

For Wilfred Brown

# PREVIEW ONLY

William Shakespeare

Peter Wishart



Andante

Voice

Fear no more the heat o' the sun, Nor the au-rious win-ter's

Piano

ra-ges; Thou thy world-ly task has done, Some art gone, and

ta'en thy wa-ges: Gol-den lads and girls all must, As

chim-ney-sweep-ers, come to dust.





Fear no more the frown o' the great T'ron a't past the tyrants stroke; Care

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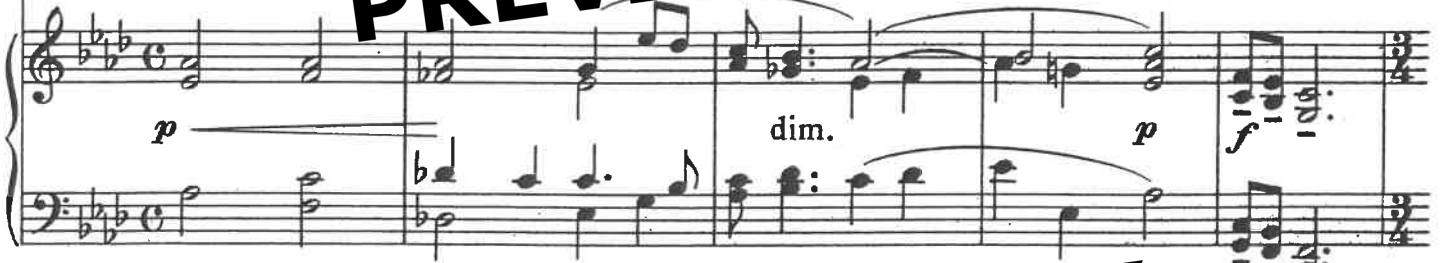


no more to clothe and eat; To thee the reed is as the oak; The




sceptre, learning, physic, but All to be this, and come to dust.

**PREVIEW ONLY**

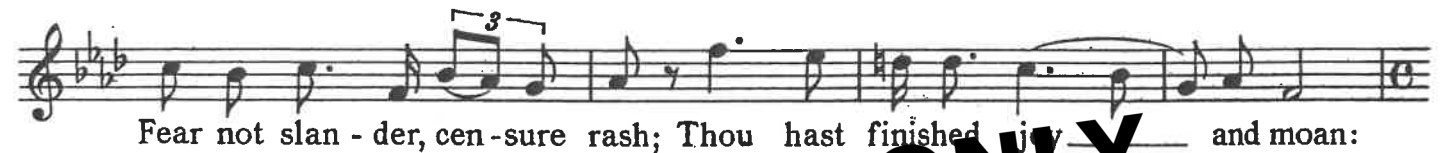


*p* *dim.* *p* *f*



*f* più mosso  
Fear no more the lightning-flash, Nor the all-dreaded thun - der-stone;

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Fear not slan - der, cen - sure rash; Thou hast finished joy and moan:



*mf* a tempo  
All lo - vers young, all lo - vers must Con - sign to thee, and

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*mf*

Banks  
Music  
Publications  
2

come to or - ci - ser harm thee!

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None shall craft charm thee! Ghost un - laid for - bear thee!

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No-thing ill come near thee! Qui - et con-sum-mation have; And re -

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- now - - - - - ned be thy grave!

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