

Appendix 3

All text is taken from *The Johnson-Steevens Edition of the Plays of William Shakespeare, including a two-volume supplement by Edmond Malone*, facsimile edn, 12 vols (London: Routledge/Thoemmes Press, 1995). Songs listed in order of their appearance in 'Leaves from the Life!'.
a)

What shall he have, that kill'd the deer?
His leather skin, and horns to wear.
1. Then sing him home:
 Take thou no scorn
To wear the horn, the lusty horn;
It was a crest ere thou wast born.¹
 1. Thy father's father wore it;
 2. And thy father bore it:
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

As You Like It, Act 4, Scene 2, [Lines 10-19]

b)

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
 Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
 Then, heigh ho, the holly!
 This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
 As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
 As friend remember'd not.
Heigh ho! sing &c.

As You Like It, Act 2, Scene 7, [Lines 175-191]

c)

Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
 Here shall he see
 No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

As You Like It, Act 2, Scene 5, [Lines 1-8]

¹ Lines from 'The sing him home' to 'ere thou wast born' are bracketed with a margin note in the Johnson-Steevens edition: 'The rest shall bear this burden'.

d) 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 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.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act 4, Scene 2, [Lines 38-52]

e) Tell me, where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?

Reply.²

It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies:
Let us all ring fancy's knell.
I'll begin it, —Ding dong, bell.
Ding, dong, bell.

The Merchant of Venice, Act 3, Scene 2, [Lines 63-72]

f) When daizies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver-white,
And cuckow-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckow then, on every tree,
Mocks marry'd men, for thus sings he,
Cuckow;
Cuckow, cuckow,—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are plowmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckow then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckow;
Cuckow, cuckow, —O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a marry'd ear!

Love's Labour Lost, Act 5, Scene 2, [Lines 879-896]

² Johnson-Steevens' note: *Reply*.] These words, *reply*, *reply*, were in all the late editions, except for T. Hamner's, put as a verse in the song, but in all the old copies stand as a marginal direction. JOHNSON.

g)

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 blith 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 frauds of men were ever so,
Since summer first was leavy.
Then sigh not so, &c.

Much Ado About Nothing, Act 2, Scene 3, [Lines 61-74]

h)

Hark! Hark! the lark at heaven gate sings,
And Phoebus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With everything that pretty bin:
My lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise.

Cymbeline, Act 2, Scene 3, [Lines 19-25]

i)

Take, oh, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mis-lead the morn:
But my kisses bring again,
bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,
seal'd in vain.

Measure for Measure, Act 4 Scene 1, [Lines 1-6]

j)

It was a lover, and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass
In the spring time, the pretty rank time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, 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 the spring time, &c.

Cont./...

'It was a lover and his lass' cont./...

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that life was but a flower
In the spring time, &c.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and hey nonino,
For love is crowned with the prime
In the spring time, &c.

As You Like It, Act 5, Scene 3, [Lines 15-38]

k)

Titania

First, rehearse this song by rote:
To each word a warbling note,
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place.
[*The song. The fairies dance*]

Oberon

Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.
To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be;
And the issue, there create,
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be:
And the blots of nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand;
Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious, such as are
Despised in nativity
Shall upon their children be.—
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gate;
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace, with sweet peace:
Ever shall it safely rest,
And the owner of it blest.
Trip away;
Make no stay;
Meet me all by break of day.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 5, Scene 1, [Lines 27-52]

l)

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 the summer, merrily:
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

The Tempest, Act 5, Scene 1, [Lines 88-94]

m)

Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green,
Or, like a nymph, with long dishevel'd hair,
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen:
 Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
 Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie;
These forceless flowers like sturdy trees support me;
Two strengthless doves will draw me through the sky,
From morn till night, even where I list to sport me:
 Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be
 That thou shouldst think it heavy unto thee?

Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?
Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left?
Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected,
Steal thine own freedom, and complain of theft.
 Narcissus so, himself himself forsook,
 And dy'd to kiss his shadow in the brook.

Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,
Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use,
Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear;
Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse:
 Seeds spring from seeds and beauty breedeth beauty'
 Thou wast begot, —to get it is thy duty.

Upon the earth's increase why shouldst thou feed,
Unless the earth with thy increase be fed?
By law of Nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may live, when thou thyself art dead;
 And so in spite of death thou do'st survive,
 In that thy likeness still is left alive."

Venus and Adonis, [Lines 145-174]

n)

She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i'th'bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed?
We men may say more, swear more: but, indeed,
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Twelfth Night, Act 2, Scene 4, [Lines 110-118]

o)

Crabbed age and youth
Cannot live together;
Youth is full of pleasance,
Age is full of care:
Youth like summer morn,
Age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave,
Age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport,
Age's breath is short,
Youth is nimble, age is lame:
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild, and age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee,
Youth, I do adore thee;
O, my love, my love is young:
Age, I do defy thee;
O sweet shepherd, hie thee,
For methinks thou stay'st too long.

*Poem 10 from The Passionate Pilgrim*³

³ *The Passionate Pilgrim* appears in Edmond Malone's *Supplement to The Plays of William Shakespeare* (1778) and this extract is numbered 10. Taylor & Wells number it 12.