Fifty Shakespearean songs: for high voice.
1 score
43699
FIFTY SHAKSPERE SONGS
FIFTY SHAKSPERE SONGS
EDITED BY CHARLES VINCENT
(MUS. DOC. OXON.)
FOR HIGH VOICE

THE MUSICIANS LIBRARY

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MUSIC TO SHAKSPERE'S SONGS

FEW subjects could present greater attractions to a student of English song than a survey of the music composed to the verses written by the greatest of bard, William Shakspeare, embracing as it does a period from the end of the sixteenth century to the present time. Almost every musician of ability since Shakspeare's time has set some of his verses; therefore a collection of this music, arranged in chronological order, must illustrate in a very practical manner the growth of style, the improvements in harmonic combinations, the freedom introduced into melodic passages, and the gradual development which has taken place in music generally, from the time when it was yet in its infancy to the present advanced state of the art.

It is desirable in as few words as possible to show the condition of England, historically as well as musically, at the time when the poet was producing and performing his plays. Then Queen Elizabeth was on the throne, and her long and memorable reign was nearing its close (she died in 1603). Owing to the introduction of the printing-press, that great lever to education, a desire for knowledge of every kind had sprung up among the more cultured classes of the people. English ships, commanded by such adventurous and gallant sailors as Drake and Hawkins, were adding to our possessions over the seas, and opening up new outlets for ambition and fame. Patriotism had been greatly stimulated by the scattering of that great fleet sent by Spain to conquer the little island. The reformation of religion had been accomplished; and the results—freedom of thought and more liberal education—were aiding in the general development. This active epoch brought to the front great leaders in science, theology, politics and art, among the latter the great immortal dramatist and poet, Shakspeare, whose genius has set down for all time the thoughts and emotions of this wonderful and stirring period.

The condition of English music also reflected the brilliance of the times, as has been well stated by Hullah in the following passage: "In the sixteenth century we not only sang and played as much and as well as our neighbours, but we sang and played our own music. It is no exaggeration to say that the English hold, and are recognized as holding, a very high place among the composers of the period. Tallis, Farrant, Byrd and Bevin, in the service high and anthem clear; Morley, Ward, Wilbye and Weelkes in the madrigal; Bull, in performance as well as in composition; Dowland, 'the friend of Shakspeare,' in the part song; and, last and greatest in all styles, Orlando Gibbons—these are all names to which the English musician may refer with confidence and with pride, as fit to be associated with those of Palestrina, De Lattre and Marenzio. . . . Our insular position, which has favoured us in so many things, has favoured us in the individuality of our music, and left our composers of earlier times more to their own resources than those of any other country. Indeed, a comparison of dates shows us to be rather the precursors than the followers of other nations." During the Elizabethan reign, the madrigalian period attained its highest development, and though it was not the music of the people, so to speak, it showed the refinement, activity, ingenuity and taste of a race of musicians, the outcome of the period, who proved their ability to compete successfully with the best of other nations.

1 This spelling of the great poet's name is taken from the only unquestionably genuine signatures of his that we possess, the three on his will, and the two on his Blackfriars conveyance and mortgage. None of these signatures have an e after the k; four have no e after the first e; the fifth has the overline open to a (or o) which is the usual contraction for en, but must here have been meant for ve. The a and e had their French sounds, which explain the forms "Shaaper," &c. (New Shakspeare Society Proceedings.)
MUSIC TO SHAKSPERE'S SONGS

It is probable that Shakspere wrote some of the songs in his plays to music which was already in existence and popular at the time, as many poets have done since, notably Burns and Thomas Moore. A search by the editor on these lines, however, has not been fruitful. Unless some important evidence is forthcoming, from one place or another, it is unlikely that we can ever arrive at a definite conclusion; for with the destruction of the Globe Theatre by fire in 1613 most of the performing MSS., including the music, were burnt. This disastrous circumstance, however, adds zest to the student's research, and we may yet hope to recover some of the clues which, if carefully followed, will lead to much more interesting knowledge on the subject than we at present possess.

Only in a very few cases can we feel certain that we possess the exact music that was performed in the plays during Shakspere's time. These songs are given in Part II, though exception may be taken to No. 14, "Take, O take those lips away." To the songs included in Part II might be added the airs sung by Ophel'ia (Hamlet), to be found in Chappell's Musical Magazine, No. 47, and in other collections; for they are generally considered to be the originals.

With regard to No. 14, if it be the original musical setting of the words, it is improbable that John Wilson composed it; he might have been the boy who sang it,—probably he was,—in which case the music might have been by Robert Johnson, or some other theatre musician. Dr. John Wilson has been identified with the "Jackie Wilson" who sang in the plays. (See note to No. 13.)

One good ground for the supposition that "Jackie Wilson" is one with Dr. John Wilson, vocalist and composer, is the fact that at a later date (1653) John Wilson published in his book entitled Select Ayres the song "Take, O take those lips away," and in 1660, in Cheerful Ayres and Ballads First Composed for One Single Voice and since Set for Three Voices he included the following songs by Shakspere, with which Jackie Wilson would have become familiar during his connec-

tion with the theatre: "From the fair Lavinian Shore;" "Full fathom five" (R. Johnson); "Where the bee sucks" (R. Johnson); "When love with unconfined wings," and "Lawn as white as driven snow" (R. Johnson?). These songs Wilson must have had a special liking for, otherwise he would not have included them in his books, and had he not done so, in all probability they would have been lost.

An examination of the music performed in the plays in Shakspere's time shows us that it must have been simple and melodious, rather than difficult and contrapuntal; an additional reason in support of this view being, that in all probability the actors themselves would sing the songs, and boys, with treble voices, always performed the female parts.

Even if we have any doubt as to the character of the music performed in the plays, we can have none as to what the music of the period was like, at least that portion of it which was well known to Shakspere; for he has referred to a considerable number of songs, &c., in the several plays, many of which the editor has been able to examine, and no doubt more can be found if diligent search be made. These are all of the simple and melodious character, and as few are accessible to the public, or even published at all in modern collections, seven have been selected, from a large number, and printed as Part I of this collection. It is thought that they will not only prove interesting, but historically valuable to all lovers of music, and more especially to students of the songs of our ancestors. An additional reason for including these songs is that they give the reader a good idea of the class of music in vogue at the time the plays were written, and enable him to trace the developments which follow.

To make anything like a complete collection of the music which has been written to Shakspere's verses would be impossible; attention has therefore been chiefly confined to songs which occur in the plays.

There are some examples of Shakspere's verses set to music during his lifetime which are now obtainable; they are not, however, of the
kind required for this volume. Among such may be mentioned three madrigals by Weelkes set to verses out of The Passionate Pilgrim: "In black mourn I," "My flocks feed not" and "Clear wells spring not."

When we examine the music written for performances of the plays at a period soon after the death of Shakspere, of which we have plenty of data, we find it to be of a natural, melodious character. As this would be composed somewhat on the lines of that which had previously been successfully employed, we may with reason conclude that it was the folk style of music (rather than the involved contrapuntal) which was heard in the original representations of the plays. This subject has been dwelt on rather fully, as there is an idea that, owing to the then popularity of the madrigal, the madrigal style (contrapuntal) might have been employed in the early performances.

The accompaniments were played by the musicians who were placed in the upper gallery, situated above what we now call the stage box. The band consisted of about eight or ten performers on hautboys, lutes, recorders (flageolets), cornets (not the modern cornet), viols and organs (a kind of small portable organ). The band announced the beginning of the play by three "soundings" or flourishes; they also played between the acts. Incidental music was required of them, likewise soft music through which speaking could be heard, called "still music."

As most of the examples in Parts I and II and some few in Part III exist only as melodies, or with very crude accompaniments, the editor has added a pianoforte part in order that the work may be practical and useful and not merely an antiquarian collection. At the same time he has endeavored to make these accompaniments somewhat characteristic of the period to which the melodies belong.

The collection is divided into four parts:

Part I. Songs mentioned by Shakspere in the Plays.

Part II. Songs possibly sung in the Original Performances.

Part III. Settings composed since Shakspere's time to the middle of the Nineteenth Century.

Part IV. Recent Settings.

The editor desires to express his indebtedness and thanks to Mr. J. Greenhill for so kindly permitting him to examine and make use of his extensive collection of Shakspere music. Mr. Greenhill was the musical director of the New Shakspere Society (now disbanded), and, together with the Rev. W. A. Harrison and Mr. F. J. Furnivall, compiled All the Songs and Passages in Shakspere which have been set to Music (Thübner).

The Coppice

Pinners, November 5, 1905.
THE ARMS OF SHAKSPERE
NOTES ON THE SONGS

PART I. SONGS MENTIONED BY SHAKSPERE IN HIS PLAYS

No. 1. Farewell, dear love.

This song is quoted line by line in Twelfth Night, Act II, scene iii, by Sir Toby Belch:

Malvolio. An' it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Toby. "Farewell, dear heart, for I must needs be gone."

Maria. Nay, good Sir Toby.

Clown. "His eyes do show his days are almost done."

Mal. Is 't even so?

Toby. "But I will never die."

Clown Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Toby. "Shall I bid him go and spare not?"

Clown. "Oh, no, no, no, you dare not."

The lines quoted are adapted by Shakspere from the first verse of the old ballad "Corydon's Farewell to Phillis," printed in 1590.

The music was composed by Robert Jones, the lutenist, and is found in Book I of his Songs and Ayres set out for the Lute, published in 1601. The date of Robert Jones' birth is unknown, but he graduated at Oxford, taking his Mus. Bae. degree in 1597. Many of his compositions exist in published works of the period; he was also a contributor to The Triumphs of Oriana. The song "Farewell, dear love" was at a later date introduced into As You Like It.

No. 2. Peg o' Ramsay.

Mention is also made of this ballad in Twelfth Night, Act II, scene iii. Sir Toby Belch says:

My lady's a Catalaunt, we are politicians, Malvolio's a "Peg o' Ramsay" and "Three merry men be we."

The verses "Bonny Peggie Ramsay" occur in Wit and Mirth, 1719, and in all probability they are the words of the ballad alluded to in the play. They exactly fit the old tune of that name.

The tune is found in a manuscript book by Dr. Bull, from the late Dr. Kitchiner's library, and is very quaint. The subdominant chord connecting the parts (see measure 8, &c.) gives the effect of a kind of round, the parts following in an almost interminable way. It is the editor's idea that this song (and others of a similar character) was sung when several country folk gathered together, the burden being repeated over and over again, one of the singers jumping in, so to speak, with a strong lead, "with a hey tro-lop-del," almost before the previous refrain was finished. He has often heard such songs in remote country districts sung in this way. After the refrain "with a hey" has been repeated four or five times, a chance is given to the soloist to give another verse; and so on to the end of the ballad.

No. 3. Green-Sleeves.

Shakspere mentions this tune twice in the Merry Wives. In Act II, scene i, Mrs. Ford, in speaking of Falstaff to Mrs. Page, says: "I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words; but they do no more adhere and keep pace than the Hundredth Psalm to the tune of 'Green-Sleeves.'" This is an interesting quotation, showing that Shakspere could think of no more rollicking tune to contrast with the solemnity of the Hundredth Psalm.

The second mention of the tune is in Act V, scene v, where Falstaff says:

Let the sky rain potatoes;

Let it thunder to the tune of "Green-sleeves."

The tune is found in W. Ballet's Lute Book, and doubtless was very popular at the time the play was written; though Chappell shows that it must have been a tune of Henry VIII's reign. The earliest mention of the ballad is to be found in the Stationers' Register for September, 1580; the ballad is much older than this, however, and runs as follows:

A new Courtly Sonnet, of the Lady Greensleeves. To the new tune of Greensleeves.

Greensleeves was all my joy,

Greensleeves was my delight:

Greensleeves was my heart of gold:

And who but Lady Greensleeves?

A LAS my love, ye do me wrong,

to caste me off discurseously:
And I haue loued you so long,
Delighting in your companie.
Greensleeues was all my ioy,
Greensleeues was my delight:
Greensleeues was my heart of gold;
And who but Ladie Greensleeues?

I have been ready at your hand,
to grant what euer you would craue.
I have both waged life and land,
your loue and good will for to haue.
Greensleeues was all my ioy, &c.

I bought thee kerchers to thy head,
that were wrought fine and gallantly:
I kept thee both at board and bed,
Which cost my purse wel fauouredly:
Greensleeues was all my ioie, &c.

Thy smock of silk, both faire and white,
with gold embrodered gorgeously:
Thy peticoate of Sendall right:
and thus I bought thee gladly.
Greensleeues was all my ioie, &c.

Thy girdle 1 of gold so red,
with pearles bedecked sumptuously:
The like no other lasses had,
and yet thou wouldst not loue me!
Greensleeues was all my ioy, &c.

Thy purse and eke thy gay guilt kniues,
thy pincase gallant to the eie:
No better wore the Burgesse wifes;
and yet thou wouldst not loue me!
Greensleeues was all my ioy, &c.

Thy crimson stockings all of silk,
with golde all wrought aboue the knee;
Thy pumps as white as was the milk;
and yet thou wouldst not loue me!
Greensleeues was all my ioy, &c.

Thy gown was of the grassie 2 green,
thy sleeves of Satten hanging by:

Which made thee be our hauest Queen,
and yet thou wouldst not loue me!
Greensleeues was all my ioy, &c.

Thy garters fringed with the golde,
And siluer aglets hanging by,
Which made thee blithe for to beholde:
And yet thou wouldst not loue me!
Greensleeues was all my ioy, &c.

My gayest gelding I thee gaue,
To ride where euer liked thee;
No Ladie euer was so braue;
And yet thou wouldst not loue me!
Greensleeues was all my ioy, &c.

My men were clothed all in green,
And they did euer wait on thee:
Al this was gallant to be seen;
and yet thou wouldst not loue me!
Greensleeues was all my ioy, &c.

They set thee vp, they took thee downe,
they serued thee with humilitie;
Thy foote might not once touch the ground;
and yet thou wouldst not loue me!
Greensleeues was all my ioy, &c.

For euerie morning when thou rose,
I sent thee dainties orderly,
To cheare thy stomack from all woes;
and yet thou wouldst not loue me!
Greensleeues was all my ioy, &c.

Thou couldst dersire no earthly thing,
But stil thou hadst it readily:
Thy musicke still to play and sing:
And yet thou wouldst not loue me!
Greensleeues was all my ioy, &c.

And who did pay for all this geare,
that thou didst spend when pleased thee?
Euen I that am reiecled here;
and thou disdainst to loue me.
Greensleeues was all my ioy, &c.

Wel, I wil pray to God on hie,
that thou my constancie maist see:
And that yet once before I die,
thou wilt vouchsafe to loue me.
Greensleeues was all my ioy, &c.

1 Girdle is either three syllables, or an adjective like "fine" is left out after it.
2 Grossie in original.
NOTES ON THE SONGS

Green-sleeves, now farewell, adieu!
God I pray, to prosper thee:
For I am still thy louver true:
Come once again, and love me!
Green-sleeves was all my joy, &c.

No. 4. Heigh-ho! for a husband.
This song is twice mentioned in Much Ado About Nothing, Act II, scene i:

Beatrice. Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sunburnt. I may sit in a corner and cry
"Heigh-ho! for a husband!"

Act III, scene iv:

Beatrice. By my troth, I am exceeding ill; heigh-ho! Margaret. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?
Beatrice. For the letter that begins them all, H.

"Heigh-ho! for a husband" is an old ballad in The Pepysian Collection. Chappell says it is to be found in A Complete Collection of Old and New English and Scotch Songs with New Tunes Prefixed. It also occurs in Wit and Mirth (1710), from which it is given with a few slight alterations, made by the Rev. W. A. Harrison for performance at one of the meetings of the New Shakspere Society in 1887.

The tune is taken from John Gamble's manuscript Common-place Book. John Gamble died in 1657. The accompaniment is specially arranged for this collection by the editor.

No. 5. Heart's Ease.
This tune is mentioned in Romeo and Juliet,
Act IV, scene v:

Peter. Musicians, O musicians, "Heart's ease, Heart's ease." Oh! I am you will have me live, play "Heart's ease."
First Musician. Why "Heart's ease"
Peter. O musicians, because my heart itself plays, "My heart is full of woe." Oh! play me some merry dump, to comfort me.

The tune is an old one, much older than the words, for in an old play, Misogons, by Thomas Rychardes, produced about 1560 (the manuscript is dated 1577), in the second act occurs the song, with directions that it "be sung to the tune of Heart's Ease."

The tune is in a manuscript volume of lute music of the sixteenth century in the Public Library, Cambridge, D. d. ii 11.

No. 6. Light o' Love.
It is not absolutely certain that the verses are from the original song. They are by Leonard Gymbon, and were first printed in 1570, in Stuth's Ancient Ballads and Broadsides. There are thirteen verses in all, but only the first two are given, being perhaps sufficient for the purpose of illustration.

The tune is twice alluded to by Shakspere, in The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act I, scene ii: Julii. Some love of yours, hath writ to you in rhyme. Lucetta. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune. Give me a note: your ladyship can set.

"Julia. As little by such toys as may be possible. Best sing it to the tune of "Light o' love."

Much Ado About Nothing, Act III, scene iv:

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.
Mar. Clap us into "Light o' love;" that goes without a burden: do you sing it, and I'll dance it.
Beat. Ye light o' love with your heels, &c.

In the preface to the Shakspere Album or Warwickshire Garland, "Light o' love" is spoken of as Shakspere's favorite tune.

The editor has felt obliged to make some little variation in the accompaniment on account of the frequent repetitions of the same phrase.

No. 7. Three merry men be we.
This song is mentioned in Twelfth Night by Sir Toby Belch in the same paragraph as that in which "Peg o' Ramsay" is referred to, Act II, scene iii.

In the tragedy of Rollo, Duke of Normandy, by John Fletcher, the song is expanded as given in No. 7, except for the omission of the second verse, which is left out in order to render the song consistent with the refrain, for in Rollo the ballad is for four persons to sing.

The song appears to be a grumble by certain men condemned to be hanged, who in the refrain endeavor to keep up their spirits by singing in a jovial though sarcastic manner the words "Three merry men be we."

This song was arranged by Mr. Greenhill in an ingenious way for one of the meetings of the New Shakspeare Society, and he has kindly allowed use to be made of his manuscript. The editor
NOTES ON THE SONGS

This page of a document contains a section titled "NOTES ON THE SONGS" discussing the history and context of various Shakespearean songs. The text is a historical analysis of early English music and its connection to Shakespeare's works.

The editor notes that many of the songs have been sung and arranged in various forms since Shakespeare's time. The editor is aware of the complete list of songs to which Shakespeare refers in his plays, and has included references to the manuscripts and editions where these songs are found.

The document also mentions the importance of understanding the original performances of these songs in Shakespeare's plays. It provides examples of songs that were sung during Shakespeare's lifetime, such as "The Willow Song" from "Othello" and "O Mistress Mine" from "Twelfth Night.

The text further explains that these songs were sung in various forms and arrangements, and that the editor has chosen to present them in their most complete and reliable form. The editor's aim is to provide a comprehensive guide to the songs used in Shakespeare's plays, suitable for scholars and students interested in the history of English music and its relation to Shakespearean theatre.

The document concludes with additional details about the songs, including their origins, arrangements, and contexts within Shakespeare's plays. It is a valuable resource for those interested in the history of music and its role in Shakespeare's work.
in the first book of *Ayres or Little Short Songs*, to sing and play to the lute, in 1600. An early copy in manuscript is in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh. The accompaniment, arranged by the editor of this collection, is founded upon Morley's own bass part, written for the "Bass viole."

It will be observed how easily the song lends itself to duet singing, and one cannot but think that such was the original intention. The music is sung to the clown (Touchstone) and Audrey, whom he is about to marry, and is introduced into the play as follows:

**Enter two Pages.**

**First Page.** Well met, honest gentleman.  
**Touchstone.** By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and a song!

**Second Page.** We are for you: sit i' the middle.  
**First Page.** Shall we clap into 't roundly, without hawking or spitting or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?  
**Second Page.** I 'faith, i' faith; and both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse.

**Song follows.**

Thomas Morley was born about 1557, and died 1604. In 1591 he was organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, and in 1592 Gentleman of the Chapel Royal. He studied under Byrd, and took his Mus. Bac. degree at Oxford in 1588. His compositions are of a melodious character, and many of his madrigals and "ballads" obtained great popularity. He wrote an admirable treatise entitled *A plaine and easie introduction to practicall musicke*, in form of a dialogue in three parts. This work was translated into German.

**No. 12. Full fathom five thy father lies.**  
*From The Tempest, Act I, scene ii.*

For a sketch of the composer see No. 11. Ariel sings "Where the bee sucks" while assisting Prospero to attire himself.

**No. 13. Lawn as white as driven snow.**  
*From The Winter's Tale, Act IV, scene iv.*

This song is attributed to John Wilson, though some think it is by Robert Johnson. It is taken from Wilson's *Cheerful Ayres or Ballads*, first composed for a single voice, and since set for three voices. In this book of Wilson's are some songs by Johnson, "Full fathom five" being one of them; it is in fact printed under Johnson's name. The character of the music of "Lawn as white," and No. 14, "Take, O take," has a family likeness to Nos. 11 and 12. Special interest attaches to Dr. John Wilson, as it is generally supposed he was, as a boy, a singer at the theatre and was identical with the "Jackie Wilson" whose name appears in the Folio Edition of *Much Ado* instead of Balthasar, the character represented. If this conjecture be correct he would in all probability, as Ariel, sing Johnson's setting of "Where the bee sucks," which song Wilson afterwards included in this book of *Ayres*, printed in Oxford in
NOTES ON THE SONGS

1659. Several of Shakspere's songs appear in his collections. Henry Lawes mentions him as a "great singer."

John Wilson was born in Kent in 1594, was made Mus. Doc. Oxon. in 1644, and was professor at that university 1656–62. In 1662 he was made a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal and Chamber Musician to Charles II. He composed many airs and ballads, besides church music and fantasias for viols. He died at Westminster in 1673.

The song "Lawn as white" is sung by Autolycus disguised as a pedlar.

From Measure for Measure, Act IV, scene i.
This song, though some attribute it to R. John-
son, is considered to be by Dr. John Wilson, for particulars of whom see the details given in the previous notice.

If Dr. John Wilson was the "Jackie Wilson" mentioned in the Folio Edition previously alluded to, this song would in all probability be sung by him. Mariana in the play enters accompanied by a boy who sings "Take, O take those lips away." Mariana has been deserted by her false lover Angelo because her fortune was lost.

The song is truly a singer's song and is very beautiful, as in fact are all the examples given in this part; and they prove that the music performed in the plays during Shakspere's life was refined and artistic in character.

PART III. SETTINGS COMPOSED SINCE SHAKSPERE'S TIME TO THE MIDDLE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

This part of the work consists of songs composed after Shakspere's death, and extending to the middle of the nineteenth century, practically embracing a period of about two hundred years.

There would be no difficulty in collecting several hundred settings covered by the period. The editor, being limited, however, by space, has contented himself by including twenty-one only, selecting those he considered to be most characteristic and interesting.

No. 15. Come unto these yellow sands.
From The Tempest, Act II, scene ii. Composed by John Banister (1630–1679).
John Banister, a composer and violinist, was sent by Charles II to France to study; on his return he became leader of the king's band. He established a music school at Whitefriars, and gave concerts from 1672 to 1678. He composed music to Davenport's Circé, 1667. Later, together with P. Humfrey, he composed music to The Tempest, from which the song "Come unto these yellow sands" is taken. He also composed Lessons for Viols, songs, &c.

No. 16. Where the bee sucks.
From The Tempest, Act V, scene i. Composed by Pelham Humfrey (1647–1674).
Humfrey was one of the Children of the Chapel Royal, re-established after the Restoration. He showed much talent for composition at an early age, and in 1664 was sent by Charles II to study in Paris under Lulli. On his return he was appointed "Master of the Children" and Composer to His Majesty. He died at the early age of twenty-seven, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

His works consist mostly of church music, odes and songs. He possessed ability of no ordinary type, and the advantages he received from his three years' study on the Continent are reflected in his own compositions and in the works of his pupil Henry Purcell.

An alteration in the text of the words of this song will be noticed.

No. 17. The Willow Song.
From Othello, Act IV, scene iii. Composed by Pelham Humfrey (1647–1674).
See No. 16 for note about the composer. This
very beautiful old song was written by Humfrey to the original words,—see note to No. 8,—but the editor found a version with the Shakspeare text, the only variation being in the last two lines; he therefore feels no hesitation in including this song in the collection. It is found in Stafford Smith’s Musica Antiqua.

No. 18. Come unto these yellow sands.
From The Tempest, Act i, scene ii. Composed by Henry Purcell (1658-1695).
The words of this song as set by Purcell are altered by Dryden.

This greatest and most original of English composers was (when about six years old) a chorister of the Chapel Royal, and is said to have written anthems while yet a chorister. In 1675, when but seventeen years old, he composed the opera of Dido and Aeneas. In 1676 he wrote the music to Dryden’s Aurenge-Zebé.

A copy of the music to Macbeth, usually credited to Mathew Lock, has been discovered in Purcell’s handwriting; the manuscript is now in the possession of Dr. W. H. Cummings. Though Purcell would have been very young at the time, it appears more than probable that he was the composer of this music. The words not being by Shakspeare, extracts from the work are not included in this collection.

In 1678 he wrote the overture and other music to Shadwell’s alteration of Shakspeare’s Timon of Athens.

In 1680 he became organist of Westminster Abbey, and for six years gave up connection with theatres. In this interval it may be presumed that much of his church music was composed.

In 1682 he became organist of the Chapel Royal.

In 1690 Purcell composed new music for Shadwell’s version of The Tempest. Two of the settings have retained uninterrupted possession of the stage from his time till this day, namely, those to “Full fathom five” and “Come unto these yellow sands.”

In an opera composed during this year, The Prophetess, or the history of Dioclesian, Purcell made a great advance, calling into play larger orchestral resources than before. This opera was published in 1691, and in the dedication of it he says, “Musick and Poetry have ever been acknowledged sisters, and, walking hand in hand, support each other. As poetry is the harmony of words, so musick is that of notes; and as poetry is a rise above prose and oratory, so is musick the exaltation of poetry. Both may excel apart, but are most excellent when joined, for then they appear like wit and beauty in the same person. Poetry and painting have arrived to perfection in our own country; musick is still in its nonage, a forward child which gives hope of what it may be in England when the master of it shall find more encouragement. Being further from the sun, we are of later growth than our neighbour countries, and must be content to shake off our barbarity by degrees.”

In 1691 Purcell wrote the music to King Arthur (amongst many others), and in 1692 to The Fairy Queen (an anonymous adaption of Shakspeare’s Midsummer Night’s Dream) and Sir Charles Sedley’s Ode for the Queen’s Birthday; one of the airs in this last, viz. “May her bluest example chase,” has for its bass the air of the old song “Cold and Raw.” The reason for this was, that Arabella Hunt and Gosling were once singing to Queen Mary, with Purcell as accompanist. After hearing several compositions by Purcell and others, the Queen asked Arabella Hunt to sing “Cold and Raw.” Purcell, nettled at finding a common ballad preferred to his music, determined that the Queen should hear it again when she least expected it, and he adopted this ingenious method of effecting his object.

In addition to the settings Nos. 18 and 19 Purcell composed music to “Orpheus with his lute” and “Flout em,” a catch for three voices.

A number of spurious songs introduced into the plays at this time are set by Purcell, among them being “Kind fortune smiles,” “Dry those eyes,” “Where does the black fiend,” solo and chorus “In hell” and “Great Neptune.”

Purcell died at his house in Dean’s Yard, Westminster, on November 21, 1695.
NOTES ON THE SONGS

No. 19. Full fathom five thy father lies.
From The Tempest, Act I, scene ii. Composed by Henry Purcell (1658–1695).
[For comment see notes to No. 18.]

No. 20. Who is Sylvia?
From The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act IV, scene ii. Composed by Richard Leveridge (1670–1758).

Richard Leveridge, a bass vocalist and composer, sang in Drury Lane and Queen's theatres, 1705–12, and at Lincoln's Inn Fields and Covent Garden, 1713–30.

He composed music for the Island Princess, 1699, Pyramus and Thisby, 1716, and a collection of songs, two volumes, 1727. He is known as a song-writer, and by some is credited with the much discussed Macbeth music, on the authority of a notice in Rowe's edition of Shakspere. His best-known songs are "All in the downs" and "Roast beef of Old England." The example included in this collection well illustrates the style of his work. It has been wrongly attributed to Arne.

The song occurs in The Two Gentlemen of Verona under the following circumstance:

Julia, having reached the Emperor's city, in man's attire, is taken by her host to hear her faithless lover Protheus serenade Sylvia, the love of his friend Valentine, to whom he has turned traitor, in order that he may win Sylvia for himself.

No. 21. Where the bee sucks.
From The Tempest, Act V, scene i. Composed by Thomas Augustine Arne (1710–1778).

Thomas Augustine Arne was the son of an upholsterer, and was born in King Street, Covent Garden. He was educated at Eton College, being intended for the legal profession, but his natural love for music led him to study privately. Several interesting stories are told of his many difficulties and ingenious devices to obtain lessons and opportunity for study.

He took lessons on the violin from Festing, and would occasionally borrow a livery in order to gain admission to the servants' gallery at the opera. He made such progress on the violin as to be able to lead a chamber band at the house of an amateur, who gave private concerts. There he was accidentally discovered by his father playing first violin. After fruitless efforts to induce his son to devote himself to the legal profession, the father gave up the attempt. Being free to practise openly, Arne soon, by his skill on the violin, charmed the whole family.

In 1738 he established his reputation as a lyric composer by the admirable manner in which he set Milton's Comus. In this he introduced a light, airy, original, and pleasing melody, wholly different from that of Purcell or Handel, whom all English composers had hitherto either pillaged or imitated. Indeed the melody of Arne at this time, and of his Vauxhall songs afterwards, forms an era in English music; it was so easy, natural, and agreeable to the whole kingdom that it had an effect upon the national taste; and till a more modern Italian style was introduced in the pasticcio English operas of Bickerstaff and Cumberland, Arne's was the standard of all perfection at our theatres and public gardens. (See Burney's History, vol. iv.)

On July 6, 1759, the University of Oxford created Arne Doctor of Music.

He composed a great number of admirable works chiefly for the theatre.

Dr. Arne was the first to introduce women's voices into oratorio choruses. This he did at Covent Garden Theatre, February 26, 1773, in a performance of his own, Judith.

The three songs introduced into this collection are good examples of his melodious and agreeable style.

No. 22. When daisies pied and violets blue.
[For comment see note to No. 21.]

No. 23. When icicles hang by the wall.
[For comment see note to No. 21.]
No. 24. No more dams I'll make for fish.
From The Tempest, Act II, scene ii. Composed by John Christopher Smith (1712–1795).
Apart from the character of the music of this song, some interest is attached to it as being composed by one who acted as Handel's amanuensis during the blindness of the great composer. His style, in most of his work, bears a great resemblance to that of his master. Smith's father, a German, acted as Handel's treasurer.

He composed two Shaksperean operas, The Tempest and The Fairies, an altered version of A Midsummer Night's Dream. Some editors have mistaken Smith's music for that of Purcell's.—Loder and Dr. Clarke, to wit.

No. 25. She never told her love.
The song is one of a set of six, dedicated to Lady Charlotte Bertie, and composed in 1795.
Franz Joseph Haydn, the father of the symphony and the quartet, was born at Rohrau, a small Austrian village. His parents both sang, and the child soon began to sing their simple songs.

On New Year's Day, 1791, Haydn came to London, where he was soon the object of every species of attention.

The culminating point of his reputation (not attained till he had reached old age) was the composition of the Creation and the Seasons. Of the Creation he says: “Never was I so pious. I knelt down every day, and prayed God to strengthen me in my work.” This oratorio was first performed publicly in 1799, and produced an extraordinary impression. It was with reluctance that he composed music to the Seasons, for he knew his powers were failing, and the strain was too great. As he said afterwards, “The Seasons gave me the finishing stroke.” He composed very little after this.

After a long seclusion, he appeared in public for the last time at a remarkable performance of the Creation, at the University of Vienna, on March 27, 1808. He was carried in his armchair to a place among the first ladies of the land. At the words, “And there was light,” Haydn was quite overcome, and pointing upwards exclaimed, “It came from thence!” As the performance went on, his agitation became extreme, and it was thought better to take him home after the first part.

On May 26, 1809, he called his servants round him for the last time, and having been carried to the piano, solemnly played the Emperor's Hymn three times over. Five days afterwards he expired.

No. 26. When that I was a little tiny boy.
The Epilogue to Twelfth Night. Composed by Joseph Vernon (1738–1782).
This song is said to be by Joseph Vernon, who was a tenor vocalist born at Coventry. He studied under W. Savage, and appeared at Drury Lane Theatre in 1751.

He composed the music to The Witches, a pantomime, several songs and other vocal works. W. Linley has attributed this song to Fielding, but Dr. Rimbault proves that it was composed by Vernon, about 1760. Charles Knight says, “It is the most philosophical clown's song on record.” Chappell thinks that the song is the original music. The character of the melody suggests that it might be.

No. 27. Sigh no more, ladies.
The song is sung by Balthasar in the play, and in the Shakspere Folio instead of “enter Balthazar” appears “enter Jackie Wilson,”—a singer of the Burbage's Company, to which Shakspere belonged. Dr. Rimbault identifies the singer with Dr. John Wilson. (See previous notes on this subject.)

Richard John Samuel Stevens was born in London. He was trained as a chorister in St. Paul's Cathedral, under Savage, and became organist of the Temple Church in 1786, Charter House, 1796, Professor of Music, Gresham College, 1801. His death occurred in London.
NOTES ON THE SONGS

His chief works were gleeS, of which he composed a great number. The song included in this book was originally composed as a glee, but it is so generally sung in the play arranged as a song that no collection of Shakspere’s songs would be complete without its insertion.

No. 28. Now the hungry lion roars.
William Linley, son of the composer Thomas Linley, was born at Bath, and educated at Harrow. He studied under Abel and his father. Later he was appointed to a post in the East India Company’s service by Fox.
This notable amateur wrote Shakspere’s Dramatic Songs, consisting of all the songs, duets and choruses in character, as introduced in his dramas. The song No. 28 is from that work. He composed two operas, gleeS, &c., and also wrote novels and other literary works.

No. 29. If music be the food of love, play on.
From Twelfth Night, Act I, scene i. Composed by John Charles Clifton (1781–1841).
The editor has endeavored to include characteristic songs illustrating the period during which they were composed. This song, with its harp or piano accompaniment, is good of its kind, and shows a type of song much in vogue fifty or sixty years ago. Clifton was a pianist and composer of ability; he studied under R. Bellamy and Charles Wesley.
He wrote an opera called Edwin, many songs, gleeS, and a theory of harmony, besides other works.

No. 30. Over hill, over dale.
Thomas Cook, vocalist and composer, was born at Dublin. He studied under his father and Giordani. In 1803 he became conductor at a theatre in his native city and made his début as a vocalist in Storace’s Siege of Belgrade. In 1813 he appeared in London and was appointed conductor at Drury Lane Theatre. He wrote music to a number of plays, besides composing masses, gleeS, songs, solfeggi, &c. The words of “Over hill, over dale” were not written for music in the play, though they are good for the purpose. As an example of a florid soprano song it is excellent.

No. 31. Bid me discourse.
Sir Henry Bishop was director of the music at Drury Lane Theatre in 1810, and became conductor in 1825; musical director in Vauxhall Gardens in 1830; Mus. Bac. Oxon. in 1839. He was knighted in 1842; Professor of Music at Oxford University, 1848; Mus. Doc. Oxon., 1853.
Bishop was a voluminous composer, and is now chiefly remembered by his songs and gleeS, and one opera, Gny Mannering. He composed music to a number of Shakspere’s songs; perhaps he set more of them than any other composer. This, and the previous number, shows the influence of the florid Italian school, which was so popular at the time through the Italian operas. Though this song is not from the plays, it appears as a solo by Viola in Bishop’s operatic version of Twelfth Night.

No. 32. The Willow Song.
From Othello, Act IV, scene iii. Composed by Gioachino Rossini (1792–1868).
It will be a matter of considerable interest to many to learn that Rossini composed a song to Shakspere’s words, which can be rendered in English as effectively as in Italian. The song was composed for the opera Otello, in the year 1816, and is characteristic of the composer.
Rossini was the greatest, among the many great opera composers, of the first half of the nineteenth century.

No. 33. Hark, hark! the lark.
Schubert, born in Vienna, possessed wonderful
powers as a song-writer; in the opinion of many he ranks first in this branch of the musical art. He was the one great composer whose songs, regarded as a department of music, are absolutely his own,—full of dramatic fire, poetry, and pathos, with accompaniments of the utmost force, fitness, and variety.

Schubert lived in great poverty. "It is all but impossible to place one's self in the forlorn condition in which he must have resigned himself to his departure, and to realize the darkness of the valley of the shadow of death through which his simple, sincere, guileless soul passed to its last rest, and to the joyful resurrection and glorious renown which have since attended it." His works number one thousand, one hundred and thirty-one. He was by far the most prolific of composers. He wrote several operas, masses, symphonies, string quartets, and a multitude of pianoforte pieces and songs. Few, however, were published during his life, and these were miserably paid for. He sent three of his songs to Goethe in 1819, but the poet took no notice of the composer who was afterwards to give some of his songs a wider popularity than they would otherwise have enjoyed. Though Beethoven's visit to Vienna coincided for so many years with Schubert's lifetime, they only met twice. On the first occasion, Schubert's nervousness overcame him, and he rushed out of the room before he had written a word for the deaf Beethoven to read. On the second, Beethoven was hardly conscious, being then in his last illness. But some days before, he had become acquainted with a selection of Schubert's songs. These excited his admiration, and caused him to say, "Truly, Schubert has the divine fire."

Though Schubert's name was now becoming more widely known, he was still in poverty—sometimes on the brink of starvation. He died of typhus fever at the age of thirty-one. Of his many works only a small proportion was publicly performed during his life. Schumann was the first to force the world to listen to the treasures they had disregarded.

Schubert set only three of Shakspere's songs, "Come thou monarch of the vine," "Who is Sylvia?" and "Hark, hark! the lark." The last two are included in this collection.

No. 34. *Who is Sylvia?*

*From The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act IV, scene ii. Composed by Franz Schubert (1797–1828).*

[See note to No. 33.]

No. 35. *Hark, hark! the lark.*

*From Cymbeline, Act II, scene iii. Composed by Karl Friedrich Curschmann (1805–1841).*

Curschmann's fame rests on his powers as a song-writer; he is always melodious and natural, though never superficial or trivial.

As a child he showed great talent; he studied four years under Spohr and Hauptmann. His early death (thirty-six) cut short a career full of promise, for his future was bright in the extreme, and he doubtless bid fair to become one of the greatest of our song-writers.

This song is his only setting of Shakspere's words, and though interesting is not the best example of his gift which could be selected. He wrote the music to a German translation of Shakspere's words; a perverted translation then appeared in England under the title "Summer Morning." Mr. Greenhill restored Shakspere's words, which appear now for the first time in connection with this song.

Curschmann was a favorite song-composer before Schubert's songs were known. As a matter of chronology he comes after Schubert, but as a matter of style and development No. 35 should precede Nos. 33 and 34.
NOTES ON THE SONGS

PART IV. RECENT SETTINGS

No. 36. When that I was a little boy.

Schumann was one of the most original composers that ever lived; and even now his works are not generally understood and appreciated as they should be. He was born at Zwickau in Saxony; was educated at Leipzig for the law, but left the legal profession for music. His individuality of style, determined at the very outset, finds its most perfect expression in the smaller forms—piano-pieces and songs. In them he displays an artistic finish and a mastery of detail, which, united with poetic imagination and warmth of passion, are characteristic of his genius. He wrote a great number of songs, the best of which are unsurpassed for depth of emotional expression and delicate fancy. It is interesting to find that in 1851 Schumann composed music to verses by Shakspere. He used, however, a German translation, which made it necessary to change slightly the original English words in fitting them to his music.

No. 37. Autolycus’ Song.
The song in this collection is a fine example of the composer’s work, and critics have pronounced it one of the best settings of these words. Mr. Greenhill, who was born in London, is a well-known vocalist, composer and teacher. For about twenty years he was choirmaster for the late Rev. H. R. Hawes, and he was also director of music for the New Shakspere Society during the five years of its existence.

No. 38. Sigh no more, ladies.

Born in London, Sullivan was till 1857 a chorister in the Chapel Royal. He was elected Mendelssohn Scholar at the Royal Academy of Music in 1856, and in 1858 went to Leipzig to study, returning in 1861. While there he composed his music to The Tempest.

Sullivan composed many serious and elevated works, such as Ivanhoe, The Golden Legend, The Light of the World, The Prodigal Son, a Symphony in E, &c. In later years his series of light operas, beginning with Pinafore, established a reputation which will perhaps outlive that made by his serious works.

Sullivan composed a great number of successful songs and church music. The song “Sigh no more, ladies,” included in this collection, was written for Sims Reeves, and has a certain interest connected with it, inasmuch as it is engraved from a copy altered and improved by Sir Arthur, and is therefore probably the only edition published exactly as he wished it sung, after the experience of hearing it performed by Mr. Sims Reeves.

No. 39. Fear no more the heat o’ the sun.
From Cymbeline, Act IV, scene ii. Composed by Sir C. Hubert H. Parry (1848– ).

A gifted and voluminous composer, Parry’s works are distinguished by their directness and verve. His style is broadly melodious, and yet abounds in evidences of clever contrapuntal skill. The choral ode “Blest Pair of Syrens” is perhaps his most popular work.

Sir Hubert Parry was born at Bournemouth. He is Professor of Music at Oxford University, and Principal of the Royal College of Music, London. Song No. 39 was specially composed for this volume.

No. 40. Who is Sylvia?
From The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act IV, scene ii. Composed by Monk Gould (1858– ).

Mr. Gould is the composer of a large number of songs, some of which have become very popular, notably “The Curfew,” “Daybreak,” “The Banshee,” “Jacobite Ballads,” “Cavalier Ballads,” &c. He has also composed much church
music, and was till lately the organist and choirmaster of St. Michael's Church, Portsmouth, and conductor of the Philharmonic Society, Portsmouth. He was born at Tavistock, Devon.

No. 41. Blow, blow, thou winter wind.
From As You Like It, Act II, scene vii. Composed by William Arms Fisher (1861— ).
Mr. Fisher was born in San Francisco, California, where he studied harmony, organ and piano with John P. Morgan. He later studied singing with William Shakespeare in London; and on his return to New York he became a pupil of Parker in counterpoint and fugue, and of Dvořák in composition and instrumentation. He was instructor in harmony for several years at the National Conservatory, until, in 1895, he went to Boston, where he now lives.

Mr. Fisher's creative activity has been chiefly in the field of lyric composition, and many of his songs have become very successful. They are varied in mood, but uniformly well thought from the singer's standpoint, and he secures his effects without violating the canons of good vocal art.

No. 42. Sigh no more, ladies.
[See note to No. 41.]

No. 43. It was a lover and his lass.
From As You Like It, Act V, scene iii. Composed by Gerard Barton (1861— ).
Born at Fundenhall, Norfolk, England, Mr. Barton studied the organ under Dr. Edward Burnett and Sir Walter Parratt, and composition with Dr. J. Varley Roberts. In 1884 he went to America, where he finally settled on the Pacific coast as a professional musician. He has held the position of organist in churches at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara and San Francisco; and is at present (1905) at the head of the musical department of Oahu College, and organist of St. Andrew's Cathedral, Honolulu. The list of Mr. Barton's compositions includes many songs, both sacred and secular, a setting of the mass, part-songs, etc.

No. 44. Orpheus with his lute.
From Henry the Eighth, Act III, scene i. Composed by Carl Busch (1862— ).
Mr. Busch was born at Bjerre, Jutland, Denmark. He studied music in the Conservatorium of Copenhagen, and later at the Conservatorium of Brussels, and under Godard in Paris. He lives at present in Kansas City, where he is conductor of the Philharmonic Society and the Oratorio Society.

Mr. Busch has written a number of large works for orchestra, and for chorus with orchestra,—notably the cantatas The League of the Alps and King Olaf. Besides these he is the composer of many songs, anthems and part-songs.

No. 45. Under the greenwood tree.
From As You Like It, Act II, scene v. Composed by Carl Busch (1862— ).
[See note to No. 44.]

No. 46. And let me the canakin clink.
From Othello, Act II, scene iii. Composed by Harvey Worthington Loomis (1865— ).
Mr. Loomis was born in Brooklyn, New York, and has received his entire musical training in New York City, where he now lives. He studied composition under Dvořák, the piano with Mme. Madeline Schiller. Fluent melody and a rich and daring harmonic sense are evident in his compositions. Besides a host of songs and piano pieces, he has won distinction in the unusual field of pantomimic music, in the higher sense of the word. On somewhat similar lines are the "musical backgrounds" intended to illuminate the recitation of some poem.

Mr. Loomis has set to music a large number of Shakspere's songs, of which Nos. 46 and 47 are noteworthy examples.

No. 47. Crabbed age and youth.
From The Passionate Pilgrim, xii. Composed by Harvey Worthington Loomis (1865— ).
[See note to No. 46.]
No. 48. Orpheus with his lute.
From Henry the Eighth, Act II, scene i. Composed by Charles Fonteyn Manney (1872– ).
Mr. Manney was born in Brooklyn, New York, where he was for several years a boy-chorister. He began the study of music with William Arms Fisher, and later, on his removal to Boston, where he now lives, he became a pupil of Wallace Goodrich and Dr. Percy Goetschius. He is the composer of various anthems, part-songs, and piano pieces; a comic opera and two sacred cantatas; besides many songs, which show marked lyric feeling, and a graceful and rich melodic vein.

No. 49. It was a lover and his lass.
From As You Like It, Act V, scene iii. Composed by H. Clough-Leighter (1874– ).
From an early age a pupil of his mother, and later of Dr. J. Humfrey Anger in Toronto, Mr. Clough-Leighter, who was born in Washington, D. C., has received his entire musical training in America. As a boy he sang in a vested choir, and at fifteen he was a professional organist. He has since held several posts as organist and choral director. He has written various church services, anthems and choral works; besides many songs, which evince rich and free harmonic thought, and a real lyricism. Mr. Clough-Leighter at present lives in Boston.

No. 50. O mistress mine.
This gifted, all-round musician and composer was born in London, where he was one of the singing-boys in St. George’s Church, Croydon. He later became a student at the Royal College of Music, and afterwards was a pupil of Sir Charles Villiers Stanford. He is now actively engaged as a teacher in Trinity College, London, and as conductor of the Handel Society, London, and the Rochester Choral Society. His most important works are a Symphony in A minor; a setting of portions of Longfellow’s Hiawatha for solos, chorus and orchestra; an oratorio, The Atonement, &c. Mr. Coleridge-Taylor is also the composer of several songs, and some interesting piano pieces based upon negro melodies.
APPENDIX

Hereewith are given the original versions of several songs included in this volume, which may be of interest for purposes of comparison; likewise some additional old melodies referred to by Shakspere. Our modern scale, so utterly different to the modes in vogue at that early period, and the instrument which plays the accompaniment at the present time being also entirely unlike any with which the old composers were familiar, are sufficient reasons of justification for such harmonic and other changes as the editor deemed advisable.

HEART'S EASE

From Playford's English Dancing Master, page 54 (1650)

The above copy is exact. There are no regular bars and only the melody is given. See page xv in Notes on the Songs and page 9 of the music.

The following is the melody of "Hartes ease" from an MS. Lute Book (page 84) in the Cambridge University Library, Dd. 2. 11.

O MISTRIS MYNE

From Fitzwilliam Virginal Book, No. 66

As arranged by William Byrd
Song from *Twelfth Night*; see page xvi in Notes on the Songs and page 22 of the music. The strokes through the note-stems indicate a tremblant.

**FORTUNE, MY FOE**

*From Fitzwilliam Virginal Book, No. 65*  
*As arranged by William Byrd*

See page xvi in Notes to the Songs and page 13 of the music. This song is mentioned in *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act III, Scene 3. To this air was sung also the old ballad of *Titus Andronicus* upon which Shakspere founded his play of the same name.
Appendix
Watkins Ale

From Fitzwilliam Virginal Book, No. 180
Anonymous

See page xvi in Notes to the Songs and page 17 of the music.

Additional Old Melodies Referred to By Shakspere

A Round

Hawkins. From Fitzwilliam Virginal Book
Richard Farnaby

Jog on, Jog on the Footpath Way

See Winter's Tale.
FAREWELL, DEAR LOVE

(Published in 1601)

ROBERT JONES

From "Songs and Ayres set out for the Lute," Book I

Edited and arranged by Dr. Charles Vincent

Rather slowly

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

thou wilt needs be gone, Mine eyes do show my
this I find is true, I will not spend more

life is al - most done; Nay, I will nev - er die
time in woo - ing you; But I will seek else-where

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

Fear not, Why, then let her go,
Oh, no, no, no, no,
I care not.

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PEG O’ RAMSAY

Not too quickly

PEG O’ RAMSAY

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

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

Ram - say that an - y 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 - eld eye; _ Neat_ is her
mid- sum- mer but they are all mis - taen. 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 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,
GREEN-SLEEVES
(Composed during the reign of Henry VIII)

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

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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 eight measures as a Chorus

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

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

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

Ancient melody from

VOICE

PIANO

Moderato

1. There was a maid the other day.

2. An ancient suit or to her came. His

3. "A wedded life, a! 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, at last 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 by and by, That she a husband
long to bear This sorry yoke," she said, "Since wives they may not
die a maid, Apollo is forsworn. 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 husband, Heigh-ho! for a husband," Still this was her
for a husband, Heigh-ho! for a husband," Still this was her
with a husband, Heigh-ho! with a husband, What a life lead

song, "I will have a—husband, have a husband, Be
song, "I will have a—husband, have a husband, Be
1! Out up—on a—husband, such a husband, fie,

he old or young,"
he old or young,"
fie, fie, Oh! fie."
HEART'S EASE

Ancient Melody
16th Century or earlier
Edited and arranged by Dr. Charles Vincent

Not too quickly

1. Sing care_ away, with
2. What doth_a-vail far

Ancient Melody
16th Century or earlier
Edited and arranged by Dr. Charles Vincent

VOICE

PIANO

For pastime is our pleasure; If
And lead our life in toiling? Or

well we fare, for nought we care, In mirth consists our treasure. Let
what end should we here spend, Our days in irksome moiling? It
stupids lurk and drudges 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 fellows 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
   deceit is not

2. Ingratitude will eth me
   fraud goes a fishing with

fixed my fancy to write,

dainty it comes at each dish;

And not to refrain;

Though friendship is spoiled, the silly poor

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What lightly love now amongst you doth reign. Your fish that hover and shiver upon your false hooks; With traces in places, with outward allurements, Doth move my en-
deavour to be the more plain; Your nicings and ticings, with sundry pro-
curements, To publish your light lie love doth me constrain.
pear. Your lightly love ladies, 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

VOICE

In moderate time

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. But

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this she does When she pleases to palter, In

stead of his wages She gives him a halter.

Refrain
Lively

Three mer-ry men, And three mer-ry men, And three mer-ry men are we, As

e'er did sing Three parts in a string, All un-der the tri-ple 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 wish-es, 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 ant-ler, Prick up your ears un- to the tears Of me poor Paul the

pant-ler. That am thus chipt be- cause I clipt The curs-ed crust of trea- son

With loy- al knife, O dole-ful strife, To hang me thus with-out rea- son.
Lively

1st time f 2d time pp

Three merry men, And three merry men, Oh, three merry 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.
THE WILLOW SONG

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

Slowly and sadly

VOICE

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

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wil-low, wil-low, wil-low! My gar-land shall be; Sing all a green

wil-low, wil-low, wil-low, wil-low,

Sing all a green

wil-low, My gar-land shall be.

The

fresh streams ran by her, and mur-mur'd her moans; Sing wil-low,willow,
wil-low; Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones; Sing
wil-low, wil-low, wil-low, wil-low! Sing wil-low, wil-low, wil-low, wil-low! My
gar-land shall be; Sing all a green wil-low, wil-low, wil-low, wil-low,
Sing all a green wil-low, my gar-land shall be.
O MISTRESS MINE

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

In moderate time

VOICE

Melody from
Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book (1611)
Edited and arranged by Dr. Charles Vincent

Piano

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

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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 stuff 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

VOICE

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,

PIANO

With a

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

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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, 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, Sweet lovers love the spring, In spring-time, Sweet lovers love the spring, In spring-time, Sweet lovers love the spring.
WHERE THE BEE SUCKS

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

ROBERT JOHNSON (circa 1890)
Edited and arranged by Dr. Charles Vincent

VOICE

Rather quickly

Where the bee sucks, there lurk I

PIANO

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.

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(d = about)

Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly shall I live now Un-der the bloss-som that hangs on the bough.

Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly shall I live now Un-der the bloss-som that hangs on the bough.

Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly shall I live now Un-der the bloss-som that hangs on the bough.

Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly shall I live now Un-der the bloss-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

FULL FATHOM FIVE THY FATHER LIES

In moderate time

Full fathom five thy father lies; Of his bones are coral made; Those are pearls that were his eyes; Nothing of him that doth fade But doth suffer a sea-change Into some-thing
cresc.

rich and strange. Sea-nymphs hour-ly 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.

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

JOHN WILSON (1594–1673)
or ROBERT JOHNSON, circa 1590
Edited and arranged by Dr. Charles Vincent

LAWN AS WHITE AS DRIVEN SNOW

In moderate time

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 nos-es;

Bu-gle brace-let, neck-lace amber, Per-fume for a lady's cham-ber;

Gold-en quoifs and stom-ach-ers, For my lads, for my lads to give their dears:

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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 (1594-1675)
Edited and arranged by Dr. Charles Vincent

VOICE

Slowly and with much expression

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 a gain;

Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.

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COME UNTO THESE YELLOW SANDS

(Published in 1670)

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE

From "The Tempest," Act I, Scene 2

JOHN BANISTER (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 feit-ly here and there; And, sweet sprites, the

burthen bear: Hark! hark! Bow wow, The watch-dogs bark, Bow-wow,

Hark! hark! I hear The strain of strut-ting chan-ti-

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

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

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

Rather quick

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 merrily, merrily

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Merri-ly, merri-ly, shall I live now Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Merri-ly, merri-ly, shall I live now Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Merri-ly, merri-ly, shall I live now Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Merri-ly, merri-ly, shall I live now Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.
THE WILLOW SONG
(Composed in 1678)

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

PELHAM HUMFREY (1847-1874)
Edited and arranged by Dr. Charles Vincent

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE

Voice

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, sing willow, willow.
Come, all ye forsaken, and mourn now with me; Who speaks of a false love, Mine's fals'er than he. Sing willow, willow, sing willow, willow.
COME UNTO THESE YELLOW SANDS

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

HENRY PURCELL
(1658-1695)

Rather quickly

PIANO

Come unto these yellow sands, And then take hands,

Foot it featurally here and there, And let the rest the burden bear.
Foot it feathly here and there, And let the rest the bur-the bear.

Hark! hark! The watch-dogs bark; Hark! hark! I hear. The strain of chanticleer,

Hark! hark! I hear. The strain of chanticleer. Hark! hark! The watch-dogs bark;

Hark! hark! I hear The strain of chanticleer, Hark! hark! I hear. The strain of chanticleer.
FULL FATHOM FIVE THY FATHER LIES

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

HENRY PURCELL
(1658-1695)

In moderate time

VOICE

Full fathom five thy father lies;

lies; Of his bones are cor - al made; Those are pearls that were his eyes;

thing of him that doth fade.

Oliver Ditson Company
Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer, suffer

suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange,
suffer, doth suffer a sea-change into something rich and strange.

Sea-nymphs 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, ding-dong, bell, ding, ding-dong, bell, 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 com-
mend her? Holy, fair, and wise is she; The
heav'n's such grace did lend her, That she might ad-

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Is she red be.

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

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

blindness; and being help'd, inhabits there.
Allegretto

Then to Sylvia let us sing, That Sylvia is ex-
celing;

Then to Sylvia let us sing, That

Sylvia is ex-celing;

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 ex-cels each mor-tal thing,
Up-

on the dull earth dwell-ing;
To her let us gar-lands bring,
To her let us gar-lands bring.
WHERE THE BEE SUCKS

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

Allegretto

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

Allegretto

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Where the bee sucks, there lurk
cry. On a bat's back do I fly

After sunset merrily,

merrily, After sunset merrily.
Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly shall I live now Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

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

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

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE
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
cuc-koo 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,
cuc-koo, cuc-koo;
Oh, pleasing sound, oh, pleasing sound, While
ech-o an-swers far a-round, While ech-o an-swers far a-
round.

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, pleas-ing sound, oh, pleas-ing sound, While ech-o an-swers far a-round, While ech-o an-swers far a-round.
WHEN ICICLES HANG BY THE WALL

(WHEN ICICLES HANG BY THE WALL)

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

THOMAS AUGUSTINE ARNE
(1710-1778)

Piano

Poco Allegretto

When icicles hang by the wall,

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 star- ing owl,

Then nightly sings the star- ing owl, To-
whit, tu-who, tu-who, A
mer-ry, mer-ry note, A mer-ry, mer-ry
note, While greasy Joan, greasy Joan, While
greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

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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 starling owl,
Then nightly sings the star- ing owl, Tu-whit, tu-whoo—

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

Rather quickly

PIANO

No more dams I'll make for

fish; Nor fetch firing
Atrequiring, Nor scrape trencher, Nor wash

dish! 'Ban, 'Ban, Ca-ca-li-ban, Has a new master: get a new
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, Nor scrape trencher, Nor wash dish, No more dams I'll make for fish, No more dams I'll make for fish.
quir-ing, Nor scrape trench-er, Nor wash dish, 'Ban, 'Ban, Ca-cal-i-

ban, Has a new mas-ter; get a new man! 'Ban, 'Ban, Ca-cal-i-

ban, Has a new mas-ter, has a new mas-ter, has a new mas-ter; get a new man!
SHE NEVER TOLD HER LOVE

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

Largo assai e con espressione

PIANO

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

She

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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 (1788-1782)
Edited and arranged by Dr. Charles Vincent

1. When that I was a
2. But when I came to
3. But when I came, a
4. But when I came un-
5. A great while ago the

VOICE

PIANO

lit - tle ti - ny boy,
man's es - tate,
las! to wife,
to my bed,
world be - gun,

With a hey, ho! the wind and the rain,

A

'Gainst

By

With

But

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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
thats all one, our play is done, And we'll strive to please you

For the rain, it rain - eth
ev - 'ry day.
ev - 'ry day.
With a hey, ho! the wind and the rain, For the
ev - 'ry day.
ev - 'ry day.

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. STEVENS (1757-1837)
Edited and arranged by Dr. Charles Vincent

Sigh no more, ladies,

VOICE

PIANO

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, And be you blithe and bonny, Convert ing all your sounds of woe, Convert ing 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.
Sing no more dit-ties, la-dies, sing no
more_of dumps so_dull and heav-y, Of dumps so_dull and heav-y; The
fraud of men was ever so,_ Since summer first was
leav-y, Since summer first was leav-y. Then sigh not so, but let them
NOW THE HUNGRY LION ROARS

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

Slowly and with energy

PIANO

Now the hungry lion roars, And the wolf behoals the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores, All with weary task for-
done, All with weary task for done. Now the colla coce

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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
double-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
(1781-1841)

Andante
(with emphasis and expression)

VOICE

If music be the food of love, play on;

HARP or PIANO

Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting, the appetite may sicken, and so

Andante espressivo

die.

Oliver Ditson Company
ML-1224-5
Recit.

That strain again! 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 up-on a bank of violets,
colla voce

stealing, stealing,
a tempo

and giving odour
cresc.

like the sweet sound

ML-1284-5
on a bank of violets, like the sweet sound, the sweet sound, that breathes up-on a bank of violets,

Andante

steal-ing, steal-ing,

sempre legato
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

Allegro vivace e spiritoso

THOMAS SIMPSON COOK

(1782-1848)

Piano

OVER HILL, OVER DALE

Allegro vivace e spiritoso

OVER HILL, OVER DALE

THO-Rough bush, THO-Rough brier, OVER

OVER HILL, OVER DALE

THO-Rough flood, THO-Rough fire, OVER HILL, OVER DALE, THO-Rough
bush, Tho-rough briar, O-ver park, o-ver pale, Tho-rough flood, Tho-rough fire, I do
wan-der ev'-ry
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,

p dolce

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.
I do wander every where,

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

O - ver hill, o - ver

dale, O - ver park, o - ver pale, o - ver
hill, overdale, Thorough bush, Thoroughbriar, Over park, over pale, Thorough

flood, thorough fire, Over hill, overdale, Thorough bush, thoroughbriar, Over

park, over pale, Thorough flood, thorough fire, I do wan-

der everywhere,

a poco
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 cow-slips tall her pensioners
be; In their gold coats spots you see; I do wander every
where, Swift-er than the moon's sphere,

than the moon's sphere; I do

wan-der ev-ery where, Swift-er than the moon's sphere,
sphere; I do wander ev'ry where, Swift'er than the moon's sphere.
BID ME DISCOURSE

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE
Sonnet from "Venus and Adonis"

Allegro moderato, ma con anima

Sir HENRY ROWLEY BISHOP
(1786-1855)

Oliver Ditton Company
Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear, Or, like a fairy

trip upon the green,

Or, like a fairy trip upon the green,

Or, like a nymph, with bright and flowing hair,
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 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 fair y trip up-on the green,

I will en chant thine ear, Or, like a fair y trip up-on the green,

Or like a nymph, or like a nymph, with bright and flow ing hair, with

bright and flow ing hair, Dance, dance on the sands, dance, dance on the
sands, on the sands, Dance,

and yet no footing seen, and yet no footing seen. Dance, Dance

on the sands, and yet no footing seen, and
yet, and yet no footing seen. Dance,

on the sands, and yet no footing seen, and yet, and yet no footing seen.
THE WILLOW SONG

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

GIOACHINO ROSSINI
(1792-1868)

Lento con espressione

VOICE

PIANO

Lento con espressione

The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree, Sing all a green willow; Her

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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

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all a green willow, Sing all a green willow; Her salt tears fell from her and soften'd the stones; Sing willow, willow, 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,

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

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

FRANZ SCHUBERT (Posthumous)
(1797-1828)

Allegretto

Hark, hark! the lark at heav'n's gate sings,
And Phoebus gins a rise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On cha-lic'd flow'rs that lies;
On cha-lic'd flow'rs that lies;
And winking Mary-

(Original Key)
(Composed in 1826)
buds begin To ope their golden eyes; With ev’ry thing that

pretty bin, My lady sweet, a-rise, With ev’ry thing that pretty bin, My

lady sweet, a-rise, a-rise, a-rise, My lady sweet, a-

rise, a-rise, a-rise, My lady sweet, a-rise.
WHO IS SYLVIA?

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

(Composed in 1826)

(Original Key)

FRANZ SCHUBERT, Op. 106, No. 4
(1797-1828)

1. Who is Sylvia? what is
2. Is she kind as she is
3. Then to Sylvia let us

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

Holy, fair, and
Love doth to her
She excels each
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 help'd, in ha bits
To her gar-lands let us

be, And she might admired
there, And being help'd, in ha bits
bring, To her gar-lands let us

be, there, bring.
HARK, HARK! THE LARK

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

Andante

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

heav'n's gate sings,

And Phoe - bus
'gins a rise, His steeds to water

at those springs On charic'd flow'rs that lies;

And wink-ing Mary-buds begin To ope their golden eyes: With ev'ry 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.

Arise!

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

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE
Epilogue to "Twelfth Night"

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op.127, No. 5
(1810 - 1856)

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 rain, it raineth every day.
But when I came to man's estate,
With hey ho, with hey ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men
shut the gate, For the rain it rain-eth ev-’ry day

But

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

Allegro

swagger-ing could I nev-er thrive, For the rain it rain-eth ev-’ry day.
AUTOLYCUS’ SONG
(LAWN AS WHITE AS DRIVEN SNOW)

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE
From “A Winter’s Tale,” Act IV, Scene 4

(Original Key, F)

JAMES GREENHILL
(1840 - )

From “A Winter’s Tale,” Act IV, Scene 4

Recit.

I’m the pedlar!

I’m the pedlar! No milliner can so fit his
customers with gloves. Here are inkies, caddisses,
b) caddisses: worsted lace

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cam-brics, and rib-ands of all the col-ours i' the rain-bow!

Allegro vivace

Lawn as white as driv-en snow,

Cy-prus black as e'er was crow;

Gloves as sweet as dam-ask ro-ses,

Masks for fa-ces and for no-ses, Masks

ad lib.

colla voce
a tempo

Bugle, 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 to give their dears;

Pins and pok-ing-sticks of steel; a)

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, lads! or else your lasses cry,
Buy, lads! or else your lasses cry, come

Lawn as white as driven snow,
Cy-prus black as e'er was crow;
Gloves as sweet as dam-ask ro-ses; Masks for fa-ces and for no ses; Masks

for fa-ces and for no ses; 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!
To Sims Reeves

SIGH NO MORE, LADIES

(Original Key)

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

SIR ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN
(1842-1900)

VOICE
Allegro

Piano
frisoluto

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more;

Men were deceivers ever; One foot in sea, and

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one on shore; To one thing constant never. 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.
Sing no more ditties, sing no more
Of dumps so dull and heavy,
The fraud of men was ever so, Since summer first was heavy
Then sigh not so, but let them go.

And be you blithe and bonny, Converting 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

(Original Key, G)

Sir C. HUBERT H. PARRY
(1848-)

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 ta'en thy wag-es.
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
The reed is as the oak,

sceptre, learning, physic, must—All follow this, and come to

dust.

Fear no more the lightning flash, Nor the all-dreaded thunder—
stone; Fear not slander, censure rash, Thou hast

rit.

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 (♩= 80)

VOICE

PIANO

Who is Sylvia? what is she, That all our

swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she; The heav'ns 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,

help him of his blindness; And being help'd, inhabits
Sylvia let us sing, That Sylvia is ex-
celling;

dolce
She excels each mortal.

rit. at fine
ten.

thing, Upon the dull earth dwelling: To her
cresc.
colla voce

let us garlands bring.

a tempo

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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-)

VOICE

Andante

1. Blow, blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Be cause thou art not seen,
Al though thy breath be rude,

2. Freeze, freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As man's ingratitude;
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As man's ingratitude;
Thou though thou the waters warp,
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Be cause thou art not seen,
Al though thy breath be rude.

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

Heigh-ho! heigh-ho! Heigh-ho! heigh-ho! unto the green holly: Most

friend-ship is feign-ing, most lov-ing mere fol-ly: Then, heigh-ho, the hol-ly!

heigh-ho, the hol-ly! This life is most jol-ly.
Men were deceivers,
Men were deceivers,
Men were deceivers ever,
Of dumps so dull and heavy,

To one thing constant never:
Since summer first was heavy:
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was heavy;

one thing constant never:
Then sigh not so, but let them go,

sigh not so, but let them go, And be you blithe and bonny,
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.
To Robert Fulton

IT WAS A LOVER AND HIS LASS

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

Allegro commodo (♩=160)

Gerard Barton
(1861-)

1. It _
2. Be _
3. This
4. Then,

was a lover and his lass,
tween the acres of the rye,
carol they began that hour,
pretty lovers, take the time,

With a hey, and a ho, and a

hey noni no,

That o'er the green cornfields did pass.

These pretty country folks would lie,

How that a life was but a flow'r

For love is crowned with the prime

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Spring-time, the only pretty ring-time.

When birds do sing, hey ding-a-ling-a-ling, Sweet lovers love the spring,

When birds do sing, hey ding-a-ling-a-ling, 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
(1863-)

Allegretto

PIANO

Orpheus with his lute made trees, And the

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

sing: To his
music plants and flow'rs Ev'er sprung; 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

die.
To George Hamlin

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

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

(Original Key)

CARL BUSCH
(1862-)

Allegretto

PIANO

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Un - der the green - wood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his mer - ry note
Un - to the sweet bird's throat,

Come

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hither, come hither, come hither: Here shall he see.

No enemy But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun And
I love 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.
AND LET ME THE CANAKIN CLINK
(IAGO'S SONG)

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

VOICE

And let me the can-a-kin

clink, clink, clink, clink;

And 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, E♭)

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

VOICE

Allegro giocoso

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together,

a tempo

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

PIANO

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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 ab-hor thee. Youth, I do a-dore thee; O, my love, my
love is young! Age, I do de-fy thee; O sweet shep-herd, hie thee!

For me-thinks thou stay'st too long.

ML-1252-8
Andante semplice

 Orc - heus with his lute

 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

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There had made a lasting spring,

Every 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,

Kill-ing care and grief of heart

Fall a-sleep, or hear-ing, die,

Fall a-sleep, or hear-ing, die.

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IT WAS A LOVER AND HIS LASS

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

H. CLOUGH-LEIGHTER

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ML-1254 - 4
In springtime, the field did pass;
only pretty ring-time, When birds

lovers love the

Sweet; poco meno mosso

leggeramente assai

poco meno mosso

rit. e dim. colla voce

rit. e dim.
This carol they begin that hour, With a hey, and a ho, and a

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

When birds ring-time,

— do sing, hey, ding-a-ding, ding;

Sweet lovers love the spring.
O MISTRESS MINE

(Original Key)

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE
From "Twelfth Night," Act II, Scene 3
S. COLERIDGE-TAYLOR
(1875-)

Allegro appassionato

VOICE

PIANO

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, Ev'ry wise man's son doth know,

Ev'ry wise man's son doth know.

a tempo

a tempo
What is love? 'tis not hereafter;

Present mirth hath present laughter;

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

Then come and kiss me, sweet and

Then come and kiss me, sweet and

twenty, Youth's a stuff will not endure, Youth's a

twenty, Youth's a stuff will not endure.

stuff will not endure.

morendo -