FIVE

SHAKESPEARE SONGS

Second Set

FEAR NO MORE THE HEAT O' THE SUN
UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE
IT WAS A LOVER AND HIS LASS
TAKE, O TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY
HEY, HO, THE WIND AND THE RAIN

Set to Music

BY

ROGER QUILTER

(OP. 23)
To the memory of ROBIN HOLLWAY.

Fear no more the heat o’ the Sun

Words by
SHAKESPEARE

Music by
ROGER QUILTER
OP. 33, NO. 1.

Andante moderato. \( \text{(d = 92)} \)

espress. e legato.

\( \text{mf} \)

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 and girls all must, As chimney sweepers, come to dust.

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Fear no more the frown o' the great,

Thou art past the tyrant's stroke; Care no more to clothe and eat; To

thee the reed is as the oak: The sceptre, learning, physic, must All

follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the heat o' the sun.
Fear no more the light-'ning flash, Nor the all-dread-ed
thun-der-stone; Fear not slan-der, cen-sure rash;
Thou hast fin-ished joy and moan: All lov-ers young, all
lov-ers must Con-sign to thee, and come to
pp sempre a tempo.

Dust.

No ex-or-ciser harm thee!

poco dim.
dolce

Barely

Nor no witch-craft charm thee! Ghost un-laid for-bear thee!

Nor no witch-craft charm thee! Ghost un-laid for-bear thee!

Nothing ill come near thee! Quiet con-sum-ma-tion have:

mp

Piu tranquillo.

And re-nown-ed be thy grave!

Piu tranquillo.

Dim.

Morendo.

Fear no more the heat o' the sun.
Under the Greenwood Tree

Words by
SHAKESPEARE.

Music by
ROGER QUILTER
Op. 28 No. 2.

Allegro moderato ma gioioso. (♩ = 96).

Voice.

Piano.

mf

Un - der the greenwood tree Who loves to lie with me, And

mf leggiero.

pochiss. riten.

a tempo

turn his mer - ry note Un - to the sweet birds throat, Come

pochiss. riten.

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hither, come hither, come hither: Here shall he see No

f staccato e marcato.

enemy But winter and rough weather.

marcato e con spirito

Who doth ambition leggiero

poco cresc.

shun, And loves to live i' the sun, Seek ing the

poco cresc.

Under the Greenwood Tree.
food he eats, And pleased with what he gets, Come hither, come hither, come hither:

Here shall he see No enemy But winter, but winter, winter and rough weather.

Under the Greenwood Tree.
To Walter Creighton.

It was a Lover and his Lass

Words by
SHAKESPEARE.

Music by
ROGER QUILTER.

Op. 23, No. 3.

Allegretto moderato (\( \dot{\text{c}} = 74 \))

Voice

Piano.

was a lover and his lass, With a hey, and a ho, And a hey no-ni-no, That

o'er the green corn-field did pass, In the spring time, the only

Originally written as a duet for Soprano and Alto in G Major.

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It was a Lover and his Lass.
poco ten. a tempo.

Pretty country folks would lie, In the spring time,

the only pretty ring time, When

birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding, ding a ding, ding, Sweet

poco più tranquillo.

lovers love the spring. This

It was a Lover and his lass.
It was a Lover and his Lass.
lovers love the spring.

And

a tempo primo.

therefore take the present time, With a hey, and a ho, and a

cantabile.

* 

poco riten. a tempo.

hey no-ni-no, For love is crowned with the prime In the spring time,

It was a Lover and his Lass.
the only pretty ring time,

birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding, ding a ding, ding,

ritard - poco - an - do.

ping a ding, ding; Sweet lovers love the spring.

It was a Lover and his Lass.
Take, O take those lips away.

Words by
SHAKESPEARE.

Music by
ROGER QUILTER
Op. 23, No. 4.

Voice.

Andante espressivo. \(_{\text{p}=60}\)  
\(\text{mp}\)

Take, O take those lips a-way,
That so sweetly were for-swnorn;

Piano.

\(\text{mp espress.}\)

\(\text{p}\)

And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mis-lead the

\(\text{poco cresc.}\)
morn: But my kisses bring again,

Seals of love, but sealed,

but sealed in vain!

Take, O take those lips away.
Hey, ho, the Wind and the Rain.

Words by
SHAKESPEARE.

Music by
ROGER QUILTER.

Op. 23, No. 5.

When that I was a little tiny boy, with

hey, ho, the wind and the rain;

A foolish thing was

but a toy, For the rain it raineth ev'ry

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day. But when I came to

giocoso.

man's estate, With hey, ho, the wind and the rain; 'Gainst

a tempo.

knaves and thieves men shut their gate, For the rain it

a tempo.

espress.

But

poco rit.

Hey, ho, the Wind and the Rain.
when I came alas! to wive, With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;

By swaggering could I never thrive, For the rain it rain-eth ev'ry day.

Più moderato

Hey, ho, the Wind and the Rain.
great while a-go
the world be-gun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;

But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive, we'll

strive to please you every day.

Hey, ho, the Wind and the Rain.