1 HARK, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,  
   And Phoebus 'gins arose,  
   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!  
   —Cymbeline: Musician II.iii.

2 WHEN daffodils begin to peer,  
   With heigh! 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 heigh! the sweet birds, 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-lyra chants,  
   With heigh! with heigh! the thrush and the jay,  
   Are summer songs for me and my aunts,  
   While we lie tumbling in the hay.  
   —Winter's Tale: Autolycus IV.ii.i.

3 WHEN daisies pied and violets blue,  
   And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue  
   And lady-smocks all silver-white  
   Do paint the meadows with delight,  
   The cuckoo then, on every tree,  
   Mocks married men; for thus sings he,  
   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 frocks,  
   The cuckoo then &c  
   —Love's Labours Lost V.ii.

4 Instrumental Track  
   Fortune: Merry Wives III.iii.

5 FEAR no more the heat o' the sun,  
   Nor the furious winter's rages;  
   Thou thy worldly task has 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!
—Cymbeline: Brothers IV.ii.

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 my 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;
Come buy, lads, or else your lasses cry: Come buy.
—Winter’s Tale: Autolycus IV.iv.

Instrumental Track
Kemp’s Jig: 2Henry IV epilogue

Instrumental Track
Callino: Henry V IV.iv.

IT was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, with 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, with a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country fools would lie,
In spring time, &c.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, with a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring time, &c.
Then pretty lovers take the time,
With a hey, with a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime
*In spring time, &c.*
—*As You Like It: Pages V.iii.*

WHEN that I was and a little tiny boy,
With a 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 a hey, ho, &c.
Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
*For the rain, &c.*

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With a hey, ho, &c.
By swaggering could I never thrive,
*For the rain, &c.*

But when I came unto my beds,
With a hey, ho, &c.
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
*For the rain, &c.*

A great while ago the world begun,
With a hey, ho, &c.
But that’s all one, our play is done,
And we’ll strive to please you every day.
—*Twelfth Night: Feste V.i.*
—*also Lear III.ii.*

HOW should I your true love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff'
And his sandal shoon.

He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a’ grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.

White his shroud as the mountain snow,
Larded all with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did not go
With true-love showers.
—*Hamlet: Ophelia IV.v.*

Instrumental Track
*Bonny Sweet Robin: Hamlet IV.v.*

TOMORROW is Saint Valentine’s day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.

Then up he rose, and don’d his clothes,
And dupp’d the chamber-door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.

By Gis and by Saint Charity,
Alack, and fie for shame!
Young men will do’t, if they come to’t;
By cock, they are to blame.

Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promised me to wed.
   So would I ha’ done, by yonder sun,
   An’ thou hadst not come to my bed
—Hamlet: Ophelia IV.v.

14 AND will he not come again?
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead,
Go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.

His beard was as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll:
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan:
God ha’ mercy on his soul!
—Hamlet: Ophelia IV.v.

15 IN youth, when I did love,
Methought it was very sweet,
To contract, O, the time, for my behove,
O, me thought there was nothing-a meet.

But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath claw’d me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me into the land,
As if I had never been such.

A pick-axe, and a spade,
For and a winding sheet:
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

[Lo here the bared skull,
By whose bald sign I know:
That stooping age away shall pull,
Which youthful years did sow.]
—Hamlet: First Gravedigger V.i.
—3rd verse ballad text

16 Instrumental Track
Tarleton’s Resurrection: Hamlet V.i.
[Hey, jolly Robin, ho, jolly robin,
Hey, jolly Robin, Robin Hood,
Love finds out me as well as thee,
To follow my sweet Robin to the green wood.]

Robin is to the greenwood gone
[Robin my love my only one,
He will return my darling boy]
For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy

They bore him barefaced on the bier,
And in his grave rained many a tear,
Fare you well my dove, [my boy]
For bonny sweet Robin was all my joy
—Hamlet: Ophelia IV.v. (completed GP)
—Two Noble Kinsmen IV.i.

THE poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,
Sing all a green willow,
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow, shall be my garland,
Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

The fresh streams ran by her and murmured her moans:
Her salt tears fell from her and softened the stones
Sing willow &c

I called my love false love, but what said he then?
“If I court more women, you’ll couch with more men”.
Sing willow &c
—Othello: Desdemona IV.iii.

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.
—Twelfth Night: Feste II.iii.

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!
—Twelfth Night: Feste II.iv.

Instrumental Track
*Divisions on Greensleeves: Merry Wives II.i.*

FAREWELL, dear heart since thou must needs be gone,
Mine eyes do show my days are almost done,
Nay, I will never die,
[So long as I can spy,
There be many mo’
Though that she do go,
There be many mo’ I fear not,
Why then let her go, I care not.

Farewell, farewell since this I find is true,
I will not spend more time in wooing you:
But I will seek elsewhere,
If I may find her there,]
Shall I bid her go?
What and if I do?
Shall I bid her go and spare not,
Oh, no no no no, I dare not!

[Ten thousand times farewell, yet stay awhile,
Sweet, kiss me once, sweet kisses time beguile:
I have no power to move,
How now am I in love?
Wilt thou needs be gone?
Go then, all is one,
Wilt thou needs be gone, oh hie thee,
Nay, stay and do no more deny me.

What shall I do? My love is now departed,
She is as fair as she is cruel hearted:
She would not be entreated
With prayers oft repeated:
If she come no more,
Shall I die therefore,
If she come no more, what care I?
Faith, let her go or come, or tarry.]
—Twelfth Night: Sir Toby Belch II.iii.
—Text anon/Robert Jones?

Instrumental Track
*Packington’s Pound: Love’s Labours Lost V.ii.*

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,
Seals of love, but seal’d in vain.

[Hide O hide those hills of snow
That thy frozen bosom wears,  
On whose tops the pinks that grow  
Are yet of those that April wears,  
But first set my poor heart free,  
Bound in icy chains by thee.]  
—Measure for Measure IV.i.  
—verse two from Fletcher: The Bloody Brother

O SWEET Oliver,  
O brave Oliver,  
Leave me not behind thee.  
Wind Away,  
Begone, I say,  
I will not to wedding with thee.  
—As You Like It: Touchstone III.iii

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 love’s 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.  
—Two Gentlemen: Proteus IV.ii.

SIGH no more, ladies, sigh no more,  
Men were deceivers ever,  
One foot on 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  
To 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 leavy.  
Then sigh not so, &c.  
—Much Ado: Balthazar II.iii
COME live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That valleys, groves, hills and fields,
Woods, or steepy mountains yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks] By shallow rivers, to whose falls Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies,
[A cap of flowers, and a kirtle, Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool Which from our pretty lambs we pull, Fair-lined slippers for the cold, With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and ivy-buds, With coral clasps and amber studs, And if these pleasures may thee move, Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing For thy delight each May morning. If these delights thy mind may move, Then live with me, and be my love.]

—Merry Wives: Sir Hugh Ill.i. —Text Christopher Marlow

WHEN griping grief the heart doth wound And doleful dumps the mind oppress, Then Music with her silver sound With speedy help doth lend redress. Of troubled mind for every sore, Sweet music hath a salve therefore.

[In joy it makes our mirth abound, In grief it cheers our heavy sprites. The careful head relief hath found By Music’s pleasant sweet delights, Our senses what should we say more, Are subject unto Music’s lore.

A heavenly gift that turns the mind, Like as the stern doth rule the ship, Is Music, whom the gods assigned To comfort man, whom cares would nip. Sith thou both man and beast doth move What wise man then will thee reprove?]  

O DEATH rock me asleep, Bring me to quiet rest, Let pass my weary guiltless ghost Out of my careful breast. Toll on the passing bell, Ring out my doleful knell, Let thy sound my death tell, For I must die, There is no remedy. Die: for now I die.
Farewell my pleasures past,
Welcome my present pain,
I feel my torments so increase,
That life cannot remain.
Cease now the passing bell,
Rung is my doleful knell,
For the sound my death doth tell;
Death doth draw nigh,
Sound my end dolefully,
Die: for now I die.]
—Henry VIII IV.i
—Text anon cited by Katherine
—also All’s Well IV.iii / 2Henry IV II.iv
—Measure for Measure II.i
—Midsummer Night’s Dream IV.i.
—Othello I.i.

**33**
Instrumental Track
Heartsease: Romeo & Juliet: IV.v.

**34**
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, lullia, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby:*
Never harm,
*Nor spell, nor charm,*
Come our lovely lady nigh;
*So, good night, with lullaby &c.*

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, &c.*
—Midsummer Night’s Dream: first fairy II.ii.

**35**
THE woozel cock so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The throstle with his note so true;
The wren his little quill;

The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer nay.
—Midsummer Night’s Dream: Bottom III.ii.

**36**
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.
—Tempest: Ariel I.ii.

37 Instrumental Track
My Lady Hunsdon's Puff

38 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.
—Tempest: Ariel V.i.

Square brackets indicate text not appearing in the plays. Where songs are quoted in part, a fuller version is sung as appropriate and extra ballad verses have been added to the shorter songs.