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JULIANA HALL

O MISTRESS MINE

12 Songs for Countertenor and Piano

on Texts from Plays by William Shakespeare

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O MISTRESS MINE was composed for countertenor Brian Asawa, who had planned to premiere it before his untimely and unexpected death. Brian's friend and colleague, countertenor Darryl Taylor, sang the premiere along with the composer at the piano, on Friday, August 5, 2016 at the Norfolk Chamber Music Festival in Norfolk, Connecticut, in memory of Brian and in commemoration of the 400th anniversary of the death of William Shakespeare.

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Cover design by David Sims.



LAWN AS WHITE AS DRIVEN SNOW

[The Winter's Tale - Act IV, Scene 4]

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 dears;
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 lasses cry:
Come buy.

IF LOVE MAKE ME FORSWORN

[Love's Labour's Lost - Act IV, Scene 2]

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

O HAPPY FAIR!

[A Midsummer Night's Dream - Act I, Scene 1]

O happy fair!

Your eyes are lode-stars and your tongue's sweet air More tuneable to lark than shepherd's ear, When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.



[Two Gentlemen of Verona - Act IV, Scene 2]

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 admirèd 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 help'd, 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.

O, MISTRESS MINE

[Twelfth Night - Act II, Scene 3]

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; Journeys 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.

IF MUSIC BE THE FOOD OF LOVE

[Twelfth Night - Act I, Scene 1]

If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again! It had a dying fall;
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour! Enough; no more.

TAKE, O TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY

[Measure for Measure - Act IV, Scene 1]

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 sealed in vain, sealed in vain.

TELL ME WHERE IS FANCY BRED

[The Merchant of Venice - Act III, Scene 2]

Tell me where is Fancy bred, Or in the heart, or in the head? How begot, how nourished? Reply, reply.

It is engender'd in the eyes;
With gazing fed; and Fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring Fancy's knell;
I'll begin it:
- Ding, dong, bell.
- Ding, dong, bell.

COME AWAY, COME AWAY, DEATH

[Twelfth Night - Act II, Scene 4]

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!

THIS IS A VERY SCURVY TUNE TO SING

[The Tempest - Act II, Scene 2]

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral: well, here's my comfort.

The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I,

The gunner and his mate

Loved Mall, Meg and Marian and Margery,

But none of us cared for Kate;

For she had a tongue with a tang,

Would cry to a sailor, Go hang!

She loved not the savour of tar nor of pitch,

Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch:

Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang!

This is a scurvy tune too: but here's my comfort.

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND

[As You Like It - Act II, Scene 7]

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

FEAR NO MORE THE HEAT O'TH' SUN

[Cymbeline - Act IV, Scene 2]

Fear no more the heat o' th' 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.

Fear no more the frown o' th' 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. Fear no more the lightning-flash, Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-stone; Fear not slander, censure rash; Thou hast finished joy and moan: All lovers young, all lovers must Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee! Nor no witchcraft charm thee! Ghost unlaid forbear thee! Nothing ill come near thee! Quiet consummation have; And renownéd be thy grave! Catalog No. 8576 5

for Brian Asawa, with admiration and affection

O Mistress Mine

for Countertenor and Piano

Lawn as white as driven snow

[The Winter's Tale - Act IV, Scene 4]



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O happy fair!



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[The Merchant of Venice - Act III, Scene 2]

Juliana Hall



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