This little work is a careful reproduction in miniature of Sir John Gilbert's beautiful illustrations to the Songs and Sonnets of Shakespeare, the publication of which by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston and Co., in the year 1862, has always been considered one of the highest achievements of Chromo-Lithography.

The selection of Songs and Sonnets here given has been made with special regard to the opportunities they have afforded for artistic illustration.

The book has again been undertaken by the same Lithographers, and it is hoped that the present issue, in its reduced form, will be found to compare favourably with its predecessor.

E. M.
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Lawn, as white as driven snow:
Cyprus, black as e'er was crow:
Gloves, as sweet as damask roses:
Masks for faces, and for noses:
Bugle-bracelet, necklace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber:

Golden quoifs and stomachers,
For my lads to give their doors:
Pins and poking sticks of steel:
What maids lack from head to heel.

Come, buy of me, come; come buy, come buy,
Buy lads, or else your losses cry, come buy.

Blow, blow, thou Winter Wind.

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 biller sky,
That dost not bite so nigh.
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the wasters warp,
Thy sling is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.

Heigh, ho! &c.

As You Like It, Act ii. Scene 6
Where the Bee Sucks.

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

Tempest, Act 4, Scene 1.
What shall he have, that killed the deer?
His leather skin, and horns to wear.
Then sing him home:
Take thou no scorn, to wear the horn;
It was a crest, ere thou wast born.
Thy father’s father wore it:
And thy father bare it:
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

As you Like it, Act iv. Scene 2.
If Love make me Forsworn.

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?
Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty bowed!
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove:
These thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bowed.
Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,
Where all these pleasures live that art would comprehend:
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice:
Well learned is that tongue that will ever thee commend:
All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder:
(Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire);
Thine eye Love's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
Which, not to anger bent, is music, and sweet fire.
Celestial as thou art, oh pardon, love, this wrong,
That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue!

Passionate Pilgrim ix.
Jog on, jog on.

Jog on, jog on the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile-a:

A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.


Come unto these Yellow Sands.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands;
Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd.
(The wild waves whish.)
Root it feally here and ther'e;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.

Hark, hark!
The watch-dogs bark:
Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-doodle-doo.

Tempest, Act i Scene 2.
Some glory in their Birth.

And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest:
But these particulars are not my measure.
All these I better in one general best.
Thy love is better than high birth to me.
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost.
Of more delight than hawks or horses be:
And, having thee, of all men's pride I boast:
Wretched in this alone, that thou may'st take
All this away, and me most wretched make.

Sonnet xci.
For the Rain it raineth every day.

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 knave and thief men shut their gate.
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wife,
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 bed,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain.
With toss-pots still had drunken head.
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 5.
Art thou God to Shepherd turned?

Art thou god to shepherd turned,
That a maiden's heart hath burned?
Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warrest thou with a woman's heart?
Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me.
If the scorn of your bright eye
Have power to raise such love in mine.
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect?
Whiles you chid me, I did love:
How then might your prayers move?
Be that brings this love to thee.
Little knows this love in me:
And by him seal up thy mind:
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make:
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die.

As You Like It, Act iv., Scene 3.
Plumpy Bacchus.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne:
In thy vats our cares be drownd:
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd:
Cup us, till the world go round:
Cup us, till the world go round!

Antony and Cleopatra, Act ii. Scene 2.
Winter.

When icicles hang by the Wall.

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail.
And I'm bear's logs into the hall.
And milk comes frozen home in pail.
When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul.
Then nightly sings the staring owl.
To who:
Tu whil, to who, a merry note.
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

*Love's Labour's Lost, Act v. Scene 2.*
And let me the Canakin clink.

And let me the canakin clink, clink
And let me the canakin clink
A soldier's a man:
A life's but a span
Why then let a soldier drink.

*Othello, Act ii, Scene 3*
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 corn-field did pass
In the spring time, the only pretty ring 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 spring time, &c.

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

And therefore take the present time.
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino.
Nor love is crowned with the prime.
In spring time, &c.  

As you Like it, Act 5. Scene 3.
How the Hungry Lion roars.

How the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the moon:
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone.
How the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the scratch-owl, scratchling loud,
Ruts the wretch that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Everyone lets forth his sprite,
In the churchway paths to glide:
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hebe's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream.
Now are frolic; not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallowed house
I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Sigh no more, Ladies.

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 heavy.
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, Act ii. Scene 3.
And will he not come again?

And will he not come again?
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead.
Go to thy deathbed.
He never will come again.
His beard was as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll:
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away morn;
God 'a' mercy on his soul!

Hamlet, Act iv. Scene 5.
Cupid Asleep.

Cupid laid by his brand, and fell asleep:
A maid of Dian's this advantage found,
And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep
In a cold-valley fountain of that ground:
Which borrow'd from this holy fire of Love
A dateless-lively heat, still to endure,
And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove
Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.
But at my mistress' eye Love's brand new fir'd,
The boy for trial needs would touch my breast:
I, sick withol, the help of bath desir'd,
And thither hied, a sad distemper'd guest.
But found no cure: the bath for my help lies
Where Cupid got new fire,—my mistress' eyes.

Sonnet cliii.
Under the Greenwood Tree.

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 be see
No enemy.

But winter and rough weather.

Who dast, ambition shun,
And loves to live in 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.

As you Like it. Act ii. Scene 5.
Over hill, over Dale.

Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough briar,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere.
Swifter than the moon's sphere:
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dwell her orbs upon the green,
The cowslips tell her pensioners be:
In their gold coats spoils you see,
These be rubies, fairy savours,
In these freckles lie their savours:
I must go seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

Midsummer Night's Dream, Act ii, Scene 1.
Sleepest or wakest thou, jolly Shepherd?

Sleepest or wakest thou, jolly Shepherd?

Thy sheep be in the corn:

And for one blast of thy minikin mouth.

Thy sheep shall take no harm.

King Lear, Act iii. Scene 6.
As a decrepit father takes delight.

As a decrepit father takes delight!
To see his active child do deeds of youth,
So I made lame by fortune’s dearest spite,
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth:
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of these all, or all, or more,
Entitled in thy parts do crown’d sit.
I make my love engras’d to this store
So then I am not lame, poor, nor despis’d.

Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give,
That I in thy abundance am suffic’d,
And by a part of all thy glory live.
Look what is best, that best I wish in thee:
This wish I have: then ten times happy me!

Sonnet xxxiv.
Hark! hark! the Lark.
Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phæbus' gins arise.
His steeds to water at these springs
On chaliced 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 ii. Scene 3.
Caliban's Song.

No more damns, I'll make for fish,
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring.
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish
'Ban, 'Ban. Ca—Caliban
Has a new master—Get a new man.
Freedom, hey day! hey day, Freedom!
Freedom, hey day, Freedom!

Tempest, Act iv, Scene 2.
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!

Twelfth Night, Act ii, Scene 4.
You Spotted Snakes.

I.

You spotted snakes, with double tongue.
Thorny hedge-hogs be not seen:
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong:
Come not near our fairy queen.

Chorus.

Philomel, with melody.
Sing in our sweet lullaby:
Lullo, lulla, lullaby: lullo, lullo, lullaby
Never harm, nor spell nor charm.
Come our lovely lady nigh:
So, good night, with lullaby.
You Spotted Snakes.

II.
Weaving spiders, come not here:
Hence, you long-legged spinners, hence:
Beetles block, approach not near:
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.

Chorus.
Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby:
Lulla, lulla, lullaby: lulla, lulla, lullaby;
Never, harm, nor spell, nor charm:
Come our lovely lady nigh:
So, good night, with lullaby.

'Midsummer Night's Dream, Act ii. Scene 3.'


Who is Silvia?

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

Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act iv. Scene 2.
The Poor Soul sat sighing.

The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree.
Sing all a green willow:
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee.
Sing willow, willow, willow.
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmured her means:
Sing willow, willow, willow.
Her salt tears fell from her, and softened the stones:
Sing willow, willow, willow:
Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

Rear no more the heat o' the Sun.

Rear 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.

Rear 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.

Rear no more the lightning-flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash:
Thou hast finish'd joy and mean:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

*Cymbeline, Act iv, Scene 2.*
Crabbed Age and Youth.

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 lame:

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 stayest too long.

Passionate Pilgrim. v.
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