The Vocal Music to Shakespeare's Plays

HAMLET

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HAMLET.

ACT IV. SCENE V.

QUEEN. How now, Ophelia!

OPHELIA. (Sings) How should I your true love know?

Moderato.

Ophelia.

How should I your true love know—From another

PIANO.

one?—By his cocked hat and staff, And his sandal shoon.

QUEEN. Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

OPHELIA. Say you? Nay, pray you, mark.

He is dead and gone, lady; He is dead and gone;

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

White his shroud as the moun-
tain snow.

Enter KING.
QUEEN. Alas, look here, my lord.
OPHELIA. (Sings)

Lar-
ded with sweet
flowers;

Which be-

wept to the grave did go

With true-

love showers.

OPHELIA. Pray you, let's have no words of this but when they ask you what it means, say you this:

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

To mor-row is St. Val-en-tine's day. All in the mor-
ing be-
time, And I a maid at your win-
dow, To be your Val-
ten-time.
LAERTES. O rose of May! etc!

OPHELIA. Should be as mortal as an old man’s life?

They bore him bare-faced on the bier; And in his grave raised many a tear.

LAERTES. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge, it could not more thus.

Oh you must sing a-dow, a-dow, As you call him a-dow-a.

OPHELIA. They say he made a good end.

For bonny sweet Rob in all my joy.

LAERTES. Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,

OPHELIA. She turns to favour and to prettiness.

And will he not come again? And will he not come again?

No, no, he is dead; Go to thy death-bed; He never will come again.

S.F.
ACT V. SCENE I.

1. CLOWN. Go, get thee to Vaughin; fetch me a soop of ligser.

(He digs and Sings)

THE GRAVE DIGGER'S SONG.

Moderato.  

In youth, when I did love, did love,

- thought was ver - y sweet - n.  

To con - trast, b, the lime, for - 

-a my be - love, O, me - thought there was so - thing meet - a. 

S.F.s
HAMLET. 'Tis e'en so: the kind of little employment hath the daintier sense.

1. CLOWN. (Sings)

A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade, for and a shrouding sheet-a— O, a pit of clay for to be made for such a guest is meet-a—

HAMLET. I will speak to this fellow!

Whose grave's this, Sirrah?

1. CLOWN. Mine, Sir. (Sings)
POLONIUS. Good Madam, stay awhile; I will be faithful.

(Reads or Sings)

HAMLET'S LETTER

Music by
R. J. R. STEVENS.

Moderato.

Doubt thou the stars are fire.
Doubt that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar.
But never doubt I love:

Doubt that the sun doth move:
Doubt truth to be a liar:
But never doubt I love:

But never doubt I love:

S. F. B

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