Seven Shakespeare Settings

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poems: William Shakespeare

Seven Shakespeare Settings

When in disgrace

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When in dis-grace with Fort-une and men's eyes
I all a - lone be - weep my out - cast

Soprano

Alto

Tenor

Bass

Piano

(rehearsal only)

state
And trou - ble deaf - he - ven with my boot - less cries
And look up - on my -
Held Back

self and curse my fate

Wishing me like to one more rich in hope

and that man's scope

Desiring this man's art and that man's scope

Featured like him like him with friends possessed and man's scope

with friends possessed and man's scope
With what I most enjoy contented least
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising

With what I most enjoy contented least
almost despising

With what I most enjoy contented least
yet in these thoughts despising

With what I most enjoy contented least
de despising

Happily I think on thee and then my state
Like to the lark at break of day arising

Happily I think on thee and then my state
Like to the lark at break of day arising

Happily I think on thee and then my state
Like to the lark at break of day arising

Happily I think on thee and then my state
Like to the lark at break of day arising
That men's backs were bitter to bear

sullen earth sings hymns at heaven's gate

For thy sweet love red

mem-bred such wealth brings

That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

sullen earth sings hymns at heaven's gate

For thy sweet love red

mem-bred such wealth brings

That then I scorn to change my state with kings.
Devouring Time

make the earth devour her own sweet brood, and Pluck the keen teeth

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make the earth devour her own sweet brood, and Pluck the keen teeth

make the earth devour her own sweet brood, and Pluck the keen teeth
from the fierce tiger's jaws And burn the long-lived phoenix in her blood

Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleet'st And do what'er thou
wilt swift foot-ed Time To the wide wor-(ld) and all her fading sweets But I for-

bid thee one most heinous crime O carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow

But I for-

my love's fair brow Nor
with thine antique pen Him in thy course untainted do allow

draw no lines there with thine antique pen For

draw no lines there with thine antique pen For

Yet do thy worst old Time despite thy wrong My

beauty's pattern to succeeding men Yet do thy worst old Time despite thy

beauty's pattern to succeeding men Yet do thy worst old Time
...thine hast thy "Will"
More than enough am I that vex thee still will

-plus enough vex To thy sweet will making addition

Wilt thou is large and spacious will

thus whose will is large and spacious Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in

Wilt thou is large and spacious will

thus whose will is large and spacious Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in
Think all but one and me in that one "Will"

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought I summon up remembrance of things past.
-mem-brance of things past I sigh for lack of many a thing I sought_

mem-brance of things past I sigh

mem-brance of things past I sigh

mem-brance of things past I sigh

A Tempo 1 \( \frac{d}{=96} \)

Then can I drown an eye un-

and with new woes' new wail

my dear time's waste Then can I drown an eye un-

Then can I drown an eye un-

Then can I drown an eye un-
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone
And heavily from woe to woe tell
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone
And heavily from woe to woe tell

The sad account of forebemoaned moan
But
THE sad accounT OF forebemoaned moan
BUT

Which I new pay as if not paid before
But
Which I new pay as if not paid before
But

And

The sad account of forebemoaned moan
But

Which I new pay as if not paid before
But

Which I new pay as if not paid before
But

And

The sad account of forebemoaned moan
But

Which I new pay as if not paid before
But

Which I new pay as if not paid before
But
Waltz $\frac{3}{4}$ = 132

How oft, when thou, my music play'st

If the while I think on thee dear friend All loss-es are re-stored and sor-rows end

How oft when thou my mu-sic

Dee-ahp Dee-ahp when thou mu-sic plays how oft when thou my mu-sic

Bum Dee-ahp Dee-ahp when thou mu-sic plays how oft bum bum
music played upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds with

music played upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds with

music music played that blessed wood sounds

bum music played that blessed wood sounds

thy sweet fingers when thou gently swayest The

thy sweet fingers when thou gently swayest The

sweet sweet fingers gently swayest

sweet sweet fingers gently swayest
kiss inward
do aht
de aht
poor lips

kiss inward
do aht
de aht
poor lips

kiss the tender inward of thy hand
Whilst my poor lips which should

kiss the tender inward of thy hand

whch should reap blush--ing
stand to be

which should reap blush--ing
stand to be

that harvest reap--
At the woods--bold ness by thee blush--ing

bum bum bum bum bum bum stand
Slower

they would change their state and situation with those dancing chips

so-tick led change their state and situation with those dancing chips change their

accel............. A Tempo 1 \( \frac{d}{=132} \)

O'er whom thy fingers walk with

state with those chips dee aht doo walt O'er whom thy

state with those chips dee aht doo walt dut dah
Phlegmatic \( \frac{1}{2} = 69 \)

Weary with toil

Weary with toil. I haste me to my bed

The dear re-

pose for limbs with travel tired. But then be-
gins a jour-ney in my head—To work my mind—when bod-y's work ex-

—

solo ends

For then my thoughts from far where I a-

pi-red

solo
A bide. In tend a zealous pilgri mage to see.

T

Look on darkness.

B
which the blind do see. Save that my soul
solo
soul's imaginary sight

Presents thy shadow to my sightless view

Presented thy shadow to my sightless view
Which like a jewel hung in ghastly night
Makes black night beautiful

Like a jewel jewel hung in ghastly night
Makes black night beautiful

Which like a jewel hung in ghastly night
Makes black night beautiful

Like a jewel jewel hung in ghastly night
Makes black night beautiful

Lo thus by day my
Some glory in their birth
Some glory in their birth

[Music notation]

Elegaic

Some glory in their birth some in their skill some in their wealth some in their

bo dy's force Some in their garments new-fangled ill Some

bo dy's force Some in their garments new-fangled ill Some

bo dy's force Some in their garments new-fangled ill Some

bo dy's force Some in their garments new-fangled ill Some
in their hawks and hounds some in their horse And ev'ry humour hath his ad- junct
pleasure Where-in it finds a joy a-bove the rest But these par-tic-u-
pleasure Where-in it finds a joy a-bove the rest
pleasure Where-in it finds a joy a-bove the rest
pleasure Where-in it finds a joy a-bove the rest
lars are not my measure

Thy love is better than high

birth to me

Richer than wealth

prood-er than garments' cost

Of more de-

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light than hawks or horses be and having thee of all men's pride I boast Wretched in this a-lone

that thou mayst take all this away and me most wretched make