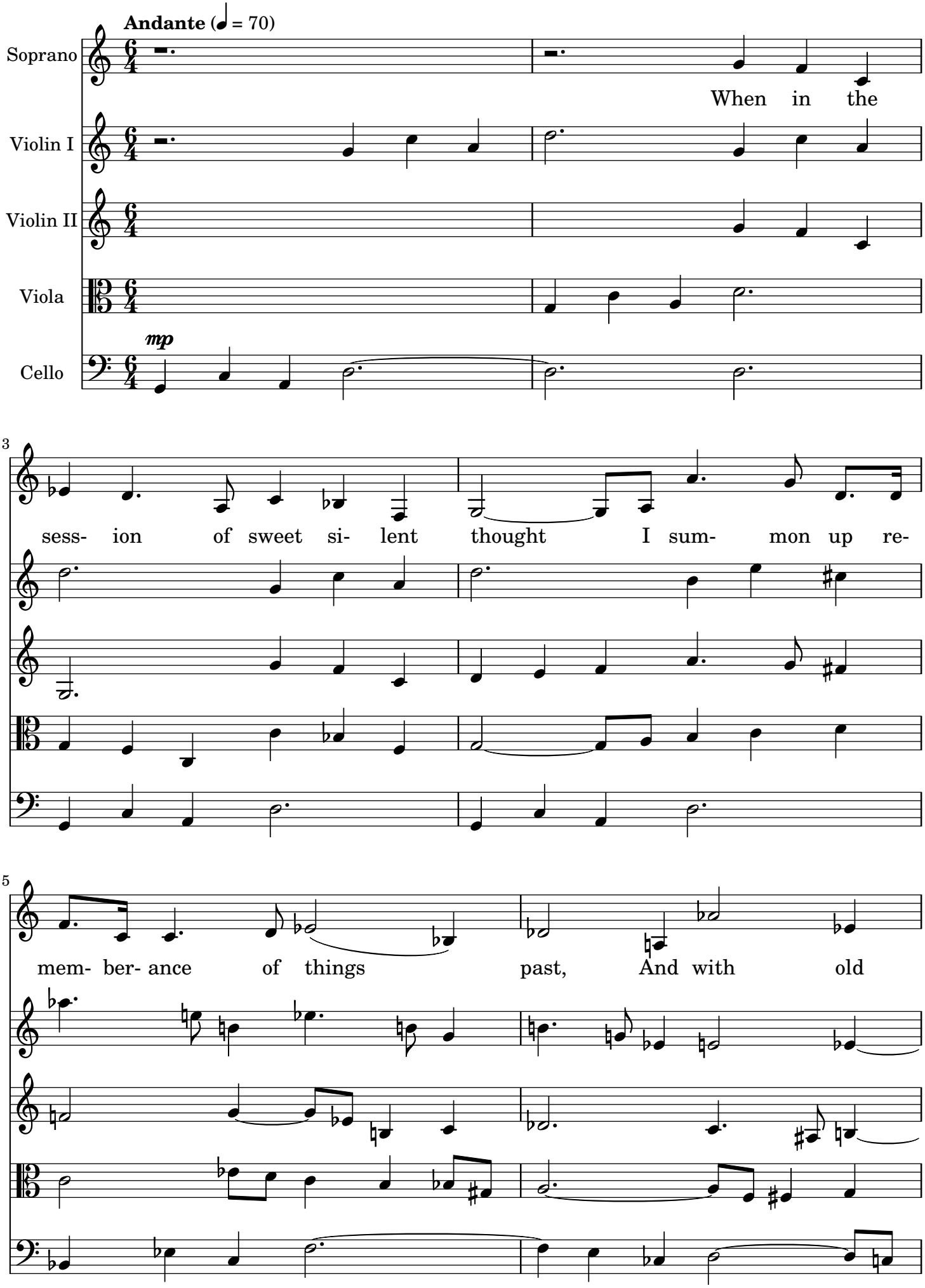
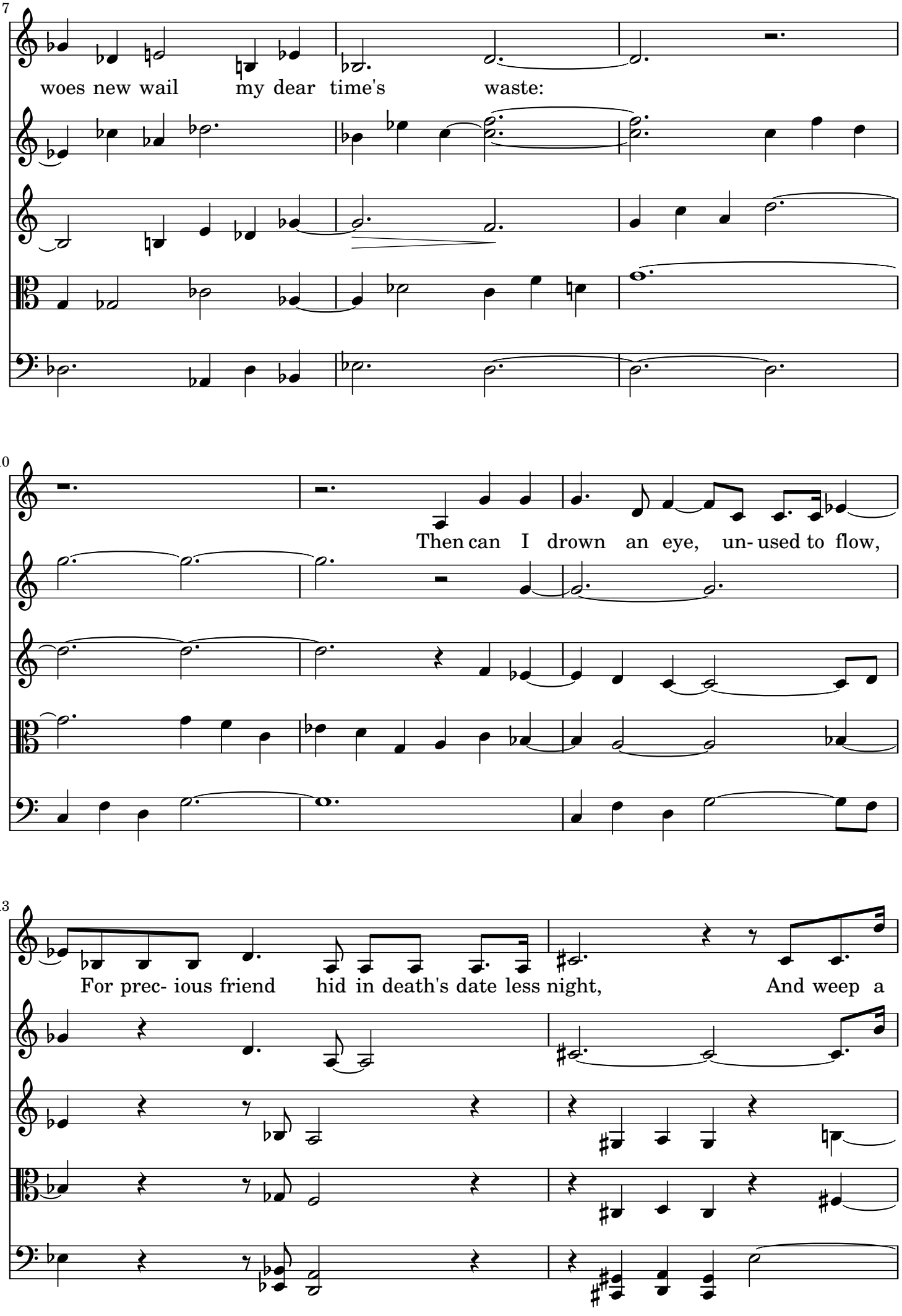
Sonnet 30

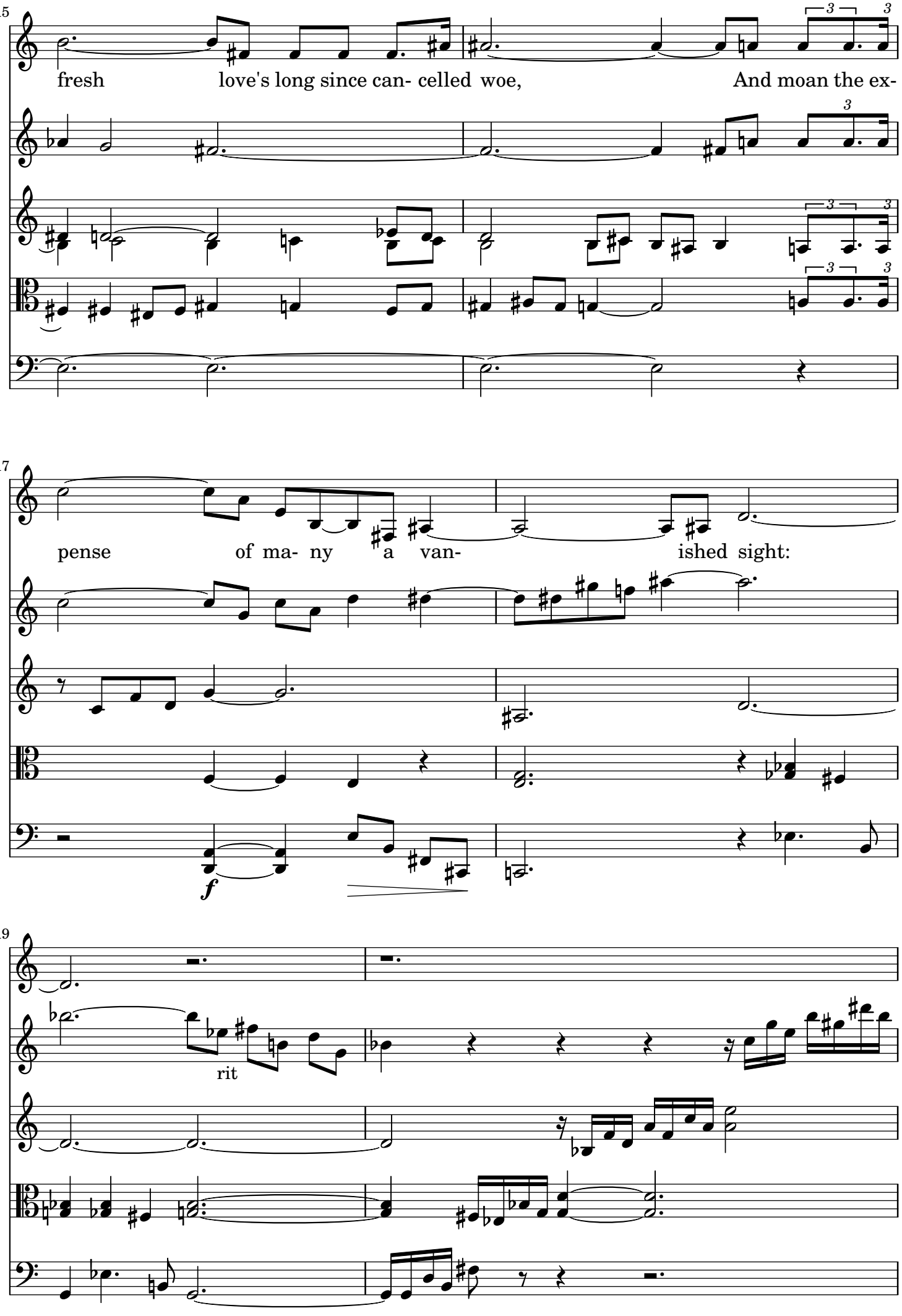
William Shakespeare

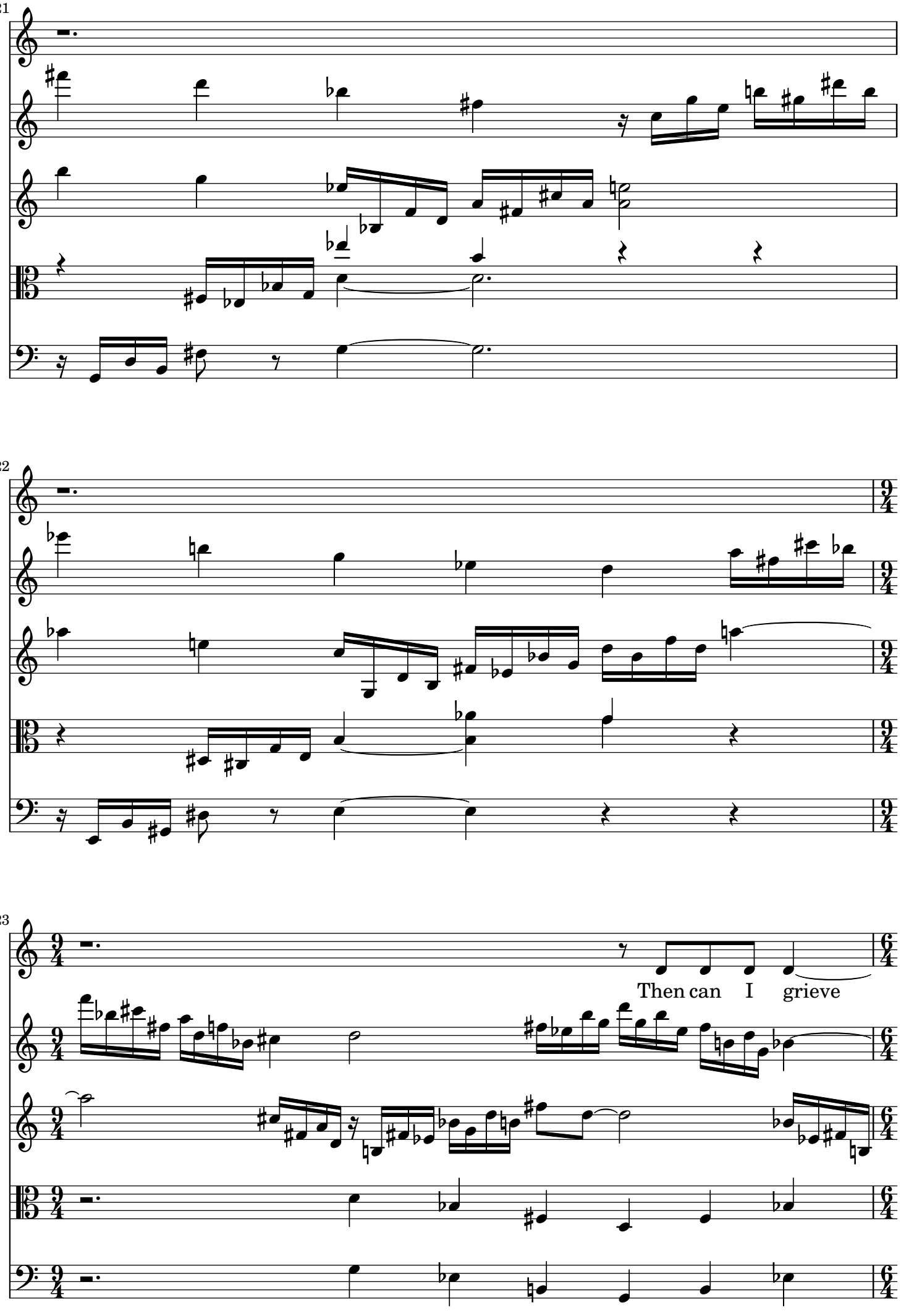
Voice and String Quartet

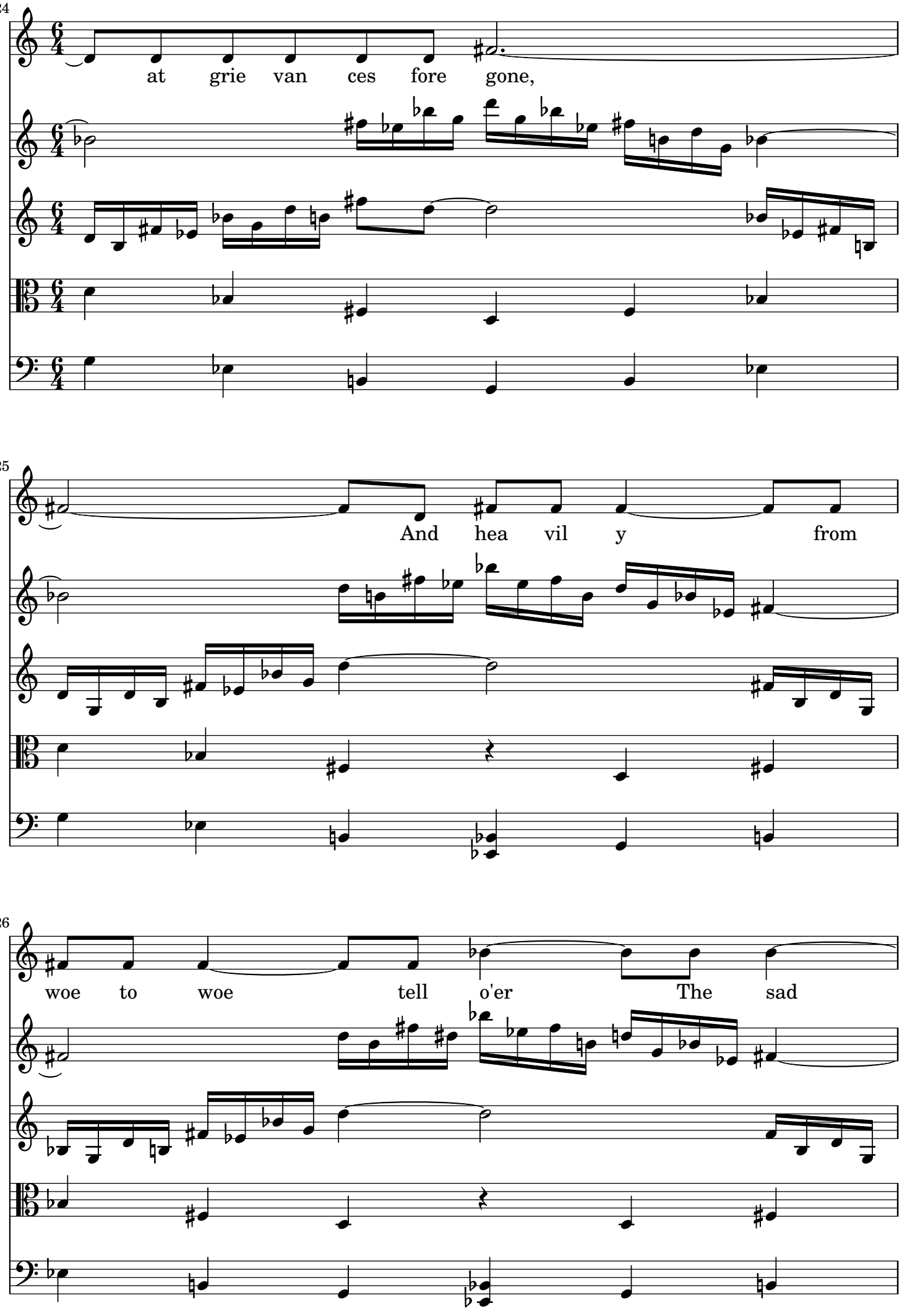
Ben Olsen

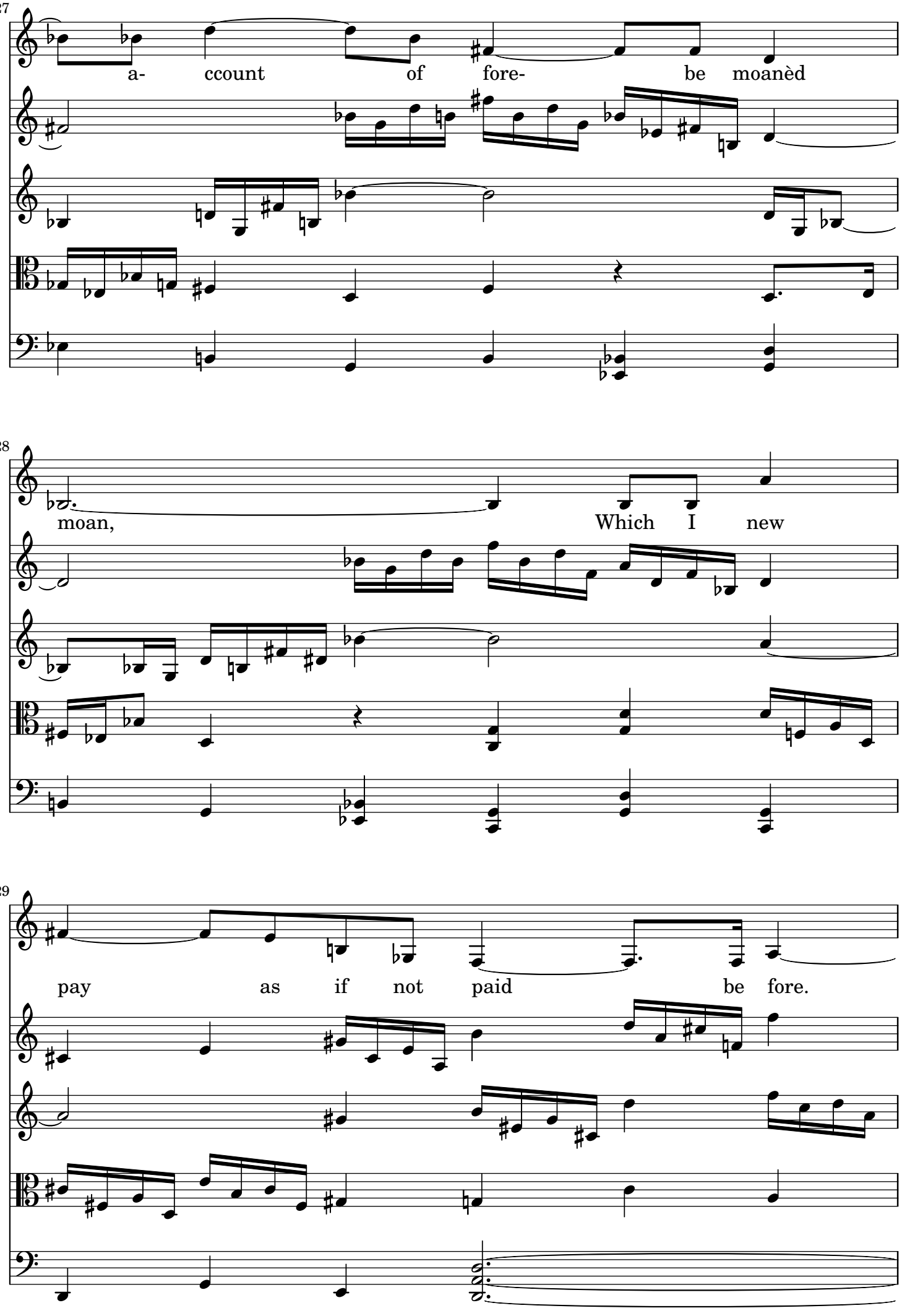


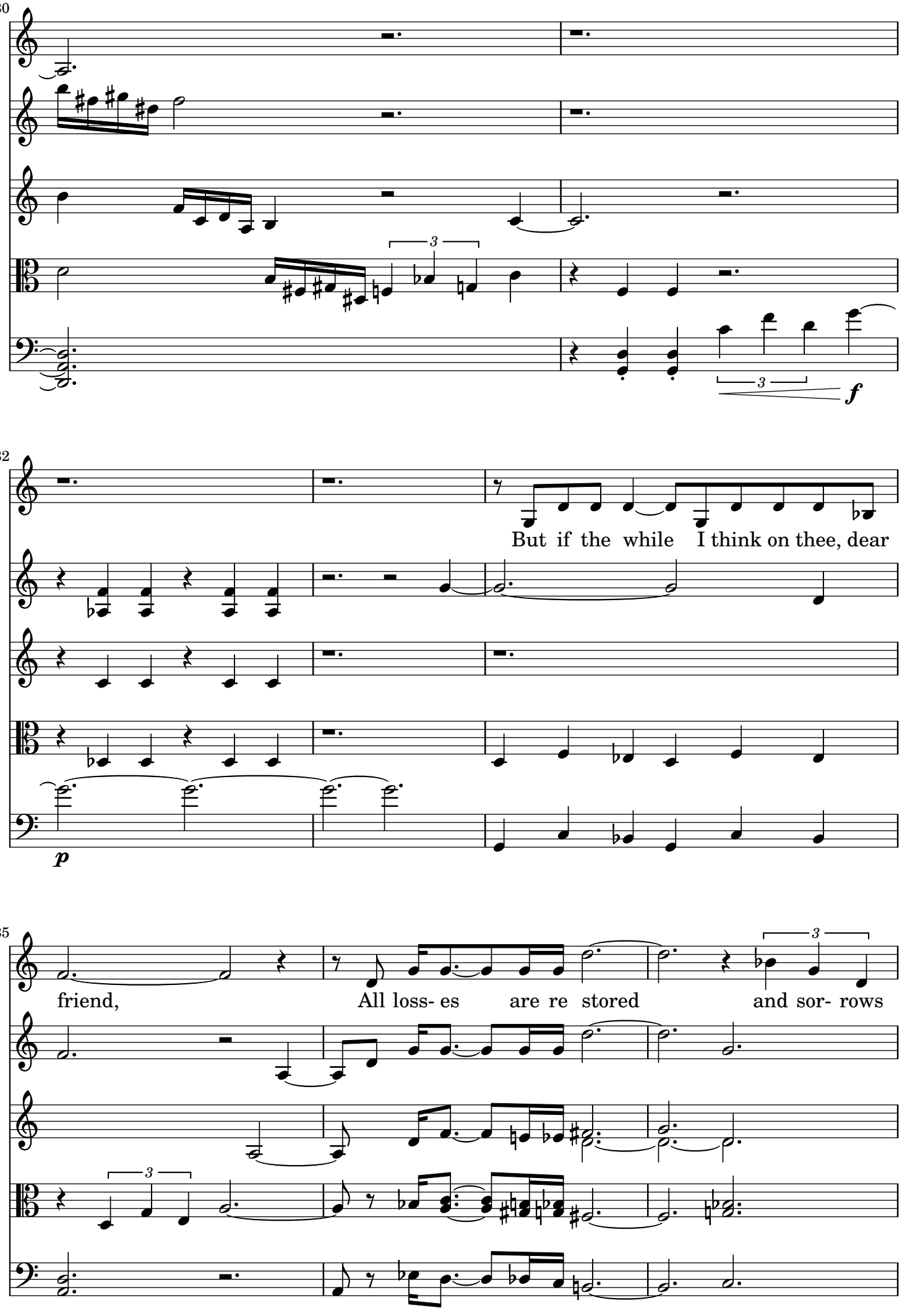

7
woes new wail my dear time's waste:
10
Then can I drown an eye, un- used to flow,
13
For prec- ious friend hid in death's date less night, And weep a

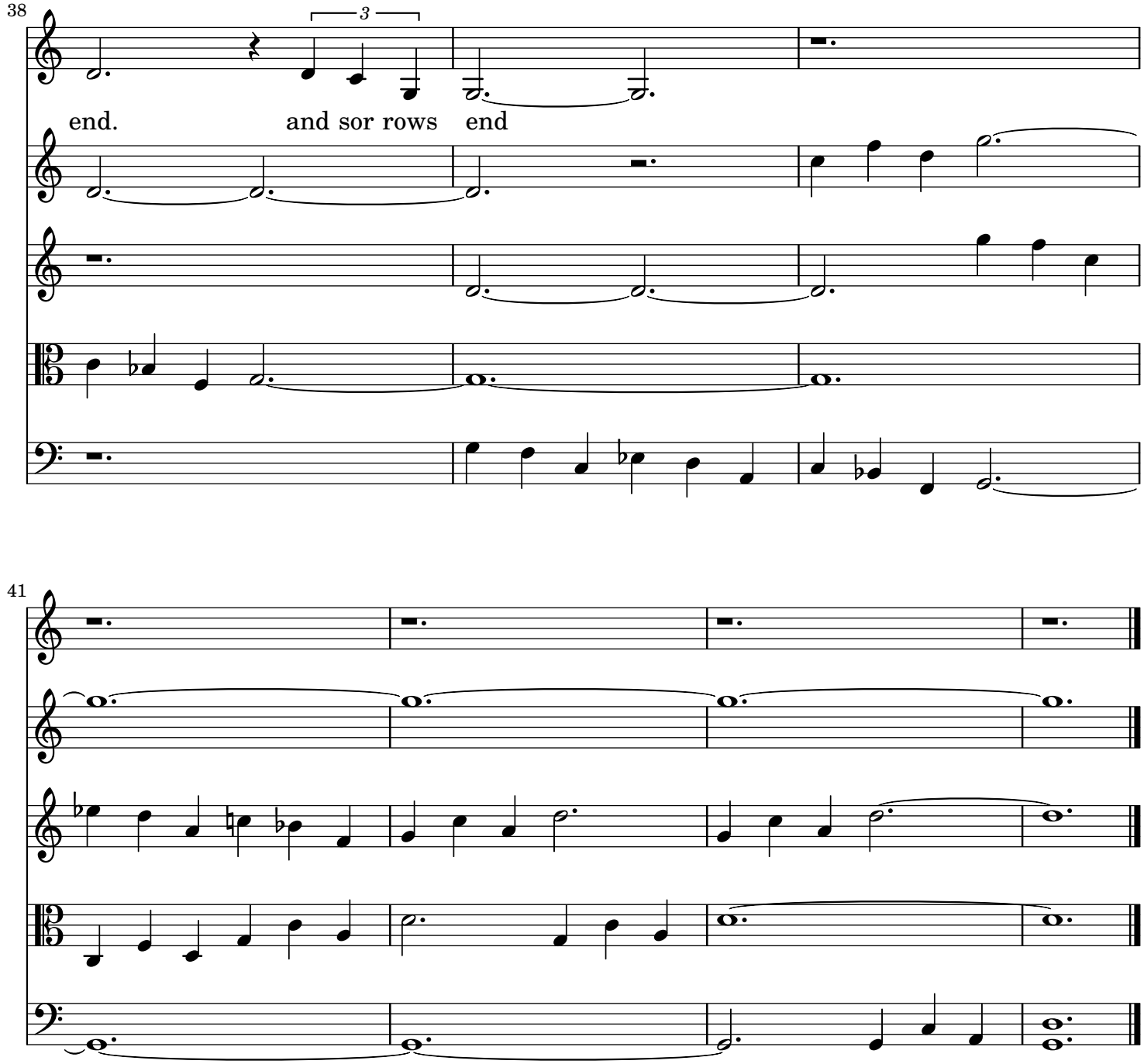

15
fresh love's long since can- celled woe, And moan the ex-
17
pense of ma- ny a van- ished sight:
f
19
rit


21
22
23
Then can I grieve


24
at grie van ces fore gone,
25
And hea vil y from
26
woe to woe tell o'er The sad


27
a- ccount of fore- be moanèd
28
moan, Which I new
29
pay as if not paid be fore.


30
3
3
f
32
But if the while I think on thee, dear
p
35
friend,
All loss- es are re stored
and sor- rows
3
3


38
3
end.
and sor rows end

41