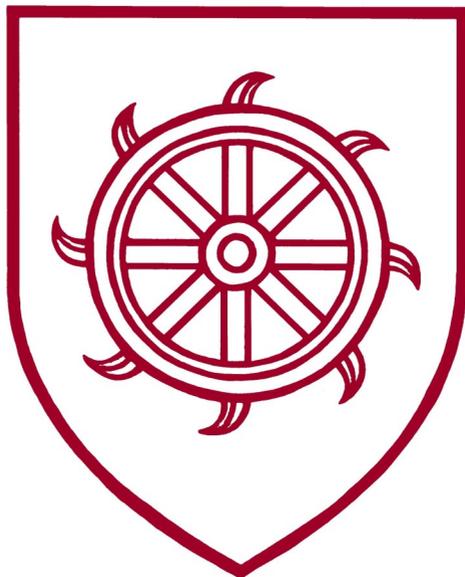


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# Playing Shakespeare: Words and Music Programme





## The Agincourt Carol (Anonymous)

*Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria!*  
[Give thanks, England, to God for victory!]

Owre Kynge went forth to Normandy  
With grace and myght of chyvalry  
Ther God for hym wrought marvelously;  
Wherefore Englonde may call and cry

### **Chorus**

*Deo gratias!*  
*Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria!*

He sette sege, forsothe to say,  
To Harflu towne with ryal aray;  
That toune he wan and made afray  
That Fraunce shal rewe tyl domesday.

### **Chorus**

Then went hym forth, owre king comely,  
In Agincourt feld he faught manly;  
Throw grace of God most marvelsuly,  
He had both feld and victory.

### **Chorus**

Ther lordys, erles and barone  
Were slayne and taken and that full soon,  
Ans summe were broght into Lundone  
With joye and blisse and gret renone.

### **Chorus**

Almighty God he keep owre kynge,  
His peple, and alle his well-wyllynge,  
And give them grace wythoute endyng;  
Then may we call and savely syng:

### **Chorus**

**Henry V, Act 4, Scene 3, lines 17-67** (Westmoreland, King Henry)

**Silence's Song: Drinking Round** (Anonymous)

A cup of wine  
That's brisk and fine  
And drink unto thee, leman mine:  
And a merry heart lives long-a

**Henry IV Part II, Act 4, Scene 2, lines 84-125** (Sir John Falstaff)

**Sonnet 30**

**Sonnet 87**

**Song: 'Full Fathom Five'** (Stephen Warbeck)

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  
Hark! now I hear them,--Ding-dong, bell.

**The Tempest, Act 3, Scene 2, lines 138-46** (Caliban)

**Twelfth Night, Act 1, Scene 5, lines 134-301** (Malvolio, Countess Olivia, Viola as  
Cesario, Maria)

**Sonnet 138**

**Song: 'Sigh no more, Ladies'** (Nigel Hess)

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 men was ever so,  
Since summer first was leafy:  
Then sigh not so, &c.

***As You Like It, Act 3, Scene 2, lines 160-245*** (Celia, Rosalind)

**Song: 'Come away, Death'** (Gerald Finzi)

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!

***Troilus and Cressida*, Act 3, Scene 3, lines 139-168** (Ulysses)

***Twelfth Night*, Act 2, Scene 5, lines 14-201** (Maria, Malvolio, Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Aguecheek)

### **Sonnet 60**

**Song: 'Fear no more the heat o'th'sun'** (Roger Quilter)

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.

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 lightning flash,  
Nor the 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!



**Henry IV Part II, Act 3, Scene 2, lines 1-51, 80-90, 191-216** (Justice Shallow, Justice Silence, Sir John Falstaff)

**Catch: 'Hem, boys, Hem'** (John Hilton)

There was an old fellow at Waltham Cross,  
Who merrily sung when he liv'd by the loss.  
He never was heard to sigh with 'Hey ho':  
But sent it out with a 'Hey trolly lo'.  
He cheer'd up his heart when his goods went to wrack,  
With a 'Hem, boys, hem' and a cup of old sack





St Catharine's College  
Cambridge

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