THREE SONNETS

for bass/baritone and piano

POETRY BY G.K. CHESTERTON
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, EDWARD SHANKS

MARTHA HELEN SCHMIDT
SONNET 29
William Shakespeare

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

UNCEASING LIGHT From SONGS ON SEPARATION VII Edward Shanks

We're at the world's top now. The hills around
Stand proud in order with the valleys deep,
The hills with pastures drest, with tall trees crowned,
And the low valleys dipt in sunny sleep.
A sound brims all the country up, a noise
Of wheels upon the road and labouring bees
And trodden heather, mixing with the voice
Of small lost winds that die among the trees.
And we are prone beneath the flooding sun,
So drenched, so soaked in the unceasing light,
That colours, sounds and your close presence are one,
A texture woven up of all delight,
Whose shining threads my hands may not undo,
Yet one thread runs the whole bright garment through.

SONNET TO A STILTON CHEESE G.K. Chesterton

Stilton, thou shouldst be living at this hour
And so thou art. Nor losest grace thereby;
England has need of thee, and so have I--
She is a Fen. Far as the eye can scour,
League after grassy league from Lincoln tower
To Stilton in the fields, she is a Fen.
Yet this high cheese, by choice of fenland men,
Like a tall green volcano rose in power.
Plain living and long drinking are no more,
And pure religion reading "Household Words",
And sturdy manhood sitting still all day
Shrink, like this cheese that crumbles to its core;
While my digestion, like the House of Lords,
The heaviest burdens on herself doth lay.
Sonnet 29

William Shakespeare

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And look upon myself and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured with beauty,盛装华贵, that nature might
With my owne heart supplied.

But wherefore, though I win him in my songs,
Mine own sad faculties present the song
So steep'd in stinking orthodoxy
That grace were therein, grace were therein
To sing of it. These want in whom they want
That want my wants.
self, and curse my fate,

Wishing me like to one more rich in

Featur'd like him, like him with friends posses'd, Desiring this man's art and that man's

scope, With what I most enjoy contented least;

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Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,

Ha! Happy I think on thee, and then my state Like to the lark at break of day arising

From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's
gate;

For thy sweet love remember’d such wealth brings That when I scorn to change my state with kings. Regal
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Unceasing Light
for baritone voice and piano

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sound brims all the country up, a race of wheels upon the road and

labouring bees and
Slower $\delta = 69 - 72$

B

18

\begin{align*}
\text{trod-den heath-er, mix-ing with the voice of small lost winds that die a-mong the}
\end{align*}

B

20

\begin{align*}
trees.
\end{align*}

Pno.

22

\begin{align*}
molto rit.
\end{align*}

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And we are prone be-

neath the flood- ing sun, so drenched, so drenched, so soaked in the un-ceas-

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one, a texture woven up of al delight, whose

shining threads my hands may not undo, yet one,

one thread runs, yet
one thread runs, yet one thread runs

the whole bright garment through

molto rit.

molto rit.

ff
Sonnet to a Stilton Cheese

G.K. Chesterton

\[ \text{f} \]

\[ \text{dim.} \]

\[ \text{mf} \]

\[ \text{rit.} \]

\[ \text{p} \]

\[ \text{coda} \]

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land men, Like a tall green volcano rose in

pow - er.

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