

SHAKESPEAREAN WOMEN Eight musical evocations for female choir or sextet (SSSAAA)

1. **The Elves** in *Midsummernight's Dream*
„You spotted snakes with double tongue“
[action & lullaby / mid tempo / Am→F# / duration: 3:30 min]
2. **The Fairy** in *Midsummernight's Dream*
„Over hill, over dale“
[dancing&moving / mid to quick tempo / Em / duration: 2:30 min]
3. **Lady Macbeth** in *Macbeth*
Invocation of Darkness – „Come you spirits“
[emotional&lively / mid tempo with accel. / Dm / duration: 3:00 min]
4. **Gertrude** in *Hamlet*
Ophelia Drowning – „There is a willow grows askant a brook“
[atmospheric with em. progr./ calm tempo / F→Dm / duration: 2:00 min]
5. **Desdemona** in *Othello*
Willow Song – „The poor soul sat sighing“
[melancholic / mid tempo / Gm / duration: 2:00 min]
6. **The Witches** in *Macbeth*
„Double toil and trouble“
[action, nasty&malicious / moved tempo / Am→Dm / duration: 6:30 min]
7. **Helena** in *Midsummernight's Dream*
„Love looks not with the eyes“
[mid-tempo / G / 5 pages / duration: 2 min]
8. **Juliet** in *Romeo and Juliet*
„Come, gentle night“
[poetical&dreamy / calm tempo / D / duration: 2'30 min]

Duration appr. 30 min.

Texts

1. **The Elves** in *Midsummernight's Dream*

You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen.
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong:
Come not near our fairy queen.

Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby:
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby.

Never harm
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh.
So, good night, with lullaby.

Weaving spiders, come not here.
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm nor snail, do no offence.

Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby:
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby.

2. **The Fairy** in *Midsummernight's Dream*

Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.

The cowslips tall her pensioners be:
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours:
I must go seek some dewdrops here
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Farewell, thou lob of spirits; I'll be gone:
Our queen and all our elves come here anon.

3. **Lady Macbeth** in *Macbeth*

Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full
Of direst cruelty. Make thick my blood.
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief. Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark
To cry "Hold, hold!"

4. **Gertrude** in *Hamlet*

There is a willow grows aslant a brook
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream.
There with fantastic garlands did she come
Of crowflowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do "dead men's fingers" call them.
There, on the pendant boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke,
When down her weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook.
Her clothes spread wide,
And mermaid-like a while they bore her up,
Which time she chanted snatches of old lauds
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indued
Unto that element. But long it could not be
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pulled the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

5. **Desdemona** in *Othello*

The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,
Sing all a green willow, willow willow willow,
With his hand in his bosom and his head upon his knee.
Oh willow, willow, willow shall be my garland.

The fresh streams ran by her and murmur'd her moans,
Sing all a green willow, willow willow willow,
Her salt tears fell from her and soften'd the stones.
Oh willow, willow, willow shall be my garland.

6. **The Witches** in *Macbeth*

1 WITCH. Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

2 WITCH. Thrice and once, the hedge-pig whin'd.

3 WITCH. Harpier cries:—'tis time! 'tis time!

1 WITCH. Round about the caldron go;
In the poison'd entrails throw.
Toad, that under cold stone,
Days and nights has thirty-one;
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot!

ALL. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and caldron bubble.

2 WITCH. Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the caldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

ALL. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and caldron bubble.

3 WITCH. Scale of dragon; tooth of wolf;
Witches' mummy; maw and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark;
Root of hemlock digg'd i the dark;
Liver of blaspheming Jew;

Gall of goat, and slips of yew
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse;
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;
Finger of birth-strangled babe
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,—
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingrediants of our caldron.

ALL. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and caldron bubble.

2 WITCH. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

7. **Helena** in *Midsummernight's Dream*

Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind;
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgement taste:
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste:
And therefore is Love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,
So the boy Love is perjured everywhere.

8. **Juliet** in *Romeo and Juliet*

Come gentle night, come loving black-brow'd night,
Give me my Romeo; and when he shall die
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.

