



Timothy C. Takach

When You Are Old

for a cappella SA(T)B choir

Commissioned by the choirs of Lyons Township High School, LaGrange, IL

When you are old and gray 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.

- *William Butler Yeats*



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William Butler Yeats

for SA(T)B a cappella

Timothy C. Takach

$\text{♩} = 63-66$
mf *mp*

Soprano/Alto
Ah... Ah...

Tenor/Bass
mf *mp*

5

S/A
When you are old and gray and full of sleep, And nod-ding by the

T/B

8

S/A
fire, take down this book, And slow-ly read, and

T/B

11

S/A
dream of the soft look Your eyes had once, and

T/B
dream of the soft look Your eyes had once, and

f *p* *mp*

Reviewed as "gorgeous" (Washington Post) and "stunning" (Lawrence Journal-World), the music of **Timothy C. Takach** has risen fast in the concert world. Applauded for his melodic lines and rich, intriguing harmonies, Takach has received commissions from the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra, the St. Olaf Band, Cantus, Pavia Winds, Lorelei Ensemble, VocalEssence, the DeBartolo Performing Arts Center, and numerous other organizations. His compositions have been performed on A Prairie Home Companion, The Boston Pops holiday tour, multiple All-State and festival programs and at venues such as the Library of Congress, Kennedy Center and Royal Opera House Muscat. He is a co-creator of the theatrical production of All is Calm: the Christmas Truce of 1914, by Peter Rothstein. He has frequent national work as a composer-in-residence, presenter, clinician and lecturer. He is a full-time composer and lives in Minneapolis with his wife and two sons.



Timothy C Takach.com

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15 *mf* *mp*

S/A of their shad-ows deep, and of their shad - ows

T/B *mf* *mp*

19 *p* *mf* **Slightly Faster**

S/A deep; How man - y loved your mo - ments of glad grace,

T/B *p* *mf*

22

S/A And loved your beau - ty with love false or true; But one man loved the

T/B

25 *f* *mp*

S/A pil - grim soul in you, And loved the sor - rows of your

T/B *f* *mp*

28 **Tempo I** *p* *mf*

S/A chang - ing face. Oo... Oo...

T/B *p* *mf*

32 *mp*

S/A

T/B

And bend - ing down be -

35

S/A

T/B

side the glow - ing bars Mur - mur, a lit - tle sad - ly, how

38

S/A

T/B

love fled And paced up - on the moun - tains o - ver -

41 *f* *p* *mp*

S/A

T/B

head And hid his face a - mid a crowd of

45 *mf* *mp* *ritard*

S/A

T/B

stars, a - mid a crowd of stars.