Four Songs of Fleeting Love

From Shakespeare plays

For tenor and piano

By

Carleton Macy

This set of songs was originally for chorus. This version of the songs was created for tenor, Arthur Wu, and pianist, Pauline Troia with the support of a grant from the Hewlett Foundation administered by the Arts Council of Monterey County.

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 the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

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, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

And, therefore, take the present time
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crown`d with the prime
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

(from As You Like It)

Under the greenwood tree

Who loves to lie with me,
And turn 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.

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

(from As You Like It)

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?

O stay and hear! your true-love's coming
That can sing both high and low;
Trip no further, pretty sweeting,
Journey's end in lovers' meeting-
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty,-
Then come kiss me, Sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

(from Twelfth Night)

Take, O take those lips away,

That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn!
But my kisses bring again,
Bring again;
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,
Seal'd in vain!

(from Measure for Measure)

1. It was a Lover and His Lass

from Shakespeare's As You Like It

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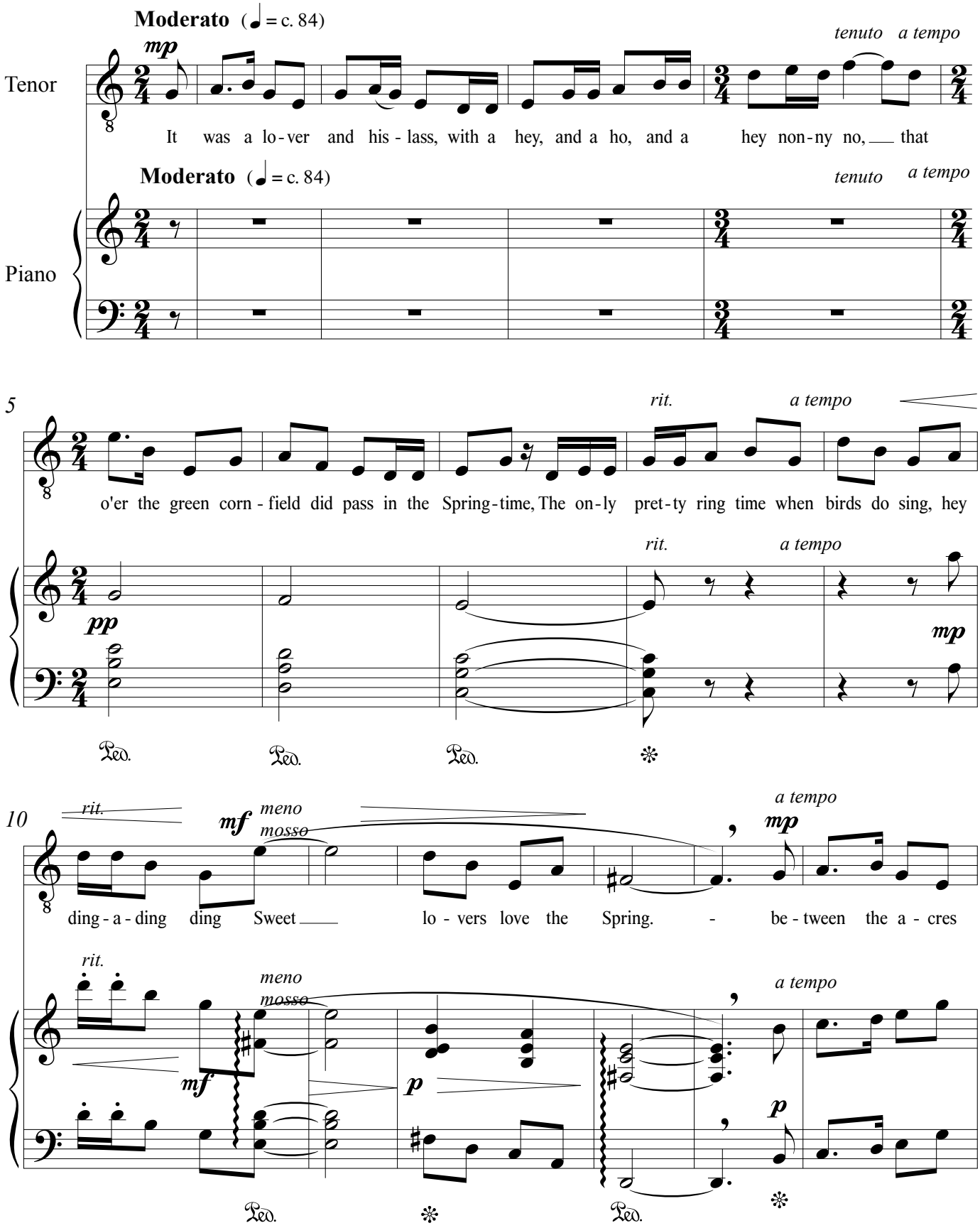

[all rolled chords are rolled up]

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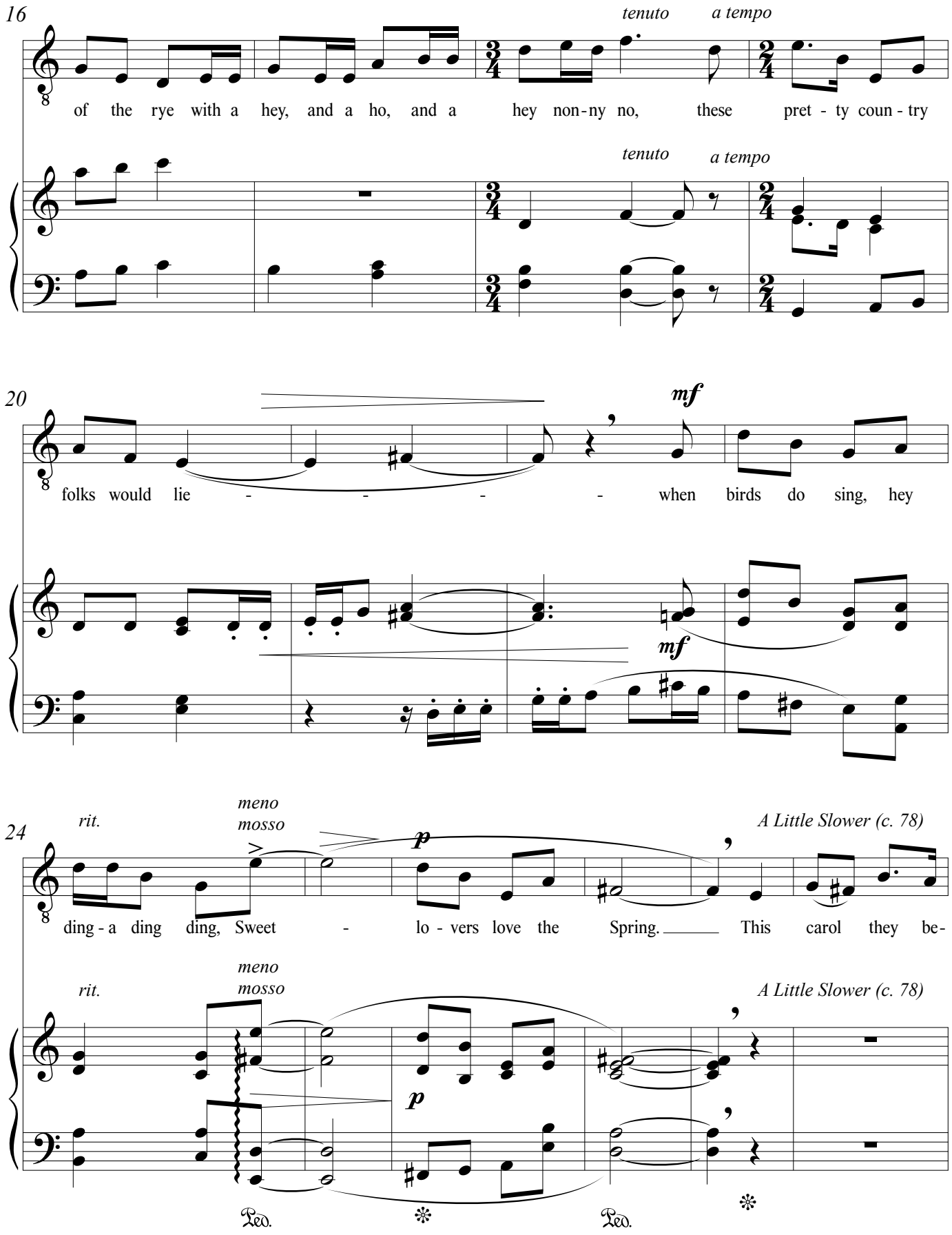
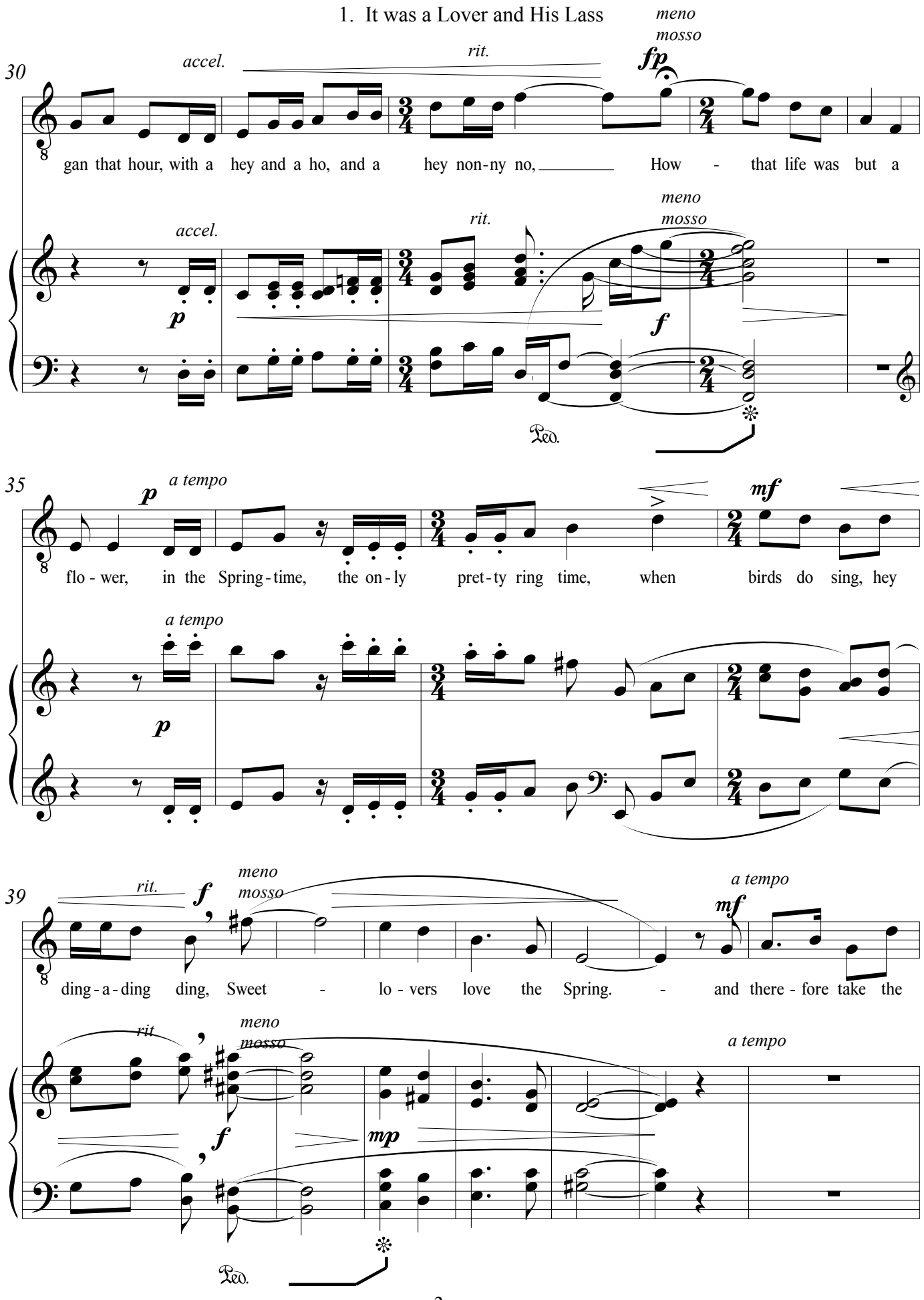
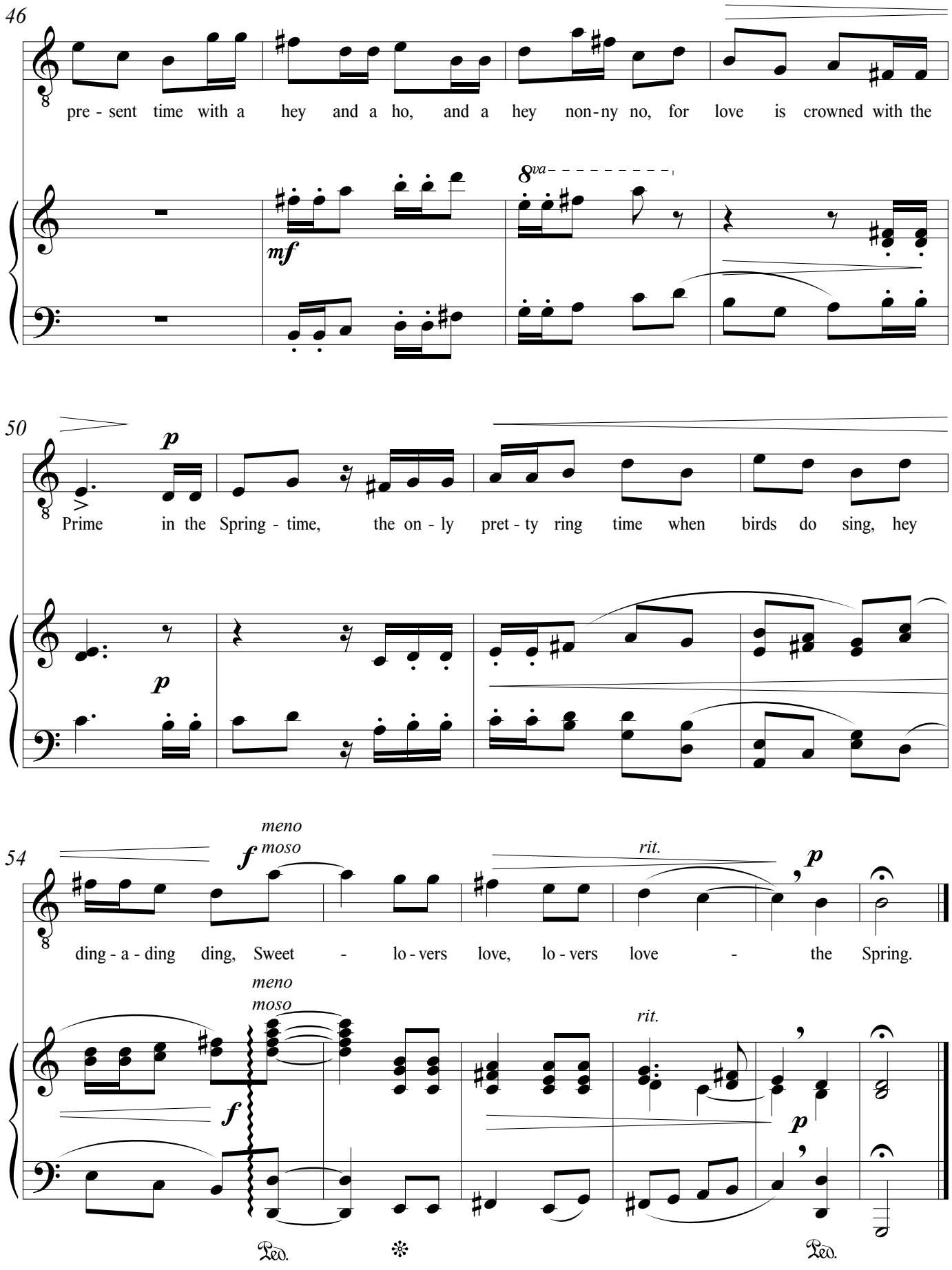

16
tenuto
a tempo
of the rye with a hey, and a ho, and a hey non-ny no, these pret - ty coun - try
tenuto
a tempo
20
mf
folks would lie - - - - when birds do sing, hey
mf
24
rit.
meno mosso
A Little Slower (c. 78)
p
ding - a ding ding, Sweet - lo - vers love the Spring. This carol they be-
rit.
meno mosso
A Little Slower (c. 78)
p
Ped.
Ped.


30
accel.
rit.
meno mosso
fp
gan that hour, with a hey and a ho, and a hey non-ny no, How - that life was but a
p
f
Ped.
35
a tempo
p
mf
flo - wer, in the Spring - time, the on - ly pret - ty ring time, when birds do sing, hey
39
rit.
f
meno mosso
a tempo
mf
ding - a - ding ding, Sweet - lo - vers love the Spring. - and there - fore take the
mp


46
pre - sent time with a hey and a ho, and a hey non-ny no, for love is crowned with the
8va
mf
50
Prime in the Spring - time, the on - ly pret - ty ring time when birds do sing, hey
p
p
54
meno moso
f
rit.
p
ding - a - ding ding, Sweet - lo - vers love, lo - vers love - the Spring.
meno moso
f
rit.
p
Ped.
Ped.

2. Under the Greenwood Tree

from Shakespeare's As You Like It

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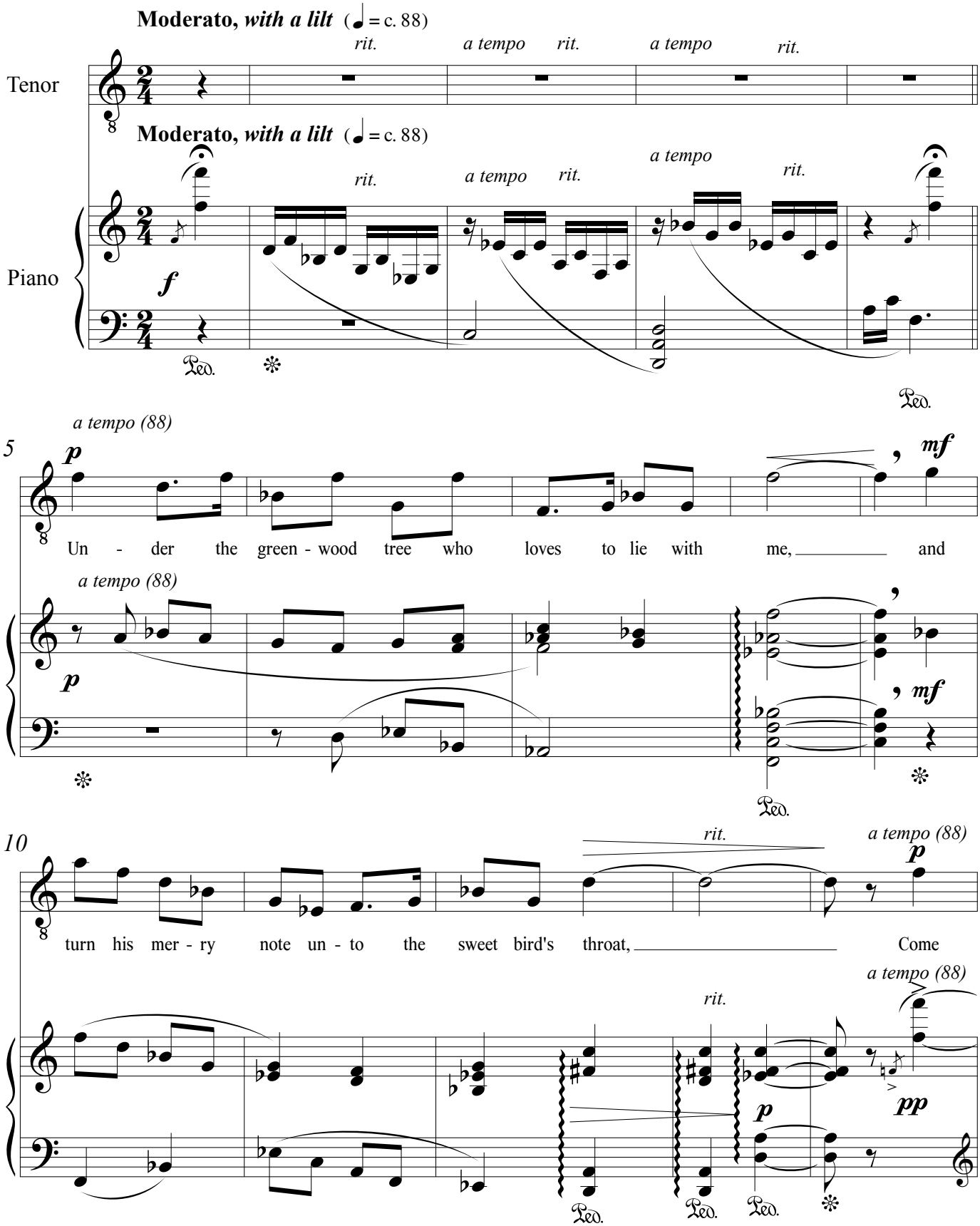

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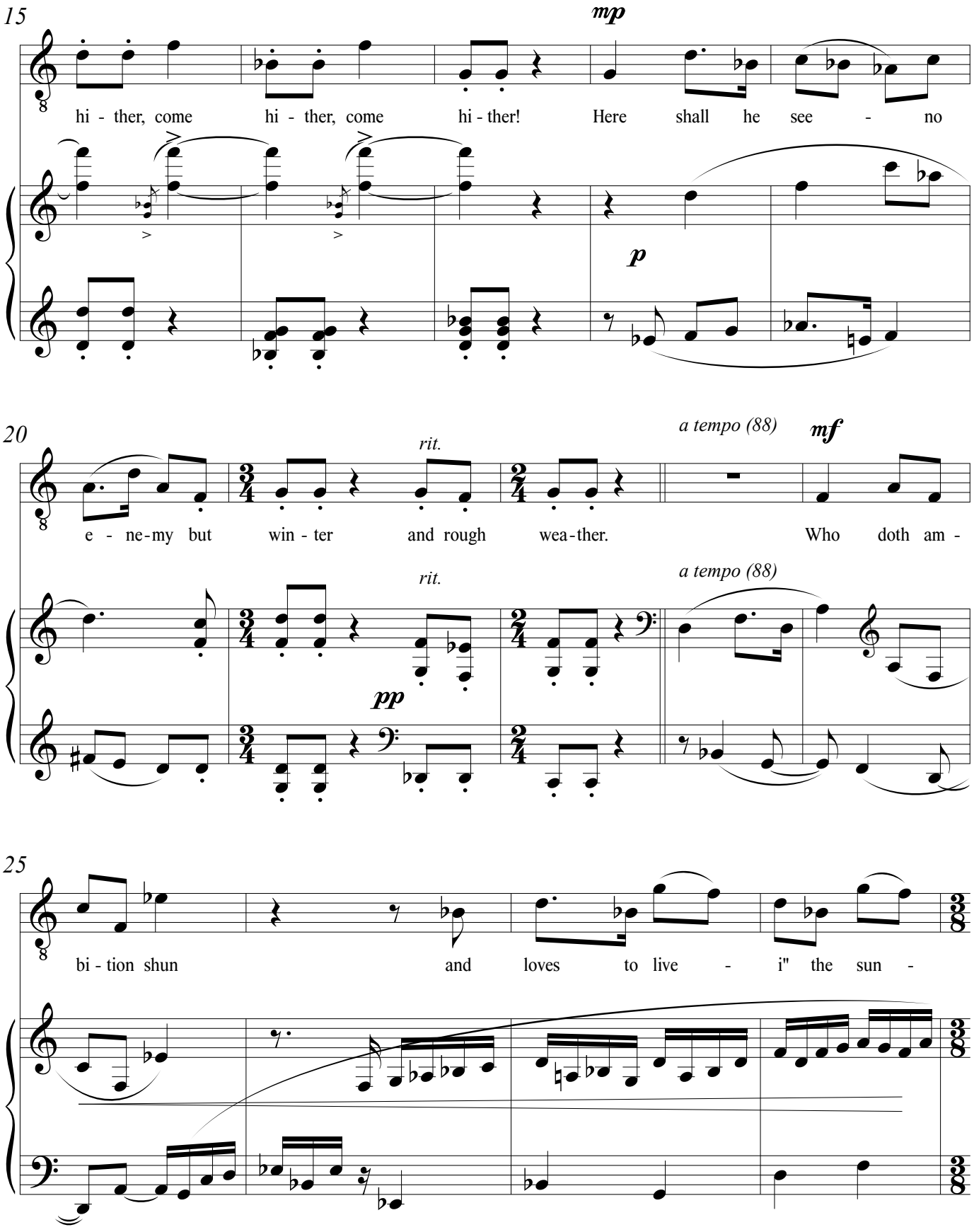
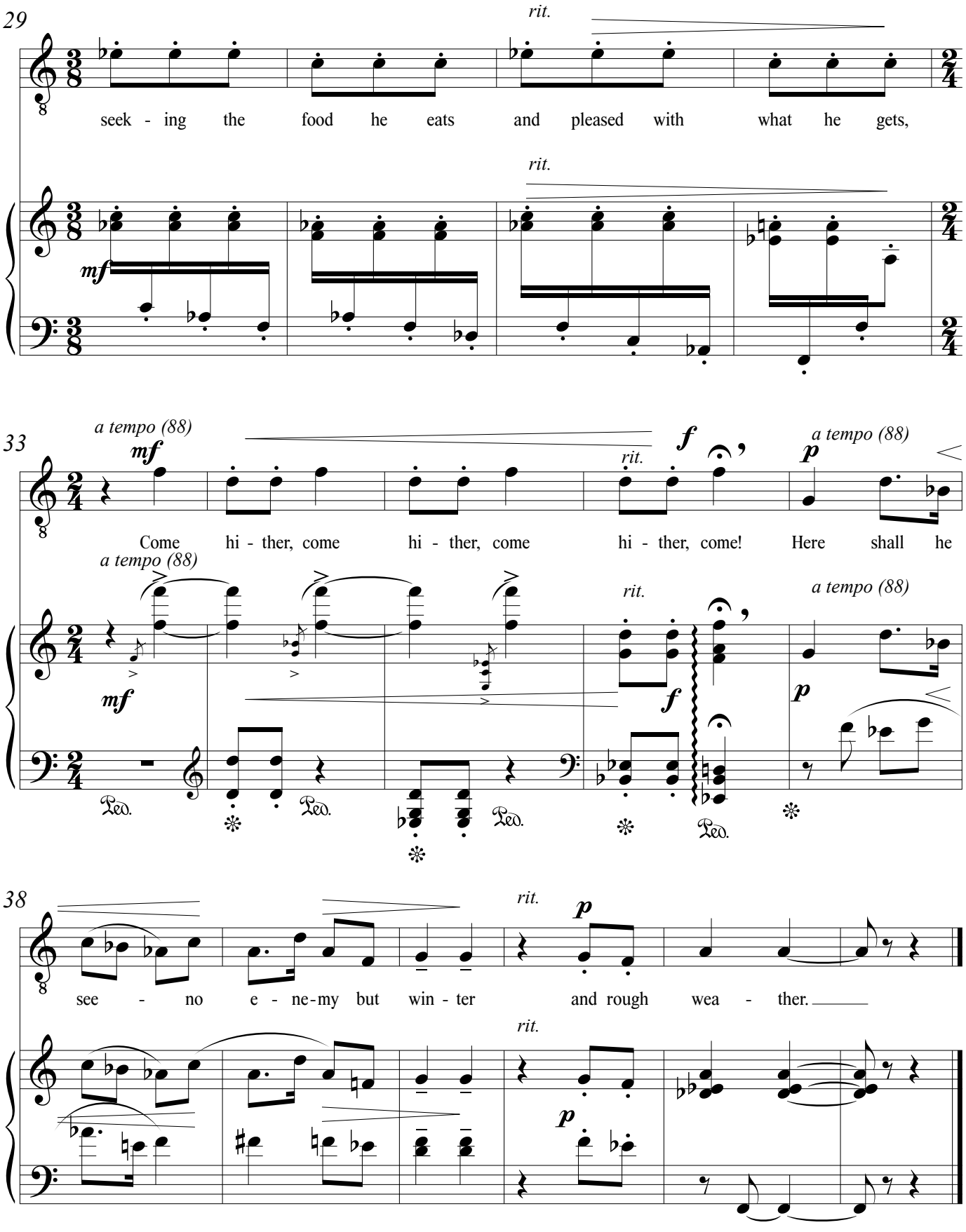

15
mp
hi - ther, come hi - ther, come hi - ther! Here shall he see - no
p
20
rit.
a tempo (88)
mf
e - ne-my but win - ter and rough wea-ther. Who doth am -
rit.
a tempo (88)
pp
25
bi - tion shun and loves to live - i" the sun -


29
rit.
seek - ing the food he eats and pleased with what he gets,
mf
33
a tempo (88)
mf
rit.
f
a tempo (88)
p
Come hi - ther, come hi - ther, come hi - ther, come! Here shall he
38
rit.
p
see - no e - ne-my but win - ter and rough wea - ther.

3. O, Mistress Mine

from Shakespear's Twelfth Night

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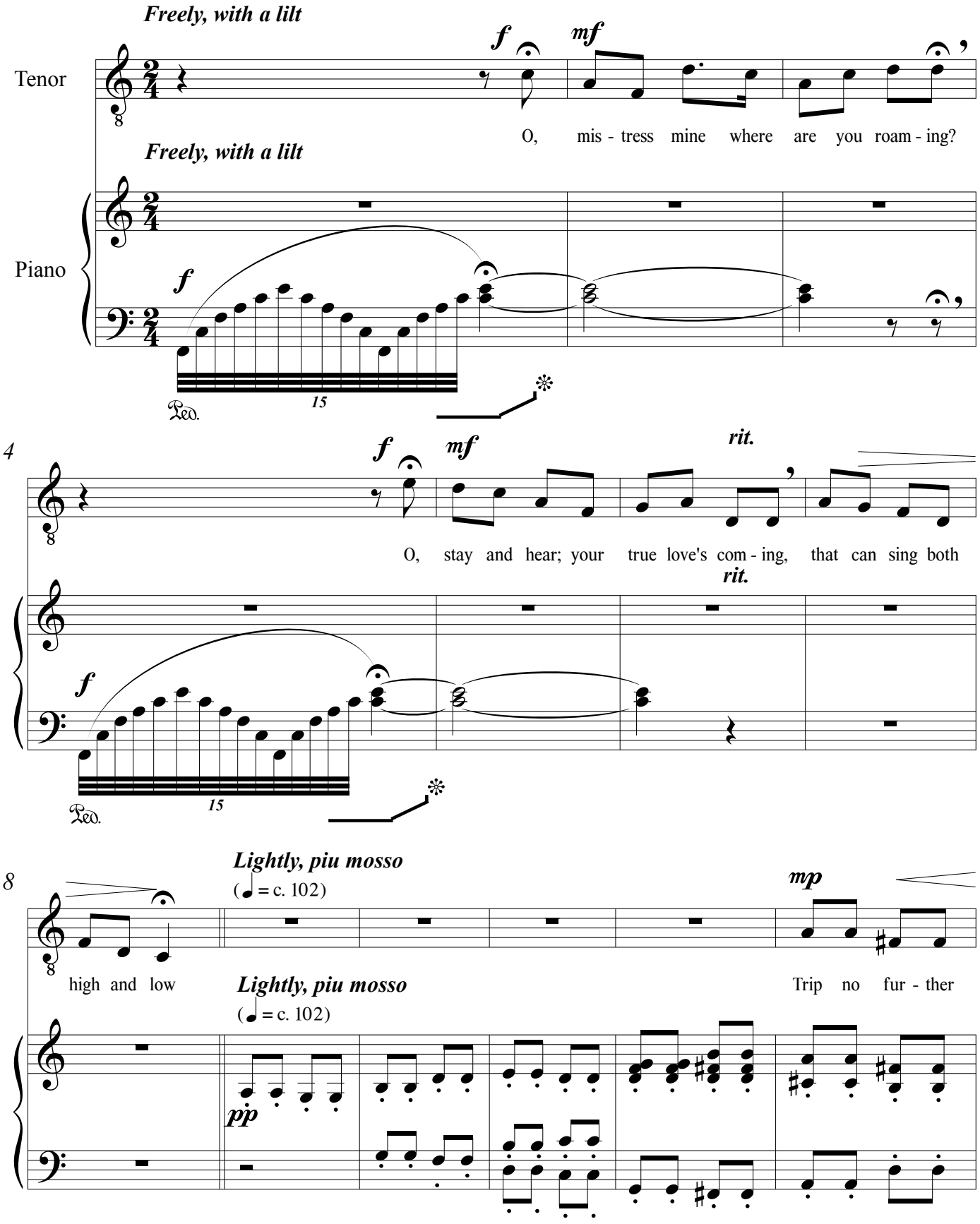

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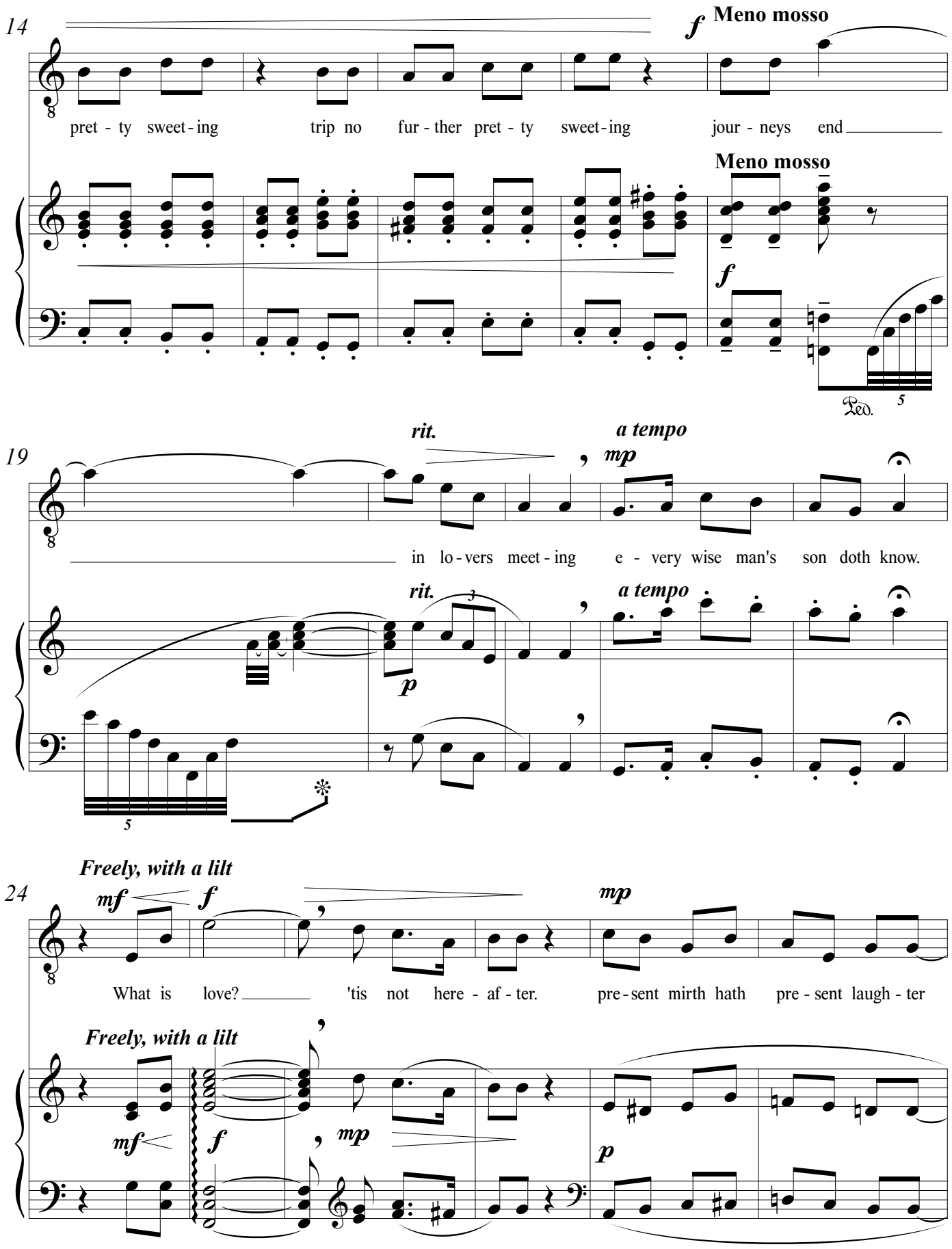
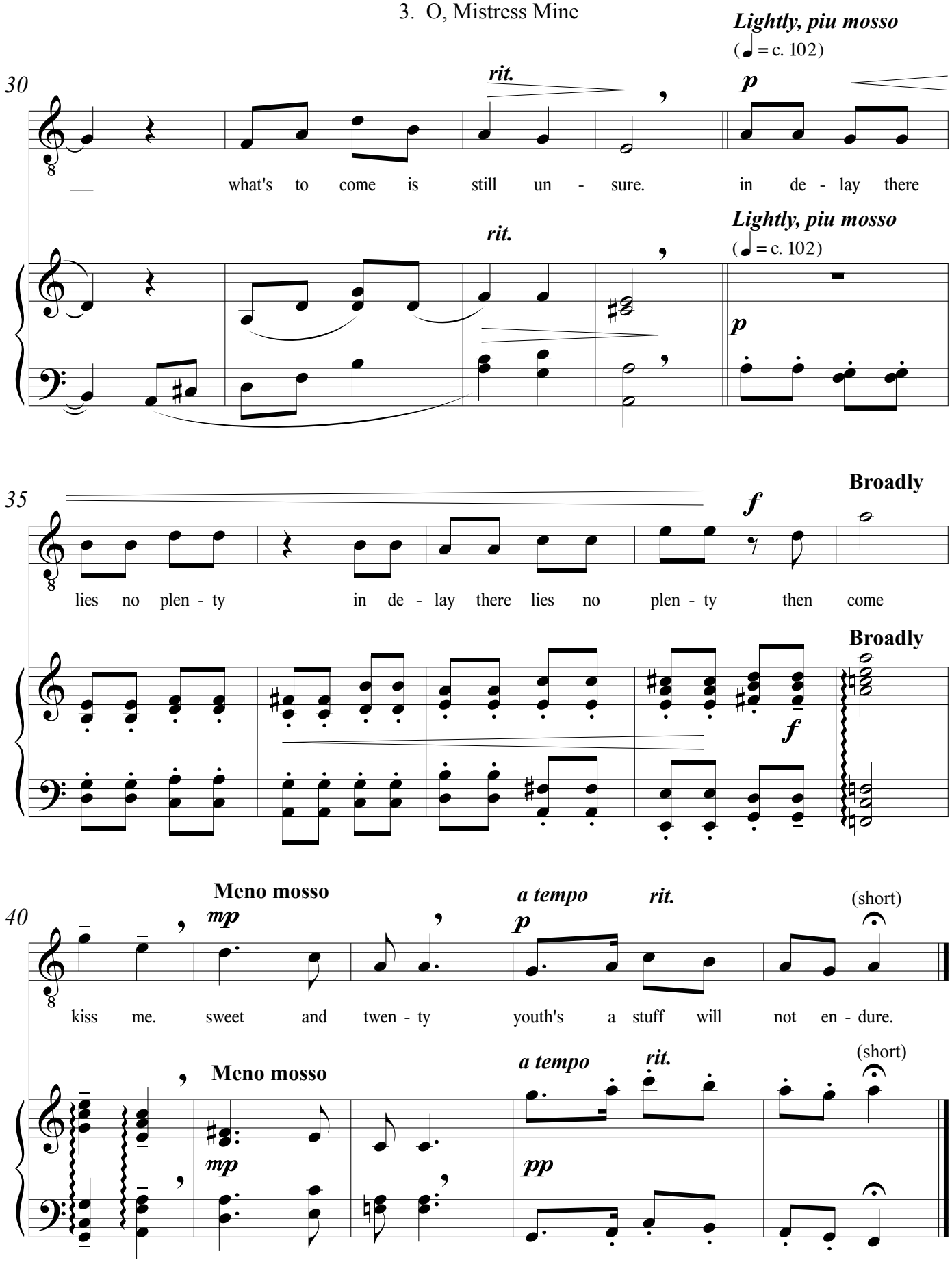

14
f
Meno mosso
pret - ty sweet - ing trip no fur - ther pret - ty sweet - ing jour - neys end
Meno mosso
f
Ped.
5
19
rit.
a tempo
mp
in lo - vers meet - ing e - very wise man's son doth know.
rit.
a tempo
3
p
5
Freely, with a lilt
24
mf
f
mp
What is love? 'tis not here - af - ter. pre - sent mirth hath pre - sent laugh - ter
Freely, with a lilt
mf
f
mp
p


Lightly, piu mosso
(♩ = c. 102)
30
rit.
p
what's to come is still un - sure. in de - lay there
Lightly, piu mosso
(♩ = c. 102)
rit.
p
35
Broadly
f
lies no plen - ty in de - lay there lies no plen - ty then come
Broadly
f
40
Meno mosso
mp
a tempo
p
rit.
(short)
kiss me. sweet and twen - ty youth's a stuff will not en - dure.
Meno mosso
mp
a tempo
rit.
(short)
pp

4. Take, O, take those lips away

from Shakespeare's Measure for Measure

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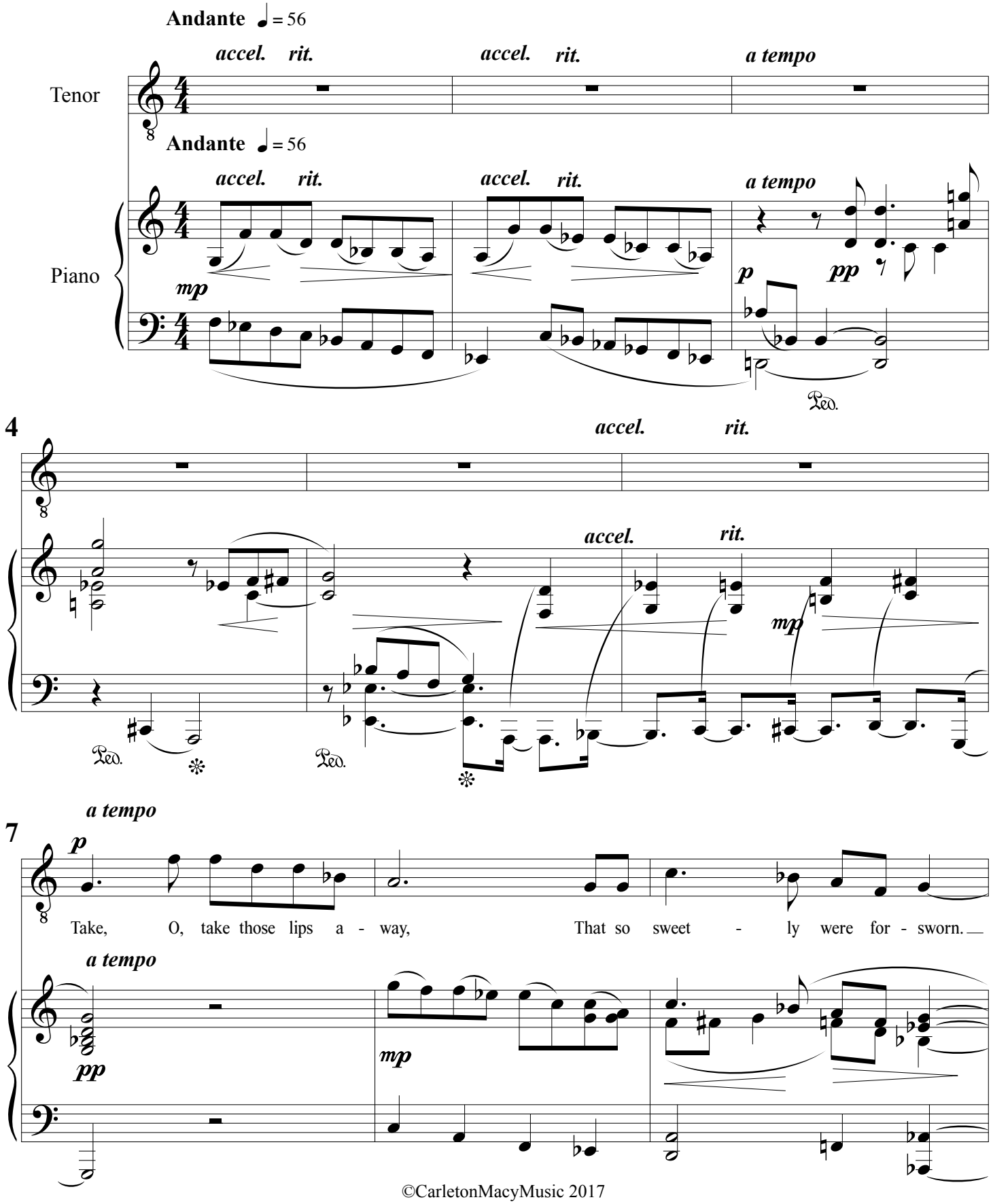

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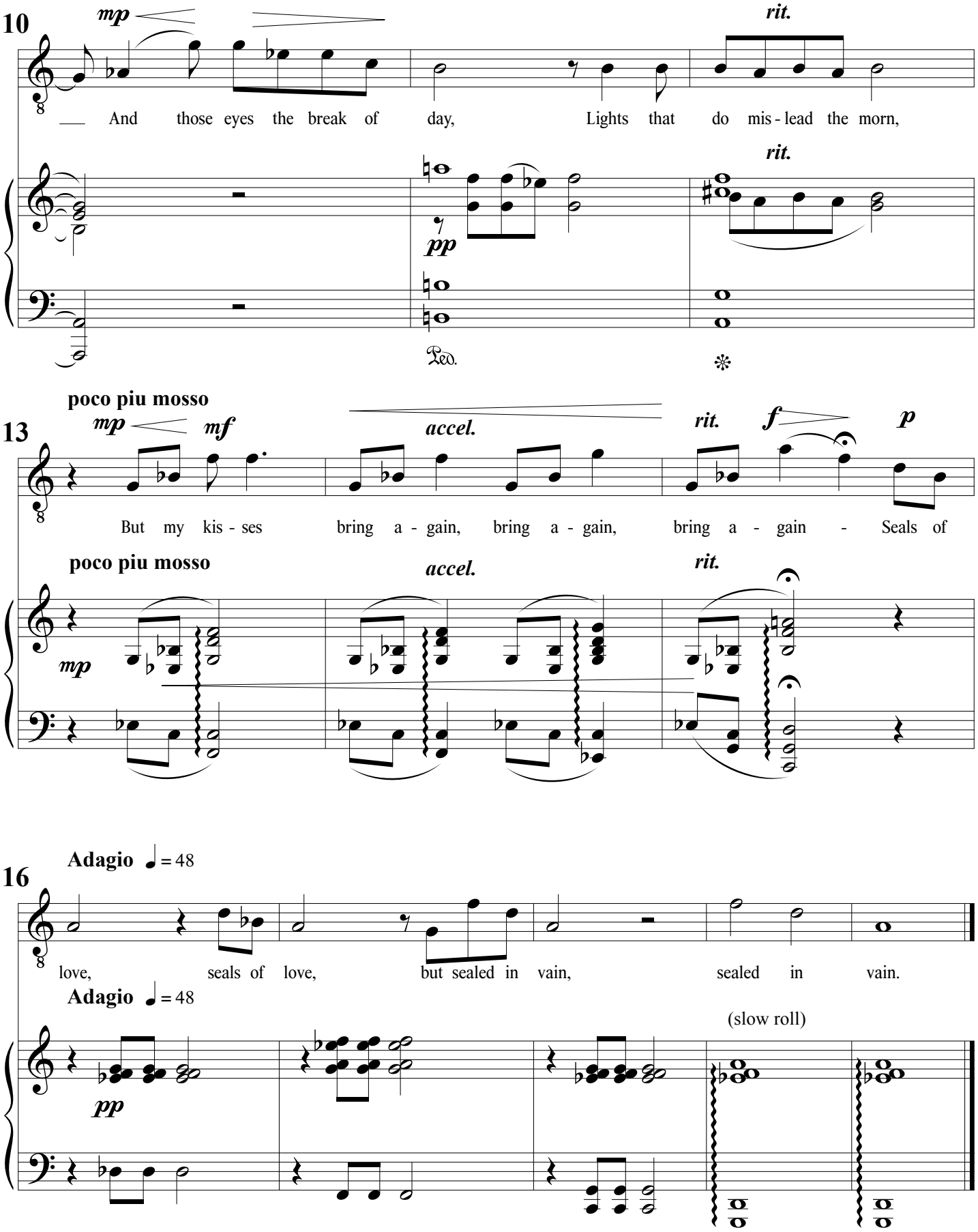
10
mp
rit.
And those eyes the break of day, Lights that do mis - lead the morn,
rit.
pp
Ped.
*
poco piu mosso
13
mp
mf
accel.
rit.
f
p
But my kis - ses bring a - gain, bring a - gain, bring a - gain - Seals of
poco piu mosso
accel.
rit.
mp
Adagio ♩ = 48
16
love, seals of love, but sealed in vain, sealed in vain.
Adagio ♩ = 48
(slow roll)
pp