

LET US
GARLANDS BRING

FIVE
SHAKESPEARE SONGS

Set to Music

by

GERALD FINZI

BOOSEY & HAWKES

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FIVE SHAKESPEARE SONGS

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- I COME AWAY, COME AWAY, DEATH
- II WHO IS SILVIA?
- III FEAR NO MORE THE HEAT O' THE SUN
- IV O MISTRESS MINE
- V IT WAS A LOVER AND HIS LASS

Boosey & Hawkes
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For

Ralph Vaughan Williams

on his birthday

Oct. 12th, 1942

Come Away, Come Away, Death.

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 !

Who Is Silvia ?

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 admiréd 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 excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling :
To her let us garlands bring.

O Mistress Mine.

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.

Fear No More the Heat o' the Sun.

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 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 !

It Was a Lover and His Lass.*

It 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 spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a 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 folks would lie,
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding :
Sweet lovers love the spring.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that life was but a flower
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a 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 crownéd with the prime
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding :
Sweet lovers love the spring.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

* The 1623 Folio edition is here collated with the version in Thomas Morley's "The First Book of Ayres" 1600.

IMPORTANT NOTICE
The unauthorised copying
of the whole or any part of
this publication is illegal

I. Come away, come away, death

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

GERALD FINZI



Lugubre $\text{♩} = \text{c.} 60$

VOICE

PIANO

Come a - way,

come a - way, death, And in sad cy - press..... let me be

ritard. a tempo

laid; Fly a - way, fly a - way, breath; I am

slain by a fair cru - el maid. (2)

My shroud of white, stuck all with yew, O, pre - pare

.... it! My part of death, no one so true

ritard. a tempo

Did share it. (3)

Not a flower, not a flower

sweet, On my black cof - fin let there be strown;

ritard. a tempo

Not a friend, not a friend..... greet My poor

corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:

A thousand thous - and sighs to save, Lay me, O....

(6) *pp subito* *mp* *p*

ritard. a tempo

... where Sad..... true lov-er nev-er find my grave, To weep.....

pp lusingando

ritard. a tempo

(7) *mf* *poco f* *pp* *mp* *s'va bassa*

II. Who is Silvia?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

GERALD FINZI

PIANO

Allegro $\text{♩} = \text{c. } 88$

Who is Silvia? what is she, That all our swains commend her?

legato

Ho - ly, fair, and wise is she; The heaven such grace did lend her, That she might...

(1)

poco ritard.

.... ad - mi - red be.

p *cresc.* *mf* *dim.*

a tempo

Is she kind as she is fair? For beau - ty lives with

② kind - ness. Love doth to her eyes re-pair, To help him of his
simile

blind - ness;... And, being helped, in - habits there.....

p crescendo poco a poco

poco allargando a tempo

..... (3) Then to Sil - via

ff mp

let us sing, That Sil - via is ex - cell - ing;

Allargando

She ex-cels each mor-tal thing Up - on the dull earth dwelling: To her

mf

f

a tempo

let us gar - lands bring.....

(4)

mp sub. cresc.

f

ritenuto.. a tempo

ff pesante

pp

III. Fear no more the heat o' the sun



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

GERALD FINZI

Grave $d = c. 42$

VOICE

PIANO

Fear no more the heat o' the sun, Nor the fu - rious win - ter's ra-ges;

Thou thy world - ly task hast done, Home art gone, and ta'en thy

wages: Gold - en lads and girls all must, As chim - ney-sweepers,
dim.

come to dust. (2)

Fear no more the frown o' the great; Thou art past the ty-rant's stroke:
p *mp*

Care no more to clothe and eat; To thee the reed
p *cresc.*

is as the oak: The sceptre, learn-ing, phy - sic, must

dim.

All fol-low this, and come to dust.

mp

Fear no more the light-ning-flash, Nor the all-dreaded

poco cresc.

thun - der - stone; Fear not slan - der, cen - sure rash;

mf

Thou hast fin - ished joy and moan:
All lov - ers

mf

young, all lov - ers must Con - sign to thee, and

come to dust.

(5) *p* crescendo poco a poco

ff *mf* *dim.* *mp*

p

No ex - or - ci - ser harm thee! Nor no witch - craft
(6)

charm thee! Ghost un-laid for - bear thee! Nothing ill come

near thee! Qui - et con - sum - ma - tion have;

dim. poco rall.
 And re - nown - èd be thy grave!

Fear no more the heat o' the sun

IV. O Mistress Mine



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

GERALD FINZI

Allegretto amabile $\text{d} = \text{c. } 84$

VOICE

PIANO

mf

sempre staccato

mp

O Mis - tress mine,

①

dim.

p

where are you roam-ing?..... O, stay.....

.... and hear;..... your true love's com-ing,.

..... That can sing both high and low:..... Trip no fur-ther

(2) *poco cresc.* *mf* *p*

pretty sweet-ing;..... Jour-neys end in

cresc. *mf* *cresc.*

ritard. poco - - - - - *mp* - - - - - molto - - - - - a tempo

10 - vers' meet-ing, Eve-ry wise man's son doth know.....

(3)

p

What is

poco cresc.

mp

p

love?

'tis not here - af - ter;

(4)

Pre - sent mirth hath pre-sent laugh - ter;

f

What's to come is still un - sure: In de-lay.....

rinf. subito

..... there lies no plen-ty,..... Then come kiss me,

ritard. poco - , *pp* - - - - molto - - - a tempo

sweet and twen-ty, Youth's a stuff will not en - dure.

pp

poco cresc. *mp* *dim.*

(senza rall.) p dim. *lunga* *pp*

V. It was a lover and his lass

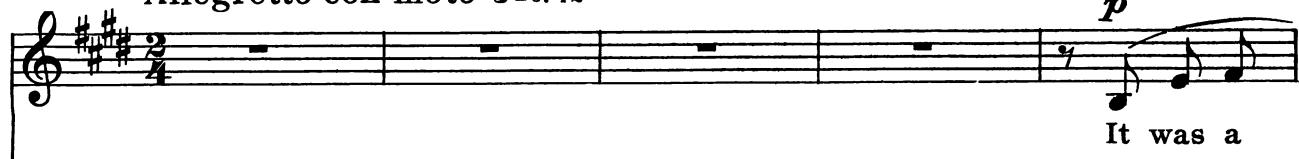


WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE*

GERALD FINZI

Allegretto con moto $\text{d} = \text{c. } 72$

VOICE



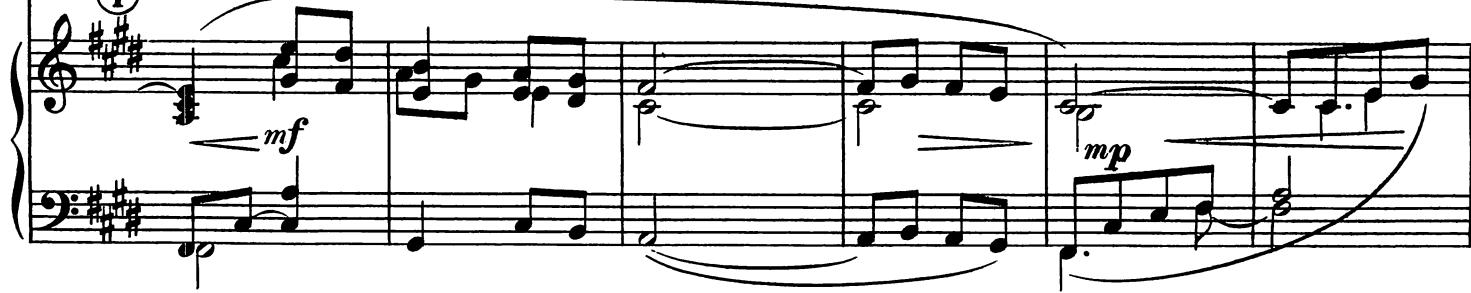
PIANO



lo - ver..... and his lass,..... With a



hey, and a ho, and a hey non-i - no..... That



*The 1623 Folio text is here collated with the version in Thomas Morley's "The First book of Ayres" 1600.

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

(2)

..... the on-ly pret-ty ring time, When birds do

sing, hey ding a ding a ding: Sweet lo - vers

(3)

col 2^o

love..... the spring.....

p

Be-tween the a - cres of the rye, With a

(4)

p

hey, and a ho, and a hey.. non-i - no, These

mf

pret-ty coun - try folks would lie, In spring time,

(5) *mp*

mf

..... the on - ly pret-ty ring time, When birds do

mf

f

sing, hey ding a ding a ding: Sweet lo-vers

love the spring.

poco ritard. *p a tempo*

This ca-rol they be-

- gan that hour, With a hey, and a ho, and a hey non-i -

ritard. a tempo

dim.

- no, How..... that 9 life was but

p *mf* *dim.*

ritard. a tempo

a flower... In spring time, the on - ly pret - ty

pp *p*

10 ring

time, When birds do sing, hey

f *mf* *p*

ding a ding a ding: Sweet

lo - vers

love

the 11 spring

f *mf* *sost.*

dim.

dim.

And therefore take the present time, (12)

.... With a hey, and a ho, and a hey non-i - no,

..... For love is crown-ed with the prime In spring (13)

time,..... the on-ly pret-ty ring time,..... (14)

mp

mf

When birds do sing,..... hey ding a ding a ding: Sweet lo-vers

f v p

p

f

cresc.

love the spring..... (15)

ff - mp

ff

loco

ff - f

fff

Gerald Finzi

Before and After Summer
for baritone and piano

Concerto for Clarinet and String Orchestra

Concerto for Violoncello and Orchestra

Dies Natalis
for high voice and string orchestra

Earth, Air and Rain
for baritone and piano

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for tenor and small orchestra

Five Bagatelles
for clarinet and piano or flute and piano

For St. Cecilia
for tenor, chorus and orchestra

In Terra Pax
for soprano, baritone, chorus and orchestra

Intimations of Immortality
for tenor, chorus and orchestra

I Said to Love
for low voice and piano

Let Us Garlands Bring
for baritone and piano

Love's Labour's Lost
for medium voice and small orchestra

Oh Fair to See
for high voice and piano

Till Earth Outwears
for high voice and piano

To a Poet
for low voice and piano

A Young Man's Exhortation
for tenor and piano

Boosey & Hawkes

295 Regent Street, London W1R 8JH.

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