

E Minor

Elaine Hugh-Jones

Fear no more...

words by William Shakespeare

Song for Medium Voice and Piano

From *Cymbeline*

Fear no more the heat o' the 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 of the 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 the all-dread 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 renowned be thy grave!

William Shakespeare

Fear, no more...

Shakespeare (from "Cymbeline")

Elaine Hugh-Jones

(♩ = 72) *mf*

Fear_____ no more_____ the heat o' the sun, Nor the fur-ious

(sempre con Ped.)

6

win-ter's rag - es; Thou thy world-ly task hast done,

10

Home art gone and ta'en thy wag - es: Gold-en lads and

(con Ped.)

15

girls all must, as chim-ney-sweep-ers, come to dust.

19

mf

Fear no more the

mf

23

cresc.

frown o' the great, Thou art past the ty-rant's stroke; Care no

f

cresc.

f

26

more to clothe and eat; To thee the reed is as the oak: The

(con Ped.)

30

scep-tre, learn-ing, phys-ic, must All fol-low this, and come to

33

dust. Fear no more the

mp **piu mosso**

mp **piu mosso** *cresc.*

6 6 6