F. S. KELLY.

Opus I.

TWO SONGS

1. SHALL I COMPARE THEE
2. AGHADOE

SCHOTT & CO.,
LONDON.

NET 2/- EACH

Shall I compare thee?

(SONNET Nº XVIII.)

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 hath all too short a date:

Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd:
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd.

But thy eternal summer shall not fade
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall Death brag thou wanderest in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest:-

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

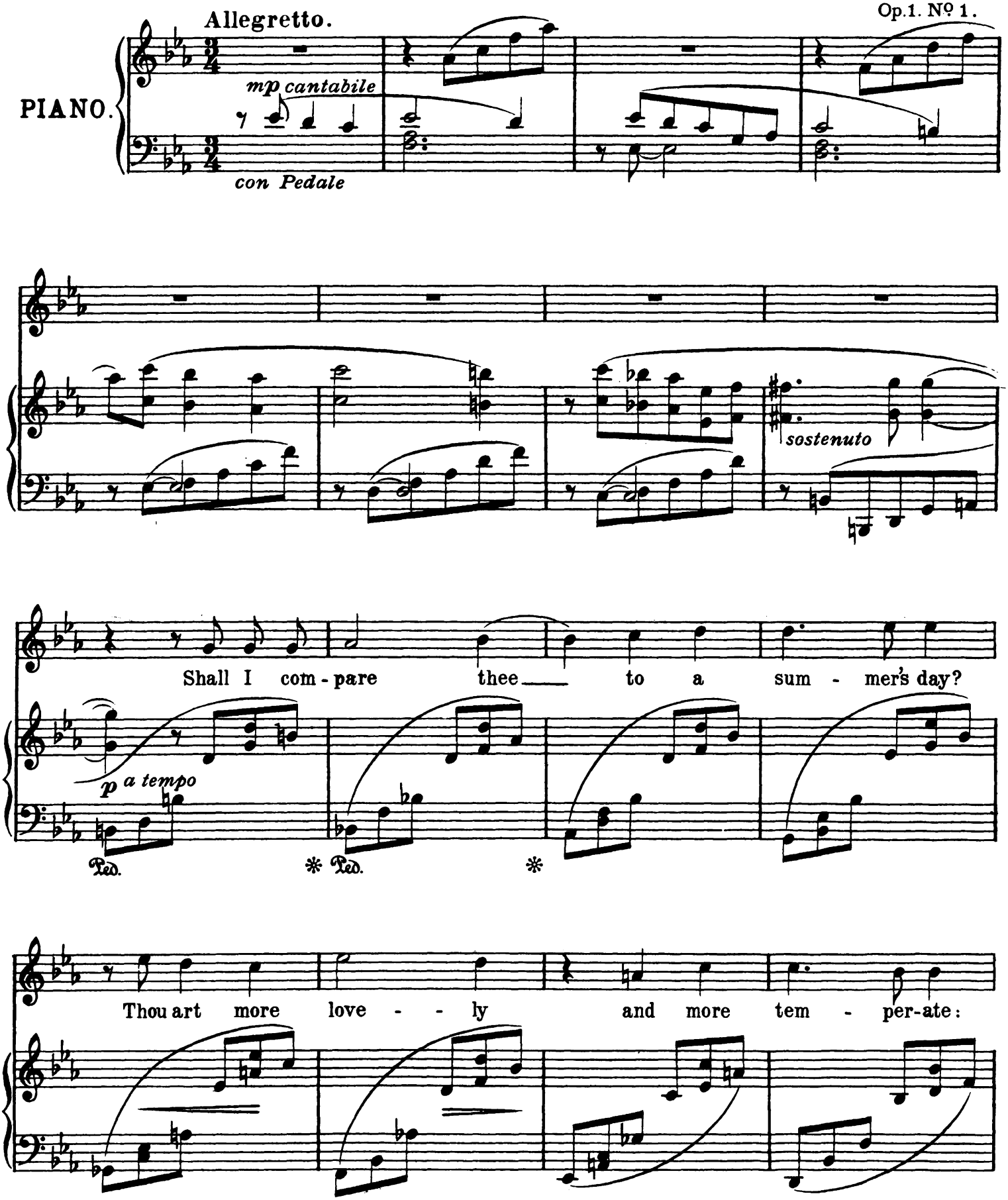
W. SHAKESPEARE.

To M.A.K.

I.

Shall I compare thee?

F. S. KELLY.
Op. 1. Nº 1.



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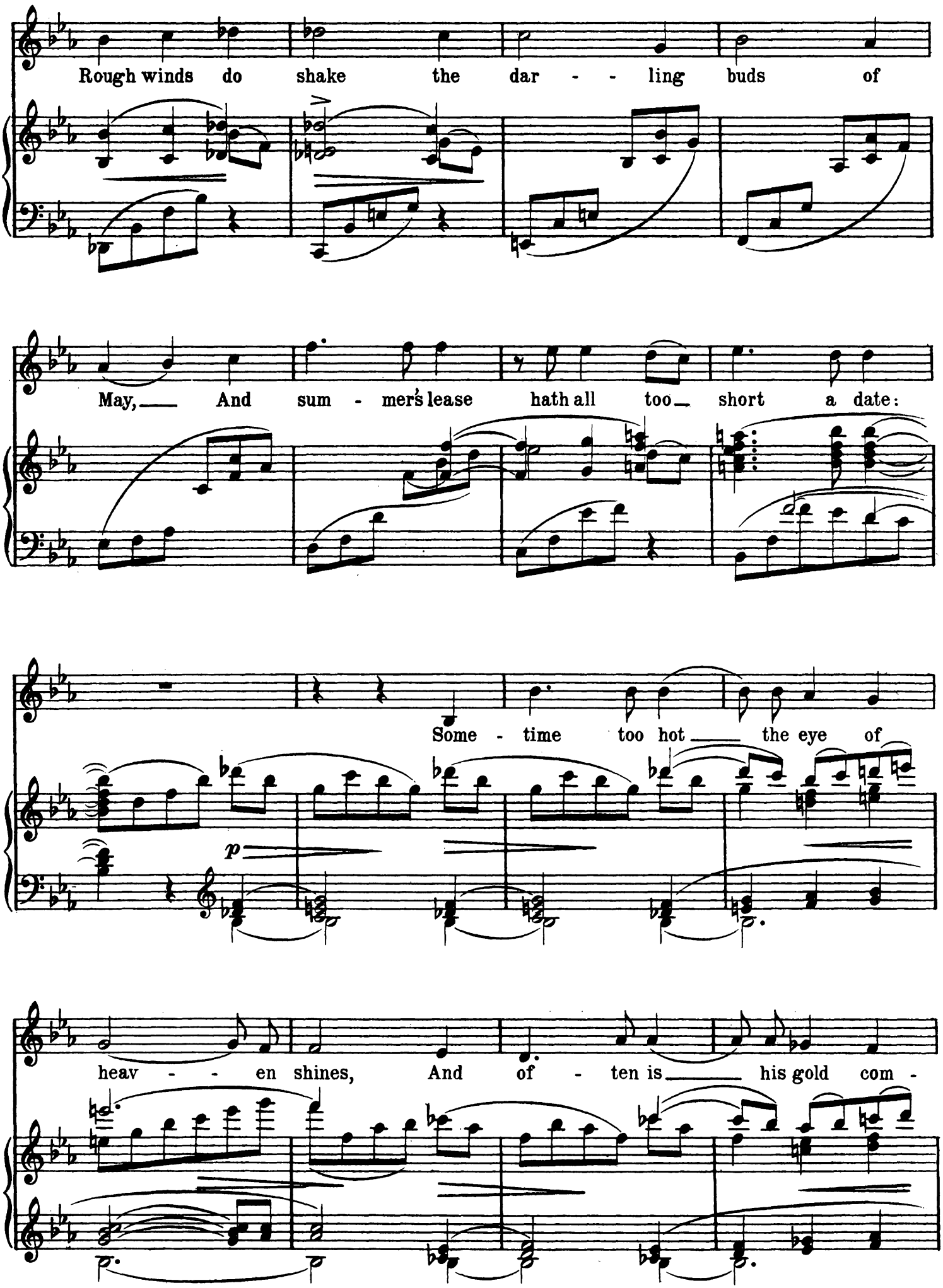
Rough winds do shake the dar - - ling buds of
May, And sum - mer's lease hath all too short a date:
Some - time too hot the eye of
p
heav - - en shines, And of - ten is his gold com -

plex - - ion dimm'd: And eve-ry fair from fair_ some - time_ de -

cresc. - - - *f* *dim.*

- clines, By chance, or na-ture's chang-ing course,_ un - trimm'd._ But

poco - - *a* - - - *poco* - - *rit.* - - - *pp a*

thy e - ter - nal sum - mer_____ shall not

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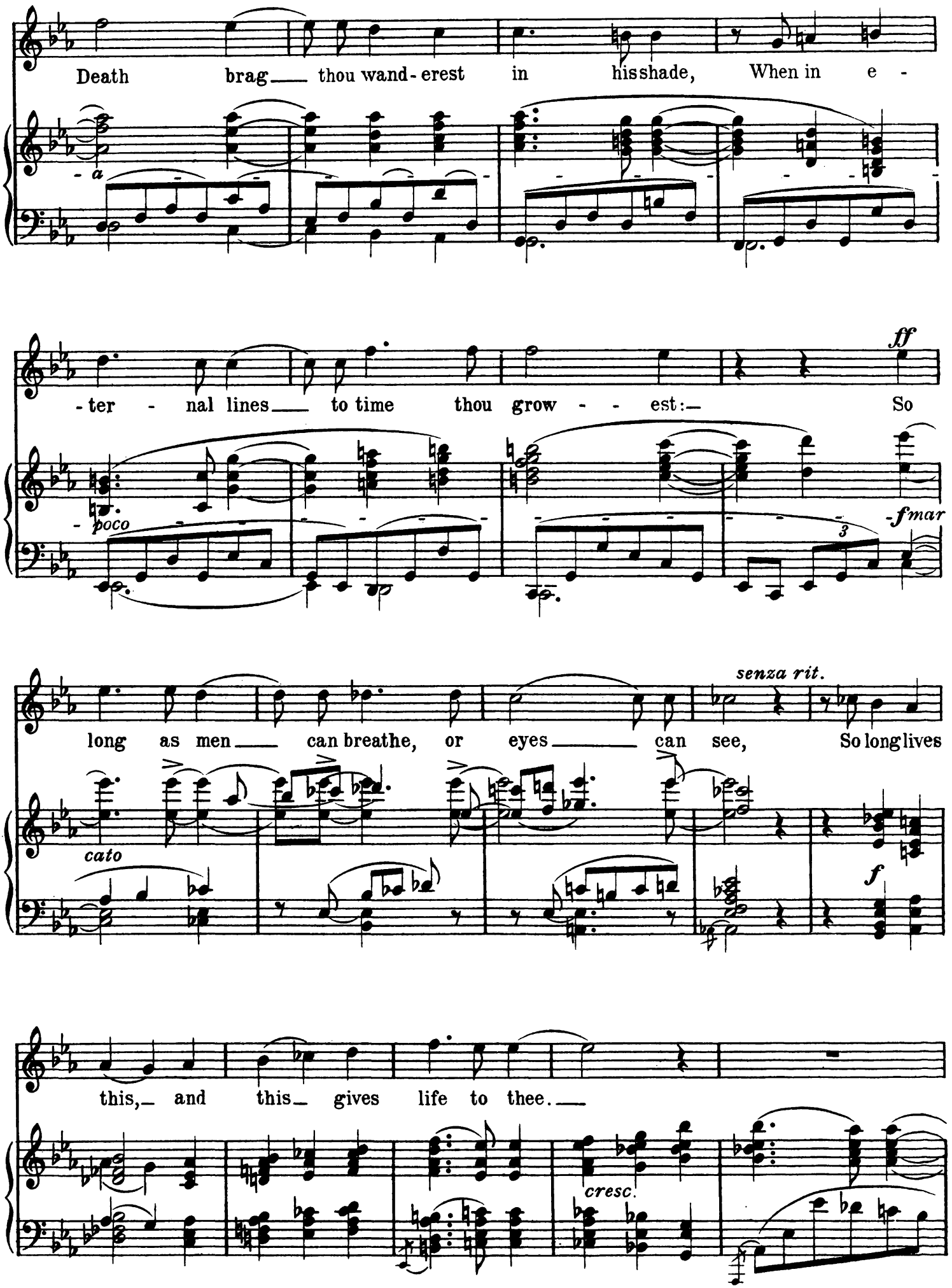
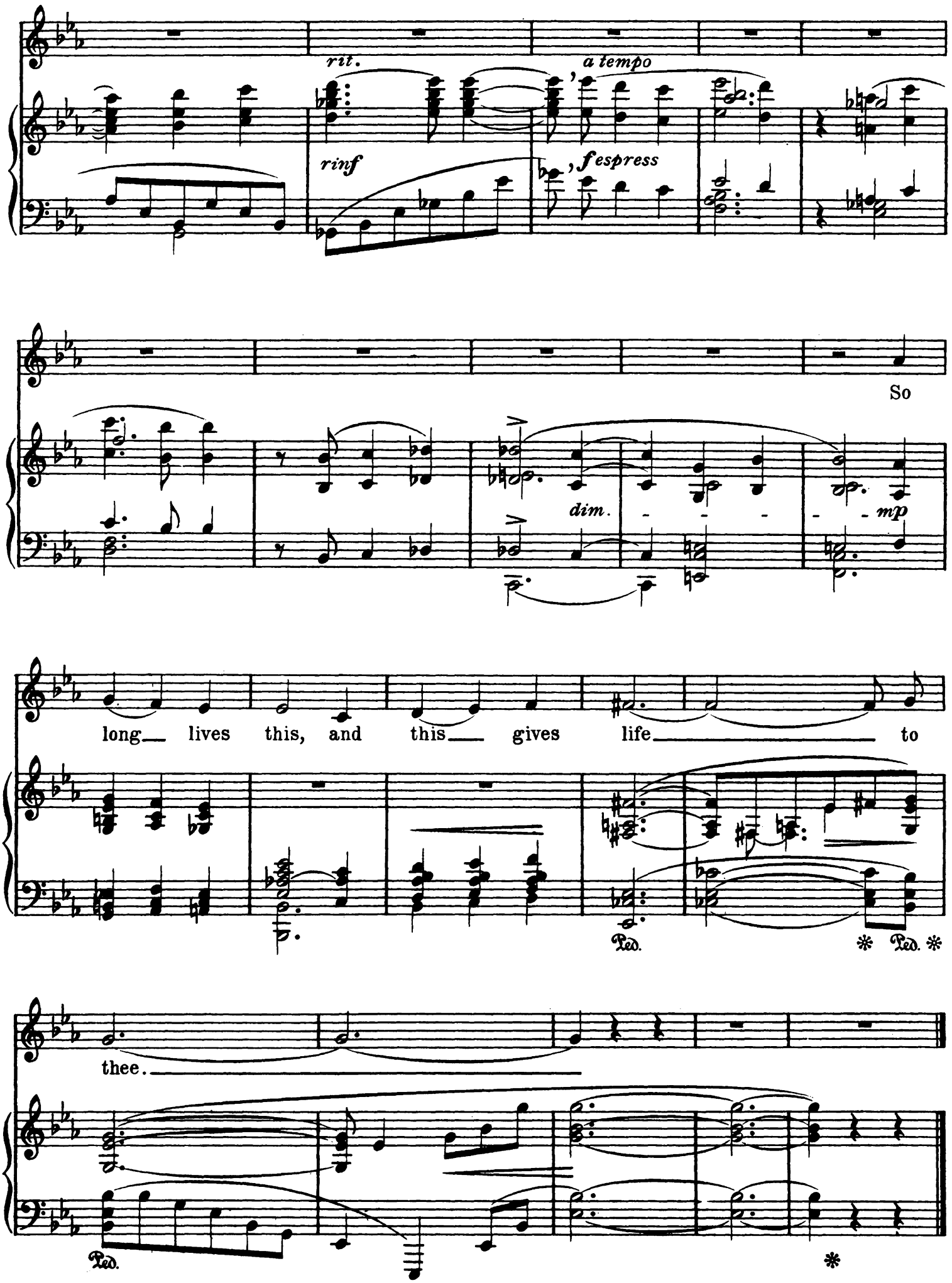
fade Nor lose pos - ses - sion of that fair thou ow - est; Nor shall

poco


Death brag thou wand-erest in his shade, When in e-
-a
-ter-nal lines to time thou grow-est:— So
ff
-poco
-fmar
long as men can breathe, or eyes can see, So long lives
senza rit.
cato
f
this, and this gives life to thee.
cresc.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long lives this, and this gives life to
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