

SONGS OF ARIEL (1950)

Shakespeare

Frank Martin (1890-1974)

I.

Bow-wow...

Come unto these yellow sands (Act 1, sc.2)

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands ;
Courtsied when you have and kiss'd, -
The wild waves whist –
Foot it featly here and there,
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.
Hark, hark !
(Bow-wow !)
The watch-dogs bark.
(Bow-wow !)
Hark, hark, I hear
The strain of strutting Chanticleer
Cry, “ cock-a-diddle-dow ”.

II.

Full fathom five (Act 1, sc.2)

Full fathom five thy father lies.
Of his bones are coral made ;
Those are pearls that were his eyes ;
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell :
(Ding-dong).
Hark, now I hear them.
(Ding-dong, bell).

III.

Before you can say (Act 4, sc.1)

Before you can say, “ Come ” and “ Go ”,
And breath twice, and cry, “ So, so ”,
Each one tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow,
Do you love me, master ? No ?

IV.

You are three men of sin (Act 3, sc,3)

You are three men of sin, whom destiny –
That hath to instrument this lower world

And what is in't, - the never surfeited sea
Hath caused to belch up you, and on this island
Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad,
And even with suchlike valour men hang and
drown
Their proper selves. You fools ! I and my fellows
Are ministers of fate. The elements
Of whom your swords are tempered may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemocked at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowl that's in my plume. My fellow ministers
Are like invulnerable, if you could hurt,
Your swords are now to massy for your strengths
And will not be uplifted. But remember,
For that's my business to you, that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero ;
Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him and his innocent child for which foul deed,
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft, and do pronounce by me
Ling'ring perdition – worse than any death
Can be at once – shall step by step attend
You and your ways ; whose wraths to gard you
from –
Which here in this most desolate isle else falls
Upon your heads – is nothing but heart's sorrow
And a clear life ensuing.

V.

where the bee sucks (Act 5, sc.1)

Where the bee sucks, there sucks I :
In a cowslip's bell I lie ;
There I couch when owls do cry,
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live.