



Shakespeare Songs

For:

Mezzo-Soprano and String Trio

By: Fay (Ain) Vilnai

Duration: approx. 25 min.

*Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
 Nor the furious winter's rages;
 Thou thy worldly task hast done,
 Home art gone, and t' a'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.*

-Cymbeline, act iv, scene 2



u

*Be not afraid: the isle is full of noises,
 Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.*

*Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
 Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes voices,*

*That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
 Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,*

*The clouds methought would open and show riches
 Ready to drop upon me; that, when I wak'd,*

I cried to dream again.

-The Tempest, act iii, scene 2

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 more,
 Of dumps so dull and heavy;
 The fraud of men was ever so,
 Since summer first was leafy:
 Then sigh not so, but let them go,
 And be you blithe and bonny,
 Converting all your sounds of woe
 Into Hey nonny, nonny.

Much Ado About Nothing, *And we fairies, that do run*
 By the triple Hecat's team,
 act ii, scene 2 *From the presence of the sun,*
 Following darkness like a dream,



IV
 Now the hungry lion roars,
 And the wolf behouls the moon;
 Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
 All with weary task fordone.

Now the wasted brands do glow,
 Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
 Puts the wretch that lies in woe
 In remembrance of a shroud.

Now it is the time of night
 That the graves all gaping wide,
 Every one lets forth his sprite,
 In the church-way paths to glide:

Now are frolic: not a mouse
 Shall disturb this hallow'd house:
 I am sent with broom before,
 To sweep the dust behind the door.

—Midsummer's Night Dream,

There may be in the cup
 A spider steep'd, and one may drink; depart,
 And yet partake no venom, for his knowledge
 Is not infected, but if one present
 Th' abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
 How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
 With violent hoists. I have drunk, and seen the spider.

The Winter's Tale,

act ii, scene 1



When that I was and a little tiny boy,
 With 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 hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
 'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
 For the rain, it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
 By swaggering could I never thrive,
 For the rain, it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my beds,
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
 With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
 For the rain, it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain.
 But that's all one, our play is done,
 And we'll strive to please you every day.

Twelfth Night

act v, scene 1

u - To Dream Again

Spritely

♩ = 112

5

Voice

ALL TRILLS HALF STEP

Violin

Viola

Celli

Feb 23, 2009

10

15

20

mp

Be

f mf p

pp

p

f

p

f mf p

pp

f

f mf p

pp

f

molto rit.

$\text{♩} = 88$

30

la-dies sigh no more Men were de - cei - vers e - ver

ARCO

ARCO

mf

mf

mf

35

mp

One foot in sea and one on shore

sub.p

mp

p

mp

PIZZ.

ARCO

p

PIZZ.

ARCO

mp

sub.p

mp

p

mp

40

With More Time

To one thing con - stant ne - ver Then sigh not

mf

mf

mf

pp

pp

mf

45

50

so But let them go And be you blithe and bon-ny Con-ver-ting all your sounds of woe

mp

mf *mf* *mp* *PIZZ.* *mp* *PIZZ.* *mp* *PIZZ.* *mp*

Strict Waltz Time

55

In-to Hey non-ny non-ny Hey non-ny non-ny

mf

mf *ARCO* *mf* *ARCO* *mf* *ARCO* *mf*

60

As Before (Sloppy, etc.) ♩ = 88

mf espr. 6 *mp* *mp*

20

mp

Now the was-tedbrands do glow,
 Whilst the screech-owl, scree-ching

(15)----- (15^{ma})----- 1

p

8va
ARCO

6

8va----- 6

mp

25

loud,
 Puts the wretch that lies in woe

15^{ma}-----

3

tr

ALL TRILLS HALF STEP

mp

p

With Purpose

p

In re-mem-brance of a shroud.

(15^{ma})----- 1

pp
SUL TASTO, NON VIBRATO

pp
SUL TASTO, NON VIBRATO

pp
SUL TASTO, NON VIBRATO
SUL G

pp

$\text{♩} = 48$

30

[SING]
mp

Now it is the time of night.

SUL A

SUL G

ORD.

mp espr.

35

That the graves all ga - ping wide,

SUL TASTO, NON VIBRATO

ORD.

SUL TASTO, NON VIBRATO

pp

mp espr.

pp

ORD.

SUL TASTO, NON VIBRATO

mp espr.

pp

Eve - ry one lets forth his sprite,

ORD.

SUL TASTO, NON VIBRATO

mp espr.

pp

ORD.

mp espr.

mf 35

rain, By swagge - ring could I ne - ver thrive, For the rain it rain - eth e - very

mf 40

day. But when I - came un - to my beds, With hey, ho, the wind and the rain, With

45 *p*

toss - pots still had drun - ken heads, - For the rain, it rain - eth e - very day A

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 to please you e - very day.

[HUMMING]

60 *morendo*

FADE OUT UNDER VIOLA AND CELLO

morendo ad lib.

AD LIB FREELY ON THIS PATTERN, MOSTLY PLAYING PITCHES IN ORDER. DO NOT GET SOFTER. END AD LIB. AFTER VIOLIN

February 27, 2011