FIFTY
SHAKSPEARE SONGS
EDITED BY
CHARLES VINCENT
(MUS. DOC. OXON.)
FOR HIGH VOICE

THE
MUSICIANS
LIBRARY

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THEODORE PRESSER CO., DISTRIBUTORS, BRYN MAWR, PA.
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FAREWELL, DEAR LOVE

(Robert Jones)

From “Songs and Ayres set out for the Lute;” Book 1

Rather slowly

1. Fare - well, dear love, since
2. Fare - well, fare - well, since

thou wilt needs be gone,
this I find is true,
life is al - most done;

Mine eyes do show my
I will not spend more
Nay, I will nev - er die
But I will seek else - where

*The poem has three more verses.*
So long as I can spy, There be many mo;
If I can find love there, Shall I bid her go?

Though that she doth go, There be many more, I
What and if I do? Shall I bid her go and

fear not, Why, then let her go, I care not.
spare not? Oh! no, no, no, no, no, I dare not.
PEG O' RAMSAY

Verses from "Wit and Mirth" (1719)

Ancient Melody from Dr. Bull MSS
Edited and arranged by Dr. Charles Vincent

Not too quickly

1. Bon-ny 'Peg-gy
2. Some_ call her
3. Up_ goes the

Ram-say that any man may see; And bon-ny was her
Peg-gy, and some call her Jean; And some call her
hop-per, and in goes the corn; The wheel it goes a-

face with a fair freck-el'd eye; Neat is her
mid-sum-mer but they are all mis-ta'en. O! Peg-gy is a
bout and the stones be-gin to turn. The meal falls in the

bod-y made; and she hath good skill; And round are her
bon-ny lass, and works well at the mill, For she will be quite
meal-trough and quick-ly does it fill, For Peg-gy is a

*There are two more verses.
bon-ny arms that work well at the mill,

oc-cu-pied when oth-ers they lie still,

With a hey tro-lo-del, hey tro-lo-del,

bon-ny lass and works well at the mill.

hey tro-lo-del lill,_ Bon-ny Peg-gy Ram-say that works well at the mill. With a hey tro-lo-del, hey tro-lo-del, hey tro-lo-del lill,

Bon-ny Peg-gy Ram-say that works well at the mill._

*The final chord in parentheses might be omitted at the end of the song, the voice part ending on A.
GREEN-SLEEVES

(Composed during the reign of Henry VIII)

Ancient Melody
from W. Ball's "Lute Book"
Edited and arranged by Dr. Charles Vincent

1. A - las, my love, _ ye do me wrong, To
2. I have been read - y at your hand, To

cast me off _ dis - cour - teously, And I have lovd 
grant what _ ev _ er you would crave. I have both wa _ ged

*) For remaining stanzas of the poem see the Notes to Part I.
you so long, Delight ing in your company.
life and land, Your love and good will for to have.

With good accent

Green sleeves was all my joy, Green sleeves was my delight,

Repeat last right measures as a Chorus

Green sleeves was my heart of gold, And who but lady Green sleeves?
HEIGH-HO! FOR A HUSBAND

Verses slightly altered from
"Wit and Mirth" (1719)

Ancient melody from
John Gamble's MS "Common-place Book"
Edited and arranged by Dr. Charles Vincent

There was a maid the other day.

An ancient suit to her came. His

A wedded life, aye! well a day, It

Sighed sore "God wot?" And she said "all wives might

beard was almost grey; Tho' he was old and

is a hapless lot! Young maids may marry,

have their way, But maidens they might not. Full eighteen years have

she was young, She would no longer stay. But to her mother

be they gay, Young wives, alas! may not. A twelve-month is too

pass'd" she said, "Since I, poor soul, was born, And if I chance to

went this maid, And told her bye and bye, That she a husband

long to bear This sorry yoke," she said, "Since wives they may not
die a maid, A pol-lo is for-sworn. Heigh-ho!
needs must have And this was still her cry: Heigh-ho!
have their will, 'Tis best to die a maid. Heigh-ho!

for a hus-band, Heigh-ho! for a hus-band, Heigh-ho! for a hus-band, Heigh-ho! for a hus-band, What a life lead
with a hus-band, Heigh-ho! with a hus-band, Heigh-ho! with a hus-band, I will have a hus-band, such a hus-band, Be

song, "I will have a hus-band, have a hus-band, Be
song, "I will have a hus-band, have a hus-band, Be
I! Out up-on a hus-band, such a hus-band, fie,

he old or young.
he old or young.
fie, fie, Oh! fie.
Not too quickly

1. Sing care away, with
2. What doth a vail far

sport and play, For pastime is our pleasure; If
hence to sail, And lead our life in toiling? Or

well we fare, for nought we care, In mirth consists our treasure. Let
to what end should we here spend, Our days in irksome moiling? It
stupids lurk and drugges work, We do defy their is the best to live at rest, And tak't as God doth

sla-v'ry; He is a fool, that goes to school. All send it, To haunt each wake and mirth to make. And

we delight in bra-v'ry. with good fel lows spend it.
LIGHT O' LOVE

LEONARD GYBSON
(circa 1570)

Ancient Melody
Edited and arranged by Dr. Charles Vincent

In moderate time

1. By force I am
2. Deceit is not

fixed my fancy to write,
Ingratitude will eth me
dainty it comes at each dish;
And fraud goes a fishing with

not to refrain;
Then blame me not,
-friendly looks;
Though friendship is spoiled, the silly poor
dite What light-ly love now a-mongst you doth reign. Your
fish That hov-er and shiv-er up-on your false hooks; With

tra-ces in pla-ces, with out-ward allure-ments, Doth move my en-
bait you lay wait to catch here and there Which caus-es poor
deavour to be the more plain; Your ni-cings and ti-cings, with sund-r y pro-
fish-es their free-dom to lose. Then lout ye and flout ye, where-by doth ap-
cure-ments, To pub-lish you light-ie love doth me con-strain.
pear. Your light-y love la-dies, still cloak-ed with gloss.
THREE MERRY MEN BE WE

Trio for Two Tenors and a Bass

Several old tunes

Edited and arranged by Dr. Charles Vincent

Second Tenor

A Yeoman, or Page of the Cellar

Come, fortune's a jade,
I care not who tell her,
Would offer to strangle a page of the cellar,
That should by his oath
To any man's thinking
And place, have had
A defence for his drinking.

In moderate time

(The Hanging tune, 'Fortunem y Floe')
this she does When she pleases to palter, Instead of his wages She gives him a halter.

Refrain
Lively

Three merry men, And three merry men, And three merry men are we, As e'er did sing Three parts in a string, All under the triple tree.
Slowly
The Cook (Bass)

Oh, yet but look on the
Slowly

mas-ter cook, The glo-ry of the kitch-en, In sew-ing whose fate at so

loft-y a rate, No tai-lor had a stitch in; For though he made the

man, The cook yet made the dish-es: The which no tai-lor can, Where-
in I have my wishes, That I, who at so man-v a feast Have pleas'd so man- y

tast-ers, Should come my-self for to be dress'd A dish for you, my mas ters.

Refrain
Lively

Three mer- ry men, And three mer- ry men, Oh, three mer- ry men are we, As
e'er did sing Three parts in a string, All un- der the green-wood tree.
The Pantler (1st Tenor)

Moderato

O man or beast, or you at least, That

wears or brow or antler, Prick up your ears unto the tears Of me poor Paul the pantler. That am thus chipt because I clipt The cursed crust of treason

With loyal knife, O doleful strife, To hang me thus without reason.
Lively

1st time f 2d time pp

Three mer-ry men, And three mer-ry men, Oh, three mer-ry men are we,
That e'er did sing Three parts in a string, All
un-der the tri-ple tree, All un-der the tri-ple tree.

very slowly after repeat

very slowly after repeat
THE WILLOW SONG

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE
From “Othello,” Act IV, Scene 3

VOICE
Slowly and sadly

PIANO

The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree, Sing

all a green willow; Her hand on her bosom, her

head on her knee, Sing willow, willow, willow, willow! Sing
willow, willow, willow, willow! My garland shall be; Sing all a green

willow, willow, willow, willow,

willow, My garland shall be.

fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans; Sing willow, willow,
willow; Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones; Sing

willow, willow, willow, willow! Sing willow, willow, willow, willow! My

garland shall be; Sing all a green willow, willow, willow, willow,

Sing all a green willow, my garland shall be.
O MISTRESS MINE

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE
From "Twelfth Night", Act II, Scene 3

Melody from
Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book 1610
Edited and arranged by Dr. Charles Vincent

In moderate time

VOICE

Piano

O mistress mine,

where are you roaming? O mistress mine, where are you roaming? Oh, stay and hear;

your true love's coming, That can sing both high and low: Trip no further,

pretty sweeting; Journeys end in lovers meeting, Every wise man's
son doth know.

What is love? 'tis not here after;

What is love? 'tis not here after; Present mirth hath present laughter;

What's to come is still unsure: In delay there lies no plenty;

Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty, Youth's a staff will not endure.
IT WAS A LOVER AND HIS LASS

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE
From "As You Like It," Act V, Scene 3

THOMAS MORLEY (circa 1557-1604)
Edited and arranged by Dr. Charles Vincent

Moderately quick

1. It was a lover and his lass,
2. Between the acres of the rye,
3. This carol they began that hour,
4. Then, pretty lovers, take the time,

hey, and a ho, and a hey
no-ni-no, and a hey
no-ni, no-ni-

That o'er the green corn-field did pass
These pretty country folks would lie,
How that a life was but a flow'r
For love is crowned with the prime

In spring-time, in spring-time, in
spring-time, the only pretty ring-time, When birds do sing, hey ding-a-ding-a-ding, hey ding-a-ding-a-ding, hey Ding-a-ding-a-ding, hey Ding-a-ding-a-ding, Sweet lovers love the spring, In spring-time, in spring-time, the only pretty ring-time, When birds do sing, hey ding-a-ding-a-ding, hey ding-a-ding-a-ding, hey ding-a-ding-a-ding, Sweet lovers love the spring.
WHEN THE BEE SUCKS

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE
From "The Tempest," Act V, Scene I

ROBERT JOHNSON (circa 1590)
Edited and arranged by Dr. Charles Vincent

Rather quickly

Where the bee sucks, there lurk I

In a cow-slip's bell I lie; There I couch when owls do cry. On a

bat's back do I fly After sunset merrily.
(d: d:about)

Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly shall I live now  Under the blos-som that hangs on the bough.

[mf]

Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly shall I live now  Under the blos-som that hangs on the bough.

[re:]

Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly shall I live now  Under the blos-som that hangs on the bough.

[a tempo]

Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly shall I live now  Under the blos-som that hangs on the bough.
FULL FATHOM FIVE THY FATHER LIES

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE
From "The Tempest," Act I, Scene 2

ROBERT JOHNSON (circa 1590)
Edited and arranged by Dr. Charles Vincent

In moderate time

Full fathom five thy father-

lies; Of his bones are cor-

al made; Those are pearls that were his eyes; No-

thing of him that doth fade But doth suf-
fer a sea-change into some-

thing
rich and strange. Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell: Hark! now I hear them, Hark!

— now I hear them, ding-dong, bell. Ding-dong, ding-dong, bell,

Ding-dong, ding-dong, bell, Ding-dong, ding-dong, bell, Ding-dong, ding-dong,

bell, Ding-dong, ding-dong, bell, Ding-dong, ding-dong, bell.
LAWN AS WHITE AS DRIVEN SNOW

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
From "A Winter's Tale," Act IV, Scene 4

In moderate time

Piano

Lawn as white as driven snow; Cy-prus black as
e'er was crow; Gloves as sweet as dam-ask roses; Masks for faces and for noses;

Bu-gle brace-let, neck-lace am-ber, Per-fume for a la-dy's cham-ber;

Gold-en quoifs and stom-ach-ers, For my lads, for my lads to give their dears:
Pins and poking sticks, pins and poking sticks, and poking sticks of steel;

What maids lack, what maids lack, what maids lack from head to heel,

What maids lack from head to heel. Come buy of me, come,

Come buy, come buy. Buy, lads! or else your lasses cry; Come buy!
TAKE, O TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE
From "Measure for Measure," Act IV, Scene I

JOHN WILSON (1591-1672)
Edited and arranged by Dr. Charles Vincent

Slowly and with much expression

VOICE

Take, O take those lips away, That so

sweetly were forsworn; And those eyes, the break of day,

Lights that do mislead the morn: But my kisses bring again;

Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.

PIANO
COME UNTO THESE YELLOW SANDS

(Published in 1670)

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE
From "The Tempest," Act I, Scene 2

JOHN HANISTER (1630-1679)
Edited and arranged by Dr. Charles Vincent

Rather slowly

VOICE

PIANO

Come unto these yellow sands, And there take hands:

Curtsey'd when you have and kiss'd (The wild waves whist.)
A little quicker.

Foot it feath'ly here and there; And, sweet sprites, the

burst'en bear: Hark! hark! Bow wow, The watch-dogs bark, Bow-wow,

Hark! hark! I hear The strain of strutting chant-

cloer Cry, Cock-a-doodle-doo.
WHERE THE BEE SUCKS

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE
From "The Tempest," Act V, Scene I

RATHER QUICK

PELHAM HUMFREY (1647-1674)
Edited and arranged by Dr. Charles Vincent

PIANO

Where the bee sucks, there lurk I;
In a cow-slip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry,
On the swallow's wings I fly,
After sunset merri ly, merri ly.
Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, shall I live now  
Under the blos-som that hangs on the bough.

Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, shall I live now  
Under the blos-som that hangs on the bough.

pp

Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, shall I live now  
Under the blos-som that hangs on the bough.

rall.

Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, shall I live now  
Under the blos-som that hangs on the bough.

rall.
THE WILLOW SONG

(Composed in 1673)

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE

From “Othello,” Act IV, Scene 3

SLOWLY AND SADLY

The poor soul sat

sighing by a sycamore tree, Sing all a green willow; Her

hand on her bosom, her head on her knee, Sing willow, willow,

low, sing willow, willow.
The fresh streams ran by her, And murmur'd her moans; Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones; Sing willow, willow, singing willow, willow.
Come, all ye forsaken, and mourn now with me; Who speaks of a false love, Mine's falser than he. Sing willow, willow, willow, willow.
COME UNTO THESE YELLOW SANDS

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE
From “The Tempest” Act I, Scene 2

HENRY PURCELL
(1659-1695)

Rather quickly

PIANO

Come unto these yellow sands, And then take hands,

Come unto these yellow sands, And then take hands;

Foot it feably here and there, And let the rest the burden bear.
Foot it feat-ly here and there, And let the rest the bur-the bear.

Hark! hark! The watch-dogs bark; Hark! hark! I hear. The strain of chan-ti-cleer,

Hark! hark! I hear. The strain of chan-ti-cleer. Hark! hark! The watch-dogs bark;

Hark! hark! I hear. The strain of chan-ti-cleer, Hark! hark! I hear. The strain of chan-ti-cleer.
FULL FATHOM FIVE THY FATHER LIES

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE
From "The Tempest," Act 1, Scene 2

HE...HENRY PURCELL
(1658-1695)

In moderate time

VOICE

Full fathom five thy father lies;

lies; Of his bones are coral made;

thing of him that doth fade.

PIANO

Full fathom five thy father

...
Full fath-om five thy fa-ther lies;
Full fath-om five thy fa-ther lies; Of his bones are cor-al made; Those are
pearls that were his eyes; No-thing of him that doth fade But doth suf-fer, suf-fer
suf-fer a sea-change In-to some-thing rich and strange, But doth
suffer, doth suffer a sea-change into something rich and strange.

Sirens hourly ring his knell; Hark! now I hear them, ding-dong, ding-dong, bell.

Hark! now I hear them, ding-dong, ding-dong, bell. Hark! now I hear them, hark! now I hear them, hark! now I hear them, hark! now I hear them, ding-dong, ding-dong, bell.
WHO IS SYLVIA?

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE
From "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," Act IV, Scene 2

RICHARD LEVERIDGE (1670-1758)
Edited and arranged by Dr. Charles Vincent

Slowly and sustained

Who is Sylvia? What is she, That all our swains commended her?

Holy, fair, and wise is she; The heav'n's such grace did lend her, That she might ad
mired be.

Is she

kind as she is fair? For beauty lives with kindness.

Love doth to her eyes repair, To help him of his

rall.

blindness; and being help'd, inhabits there.

rall.
Allegretto

Then to Sylvia let us sing, That Sylvia is excelling;

Then to Sylvia let us sing, That Sylvia is excelling;

Sylvia is excelling; She excels each mortal thing, Upon the dull earth dwelling: To
her let us gar-lands bring,
To her let us gar-lands bring.

She excels each mortal thing,
Up on the dull earth dwell-ing;
To her let us gar-lands bring.
WHERE THE BEE SUCKS

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE
From 'The Tempest,' Act V, Scene I

THOMAS AUGUSTINE ARNE (1710-1778)
Edited and arranged by Dr. Charles Vincent

Allegretto

Where the bee sucks, there lurk

I: In a cowslip's bell I lie; There I couch when owls do cry,

when owls do cry, when owls do cry,
On a bat's back do I fly

After sunset merrily,

merrily, After sunset merrily,
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.
WHEN DAISIES PIED AND VIOLETS BLUE
(THE CUCKOO SONG)

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE
From "Love's Labor's Lost" Act V, Scene 2

THOMAS AUGUSTINE ARNE (1710-1778)
Edited by Dr. Charles Vincent

PIANO

Allegretto

When daisies pied and violets blue, And snow-drops deck'd in silver white, And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue, Do

paint the meadows with delight, a tempo

The
cuckoo then, on ev'ry tree, Hails the sweet spring, hails the sweet spring,
hails the sweet spring, and thus sings he, Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo,
cuckoo, cuckoo;
Oh, pleasing sound, oh, pleasing sound, While

echo answers far around, While echo answers far a-
When shepherds pipe on oat-en straws, And merry larks are
ploughmen's clocks, When turtles pair, and rooks, and daws, And fields are scatter'd
o'er with flocks. The cuckoo then, on ev'ry tree, Hails the sweet spring,
hails the sweet spring, hails the sweet spring, and thus sings he, Cuc-koo, cuc-koo, cuc-koo,

oh, pleasing sound, oh, pleasing sound, While
echo answers far around, While echo answers far around.
WHEN ICICLES HANG BY THE WALL
(THE OWL)

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE
From "Love's Labor's Lost," Act V, Scene 2

THOMAS AUGUSTINE ARNE
(1710-1778)

Poco Allegretto

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And

WINTER

When icicles hang by the wall,
And

Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And
Tom bears logs into the hall, And milk comes frozen home in pail;
When blood is nipp'd and ways be foul, Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl, To—
whit, tu-whoo, tu-whoo, A

mer-ry, mer-ry note, A mer-ry, mer-ry

note, While greasy Joan, greasy Joan, While

greasy Joan doth keel the pot.
When loud the wind doth blow, and coughing drowns the parson's saw; And birds sit brooding in the snow, and

Marian's nose looks red and raw;

When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl, then nightly sings the staring owl,
Then nightly sings the starring owl, Tu-whit, tu-whoo,

Tu-whoo, A merry, merry note,

A merry, merry note, While greasy Joan, greasy Joan, While

Greas-y Joan doth keel the pot.
NO MORE DAMS I'LL MAKE FOR FISH
(CALIBAN'S SONG)

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE
From "The Tempest," Act II, Scene 2

JOHN CHRISTOPHER SMITH
(1712-1785)

Rather quickly

No more dams I'll make for

fish; Nor fetch firing At requiring, Nor scrape trencher, Nor wash

dish! 'Ban, 'Ban, Caliban, Has a new master; get a new
man!

No more dams I'll make for fish, No more dams I'll make for fish, Nor fetch firing, At requiring. Nor scrape trencher, Nor wash dish, No more dams I'll make for fish, Nor fetch firing, At requiring.
curring, Nor scrape trencher, Nor wash dish, 'Ban, 'Ban, Ca-ca-li-ban, Has a new master; get a new man! 'Ban, 'Ban, Ca-ca-li-ban, Has a new master, has a new master; get a new man!
SHE NEVER TOLD HER LOVE

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE
From "Twelfth Night" Act II, Scene 4

FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN
(1722-1809)

Largo assai e con espressione

PIANO

She never told her love, she never told her
love
But let concealment, like a worm in the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek.

She
sat like patience on a monument

smiling, smiling at grief,

smiling, smiling at grief.
WHEN THAT I WAS A LITTLE TINY BOY

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE
The Epilogue to "Twelfth Night"

JOSEPH VERNON (1735-1782)
Edited and arranged by Dr. Charles Vincent

1. When that I was a little tiny boy,
2. But when I came to man's estate,
3. But when I came to lady wife,
4. But when I came to my bed,
5. A great while ago the world begun,
fool-ish thing was but a toy, For the rain, it rain-eth
knaves and thieves men shut their gate, For the rain, it rain-eth
swag-g'ring could I nev-er thrive, For the rain, it rain-eth
toss-pots still had drunk-en head, For the rain, it rain-eth
that's all one, our play is done, And we'll strive to please you
ev-ry day.
ev-ry day.
ev-ry day.
ev-ry day.
With a hey, ho! the wind and the rain, For the
rain it rain-eth ev-ry day.
SIGH NO MORE, LADIES

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE
From "Much Ado About Nothing;" Act II, Scene 3

R. J. S. STVENS (1757–1837)
Edited and arranged by Dr. Charles Vincent

Allegretto

VOICE

Sigh no more, la-dies,

PIANO

la-dies, sigh no more;— Men were de-ceiv-ers ev-er, Men were de-ceiv-ers

ev-er; One foot in sea, and one on shore;— To

one thing con-stant nev-er, To one thing con-stant nev-er.
Then sigh not so, but let them go, And be you blithe and bonny, And be you blithe and bonny, Converting all your sounds of woe, Converting all your sounds of woe To Hey non-ny, non-ny, Hey non-ny, non-ny, Hey non-ny, non-ny.
Sing no more ditties, ladies, sing no more
Of ditties so droll and heavy, Of ditties so droll and heavy; The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy, Since summer first was leavy. Then sigh not so,
but let them
go, And be you blithe and bon-ny, And be you blithe and bon-ny; Con-ver-ting all your sounds of woe, Con-ver-ting all your sounds of woe, To Hey non-ny, non-ny, Hey non-ny, non-ny, Hey non-ny, non-ny, Hey non-ny, non-ny.
NOW THE HUNGRY LION ROARS

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE
From "A Midsummer Night's Dream"
Act V, Scene I

Slowly and with energy

PIANO

Now the hun-g ry li - on roars, And the wolf be-howls the

moon; Whil st the heav-y plough-man snores, All with wear-y task for-

done, All with wear-y task for-done. Now the
wasted brands do glow,Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud, Puts the wretch, that lies in woe, In remembrance of a shroud. Now it is the time of night, That the graves, all gaping wide, Every one lets forth its sprite, In the church-way paths to glide.
Now the king of terror reigns Over city, over fold; Frighting humble rustic swains, And the lord of wealth untold, And the lord of wealth untold. Now the miser, full of care, Bars and
doubles-locks his door. That no stranger may have share. In his

rich but useless store. Vain, for soon almighty Death Casts his

riches to the wind, Wrecks his palace with a breath. Hides at

once his name and kind.
IF MUSIC BE THE FOOD OF LOVE, PLAY ON

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE
From "Twelfth Night," Act I, Scene I

JOHN CHARLES CLIFTON
(1781–1844)

Andante
(with emphasis and expression)

If mu-sic be the food of love, play on;

Give me exces-s of it, that, sur-feiting, the ap-pe-tite may sick-en, and so

Andante espressivo

die.

Adagio

(dim.)
Recit.

That strain a-gain! it had a dy-ing fall: Oh, it came o'er my ear.

Recit. ad lib.

Tempo I

like the sweet sound

up

legato e p

on a bank of vio-lets,

like the sweet__sound, the sweet__
sound that breathes upon a bank of violets,
colla voce

stealing, stealing,
a tempo

and giving odour
cresc.

like the sweet sound up
on a bank of violets, like the sweet sound, the sweet sound, that
breathes up-on a bank of violets,
Andante
stealing, stealing,
and giving odour stealing,

stealing, and giving odour.

Enough; no more.
OVER HILL, OVER DALE

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE
From "A Midsummer Night's Dream"
Act II, Scene I

THOMAS SIMPSON COOK
(1782-1848)

Piano

Allegro vivace e spiritoso

O-ver hill, o-ver dale, Tho-rough bush, Tho-rough briar, O-ver

park, o-ver pale, Tho-rough flood, Tho-rough fire, O-ver hill, o-ver dale, Tho-rough
bush, Thoroughbriar, Over park, Over pale, Thorough flood, Thorough fire, I do

wander every

cresc. poco a poco

where, Swift-er than the moon's sphere,

Swift-er than the moon's sphere; And I serve, I serve the
fair-y queen, To dew her orbs up-on the green.

Swift-er than the moon's sphere,

sphere. The cow-slips tall her pension-ers be; In their gold coats spots you see; I do- wander ev- 'ry where, Swift- er than the moon's.
sphere; I do wander ev'ry where,

Swift - er than the moon's sphere; Swift - er than the moon's_

sphere, Swift - er than the moon's sphere; O-ver hill, o-ver

dale, O-ver park, o-ver pale, o-ver
hill, o-ver dale, Tho-rough bush, Tho-rough briar, O-ver park, o-ver pale, Tho-rough

flood, tho-rough fire, O-ver hill, o-ver dale, Tho-rough bush, tho-rough briar, O-ver

park, o-ver pale, Tho-rough flood, tho-rough fire, I do wan-

der ev-ery where,
I do wander every where,

Swift'er than the moon's sphere;

I do wander every where,

Swift'er than the moon's sphere;

The cowslips tall her pensioners be;

In their gold coats spots you see; I do wander every
where, Swift - er than the moon's sphere,
Swift - er

than the moon's sphere; I do

wan - der ev - 'ry where, Swift - er than the moon's sphere,

Swift - er than the moon's
sphere; I do wander every where, Swifter than the moon's sphere; I do wander every where, Swifter than the moon's sphere.
BID ME DISCOURSE

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE
Sonnet from "Venus and Adonis"

Sir HENRY ROWLEY BISHOP
(1766-1855)

Allegro moderato, ma con anima

PIANO
Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear, Or, like a fairy

trip upon the green,
I will enchant thine ear,

Or, like a fairy trip upon the green,

Or, like a nymph, with bright and flowing hair,
Or, like a nymph or like a nymph, with bright and flowing hair, with
bright and flowing hair, Dance, dance on the sands, dance,
dance on the sands, on the sands, Dance,
and yet no footing seen, and yet no footing
Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear, or, like a fairy—

trip upon the green, trip, trip, upon the green,

Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
Or, like a fairy trip up-on the green,

I will enchant thine ear, Or, like a fairy trip up-on the green,

Or like a nymph, or like a nymph, with bright and flowing hair,

bright and flowing hair, Dance, dance on the sands, dance, dance on the
sands, on the sands, Dance,

and yet no foot-ing seen, and yet no foot-ing

seen. Dance, Dance, Dance

on the sands, and yet no foot-ing seen, and
yet, _ and yet no foot-ing seen. Dance,_

Dance, Dance,

_on the sands, and yet no foot-ing seen, and yet, _ and yet no foot-ing seen._
THE WILLOW SONG

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE
From "Othello," Act IV, Scene 3

GIOACHINO ROSSINI
(1792-1865)

LENTO CON ESPRESSIONE

The poor soul sat sighing by a

SYCAMORE TREE, Sing all a green

WILLOW, Sing all a green willow; Her
hand on her bosom her head on her knee, Sing willow, willow, Sing willow.

The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans; Sing
all a green willow, Sing all a green willow; Her salt tears fell from her and softened the stones; Sing willow,
sigh'd in her singing, and after each groan;

Sing all a green willow, Sing all a green willow;
I'm dead to all pleasure, My true love is gone; O willow,

willow, O willow, O willow, willow.
HARK, HARK! THE LARK

(Composed in 1826)

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE
From "Cymbeline," Act II, Scene 3

(Original Key)

FRANZ SCHUBERT (Posthumous)
(1797-1828)

Allegretto

Hark, hark! the lark at
heav'n's gate sings, And Phoe-bus gins a-rise,
His steeds to wa-ter at those springs On
cha-lic'd flow'rs that lies; On cha-lic'd flow'rs that lies; And wink-ing Ma-ry-
buds begin To open their golden eyes; With every thing that

pretty bin, My lady sweet, arise, With every thing that pretty bin, My

lady sweet, arise, arise, arise, My lady sweet, arise, arise, arise, My lady sweet, arise.
WHO IS SYLVIA?

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE
From "The Two Gentlemen of Verona"
Act IV, Scene 2

Moderato

1. Who is Syl- via?
2. Is she kind as she is
3. Then to Syl- via let us

That all our swains commend her?
For beauty lives with kindness.
That Sylvia is excelling;

Holy, fair, and
dothing to her
each

FRANZ SCHUBERT, Op. 106, No. 4
(1797-1828)
wise is she;
The heav'n such grace did lend her,
eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness,
mortal thing.
Up on the dull earth dwelling:

That she might admired,
And being helped, in habits
To her garlands let us

be,
And being helped, in habits
To her garlands let us

be.
There.
Bring.
HARK, HARK! THE LARK

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE
From "Cymbeline," Act II, Scene 3

KARL FRIEDRICH CURSCHMANN
(1806-1841)

Andante

Hark, hark! Hark, hark! Hark, hark! the lark at

heav'n's gate sings,

And Phoebus
'gins a rise, His steeds to water

at those springs On chalic'd flowers that lies;

And winking Mary-buds begin To ope their golden

eyes: With every thing that pretty
bin, With every thing that pretty

bin, My lady sweet, my lady sweet, my lady sweet, a

rise, With every thing that pretty

bin, With every thing that pretty
bin, My lady sweet, my lady sweet, my lady sweet, arise.

A - rise!

A - rise! A - rise!
WHEN THAT I WAS A LITTLE BOY
(CLOWN'S SONG)

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE
Epilogue to "Twelfth Night"

VOICE

Vivace

When that I was a little boy, With

hey ho, with hey ho, the wind and the rain, A foolish thing was but a toy, For the

a tempo

rain, it raineth every day. But when I came to man's estate, With

a tempo

heigh ho, with heigh ho, the wind and the rain, 'Gainst knaves and thieves men

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op.127, No. 5
(1810 - 1856)
shut the gate, For the rain it raineth every day
But

when I came, alas! to wive, With hey ho, with hey ho, the wind and the rain, By

Allegro

swaggering could I never thrive, For the rain it raineth every day.
AUTOLYCUS' SONG
(LAWN AS WHITE AS DRIVEN SNOW)

(Original Key, F)

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE
From "A Winter's Tale," Act IV, Scene 4

JAMES GREENHILL
(1840 - )

VOICE

I'm the pedlar!

PIANO

I'm the pedlar! No milliner can so fit his customers with gloves. Here are inklese, cadisses, b)

a) inklese = tapes
b) cadisses = worsted lace
cambrics, and ribbons of all the colours i' the rainbow!

Allegro vivace

Lawn as white as driven snow,

Cyprus black as e'er was crow; Gloves as sweet as damask roses,

accelerando

Masks for faces and for noses, Masks for faces and for noses;
Bugle, bracelet, necklace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber,

Golden quoifs and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears,

Pins and pokingsticks of steel,

What maids lack from head to heel.
Come buy of me, come

a) poking-sticks of steel: to stiffen the curls of their ruffs on.
buy, come, buy,
buy of me, come buy, come buy!

ad lib.
Buy, lads! or else your lasses cry,
Buy lads! or else your lasses cry, come

colla voce

buy!

Lawn as white as driven snow,
Cyprus black as e'er was crow;
Gloves as sweet as dam-ask roses; Masks for faces and for noses; Masks

for faces and for noses; Buy of me, Come, buy—come, buy,

buy of me, come buy—come buy, Buy, lads! or else your lass-es cry,

Buy, lads! or else your lass-es cry, come buy!
SIGH NO MORE, LADIES

To Sims Reeves

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE
From "Much Ado About Nothing," Act II, Scene 3

SIR ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN
(1842-1900)

Allegro

f risoluto

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more;

Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and
one on shore; To one thing constant never. Then
sigh not so, but let them go, And be you blithe and bonny, Con-
verting all your sounds of woe Into Hey non-ny, non-ny.
Sing no more ditties, sing no more Of dumps so dull and heavy, The fraud of men was ever so, Since summer first was leav y Then sigh not so, but let them go,

And be you blithe and bonny, Con vert ing all your sounds of woe Into
Hey non-ny, non-ny,
Then

sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blithe and bon-ny,
Con-

vert-ing all your sounds of woe
Into Hey non-ny, non-

ny.

a tempo
FEAR NO MORE THE HEAT O' THE SUN

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE
From "Cymbeline" Act IV, Scene 2

Andantino

PIANO

Fear no more the heat o' the sun, Nor the furious winter's

rages, Thou thy worldly task hast done, Home art

gone, and taken thy wages.
Golden lads and girls all must, As chimney-sweepers,
come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great, Thou art past the tyrant's stroke; Care no more to clothe and eat; To thee the
reed is as the oak, The
scep-tre, learn-ing, phys-ic, must— All fol-low this, and come to
dust.

Fear no more the light-ning flash, Nor the all-dread-ed thun-der-
stone; Fear not slander, censure rash, Thou hast

finished joy and moan:

All lovers young, all lovers must Con-sign to thee, and

come to dust.
WHO IS SYLVIA?

*(Original Key)*

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE

From "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," Act IV, Scene 2

MONK GOULD

(1858–)

Andante con moto (dolce)

Who is Sylvia? what is she, That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise, is she; The heav'n's such grace did lend her, That she might admired be.

Is she kind, as she is...
fair?_ For beauty lives____ with kindness.

Love doth__

to her eyes repair,

To

ten.

help him of his blindness; And being help'd, inhabits
there.

Then to

Sylvia let us sing, That Sylvia is ce-
She excels each mortal thing,
Upon the dull earth dwelling: To her let us garlands bring.
BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE
From 'As You Like It,' Act II, Scene 7

(Original Key, C)

WILLIAM ARMS FISHER, Op.5, No.4
(1861)

Andante

1. Blow, blow, blow, thou winter wind,

2. Freeze, freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,

Thou

Thou

art not so unkind

dost not bite so nigh

As man's ingratitude

As benefits for

tude;

got:

Though thou the waters warp,

Thy

Thy tooth is not so keen,

cause thou art not seen,

sting is not so sharp

Al though thy breath be rude.

As friend rememb'rd not.
Allegro

Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly; Heigh-ho! heigh-ho!

Lento

Heigh-ho! heigh-ho! Heigh-ho! heigh-ho! unto the green holly: Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly: Then, heigh-ho, the holly!

Heigh-ho, the holly! This life is most jolly.
SIGH NO MORE, LADIES

(Original Key, F# minor)

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE
From "Much Ado About Nothing," Act II, Scene 3

WILLIAM ARMS FISHER, Op. 5, No. 5
(1861–)

VOICE

Con brio

PIANO

1. Sigh no more, ladies,
2. Sigh no more, ladies,

sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more, ladies,

Of
Men were deceivers, deceivers, deceivers,
dumps dull and heavy,
Of dumps so dull and heavy,

To one thing constant never:
One foot in sea and one on shore,
To since summer first was heavy:
The fraud of men was ever so

Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
sigh not so, but let them go,
bon-ny, Con-vert-ing all your sounds of woe In-to Hey non-ny, non-ny, non-ny.

Sigh no more, la-dies, sigh no more, la-dies, Be you blithe and

bon-ny, be you blithe and bon-ny, Con-vert-ing all your sounds of woe In-to

Hey non-ny, non-ny, non-ny.
IT WAS A LOVER AND HIS LASS

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE
From "As You Like It," Act V, Scene 3

GERARD BARTON
(1861- )

{Original Key C}

Allegro commodo (½ 160)

1. It was a lover and his lass,
tween the acres of the rye,
car ol they began that hour,
pretty lovers, take the time,

2. With a hey, and a ho, and a

3. hey no ni no,

4. That o'er the green corn fields did pass.

These pretty country folks would lie,
How that a life was but a flow'r
For love is crowned with the prime
spring-time, the only pretty ring-time,

When birds do sing, hey ding-a-ding-a-ding, Sweet lovers love the spring, When birds do sing, hey ding-a-ding-a-ding, Sweet lovers love the spring.
To Miss Helen Buckley

ORPHEUS WITH HIS LUTE

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE
From "Henry the Eighth" Act III, Scene I

(Original Key)

CARL BUSCH

(1862 - )

Allegretto

Orpheus with his lute made trees, And the

Piano

moutain tops that freeze, Bow them-selves when he did

sing:

To his
music plants and flow'rs Ev'rsprung; as sun and show'rs There had
made a last-ing spring. Ev'ry thing that heard him play, E'en the
bil-lows of the sea, Hung their heads, and then lay by, Hung their
heads, and then lay by.
Tempo I

In sweet music is such art,

Moderato

Killing care and grief of

Heart. Fall asleep, or hearing.

Tempo I
UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE
From "As You Like It," Act II, Scene 5

(Original Key)

CARL BUSCH
1962-

Allegretto

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merriment

Note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come
hither, come hither, come hither: Here shall he see

No enemy But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun And
loves to live in the sun,
Seeking the food he eats
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see:
No enemy But winter and rough weather.

molto rit.  nf Lento

en - e - my But win - ter and rough weath - er.
AND LET ME THE CANAKIN CLINK
(IAGO'S SONG)

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE
From "Othello," Act II, Scene 3

HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS, Op. 10, No. 18
(Original Key)

Molto vivace

ff boisterously

And let me the can-a-kin clink, clink, clink, clink;

L.H.       R.H.       L.H.       R.H.       L.H.

let me the can-a-kin clink, clink, clink:
A soldier's a man;— A life's but a span;— Why, then, let a soldier drink.
CRABBED AGE AND YOUTH

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE
From "The Passionate Pilgrim," XII

(Original Key, Eb)

HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS, Op.10, No.5
(1865-)

Allegro giocoso

VOICE

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together,

a tempo

Youth is full of pleasure, age is full of care.

Piano
Youth like summer morn, age like winter weather; Youth like summer brave, age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport, age's breath is short;
Youth is nimble, age is lame; Youth is hot and bold;
Age is weak and cold, Youth is wild, and age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee. Youth, I do adore thee; O, my love, my love is young! Age, I do defy thee; O sweet shepherd, hie thee!

For methinks thou stay'st too long.
ORPHEUS WITH HIS LUTE

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE

From "Henry the Eighth" Act III, Scene I

CHARLES FONTEYN MANNEY, Op.3, No.5

(Original Key, B♭)

(1872 - )

Andante semplice

VOICE

Orpheus with his lute

PIANO

made trees, And the moun-tain tops that freeze, Bow them-selves when he did

sing, Bow them-selves when he did sing: To his mu-sic plants and

flow-ers Ev-er sprung; as sun and show-ers
There had made a lasting spring,

Ev'ry thing that heard him play,

of the sea, Hung their heads, and then lay by,
Hung their heads, and then lay by. In sweet music is such art, killing care and grief of heart.

Fall asleep, or hearing, die, Fall asleep, or hearing, die.
IT WAS A LOVER AND HIS LASS

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE
From "As You Like It," Act V, Scene 3

H. CLOUGH-LEIGHTER

Poco allegro animoso

VOICE

PIANO

It was a lover and his lass, With a

hey, and a ho, and a hey noni no, That o'er the green corn -
field did pass In spring-time, the

only pretty ring-time, When birds

do sing, hey, ding-a-ding,

poco meno mosso

poco meno mosso

Sweet lovers love the
spring,

This car - ol they be -

gan that hour, With a hey, and a ho, and a

hey non - i - no, How that a life was but a
flow'r In spring-time, the only pretty

ring-time. When birds

do sing, hey, ding-a-ding, ding;

leggeramente assai

meno mosso
tardo f molto rit.

Sweet lovers love the spring.
O MISTRESS MINE

(Original Key)

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE
From "Twelfth Night," Act II, Scene 3

S. COLERIDGE-TAYLOR
(1875–)

VOICE
Allegro appassionato

PIANO

Oh,

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?

stay and hear; your true love's coming,

That can
Sing both high and low: Trip no further, pretty singing;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting, Every wise man's son doth know,
Every wise man's son doth know.
What is love? 'tis not hereafter,
Present mirth hath present laughter; What's to
come is still unsure: In delay there lies no
plenty
Then come and kiss me, sweet and
twenty, Youth's a stuff will not endure, Youth's a
stuff will not endure.
morendo -