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Bequest of
Rev. Th. C. Scadding, D.D.
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Songs by Shakespeare

Illuminated by

E C Hoskyns Abruhall

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Who is Sibyl what is she
That all our swains commend her?
Molly fair and wise is she
The heavens such grace did lend her
That she might admired be

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty loves with kindness
Love doth to her eyes repair
Go help him of his blindness
And being helped inhabits there

Chen to Sibyl let us sing
That Sibyl is excelling
She excels each mortal thing
Apon this dull earth dwelling
Go her let us garlands bring

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Gell me where is fancy bred.

Or in the heart, or in the head?

How begot, how nourished?

Et is engendered in the eyes,

With gazing fed; and fancy dies

Tin the cradle where it lies.

Elet us all ring fancy's knell.

Bell begin it. — ding dong bell

Ding. — ding. — bell.



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

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i'the sun.
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets.
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

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Come away, come away, death,
And in sad express let me be laid;
Away, away, fly away, breath:
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
Know prepare it:
En 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
On poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown.
H thousand thousand sighs to save,
May me, **M** where
Sad true lover never find my grave
Go weep there.

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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 hear them, ding-dong bell.

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Wou spotted snakes, with double tongue,
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen:
Rewts, and blind-worms, do no wrong;
Come not near our fairy queen:
Weaving spiders, come not here:
Hence, you long legg'd spinners, hence.
Beetles black, approach not near:
Vorm, nor snail, do no offence:
Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby:
Lulla, lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm, nor spell nor charm.
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

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



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Gome thou monarch of the vine

Blumpy **B**acchus with pink eyne

In thy bats our cares be drown'd

Mith thy grapes our hairs be crown'd

Flip us till the world go round

Flip us till the world go round

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As mans 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 friends remember'd not.
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.

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Oake **O** take those lips away

Ghat so sweetly were forsborn;

And those eyes the break of day.

Lights that do mislead the morn:

But my kisses bring again

Bring again. ☰

Seals of love but sealed in vain.

Usealed in vain. ☰

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When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white.
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight.
The cuckoo then on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he:
Cuckoo.

Cuckoo, cuckoo, **O**r word of fear.
Unpleasing to a married ear.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clacks.
Then turtles tread, and rooks and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smacks.
And he cuckoo then on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he:
Cuckoo.

Cuckoo, cuckoo, **O**r word of fear.
Unpleasing to a married ear.

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