

Time (Shakespeare)

Music: Jeremy Rawson

Not too slowly

Piano

Like as the waves make to - wards the peb-bled shore, So do our min-utes hast-

ten to their end; Each chang-ing place with that which goes be-fore In se-quent toil all

for-wards do con-tend. Na-ti-vi-ty once in the main of light Crawls to ma-tu-ri-ty

where-with being crowned, Crook-ed e-clip-ses 'gainst his glo-ry fight And Time that gave, doth

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now his gift con-found. Time doth trans - fix the flou - rish set on youth, And

delves the pa - ra - lles in beau-ty's brow; Feeds on the

ra-ri-ties of na - ture's truth, And no-thing stands but for his scythe to mow.

And yet, to times in hope my verse shall stand Prais-ing thy worth des-pite his cru-el hand.

For more music by Jeremy Rawson, go to music.rawson.me.uk

Please also go to this website to give me feedback on this arrangement and to let me know when and where you use it.