Dirge for Fidele

Words: William Shakespeare
(from "Cymbeline")

If desired, the opening verse may be sung without accompaniment.

Chris Hutchings

Dolente (dotted crotchet = 40)

Soprano

Harpsichord

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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
Dirge for Fidele

thunder stone; Fear not slander, censure rash,

Thou hast finish'd joy and moan. All lovers young, all

lovers must Con sign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorcisor bar me thee, Nor no witch-craft charm thee.
Dirge for Fidele

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If you wish to use this arrangement for profit or on a recording, please contact Chris Hutchings: email chris@hutchingsmusic.co.uk, phone 07811 395488, or post to 31 Kerse Gardens, Falkirk, Scotland FK2 9DY. For more music and arrangements, including other free arrangements, see http://www.hutchingsmusic.co.uk.