THE

Vocal Music

TO

SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

Hamlet.

THOMAS HAILES LACY.

Publisher of Theatrical Music,

89, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

HAMLET.

The wild and pathetic airs of Ophelia were collected and published by W. Linley (brother of Mrs. Sheridan,) as he remembered them to have been repeatedly sung by Miss Field, of Drury Lane Theatre, afterwards Mrs. Foster (she died 1789); and he says, "the impression remained too strong "on his mind to make him doubt the correctness of the airs agreeably to "her delivery of them."

Dr. Arnold also noted them down from Mrs. Jordan's voice, and Mr. Ayrton has followed that version in Knight's Pictorial Shakespeare. The notes are the same in both, but in the former it is in $\frac{3}{4}$ time, in the latter common time. The melody is printed in common time in *The Beggar's Opera* (1728) to "*You'll think e'er many days ensue,*"—and in the *Generous Freemason* (1781).

"*To-morrow it is St. Valentine's Day,*" is to be found in several ballad Operas, such as *The Cobbler's Opera* (1729), *The Quaker's Opera* (1728), &c.; also under this name, in *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707) vol. 2, p. 44, and in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, beginning "*Arise, arise, my juggy, my puggy.*" Other versions will be found under the names of "*Who list to lead a Soldier's life,*" and "*Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor.*"

"*My Robin is to the Greenwood gone,*" or "*Bonny sweet Robin.*" This is contained in Anthony Holborne's *Citharn Schoole* (1597), in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book, in William Ballet's Lute Book, and in other manuscripts and printed works.

There are two copies in William Ballet's Lute Book, and the second is entitled "*Robin Hood is to the green-wood gone.*" It is, therefore, probably the tune of a ballad of Robin Hood, now lost,—Ophelia sings a line of it—

"For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy."

In Peele's *Edward I.* (1593), we find, enter a harper and sings to the tune, "*Who list to lead a Soldier's life.*" There is also in the Roxburgh's ballads, a song of "*The Life and Death of King Richard III, who, after many murders committed by him, was slain at Bosworth by Henry VII. King of England,*" beginning—

"In England once there reigned a King,
A tyrant fierce, and fell,"—

these are only different versions of the same air.

Dr. Percy selected some of the fragments of ancient ballads which were dispersed through Shakespeare's Plays, and especially those sung by Ophelia, and connected them by a few supplemental stanzas into his charming ballad, "*The Friar of Orders Gray*" (made into a splendid glee by Dr. Callcott), the first line of which is taken from that sung by Petruchio in *The Taming of the Shrew.*

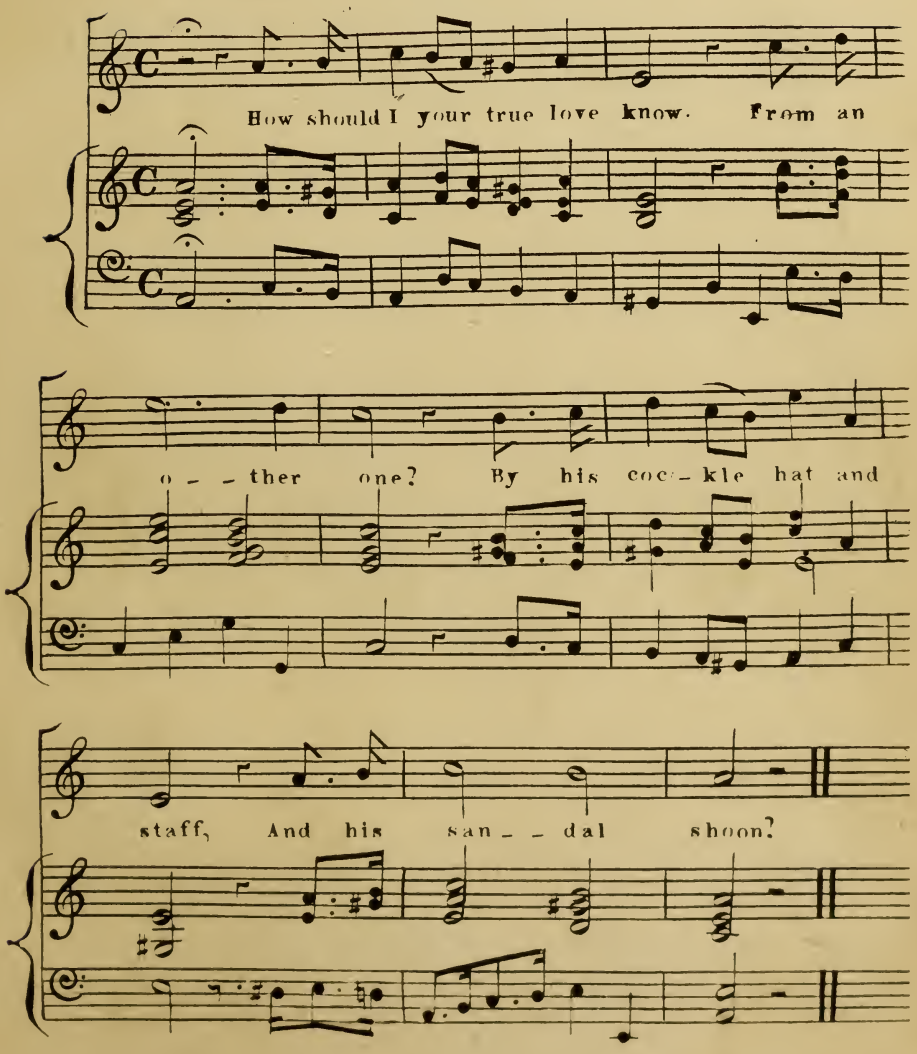
Hamlet.

Act 4. — Scene 5.

OPHELIA

Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

QUEEN — How now, Ophelia?



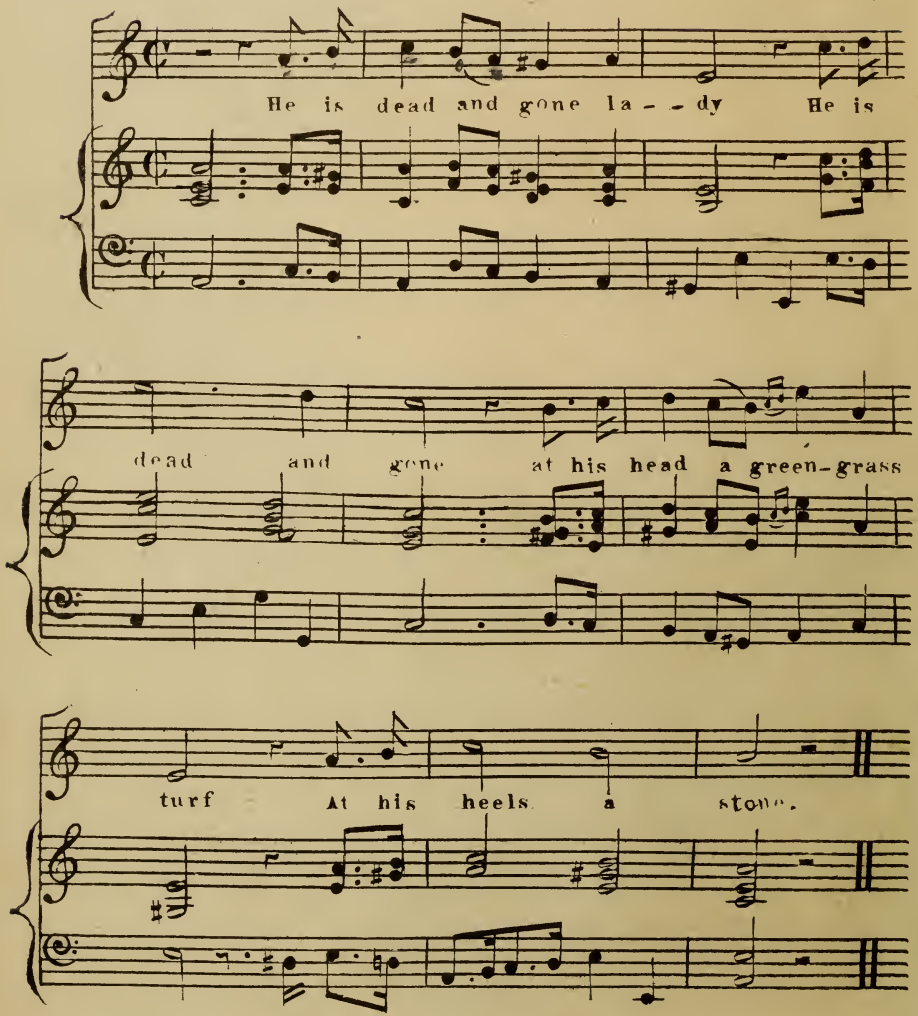
Usually sung Ad libitum without an Accompaniment.

QUEEN

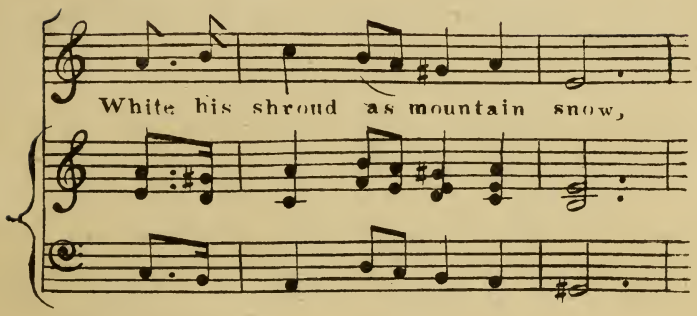
Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

OPHELIA

Say you? nay, pray you, mark.

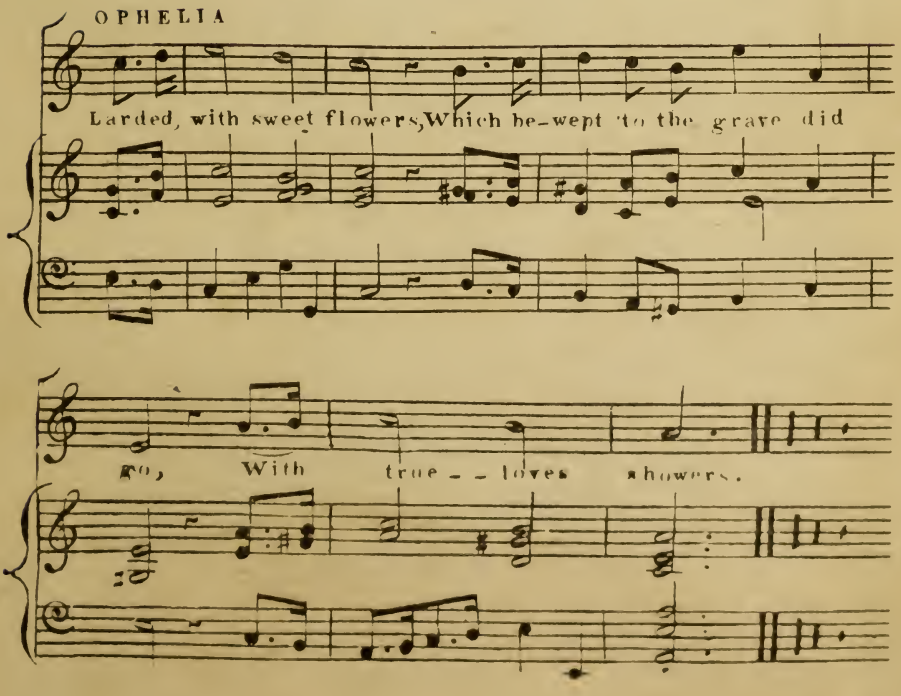


QUEEN — Nay, but Ophelia,
OPHELIA — Pray you, mark.



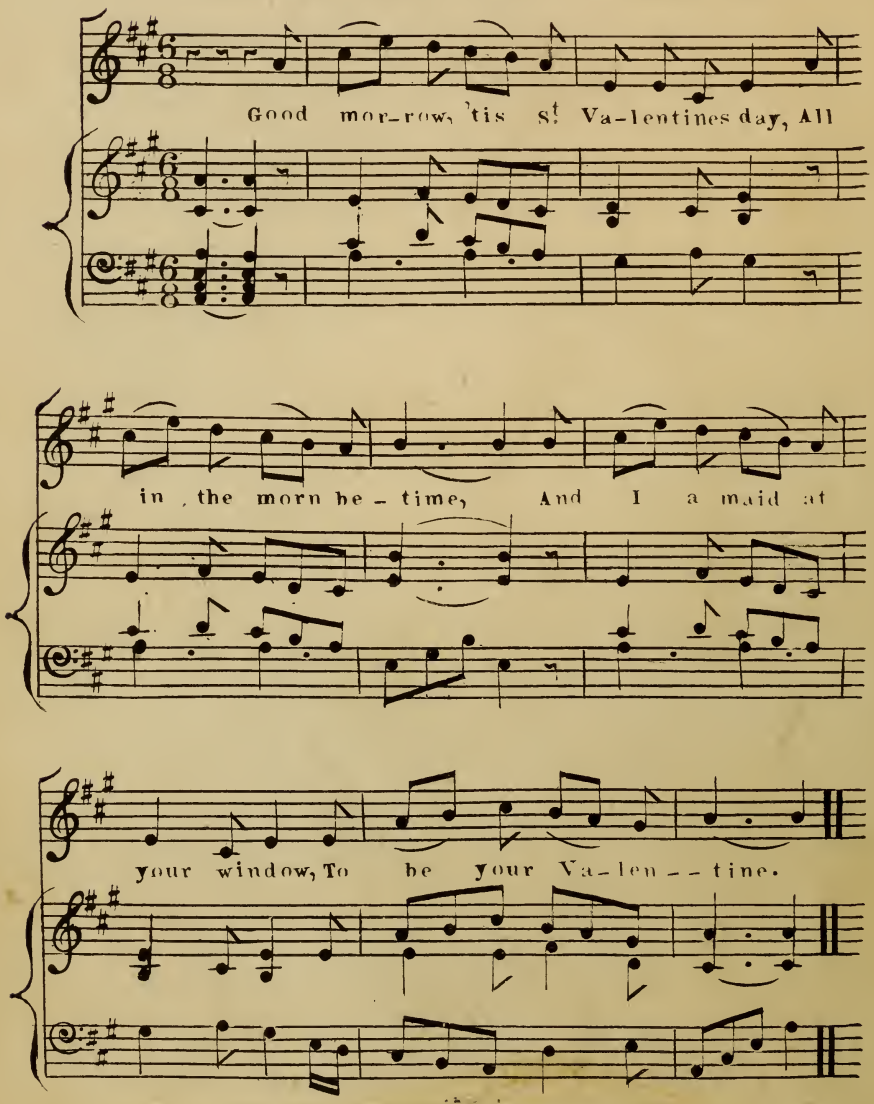
Enter KING

QUEEN — Alas, look here, my lord.



OPHELIA

Pray, let us have no words of this, but when they ask you what it means, say you this:



KING. *Pretty Ophelia.*

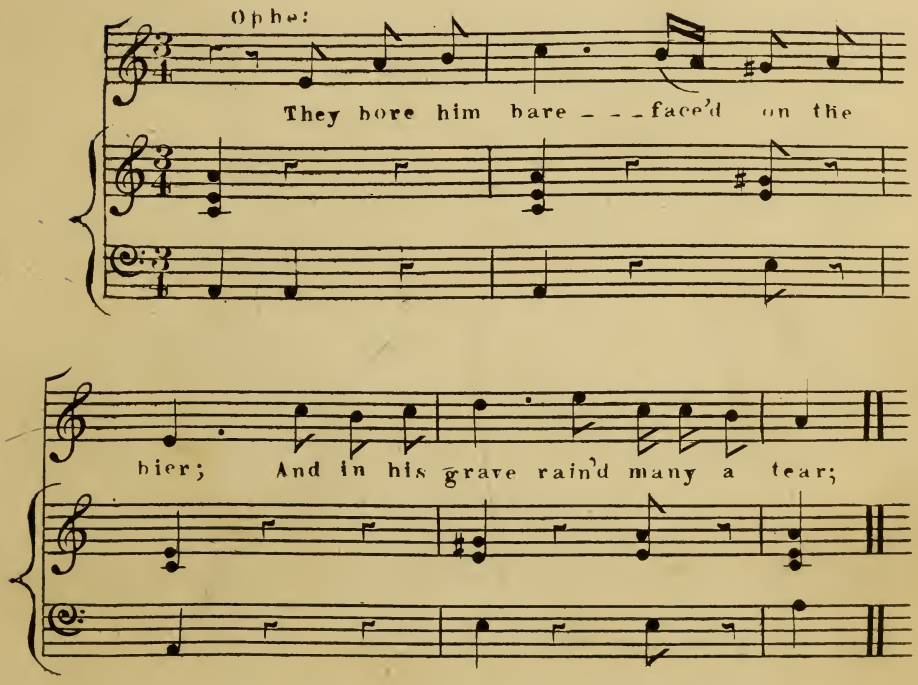
OPHELIA. *Indeed, la! without an oath, I'll make an end on't.*

2ND VERSE.

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

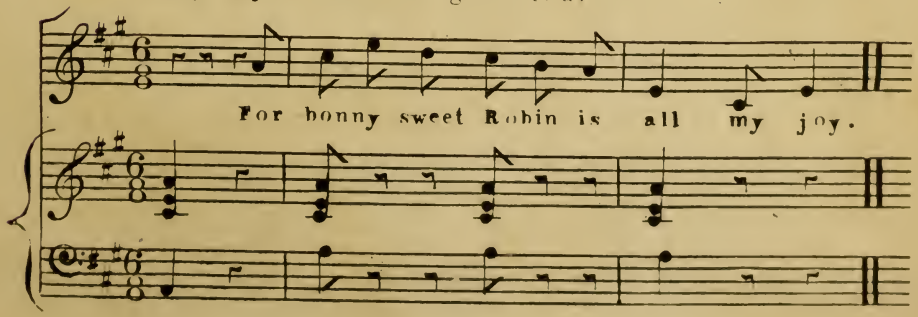
LAERTES

Nature is fine in love: and where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.



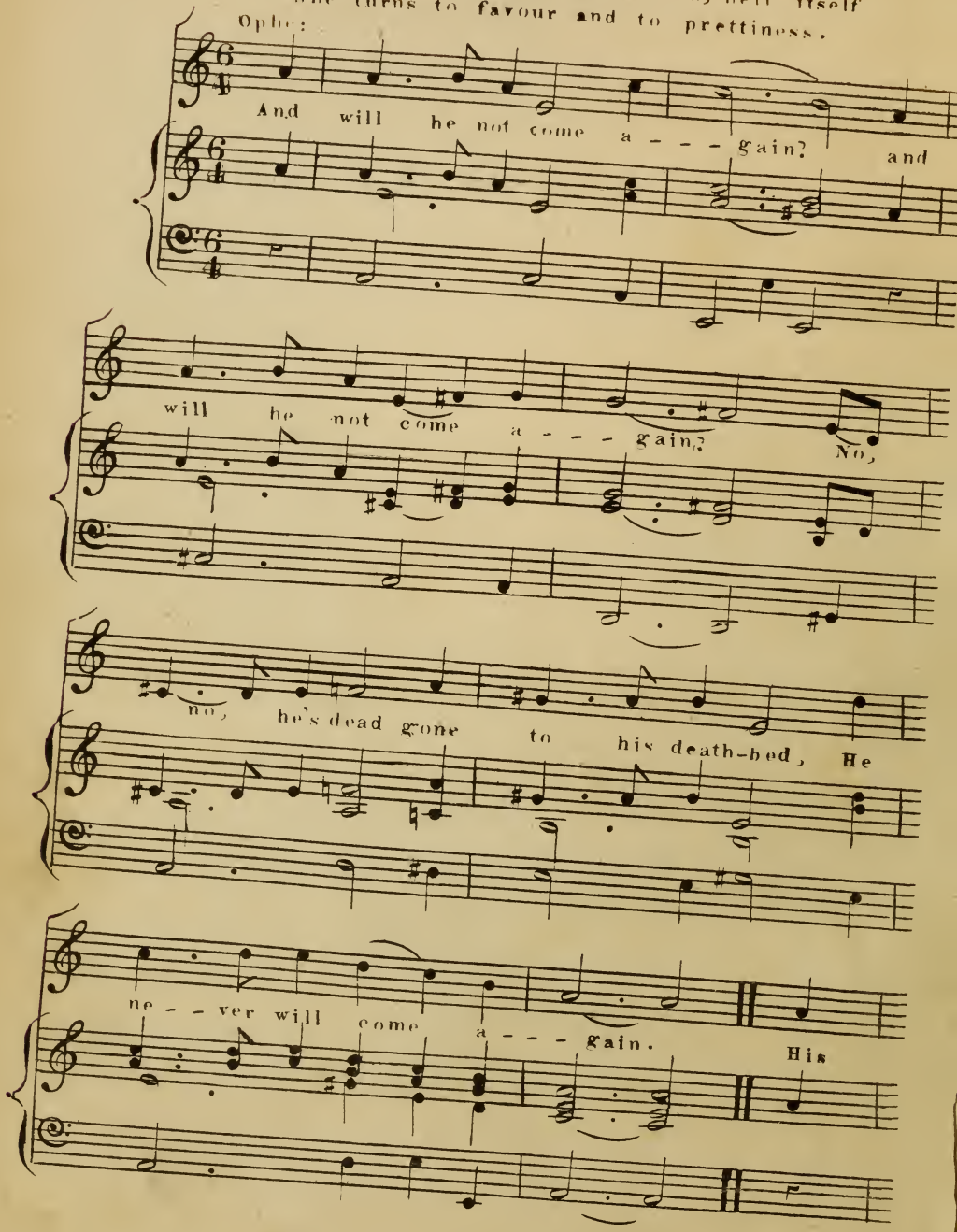
OPHELIA

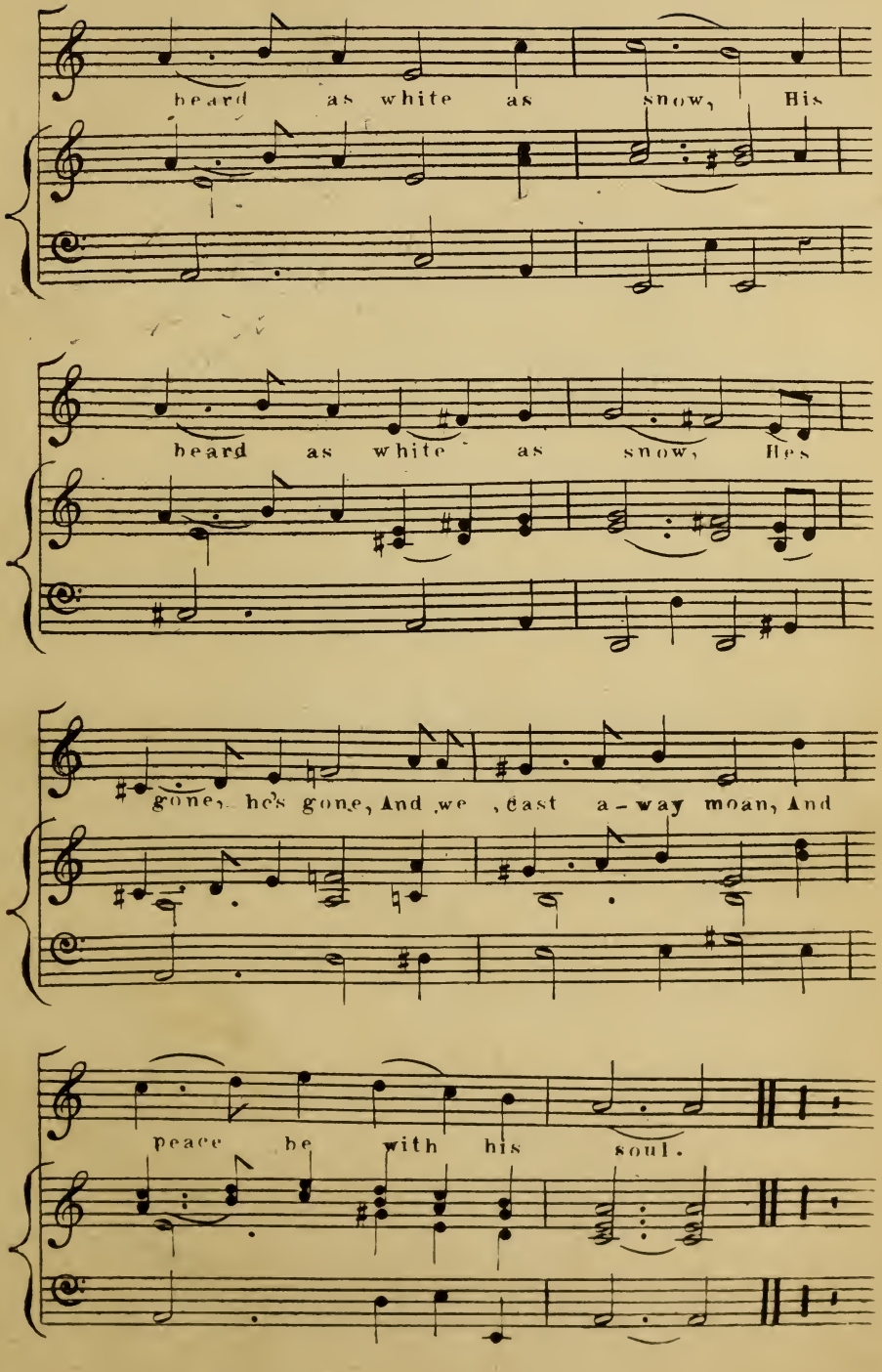
There's a daisy: I would give you some violets;
but they withered all, when my father died:
They say, he made a good end.



LEARTES

Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself
She turns to favour and to prettiness.



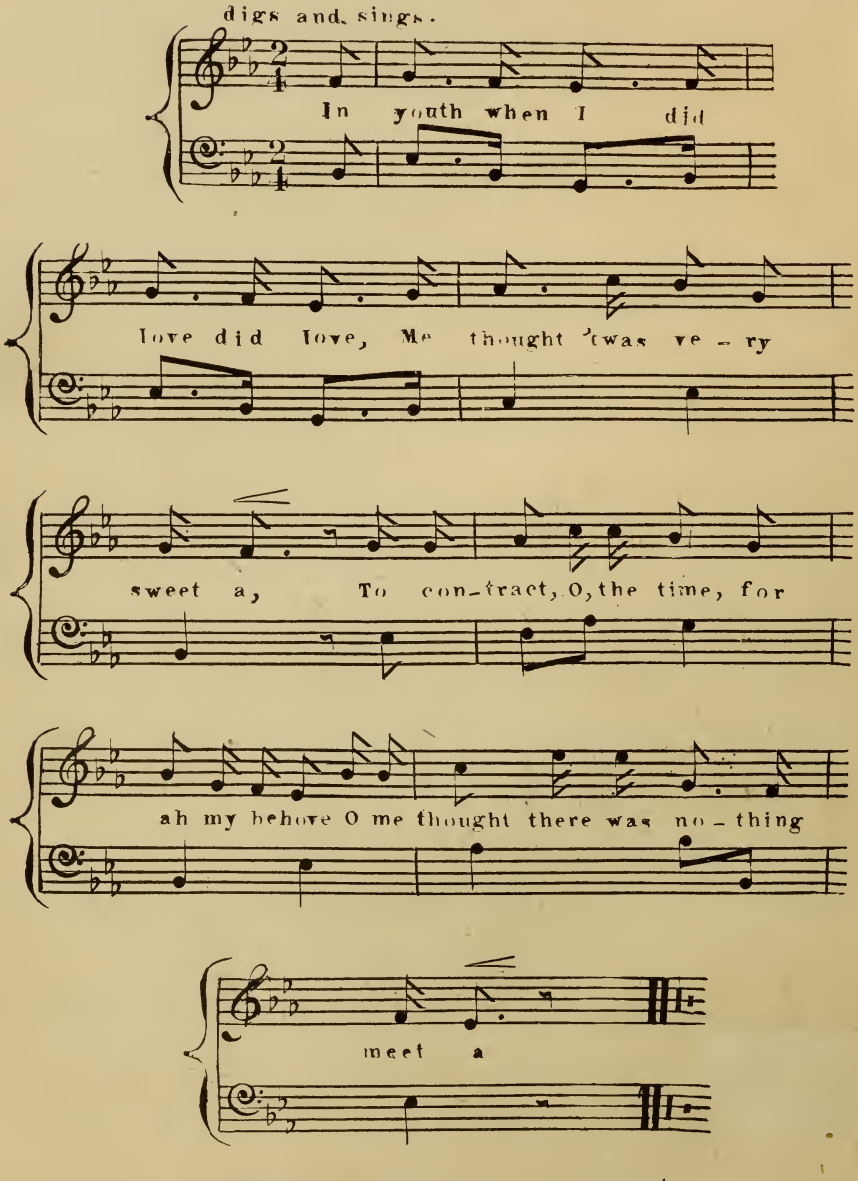

beard as white as snow, His
beard as white as snow, His
gone, he's gone, And we cast a-way moan, And
peace be with his soul.

GRAVE DIGGERS SONG

Act 5. ___ Scene 1.

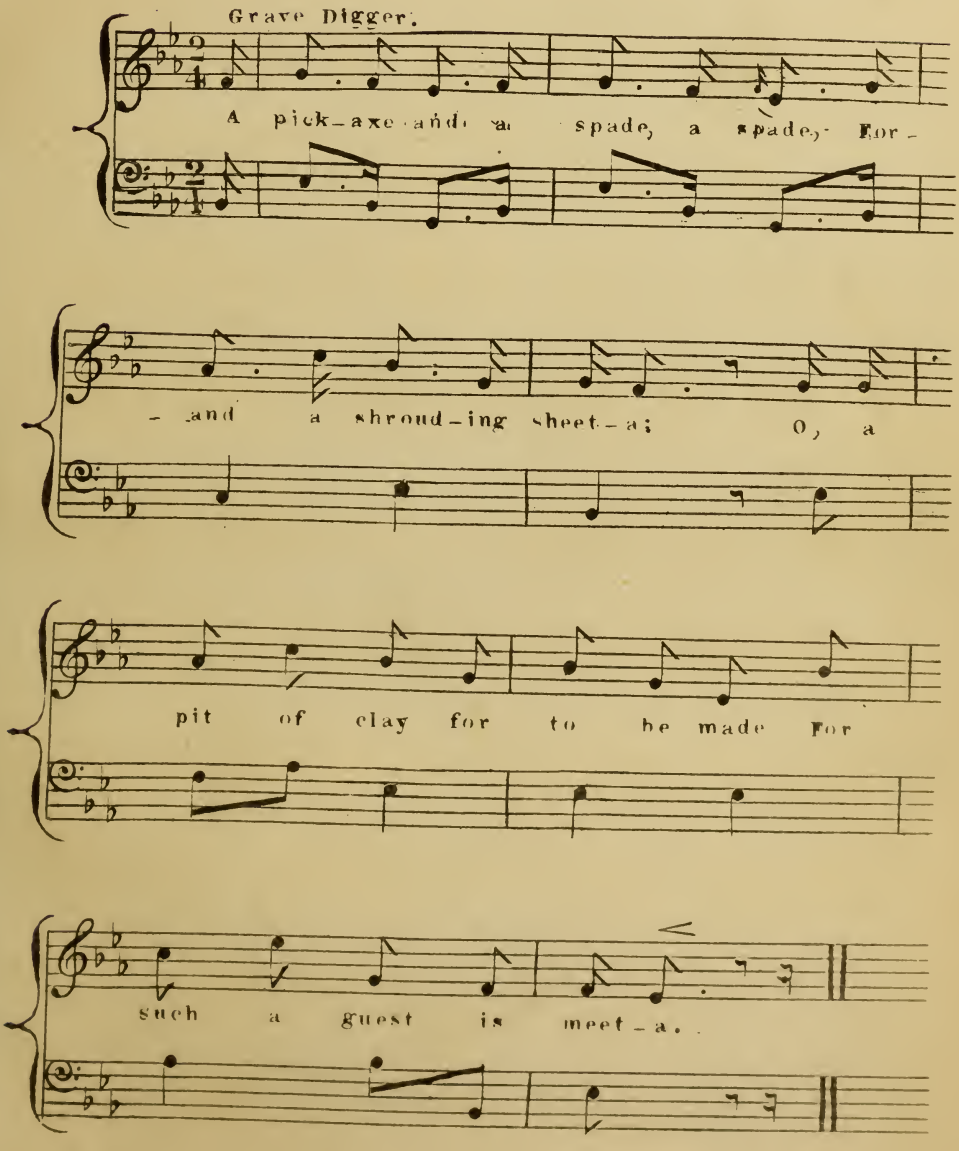
Go, get thee to Yaughn, and fetch me a stoup of liquor.

digs and sings.



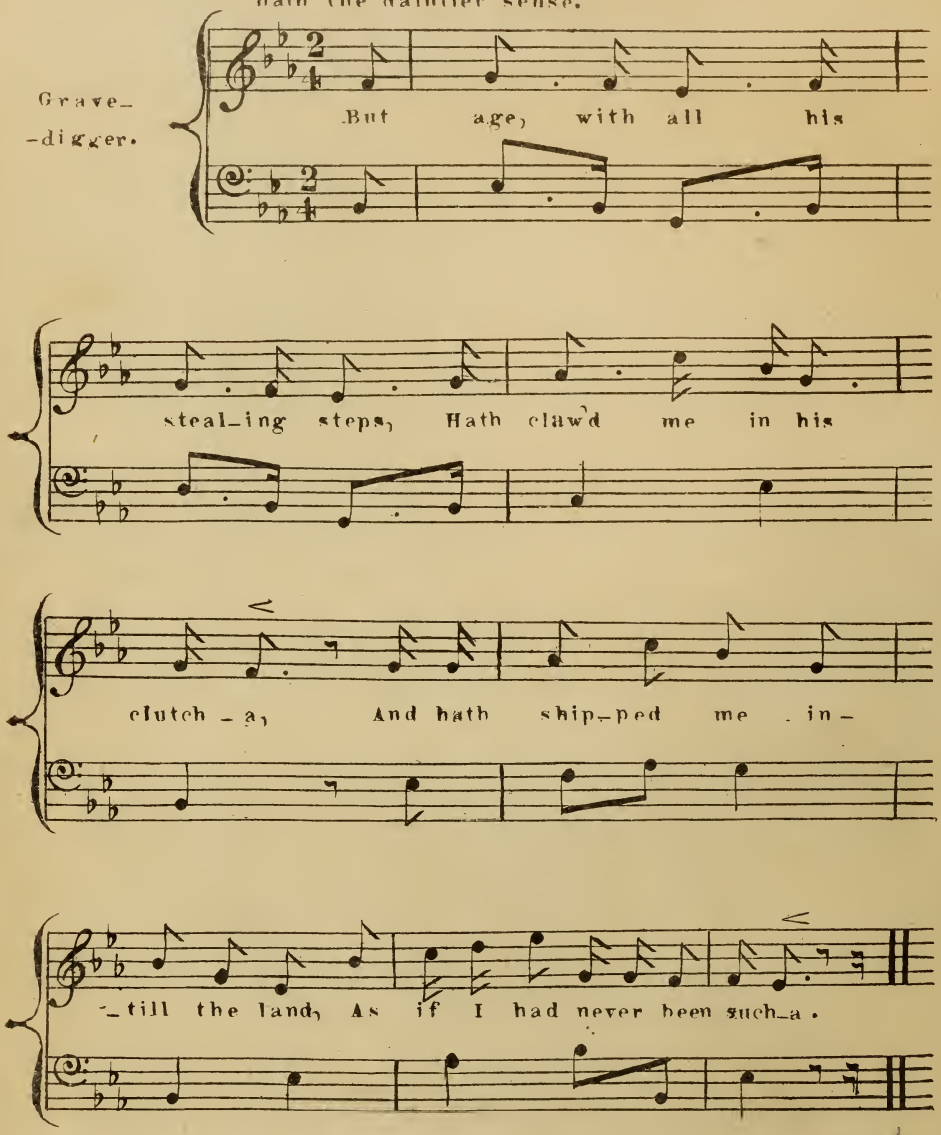
Usually sung without an Accompt.

Hamlet — Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with them? mine ache to think on't.



Ditto

Hamlet.— Has this fellow no feeling of his business? he sings at grave making.

Horatio.— Custom hath it in him a property of easiness.

Hamlet.— 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.