

The Kentaro Sato Choral Series

Sweet Days

for Men's Chorus a cappella

Words by
George Herbert

Music by
Kentaro Sato

WP

Wiseman Project

www.wisemanproject.com

This men's version is commissioned by Yutokora!! (Tokyo, Japan)

- Sweet Days -

Text by George Herbert (1593-1633)

Music by Kentaro Sato (Ken-P)

7/22, 2010

Freely (♩ = c.80) *dolce con leggima*

T *p*
Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright; the bri - dal of the

B *p*
Do

T
earth and sky. The dew — shall weep thy fall to —

B
earth (earth) and sky. The dew — shall weep — they fall to — night;

T *mp* *p*
for thou must die. (Sweet — whose hue an - gry and

B *mp*
for thou must die. (must die sweet whose hue an - gry and

T *p*
rose how — sweet, thy —

B *p*
brave, — rash ga - zer wipe his eye, thy root — is

T *p*
ev - er in — its grave, and — thou must die.

B *p*
ev - er in — its grave, — and thou must (must) — die. (must —

32 *mf*

T Sweet spring, — full of sweet days and ro - ses; a box where

B die.) Sweet srping, — full of — sweet days and ro - ses; a box where

38

T sweets — com - pac - ted lie. My mu - sic shows ye have your

B sweets com - pac - ted lie. — My mu - sic shows ye have your

44 *mp* die. Ah, *f*

T clo - ses, all must die. Ah, On - ly a

B o - ses, must must die. Ah, On - ly a

50 soul, like sea - soned

T sweet — and vir - tuous like — sea - soned tim - ber ne - ver gives; ne - ver

B sweet and vir - tuous, like — sea - soned tim - ber ne - ver gives; ne - ver

56 *p*

T gives; — but though the whole — world turn to coal, then —

B gives; but though the whole world turn — to coal, — then —

62

T *mp* chief - ly lives. Then chief - ly Then chief - ly

B *mp* chief - ly lives. Then chief - ly Then chief - ly -

69

T lives.

B lives.

... day, so cool, so calm, so bright;
 The bridal of the earth and sky
 The dew shall weep thy fall to-night
 For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave,
 Bids the rash rover wipe his eye.
 Thy root is even in its grave,
 And thou dost die.

Sweet spiced full of sweet days and roses;
 A box where sweets compacted lie.
 My music shows ye have your closes,
 And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
 Like seasoned timber, never gives;
 But though the whole world turn to coal,
 Then chiefly lives.

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