WHEN YOU ARE OLD
SATB divisi, Piano

Text: William Butler Yeats

Adagio $\frac{d}{=70}$

Soprano

Alto

Tenor

Bass

Piano

Andante animato ma non troppo $\frac{d}{=70}$

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Auftragswerk für den Eastview High School Concert Choir, Apple Valley, Minnesota (USA)

Aufnahme/Recording: www.patrickhahnmusic.com
Eastview High School Concert Choir (Ltg: Gregory Douma)

* English pronunciation: Oo
Deutsche Aussprache: Uh
When You Are Old

When you are old and grey and full of sleep,
And nodding by the fire...

, take down this book, And slowly read...

P molto legato

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When you are old and grey and full of sleep,
And nodding by the fire

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When you are old and grey and full of sleep,
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And nodding by the fire

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When you are old and grey and full of sleep,
And nodding by the fire

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When You Are Old

and dream of the look your eyes had once, and of

and of the soft look eyes had once, and of

and dream your eyes had, and of

and dream your eyes had, and of

their shadows deep

their shadows deep, their shadows deep

of their shadows deep, their shadows deep

shadows deep

How many

When You Are Old
When You Are Old

loved your moments of glad grace, And loved your beauty with love
How many loved your grace, And loved your beauty with love
How many loved your grace,

false, love false or true, love false or true, But one man
false, love false or true, love false or true, But one man
false, love false or true, love false or true, But one man
false, love false or true, love false or true

But one man
When You Are Old

S

loved

the pilgrim

soul

in you

A

loved

the pilgrim

soul

in you

T

loved

the pilgrim

soul

in you

B

one loved the

soul

in you

Pn.

\[\text{And loved the sorrows of your changing face}\]

S

\[\text{And loved the sorrows of your changing face}\]

A

\[\text{And loved the sorrows of your changing face}\]

T

\[\text{And loved the sorrows of your changing face}\]

B

\[\text{And loved the sorrows of your changing face}\]
When You Are Old

When you are old and grey and full of sleep, And nodding by the fire, take down this book, And

When you are old and grey and full of sleep, And nodding by the fire, take down this book, And
When You Are Old

slowly read, And bending down beside the glowing bars

slowly read, And bending down beside the glowing bars

slowly read, And bending down beside the glowing bars

slowly read,

, Murmur, a little sadly, how Love fled,

, Murmur, a little sadly, how Love fled,

glowing bars, a little sadly, how Love fled,

glowing bars, a little sadly, how Love fled,
When You Are Old

When You Are Old

Piu lento $\phi = 50$

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S

paced up on the moun-tains o-ver-head, Mm

mf

---

A

paced up on the moun-tains o-ver-head, Mm

mf

---

T

paced up on the moun-tains o-ver-head, Mm

mf

---

B

paced up on the moun-tains o-ver-head, Mm

mf

---

Pn.

pp

---

S

, And hid his face a-mid a crowd

p

---

A

Hid his face a-mid a crowd

p

---

T

, And hid his face a-mid a crowd

p

---

B

Hid his face a-mid a crowd

p

---

Pn.  

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When You Are Old

, a crowd of stars, a crowd of stars -

a crowd of stars, crowd of stars -

a crowd of stars, a crowd of stars -

a crowd of stars, of

a crowd of stars, of

a crowd of stars, of

When You Are Old
When you are old and grey and full of sleep,
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep;
How many loved your moments of glad grace,
And loved your beauty with love false or true,
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
And loved the sorrows of your changing face;
And bending down beside the glowing bars,
Murmur, a little sadly, how Love fled
And paced upon the mountains overhead
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

When Du alt und grau und voller Schlaf bist,
und nickend bei dem Feuer, nimm dieses Buch herunter,
und lese langsam, und träume von dem sanftem Blick
den Deine Augen einmal hatten und Ihrer Schatten tief;
Wie viele liebten Deine Momente der frohen Anmut,
und liebten Deine Schönheit mit Liebe falsch oder aufrichtig,
aber ein Mann liebte die Pilgerseele in Dir,
und liebte die Sorgen Deines verändernden Gesichtes;
Und bückend an der Seit der glühenden Stäbe,
Murmeln, ein wenig traurig, wie Liebe floh
Und schritt auf den Bergen am Himmel
Und verbarg sein Gesicht inmitten einer Menge von Sternen.