SONGS

from the Plays of

SHAKESPEARE
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With Initials and Borders illuminated by Edith A. Ibbs.
Where the bee sucks
there suck I
In the 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

The Tempest
Come unto these yellow sands
And then take hands.
Courtsied when you have and kiss'd
The wild waves whist.
Hoot it fleetly here & there.
And sweet sprites the burden bear.
Hark, hark:
Bow-wow.
The watch-dogs bark:
Bow-wow.
Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting
Chanticleer—
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

The Tempest

Jog on, jog on,
the foot-path way,
And merrily
hent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all
the day,
Your sad one tires in a
mile-a.

The Winter’s Tale.
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 night;
So good-night, with lullaby.

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

Philomel, with melody, etc

A Midsummer Night's dream.
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 wages:
Golden lads & girls
all must,
As chimney-sweepers come to dust.
Fear no more the frown of the great thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
care no more to clothe and eat;
go 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 the all-dreaded thunder-stone,
Hear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finished 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.

Cymbeline.
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,
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.
Thousand, thousand sighs to save,
May me, O where true lover never find my grave.
To weep there.
Who is Silvia? what is she, 
That all our swains commend her? 
Holy, fair & wise is she, 
The heaven such grace did lend her, 
That she might admir'd 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 helped, inhabits
there.

Then to Silvia let
us sing,
That Silvia is
excelling;
She excells each mortal
thing
Upon the dull earth dwell
ing;
To her let us garlands
bring.

The Two Gentlemen
of Verona.
Orpheus with his lute
made trees,
And the mountain
tops that freeze,
Bowed themselves when
he did sing:
To his music plants
and flowers
Ever sprung; as sun
and showers
There had made a
last spring.
Everything 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.

King Henry VIII.
Mistress mine! where are you roaming? 
O! stay and hear; your true loves 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

Twelfth Night.
igh no more, ladies,
sigh no more,
Men were deceivers
ever,
One foot in sea, and
one on shore,
Go one thing constant
never:
Then sigh not so, but
let them go,
And be you blithe &
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 men was ever so,
Since summer first was leafy:
Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny. etc.

Much Ado about nothing
t was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho,
and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green cornfield did pass,
In the 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 folk would lie,
In the spring-time, the only pretty ring-time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.
This carol they began,
that hour,
With a hey, and a
ho, and a hey nonino,
now that a life was
but a flower;
In the spring-time, the
only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing,
hey ding a ding ding,
Sweet lovers love
the spring.
And therefore take the present time, with a hey and a ho, and a hey nonino.

For love is crowned with the prime;

In the spring-time, the only pretty ring time,

When birds do sing, hey ding a ding ding;

Sweet lovers love the spring.

As you like it.
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.
Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho
Unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving,
Mere folly:
Then heigh-ho, to 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 remembered not.
Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho
Unto the green holly, etc.
As you like it.
ark, hark! the lark at
heaven's gate sings,
And Phæbus' gins arise.
His steed to water at
those springs
On chaliced flowers
that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes:
With everything that
pretty is,
My lady sweet arise;
Arise, arise.

Cymbeline.
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 sealed in vain,
Sealed in vain.

Measure for Measure.
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 we see no enemy
But winter & rough weather
Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats
And pleased with what he gets;
Come hither, come hither,
Here shall he see no enemy
But winter and rough weather.
If it do come to pass, that any man turn pass, leaving his wealth and ease, a stubborn will to please, ducdame, ducdame, ducdame; here shall he see gross fools as he, an' if he will come to me. As you like it.
Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?

How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.

It is engendered 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.

Merchant of Venice.