

*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](http://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*  
Oo

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

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

T *mp* Sweet, — sweet —  
for thou must — die. — (Sweet) rose, — whose hue an - gry and

B *mp*  
for thou must — die. (must — die.) Sweet rose, — whose hue an - gry and

T  
brave bids the rash ga - zer wipe his eye, thy root — is

B  
brave, — bids the rash ga - zer wipe his eye. — Thy root — is

T  
ev - er in — its grave, — *p* 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 *p* *mp* *f*

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

B clo - ses, must (must) die. Ah, On - ly a

50

T soul, — like sea - soned

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

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

B  
chief - ly lives. Then chief - ly Then chief - ly

69

T  
lives.

B  
lives.

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

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

Sweet spring, 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.