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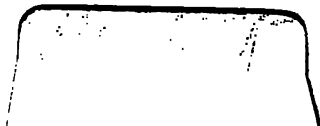
Shakespeare's songs. 1907

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Christmas 1909.

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**SHAKESPEARE'S
SONGS**

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*Five Hundred and Ten Copies of this edition
have been printed on Handmade Paper.*

This is No. 9.



A decorative border with a repeating floral and scrollwork pattern surrounds the text.

SHAKESPEARE'S
SONGS

THE SHAKESPEARE HEAD PRESS
STRATFORD-ON-AVON

1907

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Mr. Gardner W. Allen

CONTENTS

	PAGE
COME UNTO THESE YELLOW SANDS	I
FULL FATHOM FIVE	2
WHERE THE BEE SUCKS	3
WHO IS SILVIA?	4
TAKE, O TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY	5
SIGH NO MORE, LADIES	6
PARDON, GODDESS OF THE NIGHT	7
ON A DAY—ALACK THE DAY!	8
SPRING	9
WINTER	10
YOU SPOTTED SNAKES	11
TELL ME WHERE IS FANCY BRED	13
UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE	14
BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND	15
WHAT SHALL HE HAVE THAT KILL'D THE DEER?	17
IT WAS A LOVER AND HIS LASS	18
O MISTRESS MINE	19

	PAGE
COME AWAY, DEATH	20
WHEN THAT I WAS AND A LITTLE TINY BOY	21
WHEN DAFFODILS BEGIN TO PEER	23
LAWN AS WHITE AS DRIVEN SNOW	24
WILL YOU BUY ANY TAPE?	25
ORPHEUS WITH HIS LUTE	26
COME, THOU MONARCH OF THE VINE	27
HARK, HARK! THE LARK	28
FEAR NO MORE THE HEAT O' TH' SUN	29
ROSES, THEIR SHARP SPINES BEING GONE	31

NOTE.

As I am often asked where the popular song "Should upbraid," set to music by Sir Henry Bishop, is to be found in Shakespeare, I may be pardoned for adding a note to say that it is not one of Shakespeare's songs. But Bishop did was to take the following lines from the speech of Petrucchio in the first scene of Act II. of "The Taming of the Shrew":

*"Say that she rail: why then I'll tell her plain
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:
Say that she frown; I'll say she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew:
Say she be mute, and will not speak a word;
Then I'll commend her volubility."*

played fast and loose with this passage, turning blank verse into rhyme and changing the sex of the speaker.

The companion song "Bid me discourse" Bishop took from "Venus and Adonis":—

*"Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green;
Or, like a nymph, with long dishevell'd hair,
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen."*

A. H. B.

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SHAKESPEARE'S SONGS

From The Tempest.

COME UNTO THESE YELLOW SANDS

COME unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Court'sied when you have and kist,—
The wild waves whist,—
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.
Hark, hark!

*[Burden, dispersedly, within.
Bow, wow.]*

The watch-dogs bark:

*[Burden, dispersedly, within.
Bow, wow.]*

Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer.
[Cry: Cock-a-diddle-dow.]

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From The Tempest.

FULL FATHOM FIVE

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 something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
[*Burden, wisbin.* Ding-dong.]
Hark! now I hear them,—Ding-dong, bell.

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From The Tempest.

WHERE THE BEE SUCKS

WHERE the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

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From The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

WHO IS SILVIA ?

Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair,—
For beauty lives with kindness?
Love doth to her eyes repair
To help him of his blindness;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

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From Measure for Measure.

TAKE, O TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY

TAKE, O take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again, bring again;
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain, seal'd in vain.

www.libtool.com.cn From *Much Ado about Nothing*.

SIGH NO MORE, LADIES

SIGH no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore;
To one thing constant never:
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no moe
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of man was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy.
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny.

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From Much Ado about Nothing.

PARDON, GODDESS OF THE NIGHT

PARDON, goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight;
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.

Midnight, assist our moan;

Help us to sigh and groan,

Heavily, heavily:

Graves, yawn, and yield your dead,

Till death be uttered,

Heavily, heavily.

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From *Love's Labour's Lost*.

ON A DAY—ALACK THE DAY!

ON a day—alack the day!—
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, can passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wisht himself the heaven's breath.
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph so!
But, alack, my hand is sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:—
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet!
Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee;
Thou for whom Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiop were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.

From *Love's Labour's Lost*.
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SPRING

WHEN daisies pied and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver-white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then on every tree
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo: O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo then on every tree
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo: O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

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From *Love's Labour's Lost*.

WINTER

WHEN icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipt and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit ;
Tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit ;
Tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

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From A Midsummer Nighb's Dream.

YOU SPOTTED SNAKES

You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen ;
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,
Come not near our fairy queen.

Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby ;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby ; lulla, lulla, lullaby :
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh ;
So, good night, with lullaby.

Weaving spiders, come not here ;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence !
Beetles black, approach not near ;
Worm nor snail, do no offence.

Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby ;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby ; lulla, lulla, lullaby :
 Never harm,
 Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh ;
So, good night, with lullaby.

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From The Merchant of Venice.

TELL ME WHERE IS FANCY BRED

TELL me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.

It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.

All. Ding, dong, bell.

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From *As You Like It*.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

UNDER the greenwood tree
 Who loves to lie with me,
 And turn his merry note
 Unto the sweet bird's throat,
 Come hither, come hither, come hither :
 Here shall he see
 No enemy
 But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun [*All together*
 And loves to live i' th' sun, *here.*
 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.

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From As You Like It.

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND

**Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind,
As man's ingratitude ;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
igh-ho ! sing, heigh-ho ! unto the green holly :
st friendship is feigning, most loving mere
folly :**

**Then heigh-ho, the holly !
This life is most jolly.**

**Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot :
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.**

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

Then heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

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From As You Like It.

HAT SHALL HE HAVE THAT KILL'D THE DEER?

**WHAT shall he have that kill'd the deer?
His leather skin and horns to wear.**

Then sing him home!

[The rest shall bear this burthen.]

**Take thou no scorn to wear the horn;
It was a crest ere thou wast born:**

Thy father's father wore it,

And thy father bore it:

**The horn, the horn, the lusty horn
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.**

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From As You Like It.

IT WAS A LOVER AND HIS LASS

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass
In spring-time, the only pretty ring-time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie
In spring-time, &c.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring-time, &c.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring-time, &c.

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From Twelfth Night.

O MISTRESS MINE

O MISTRESS mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear; your true-love's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
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.

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From Twelfth Night.

COME AWAY, DEATH

COME away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be
thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave
To weep there!

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From Twelfth Night.

WHEN THAT I WAS AND A LITTLE TINY BOY

WHEN that I was and a little tiny boy,
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, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain :—
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.

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From The Winter's Tale.

WHEN DAFFODILS BEGIN TO PEER

WHEN daffodils begin to peer,
With hey! the doxy over the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With hey! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,
With hey! with hey! the thrush and the jay,
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

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From The Winter's Tale.

LAWN AS WHITE AS DRIVEN SNOW

LAWN as white as driven snow;
Cyprus black as e'er was crow;
Gloves as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces and for noses;
Bugle-bracelet, necklace-amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quoifs and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins and poking-sticks of steel:
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.

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From The Winter's Tale.

WILL YOU BUY ANY TAPE?

WILL you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
 Any silk, any thread,
 Any toys for your head
Of the new'st and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?
 Come to the pedler;
 Money's a meddler,
That doth utter all men's ware-a.

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From King Henry VIII.

ORPHEUS WITH HIS LUTE

ORPHEUS with his lute made trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze,
 Bow themselves when he did sing:
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung, as sun and showers
 There had made a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
 Hung their heads and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
 Fall asleep, or hearing die.

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From Antony and Cleopatra.

COME, THOU MONARCH OF THE VINE

COME, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne!
In thy vats our cares be drown'd,
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd:
Cup us, till the world go round,
Cup us, till the world go round!

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From Cymbeline.

HARK, HARK! THE LARK

**HARK, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise:
Arise, arise!**

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From *Cymbeline*.

FEAR NO MORE THE HEAT O' TH' SUN

FEAR no more the heat o' th' sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' th' great;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have;
And renowned be thy grave!

From Shakespeare and Fletcher's *The Two Noble Kinsmen*.

ROSES, THEIR SHARP SPINES BEING GONE

Roses, their sharp spines being gone,
Not royal in their smells alone,
 But in their hue;
Maiden pinks, of odour faint,
Daisies smell-less, yet most quaint,
 And sweet thyme true;

Primrose, firstborn child of Ver;
Merry springtime's harbinger,
 With her bells dim;
Oxlips in their cradles growing,
Marigolds on deathbeds blowing,
 Larks'-heels trim.

All dear Nature's children sweet,
Lie 'fore bride and bridegroom's feet,
 Blessing their sense!
Not an angel of the air,
Bird melodious, or bird fair,
 Be absent hence!

The crow, the slanderous cuckoo, nor
The boding raven, nor chough hoar,
Nor chattering pie,
May on our bride-house perch or sing,
Or with them any discord bring,
But from it fly!

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