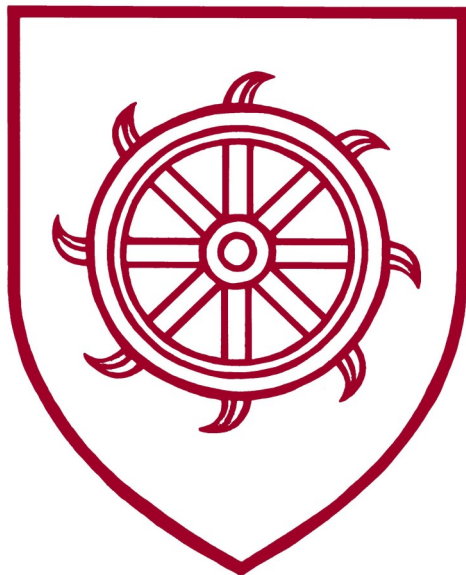

Playing Shakespeare: Words and Music Programme





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 toun 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





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