The VOCAL MUSIC in SHAKESPEAR's PLAYS.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Arranged for the Piano Forte by M.r Addison.

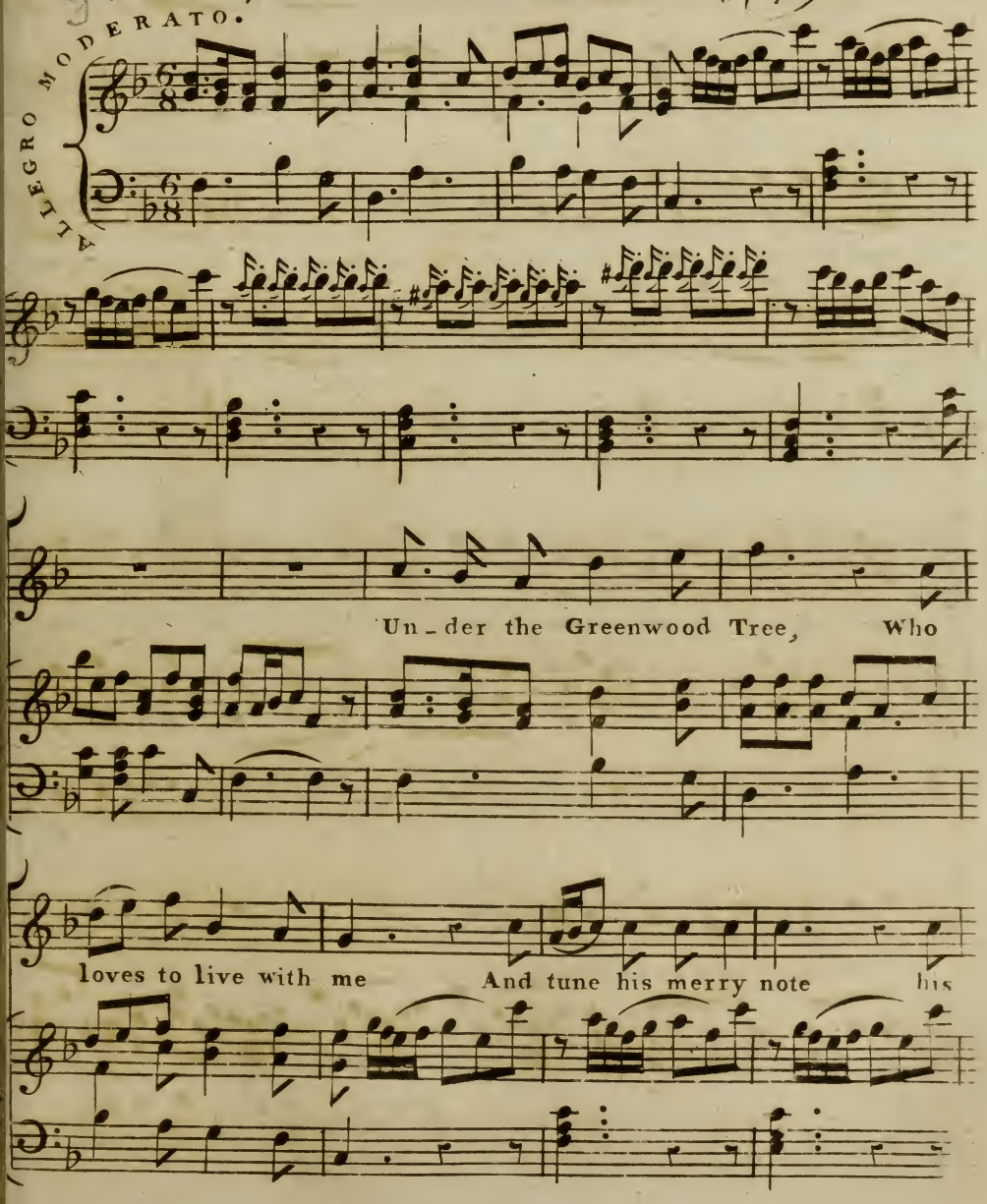
UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE
WHO LOVES TO LIVE WITH ME.

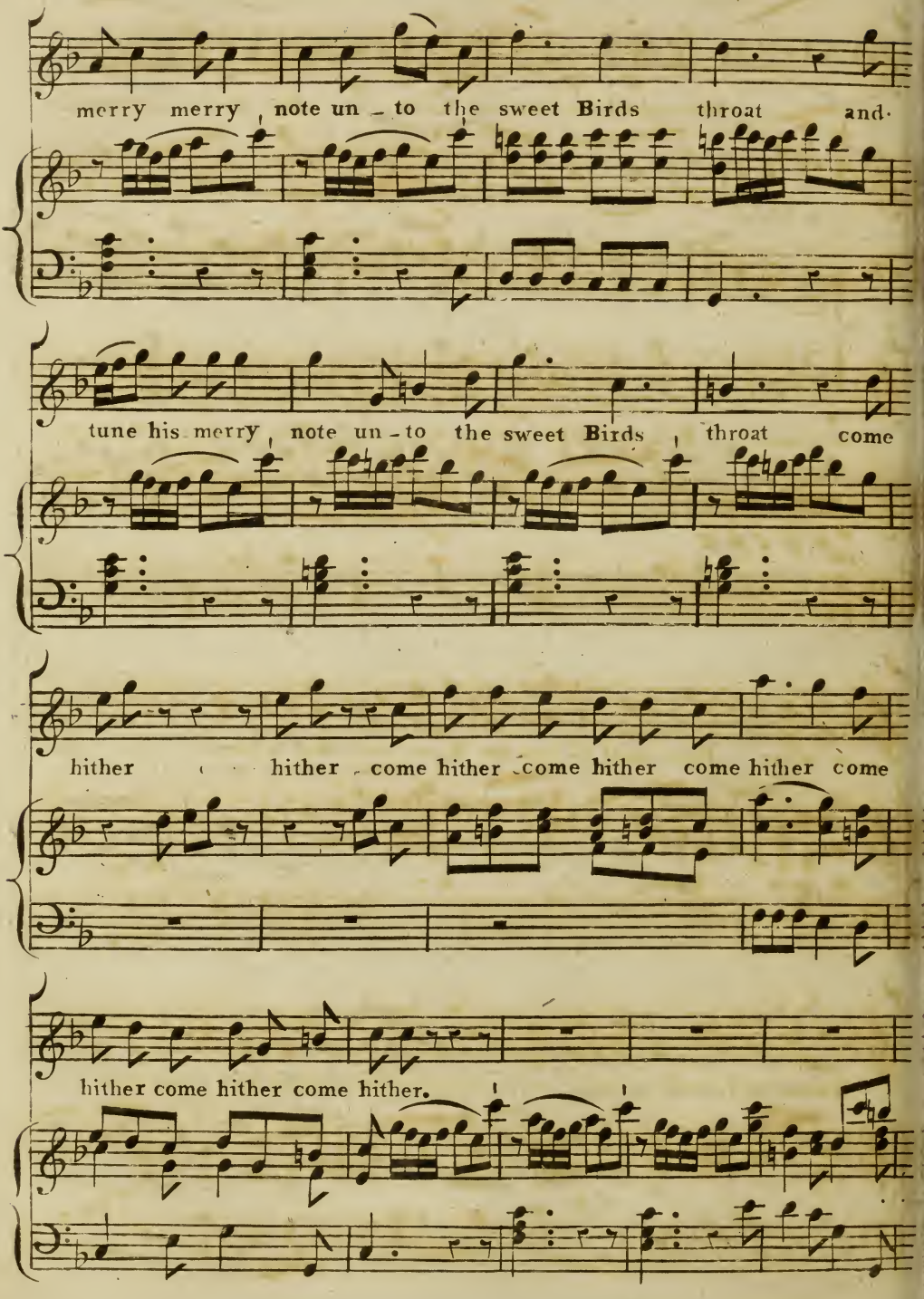
Published by Jn.o Caulfield, N.o 7, Fountain Court, Strand.

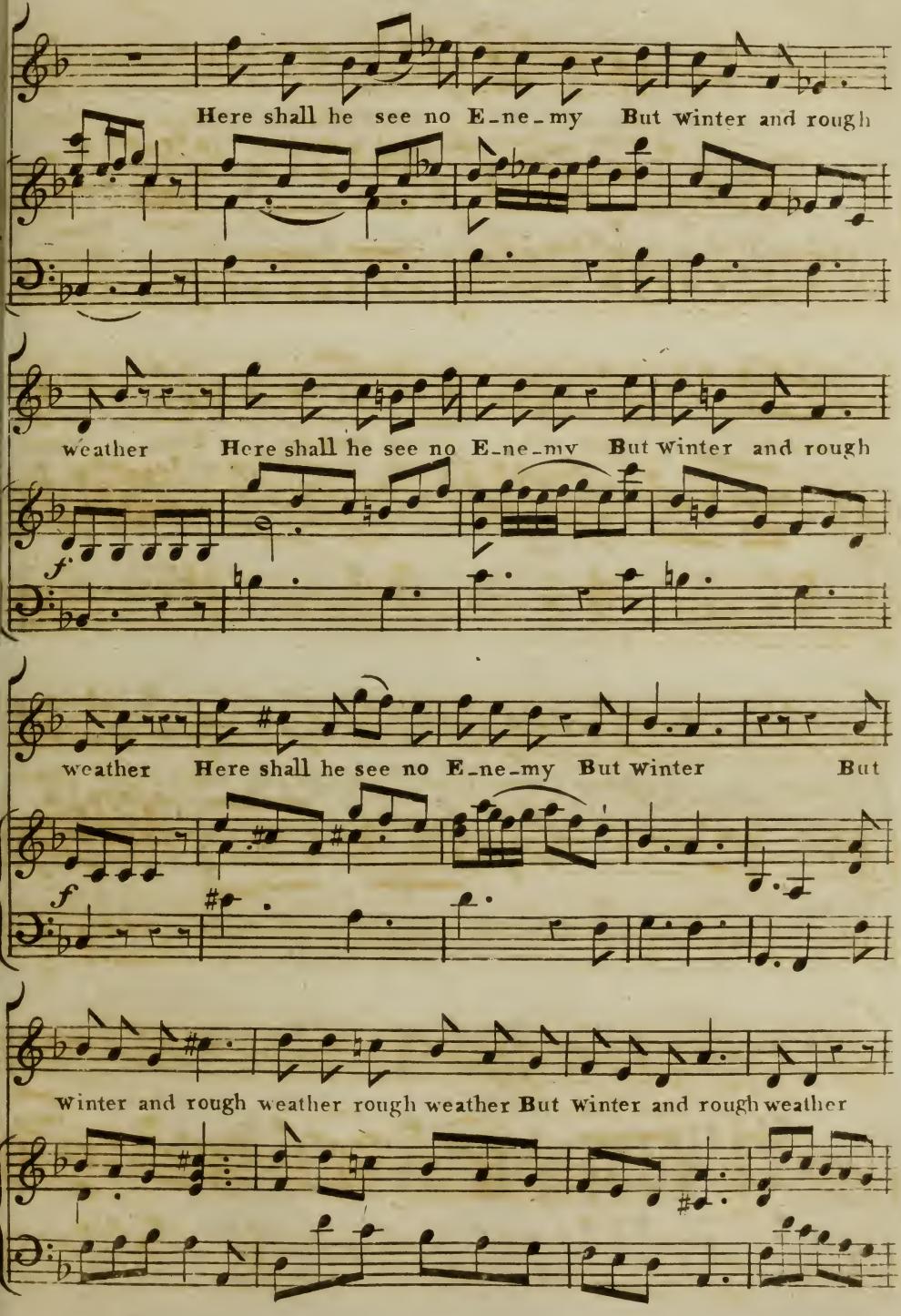
UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

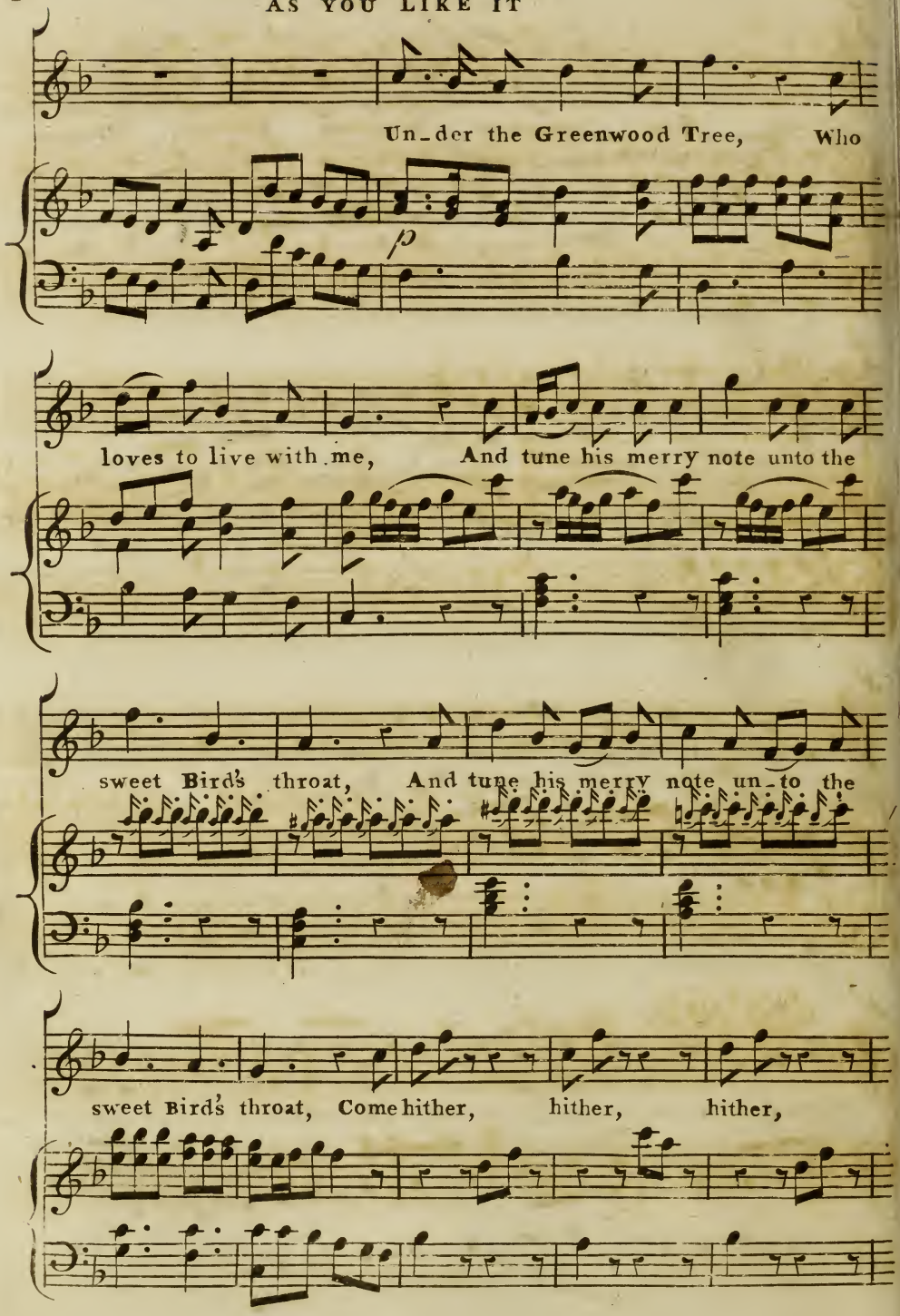
Composed by D.r Arne. —— *Arrang.d by J. Addison.*

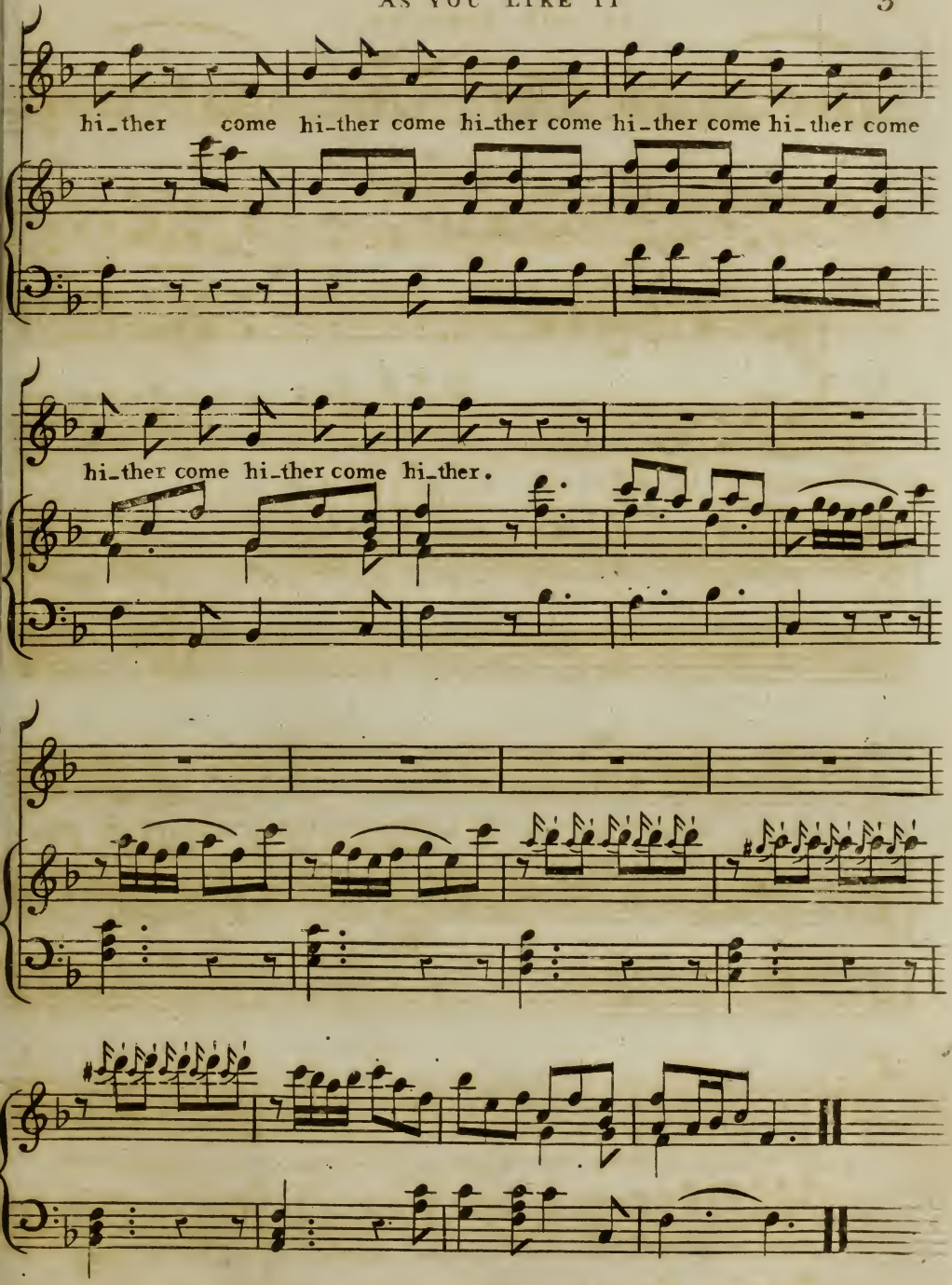
ALLEGRO MODERATO.




merry merry note un - to the sweet Birds throat and
tune his merry note un - to the sweet Birds throat come
hither hither come hither come hither come hither come
hither come hither come hither.

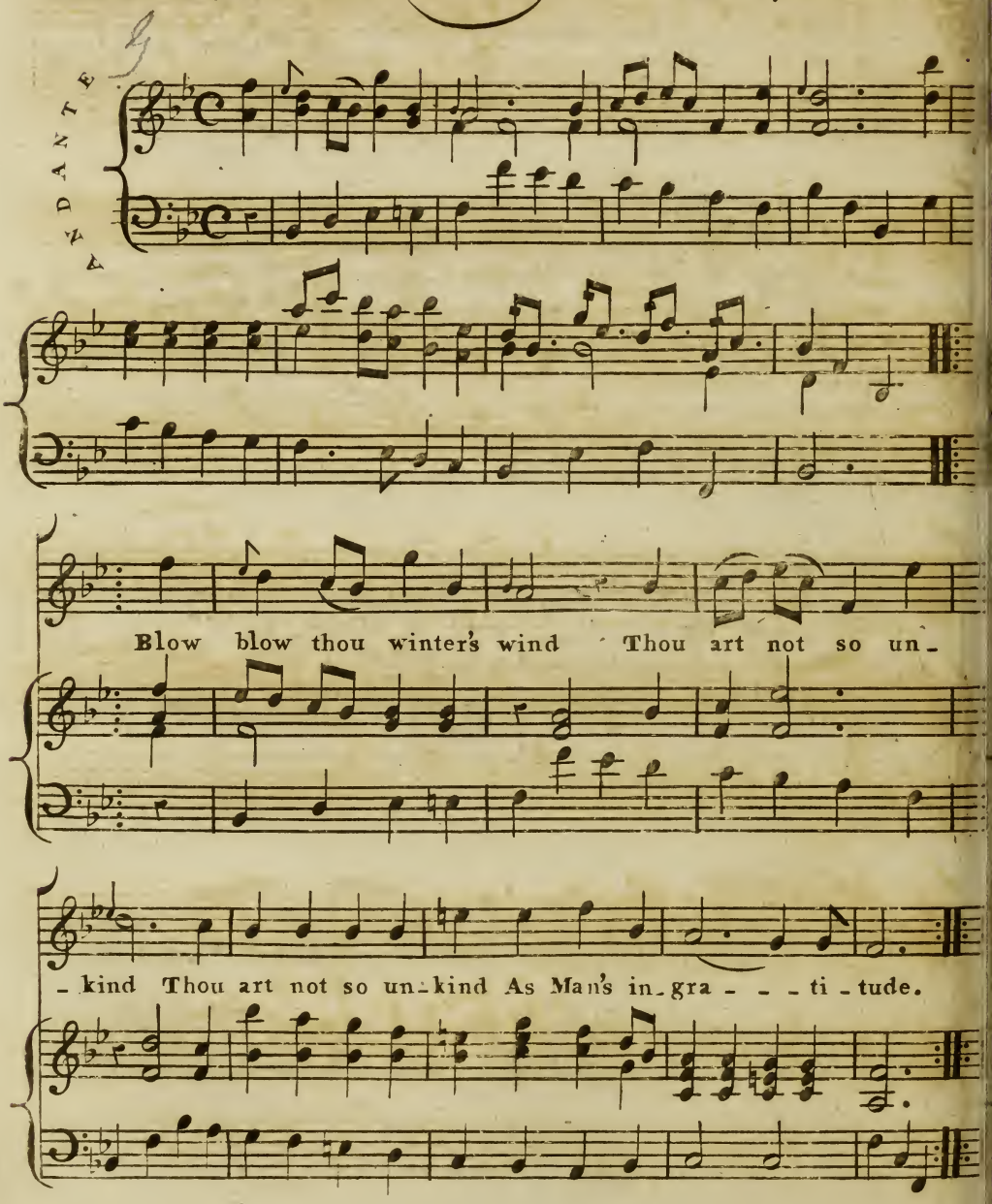

Here shall he see no E-ne-my But winter and rough
weather Here shall he see no E-ne-my But winter and rough
f
weather Here shall he see no E-ne-my But winter But
f
Winter and rough weather rough weather But winter and rough weather

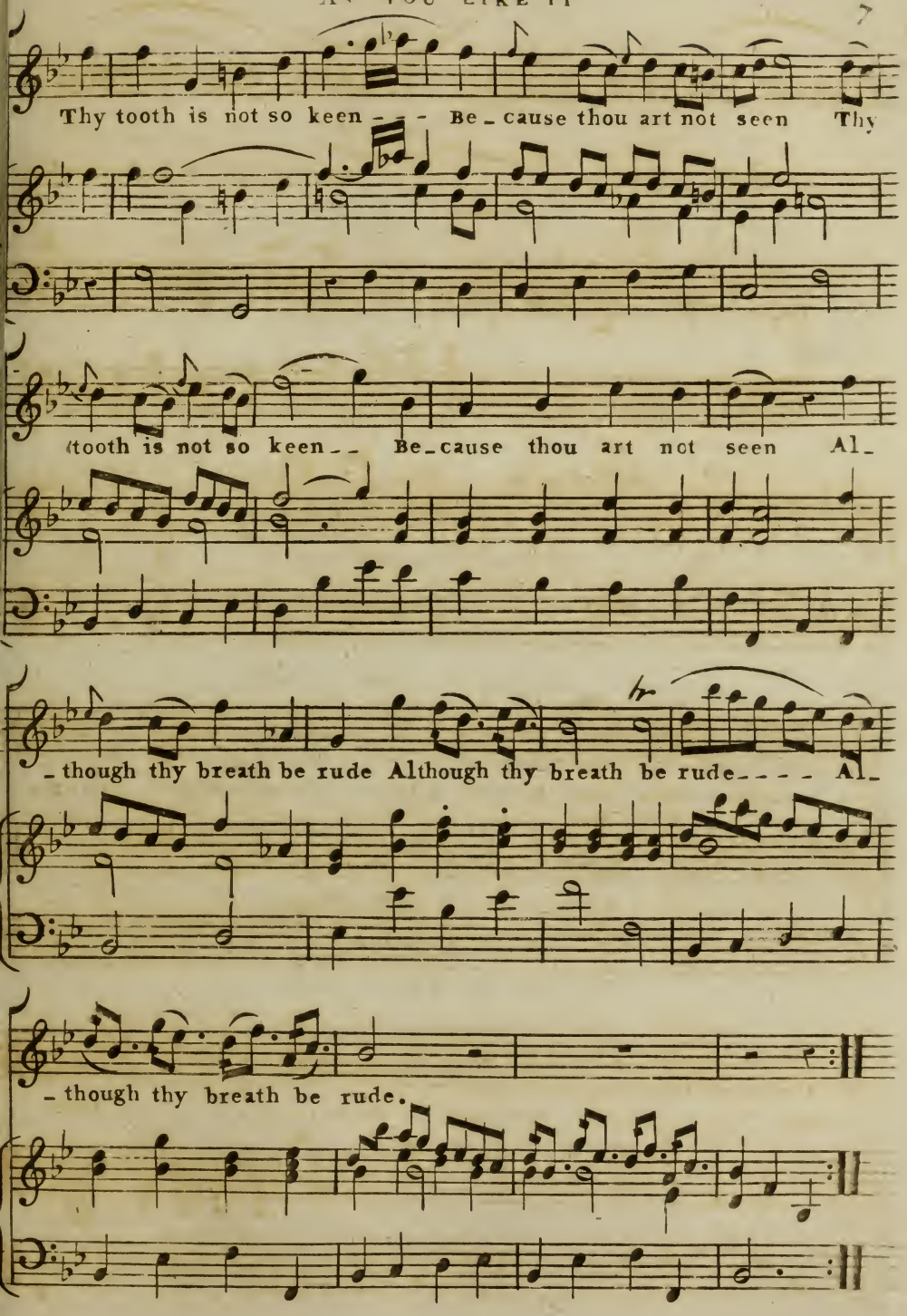

Un_der the Greenwood Tree, Who
p
loves to live with me, And tune his merry note unto the
sweet Bird's throat, And tune his merry note un_to the
sweet Bird's throat, Come hither, hither, hither,


hi_ther come hi_ther come hi_ther come hi_ther come hi_ther come
hi_ther come hi_ther come hi_ther.

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER'S WIND.

Comp^{d} by D^{r} Arne. Arranged by J. Addison.




Thy tooth is not so keen - - - Be_cause thou art not seen Thy
tooth is not so keen - - Be_cause thou art not seen Al_
though thy breath be rude Although thy breath be rude - - - - Al
_though thy breath be rude.

BLOW BLOW THOU WINTER'S WIND

1

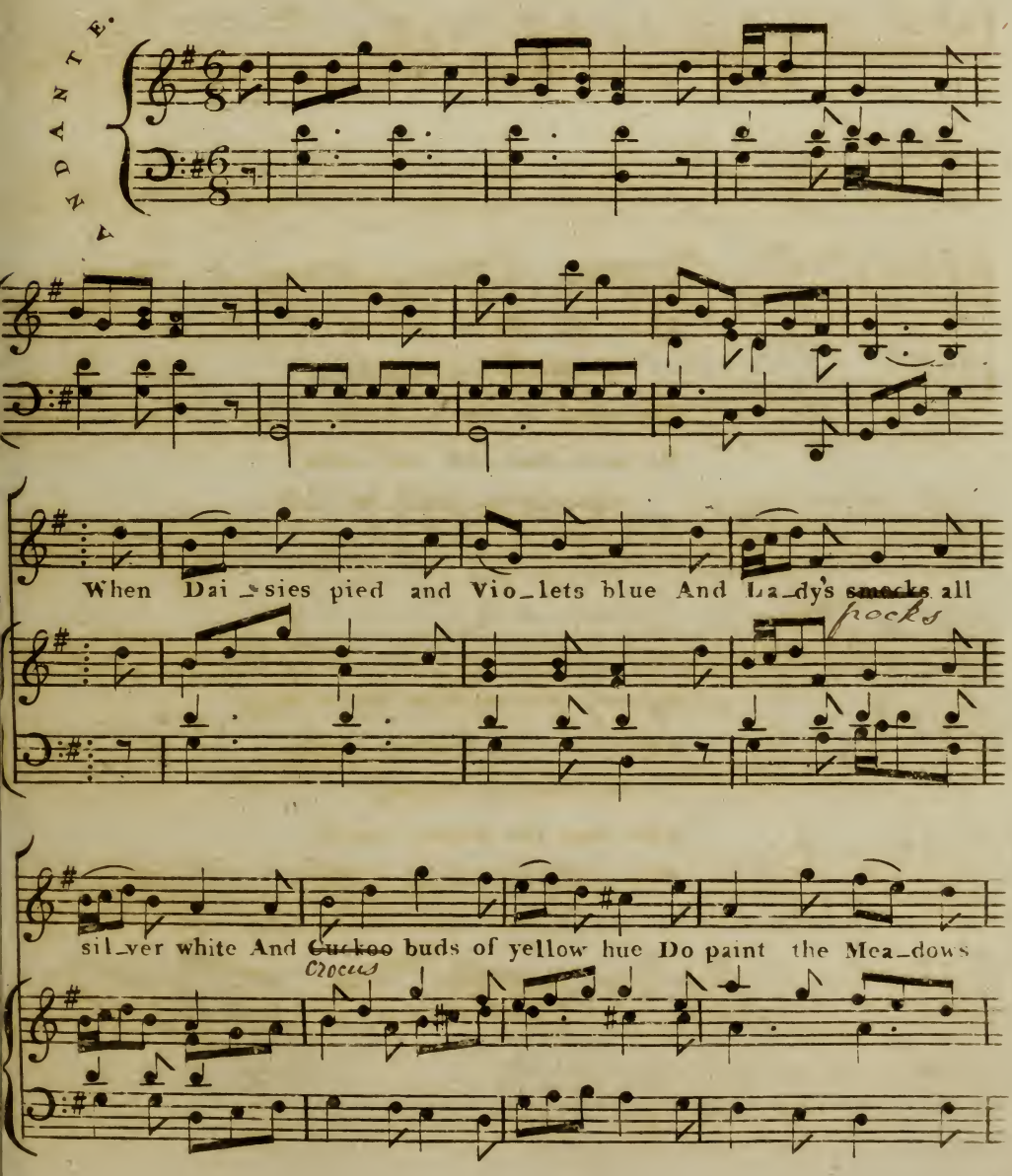
Blow, blow, thou winter's wind,
Thou art not so unkind.
As Man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

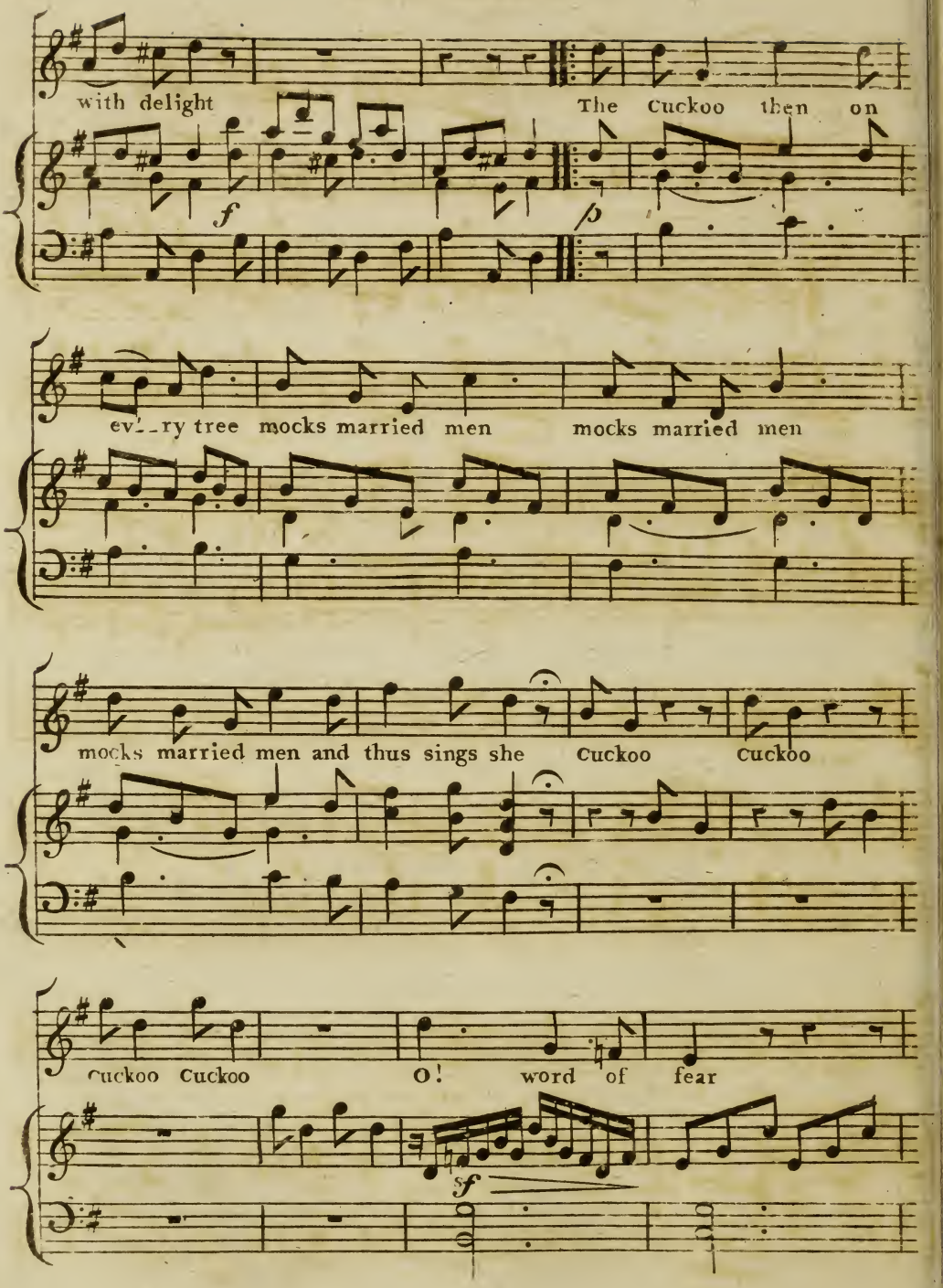
2

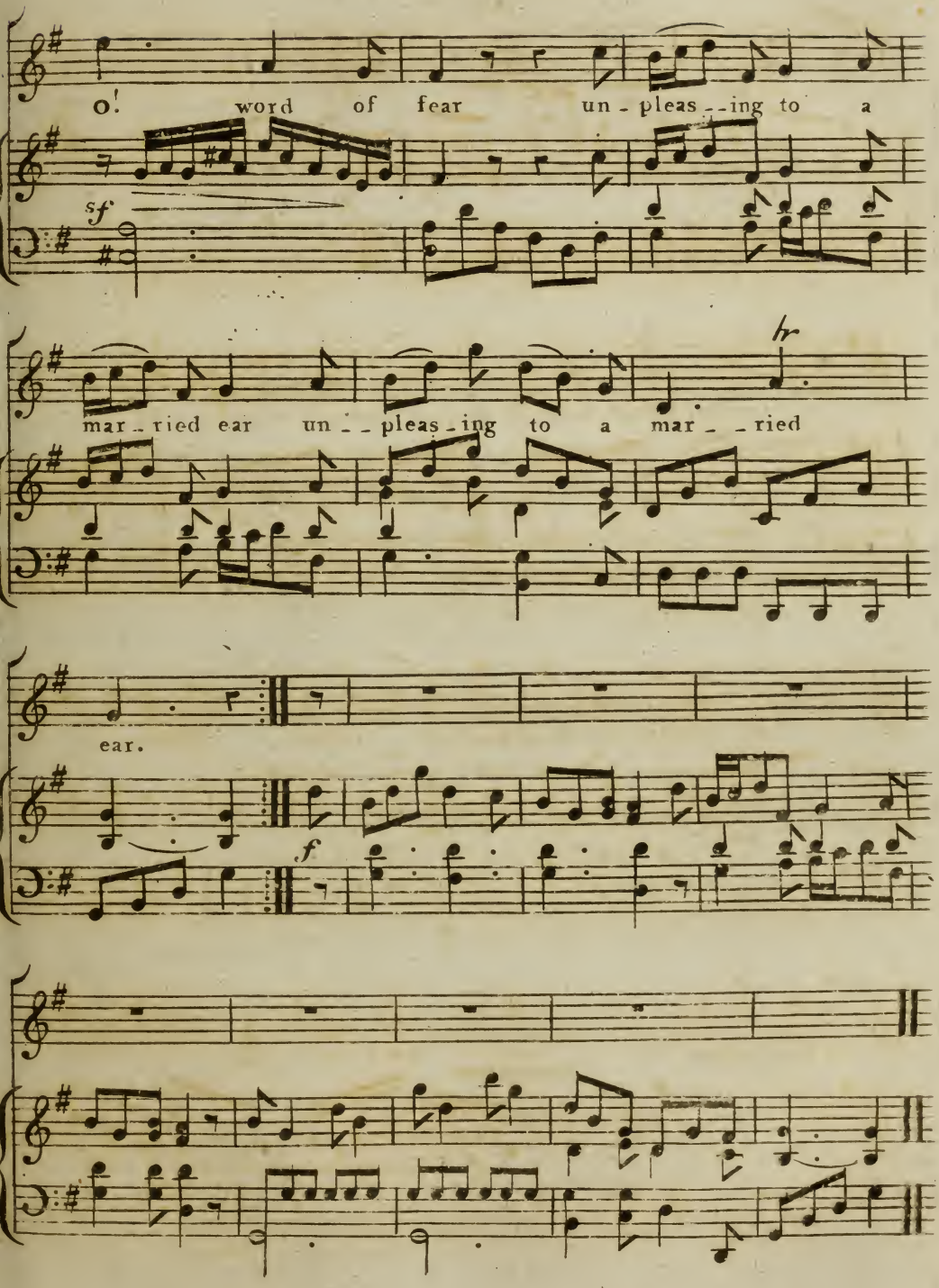
Freeze, Freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh,
As benefits forgot,
Tho' thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friends remember'd not.

When Daisies Pied.

Comp.d by D.r Arne. Arrang'd by J. Addison.




with delight
The Cuckoo then on
f
p
ev_ry tree mocks married men
mocks married men
mocks married men and thus sings she
Cuckoo
Cuckoo
Cuckoo Cuckoo
O! word of fear
sf


O! word of fear un - pleas - - ing to a
sf
mar - ried ear un - - pleas - ing to a mar - - ried
hr
ear.
f

WHEN DAISIES PIED

I

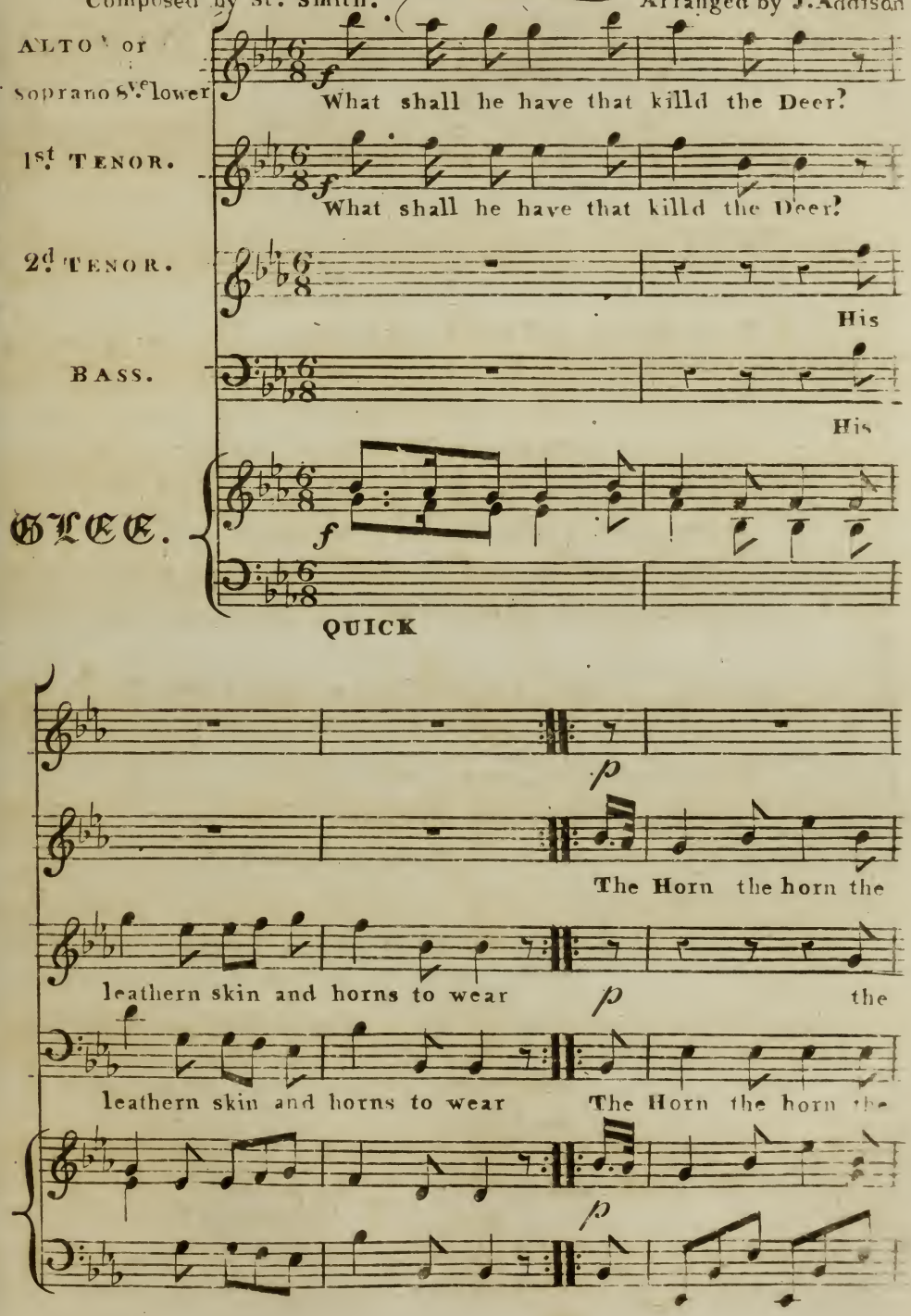
When Daisies pied and Violets blue
And Ladies smocks all silver white
And Crocas buds of yellow hue
Do paint the Meadows with delight
The Cuckoo then on evry Tree
Mocks married-Men for thus sings she
Cuckoo Cuckoo O word of fear
Unpleasing to a married ear

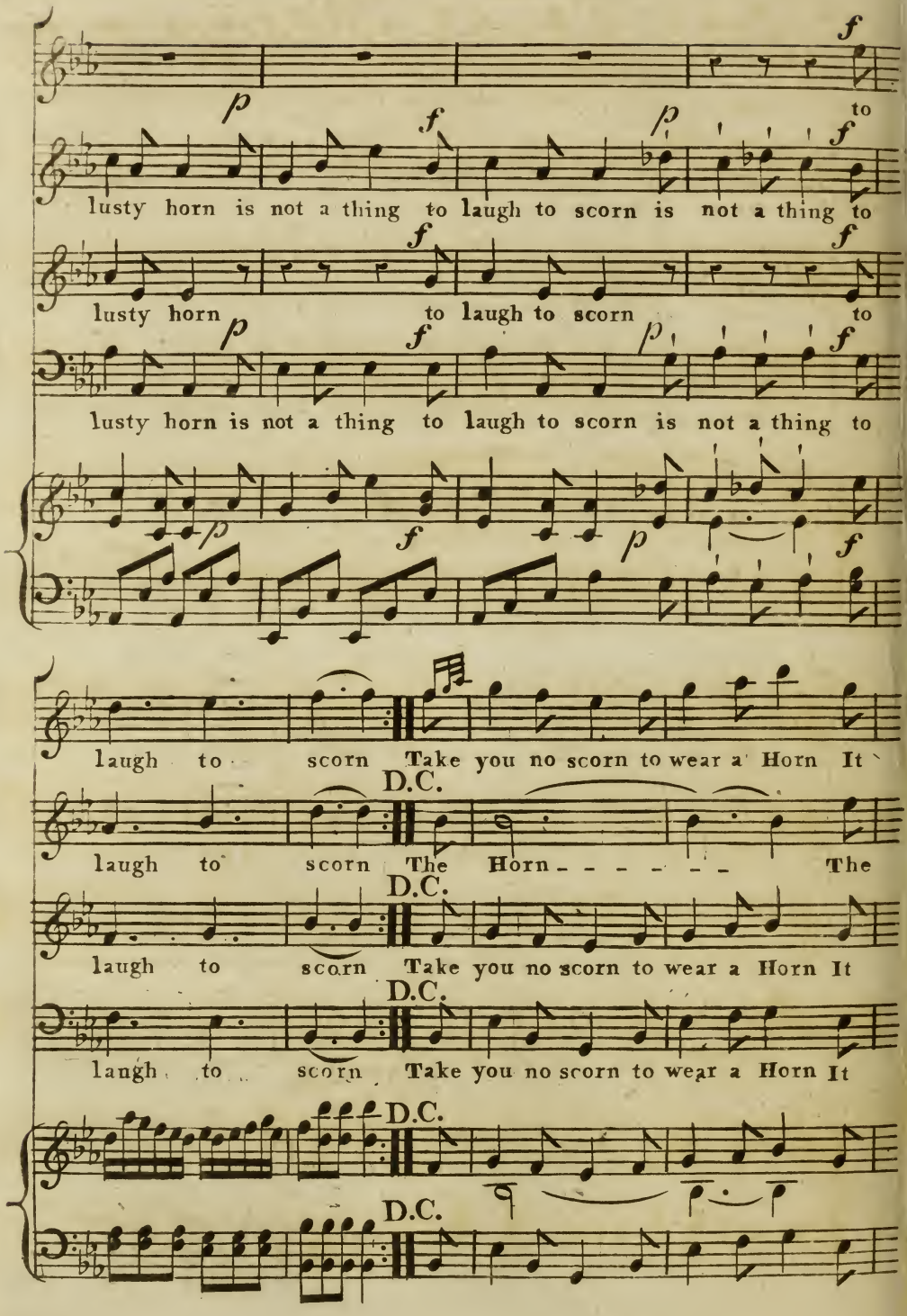
II

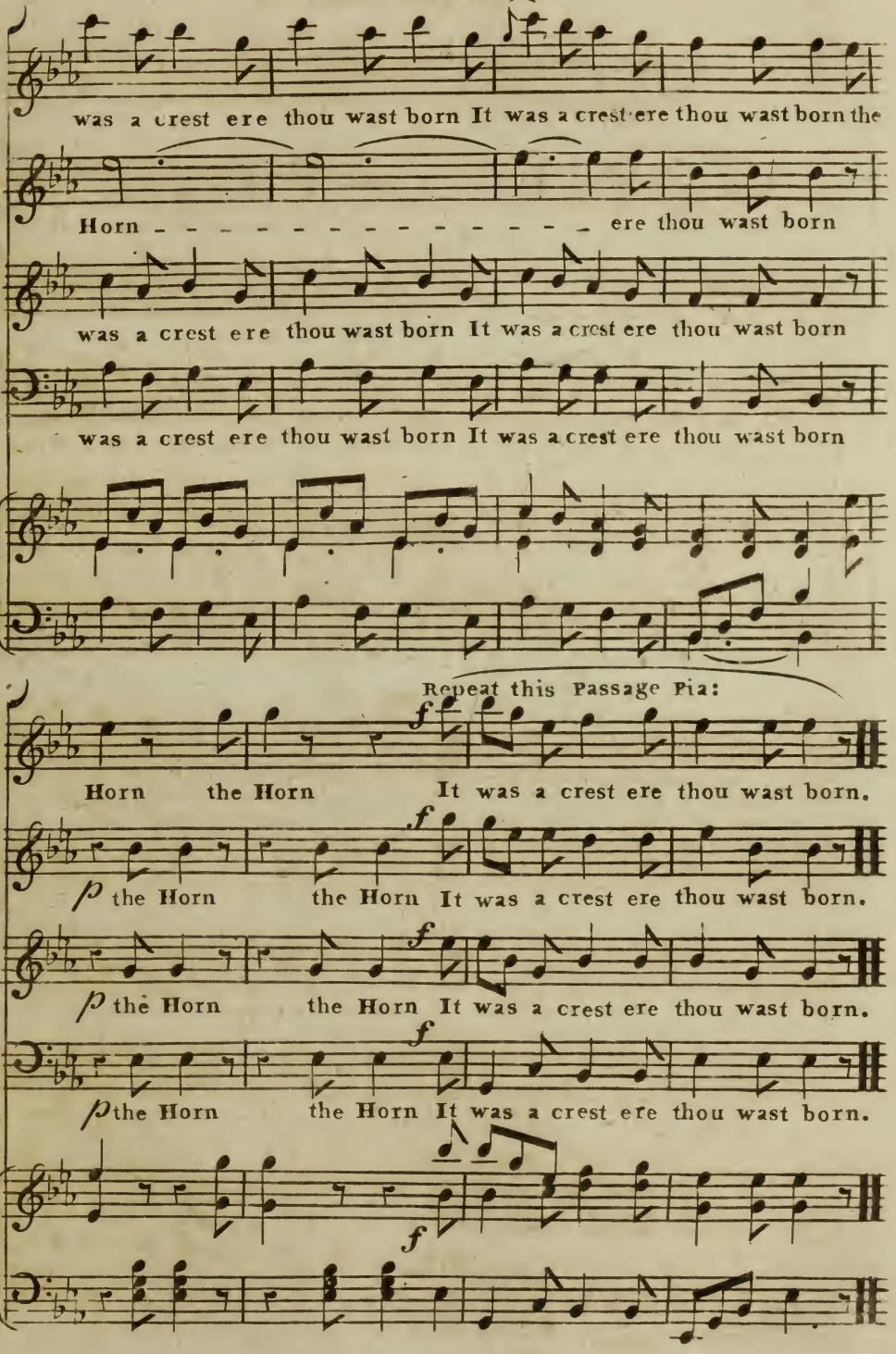
When Shepherds pipe on oaten straws
And merry locks are Plowmans clocks
And Turtles tread and Rooks and Daws
And Maidens bleach their summer ~~smocks~~ frocks
The Cuckoo then &c

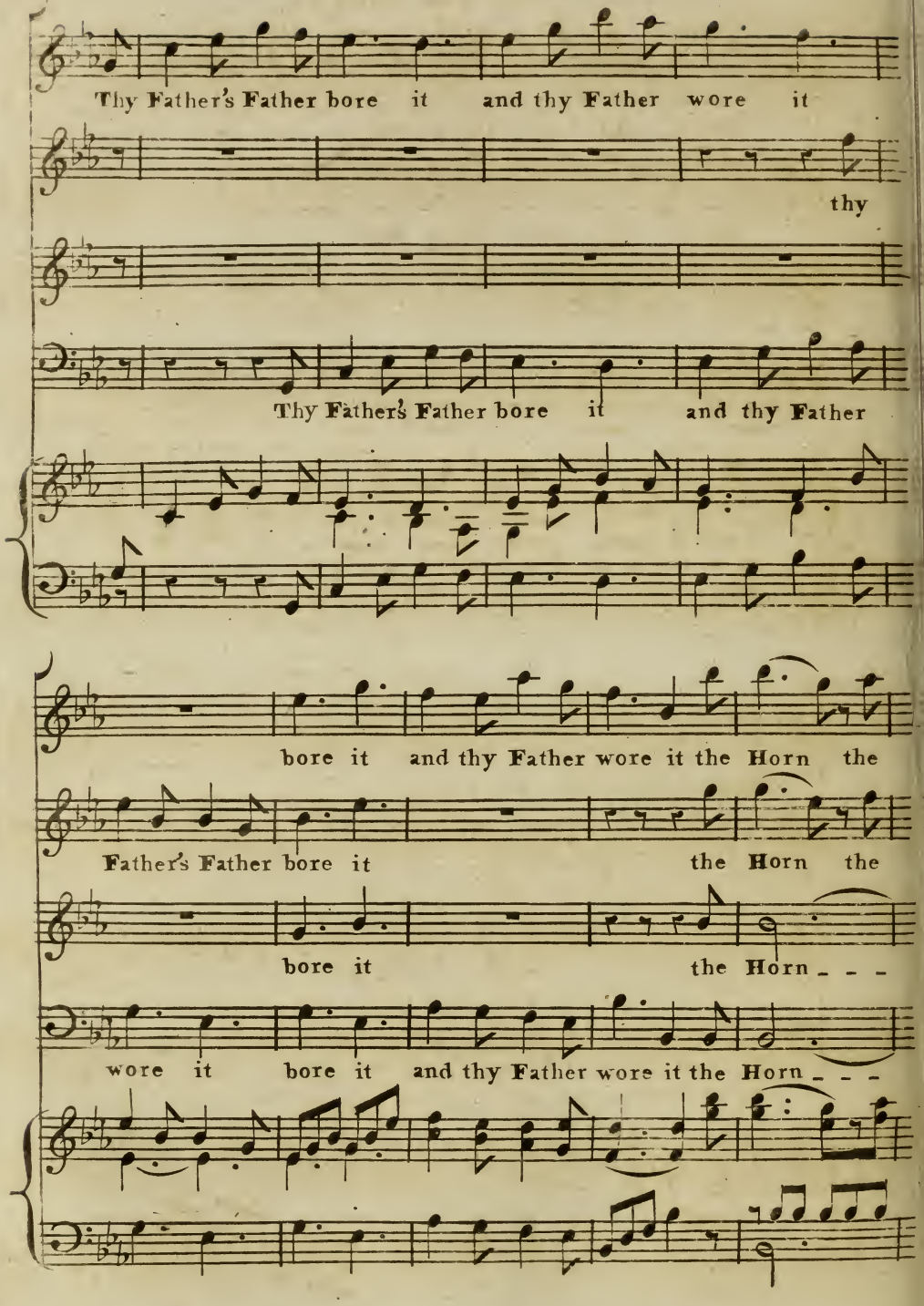
WHAT SHALL HE HAVE THAT KILL'D THE DEER.

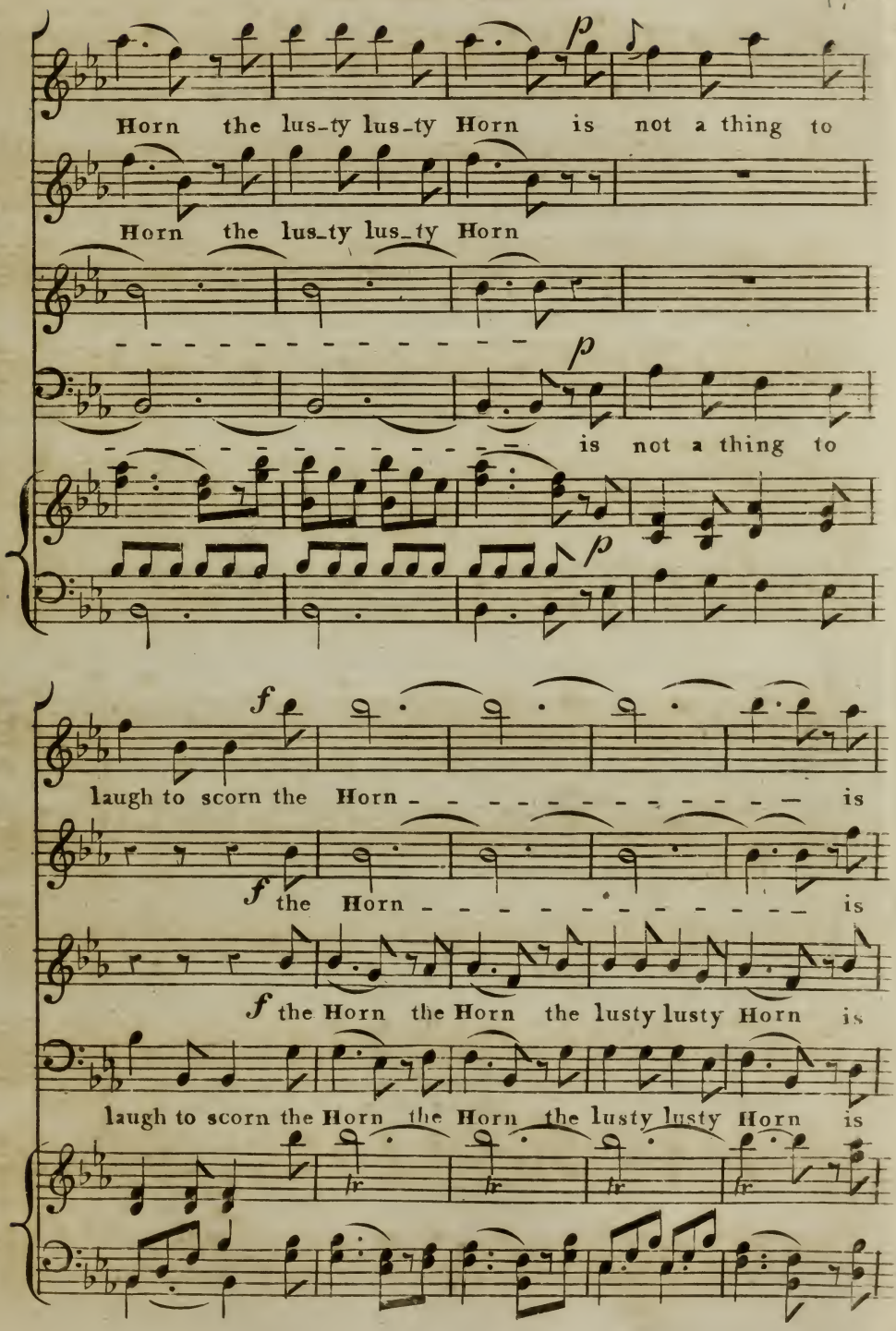
Composed by St.d Smith. Arranged by J. Addison

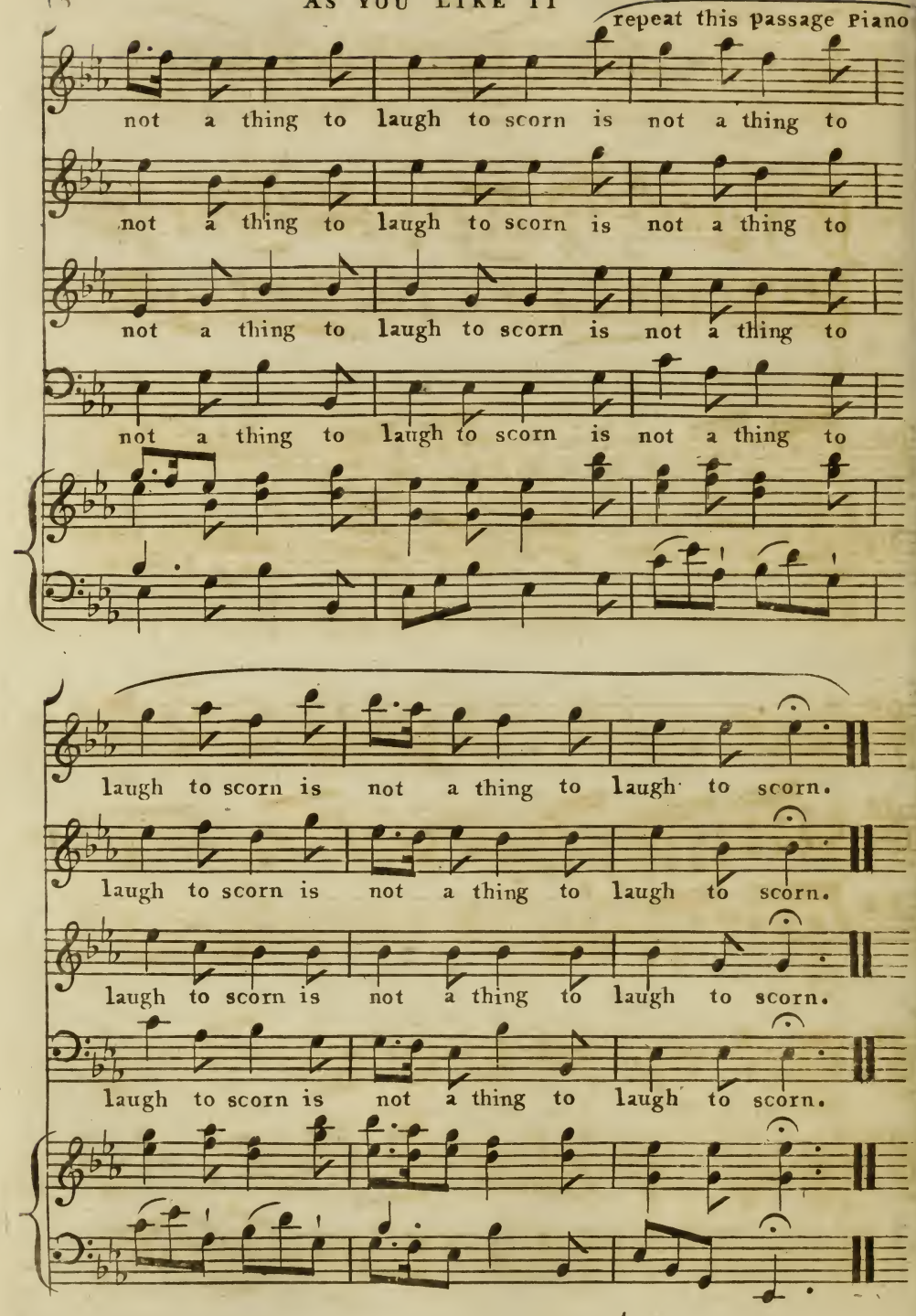



f
p
f
p
f
to
lusty horn is not a thing to laugh to scorn is not a thing to
f
f
lusty horn to laugh to scorn to
p
f
p
f
lusty horn is not a thing to laugh to scorn is not a thing to
p
f
p
f
laugh to scorn Take you no scorn to wear a Horn It
D.C.
laugh to scorn The Horn - - - - - - The
D.C.
laugh to scorn Take you no scorn to wear a Horn It
D.C.
laugh to scorn Take you no scorn to wear a Horn It
D.C.
D.C.


was a crest ere thou wast born It was a crest ere thou wast born the
Horn ere thou wast born
was a crest ere thou wast born It was a crest ere thou wast born
was a crest ere thou wast born It was a crest ere thou wast born
Repeat this Passage Pia:
Horn the Horn It was a crest ere thou wast born.
p the Horn the Horn It was a crest ere thou wast born.
p the Horn the Horn It was a crest ere thou wast born.
p the Horn the Horn It was a crest ere thou wast born.

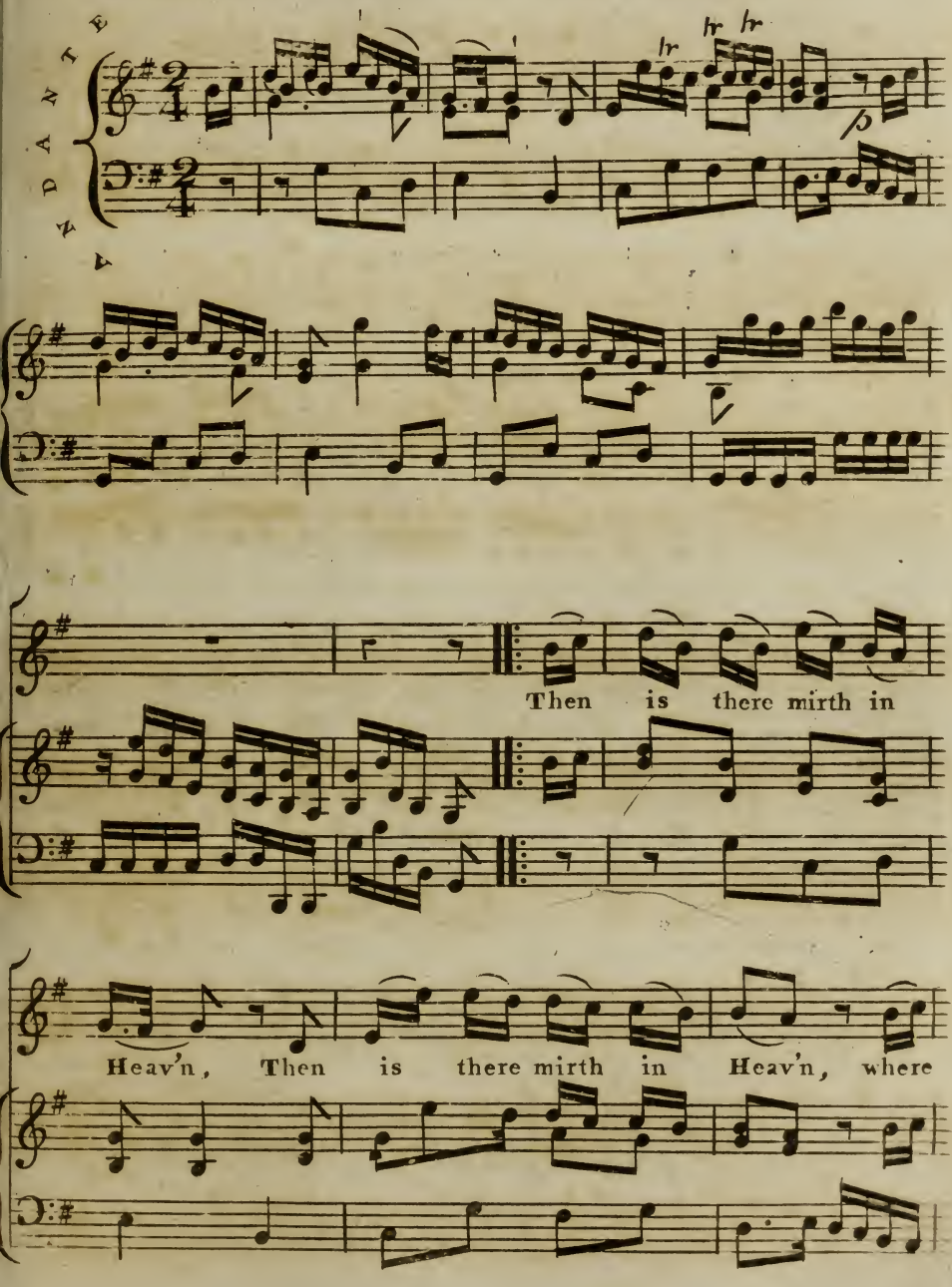

Thy Father's Father bore it and thy Father wore it
thy
Thy Father's Father bore it and thy Father
bore it and thy Father wore it the Horn the
Father's Father bore it the Horn the
bore it the Horn _ _ _
wore it bore it and thy Father wore it the Horn _ _ _

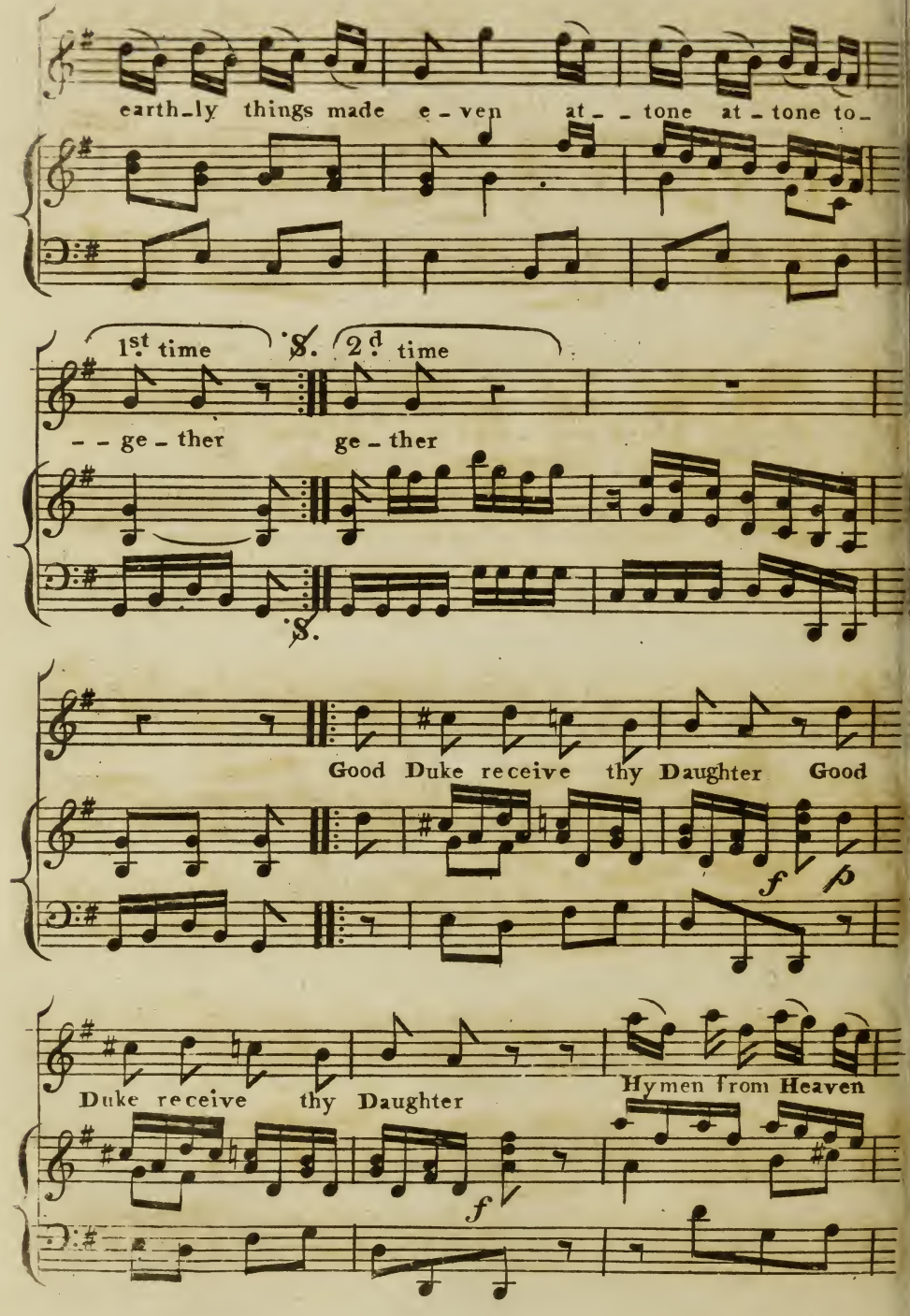

p
Horn the lus-ty lus-ty Horn is not a thing to
Horn the lus-ty lus-ty Horn
p
is not a thing to
p
f
laugh to scorn the Horn - - - - - - - - - - - - - - is
f
the Horn - - - - - - - - - - - - - - is
f
the Horn the Horn the lusty lusty Horn is
laugh to scorn the Horn the Horn the lusty lusty Horn is
fr
fr
fr
fr

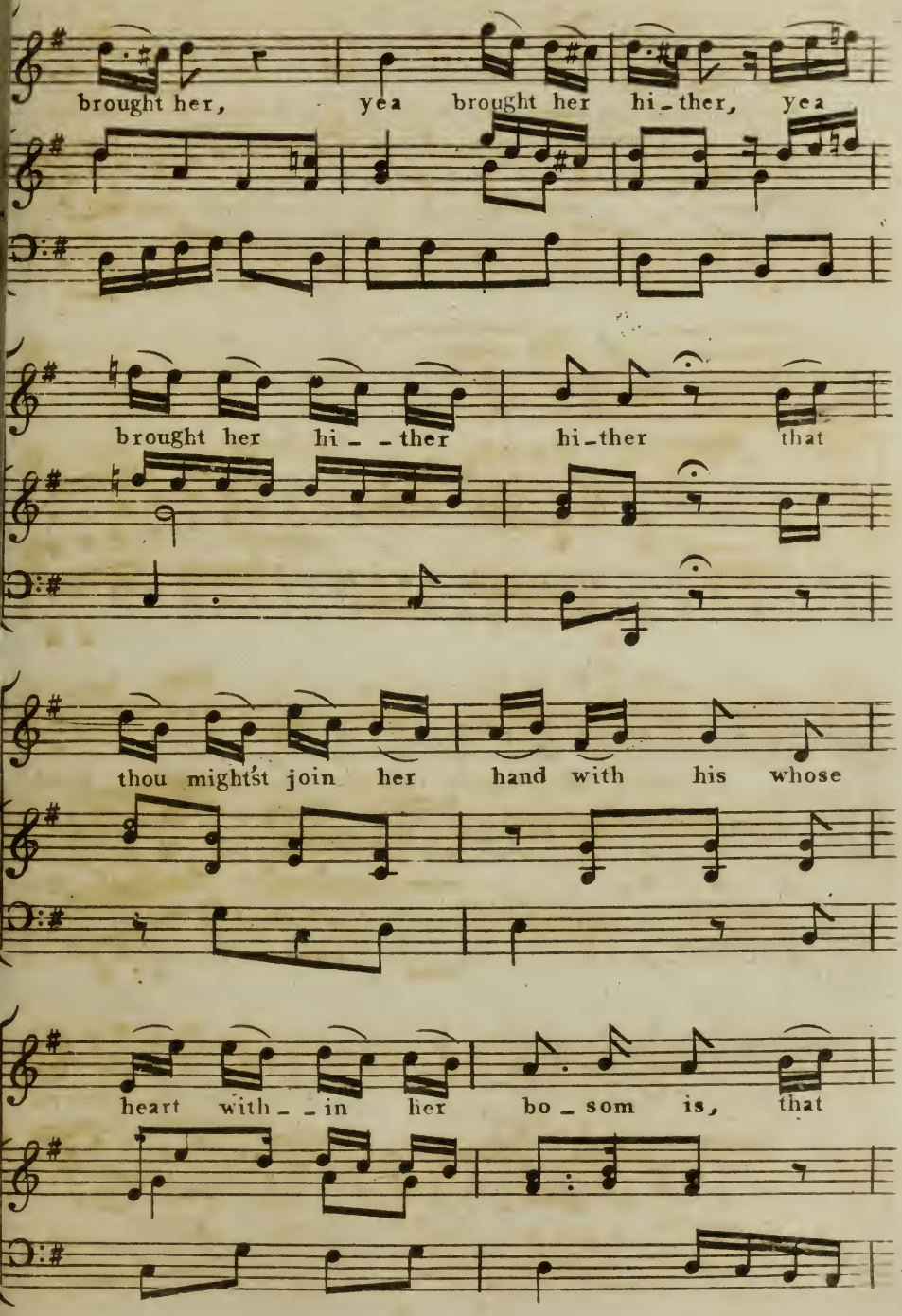

repeat this passage Piano
not a thing to laugh to scorn is not a thing to
not a thing to laugh to scorn is not a thing to
not a thing to laugh to scorn is not a thing to
not a thing to laugh to scorn is not a thing to
laugh to scorn is not a thing to laugh to scorn.
laugh to scorn is not a thing to laugh to scorn.
laugh to scorn is not a thing to laugh to scorn.
laugh to scorn is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

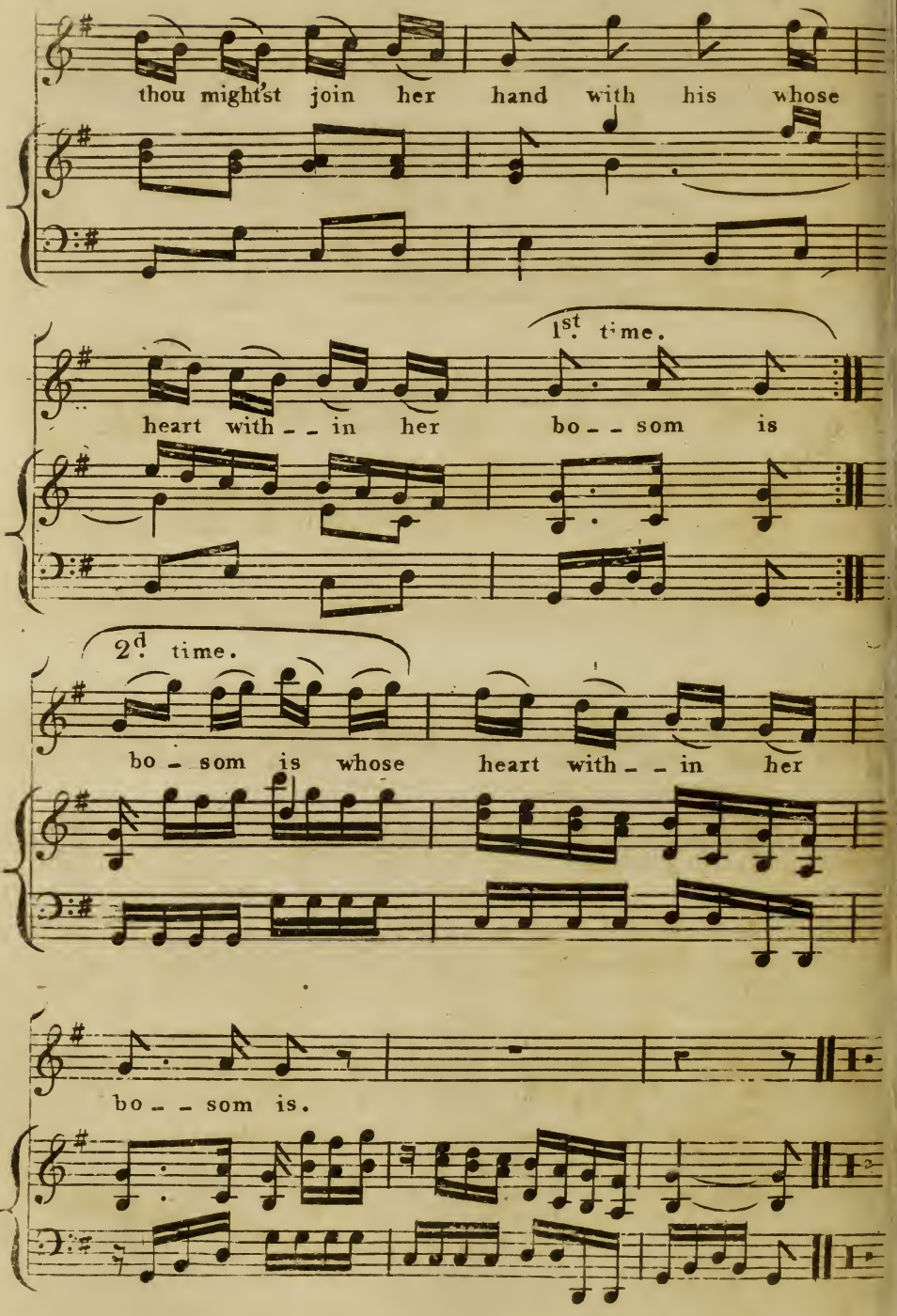
THEN IS THERE MIRTH IN HEAVN.

Compd. by C. Dibdin. Arrd by J. Addison.




earth_ly things made e_ven at_ _tone at_tone to_
1st time
8.
2d time
_ _ge_ther ge_ther
8.
Good Duke receive thy Daughter Good
f
p
Duke receive thy Daughter
Hymen from Heaven
f


brought her, yea brought her hi-ther, yea
brought her hi- -ther hi-ther that
thou mightst join her hand with his whose
heart with- -in her bo-som is, that


thou might'st join her hand with his whose
1st time.
heart with - - in her bo - - som is
2d time.
bo - som is whose heart with - - in her
bo - - som is.