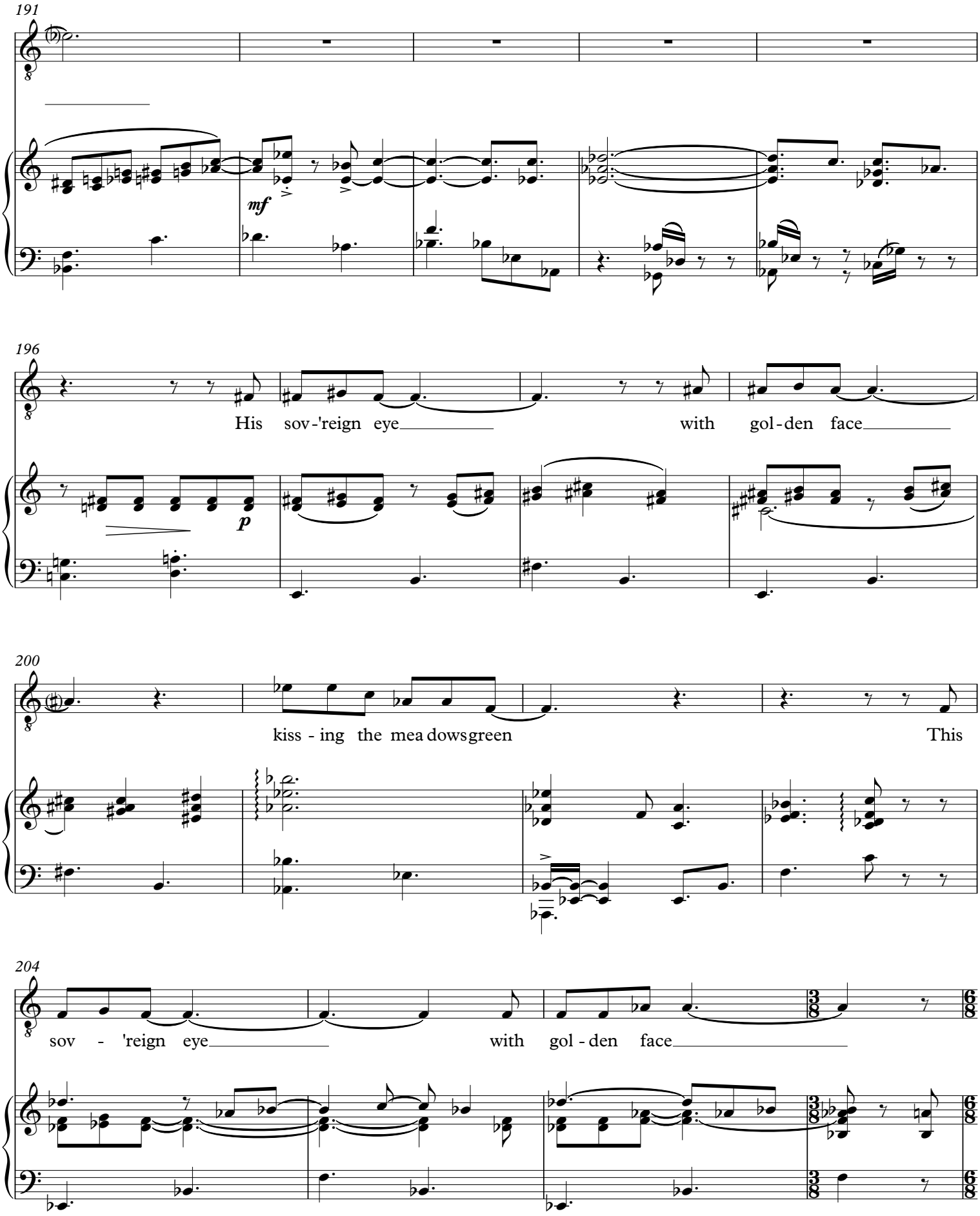
171

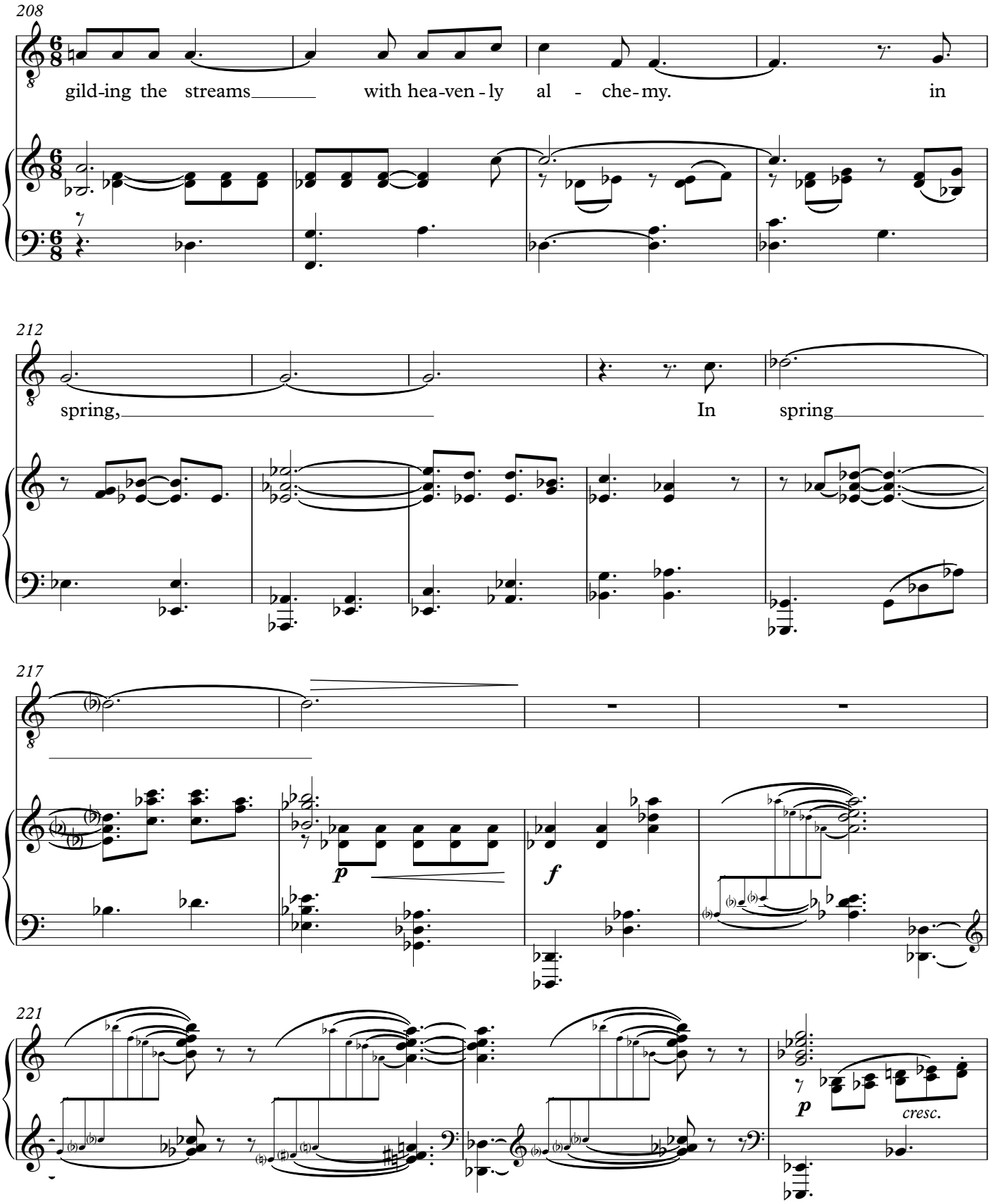
Full ma - ny a glo - ri - ous morn - - - - - ing

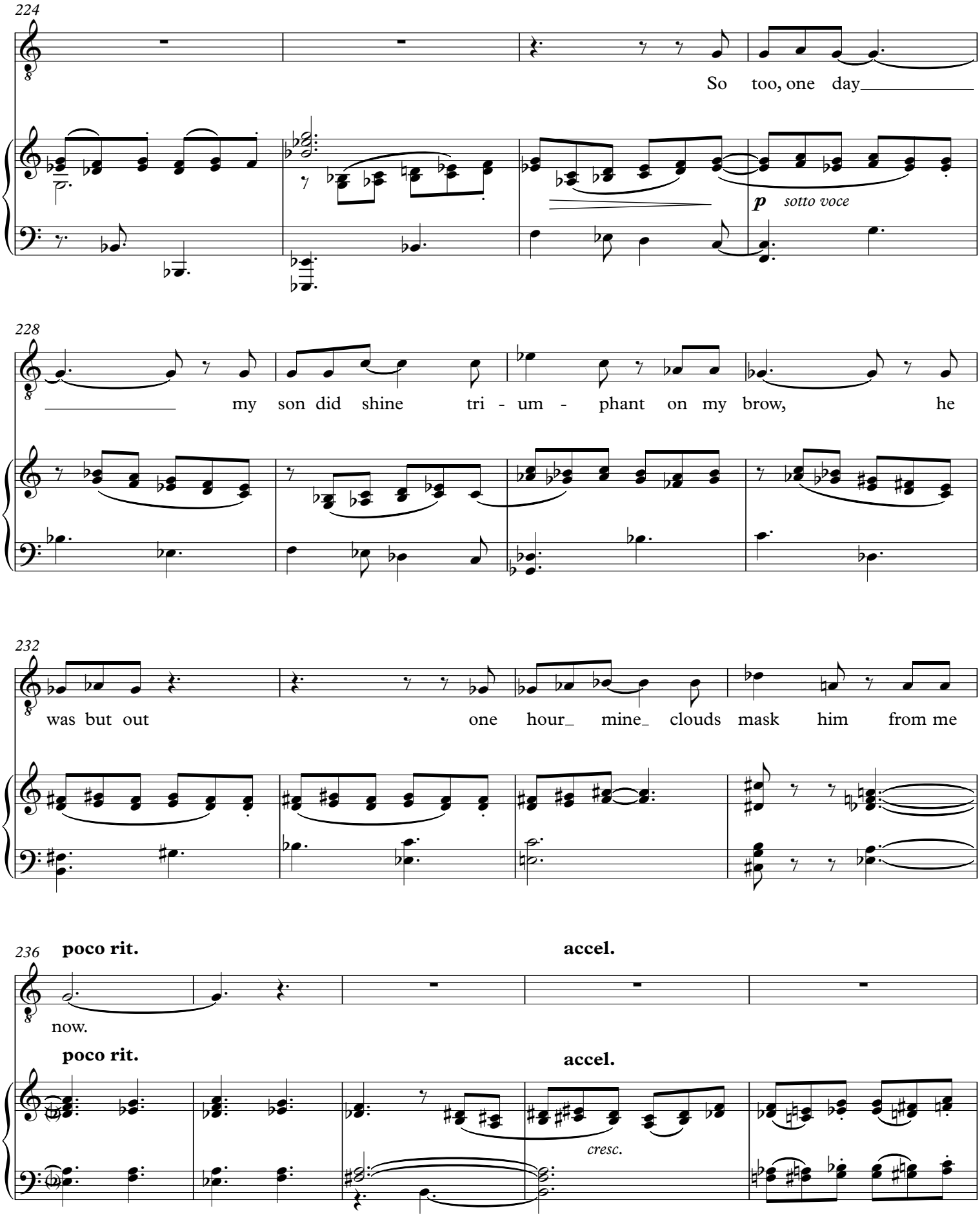
p

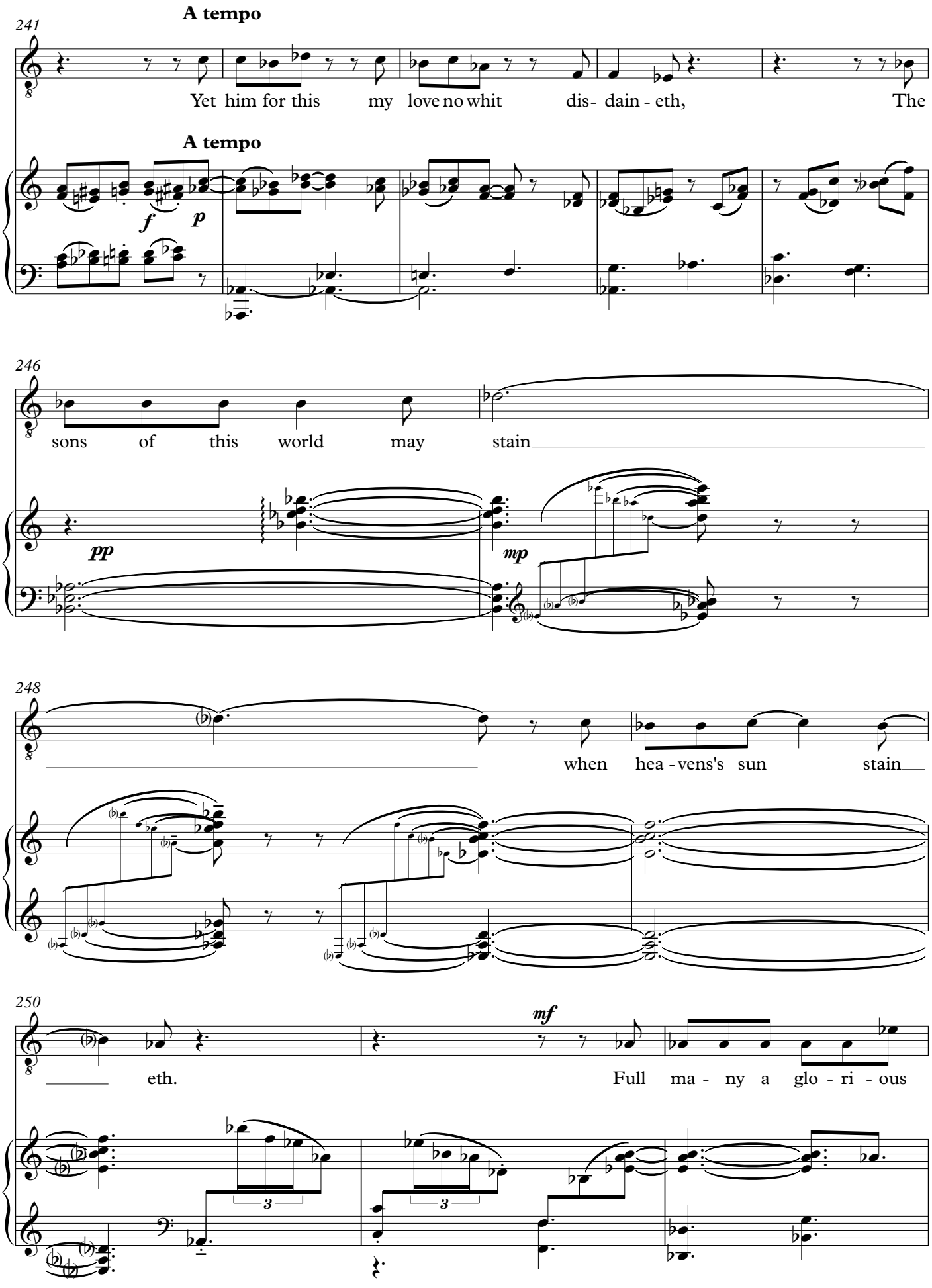
mf

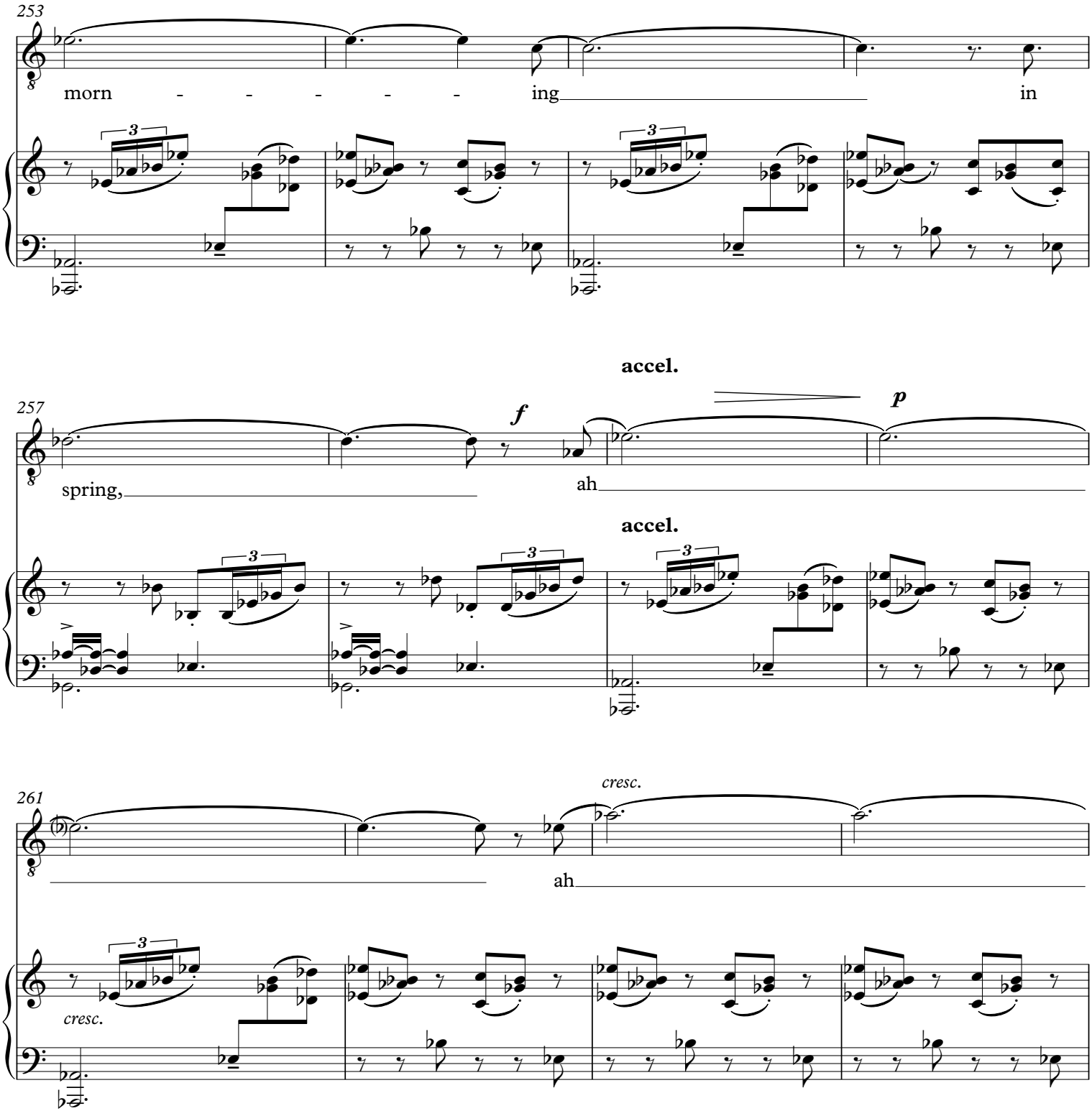

175
in spring with all things
179
rare the
mp
183
sun of this glo - ri - ous morn ing does flat - ter the moun tain tops,
187
in spring ah
cresc.

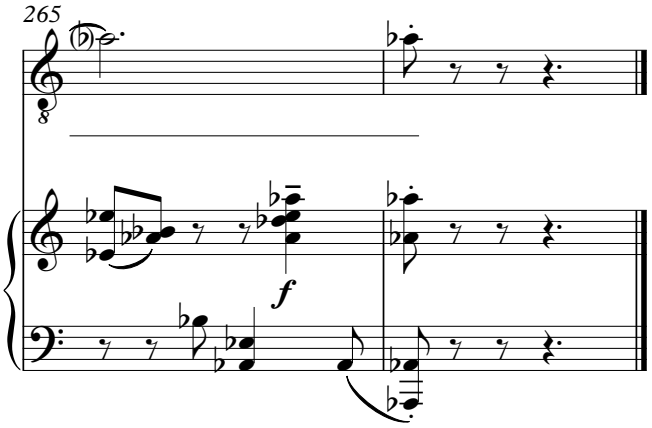

191
mf
196
His sov-'reign eye with gol-den face
p
200
kiss - ing the mea dows green This
204
sov - 'reign eye with gol - den face


208
gild-ing the streams with hea-ven-ly al - che-my. in
212
spring, In spring
217
p
f
221
p
cresc.


224
So too, one day
p sotto voce
228
my son did shine tri - um - phant on my brow, he
232
was but out one hour_ mine_ clouds mask him from me
236
poco rit.
accel.
now.
poco rit.
accel.
cresc.


241
A tempo
Yet him for this my love no whit dis- dain - eth, The
A tempo
f
p
246
sons of this world may stain
pp
mp
248
when hea - vens's sun stain
eth.
250
mf
Full ma - ny a glo - ri - ous
3
3


253
morn - - - - - ing in
accel.
257
f
p
spring,
ah
accel.
261
cresc.
ah
cresc.


265
8
f