

# Though Amaryllis dance in green

Psalmes, sonets, & songs, 1588, no.12

William Byrd

Superius (Soprano)  
*The first singing part*

Medius (Alto)

Contra Tenor (Alto)

Tenor (Tenor)

Bassus (Bass)

1. Though A - ma-ryl - lis dance in green  
2. My sheep are lost for want of food,  
5. Love ye wholist, I force him not,

1. Though A - ma-ryl - lis dance in\_\_\_ green  
2. My sheep are lost for want of\_\_\_ food,  
5. Love ye wholist, I force him\_\_\_ not,

1. Though A - ma-ryl - lis dance in green, though A - ma-ryl - lis dance in green Like  
2. My sheep are lost for want of food, my sheep are lost for want of food, And  
5. Love ye wholist, I force him not, love ye wholist, I force him not, Sith,

1. Though A - ma-ryl - lis dance in green, dance in\_\_\_ green  
2. My sheep are lost for want of food, want of\_\_\_ food,  
5. Love ye wholist, I force him not, force him\_\_\_ not,

1. Though A - ma-ryl - lis dance in green, dance in green, in\_\_\_ green Like  
2. My sheep are lost for want of food, want of food, of\_\_\_ food, And  
5. Love ye wholist, I force him not, force him not, him\_\_\_ not, Sith,

S.  
Like fai - ry queen, And sing full\_\_\_ clear  
And I so wood That all the\_\_\_ day,  
Sith, God it wot, The more I\_\_\_ wail,

A.  
Like fai - ry queen, like fai - ry queen And sing full\_\_\_  
And I so wood, and I so wood That all the\_\_\_  
Sith, God it wot, sith, God it wot, The more I\_\_\_

A.  
fai - ry queen And sing full clear, full clear, and sing full  
I so wood That all the day, the day, that all the  
God it wot, The more I wail, I wail, the more I

T.  
Like fai - ry queen And sing full\_\_\_ clear Cor -  
And I\_\_\_ so wood That all the\_\_\_ day I  
Sith, God\_\_\_ it wot, The more I\_\_\_ wail The

B.  
fair - - - ry queen And sing full clear, and sing full  
I\_\_\_ so wood That all the day, that all the  
God\_\_\_ it wot, The more I wail, the more I

10

S. Cor - rin - na can, with smil - ing cheer,  
I sit and watch a herd - maid gay,  
The less my sighs and tears pre - vail;

A. clear, and sing full clear Cor - rin - na can, with smil - ing cheer, with smil - ing  
day, that all the day, I sit and watch a herd - maid gay, a herd - maid  
wail, the more I wail, The less my sighs and tears pre - vail, my tears pre -

A. clear Cor - rin - na can, with smil - ing cheer, with smil - ing  
day, I sit and watch a herd - maid gay, a herd - maid  
wail, The less my sighs and tears pre - vail, my tears pre -

T. - rin - na can, with smil - ing cheer, with smil - ing cheer, with smil - ing  
sit and watch a herd - maid gay, a herd - maid gay, a herd - maid  
less my sighs and tears pre - vail, my tears pre - vail, my tears pre -

B. clear Cor - rin - na can with smil - ing cheer, with smil - ing  
day, I sit and watch a herd - maid gay, a herd - maid  
wail, The less my sighs and tears pre - vail, my tears pre -

S. Yet since their eyes make heart so sore  
Who laughs to see me sigh so sore.  
What shall I do but say there - fore:

A. cheer, Yet since their eyes make heart so sore  
gay, Who laughs to see me sigh so sore.  
- vail; What shall I do but say there - fore:

A. cheer, Yet since their eyes make heart so sore,  
gay, Who laughs to see me sigh so sore. Hey ho, 'chill \*  
- vail; What shall I do but say there - fore:

T. cheer, Yet since their eyes make heart so sore,  
gay, Who laughs to see me sigh so sore. hey  
- vail; What shall I do but say there - fore:

B. cheer, Yet since their eyes make heart so sore,  
gay, Who laughs to see me sigh so sore.  
- vail; What shall I do but say there - fore:

\* A contraction of *ich will* (I will), presumably intended as a rustic archaism. Pronounced as written.

20

S. Hey ho, 'chill love no more,

A. Hey ho, 'chill love, hey ho, 'chill love no

A. love no more, no more, 'chill love no more, no more,

T. ho, 'chill love no more, hey ho, 'chill love no more, no

B. Hey ho, 'chill love no more, 'chill love no more, hey

S. hey ho, 'chill love no more, 'chill love no more,

A. more, 'chill love no more, no more, 'chill love no more, 'chill love

A. hey ho, 'chill love no more, no more, 'chill love no

T. more, hey ho, 'chill love no more, 'chill love no more, no more,

B. ho, 'chill love no more, hey ho, 'chill love no more, 'chill

S. 'chill love no more, no more,

A. no more, 'chill love no more, hey ho, 'chill love no

A. more, 'chill love no more, no more, hey ho 'chill love no

T. 'chill love no more, no more, hey

B. love no more no more,

30

S.   
 hey ho, 'chill love no more,

A.   
 more, 'chill love no more, 'chill love no more, no more,

A.   
 more, no more, hey ho, 'chill love, hey ho, 'chill love no

T.   
 ho, 'chill love no more, hey ho, 'chill love no more, no

B.   
 hey ho, 'chill love no more, 'chill love no more, hey

S.   
 hey ho, 'chill love no more, 'chill love no more,

A.   
 hey ho, 'chill love no more, no more, 'chill love no

A.   
 more, 'chill love no more, no more, 'chill love no more, 'chill love

T.   
 more, hey ho 'chill love no more, 'chill love no more, no more,

B.   
 ho, 'chill love no more, hey ho, 'chill love no more, 'chill

40

S.   
 'chill love no more, no more, 'chill love no more.

A.   
 more, 'chill love no more, no more, 'chill love no more.

A.   
 no more, no more, 'chill love no more, no more.

T.   
 'chill love no more, 'chill love no more.

B.   
 love no more no more, 'chill love no more.

Though Amaryllis dance in green  
 Like fairy queen,  
 And sing full clear  
 Corinna can, with smiling cheer,  
 Yet since their eyes make heart so sore  
 Hey ho, 'chill love no more.

My sheep are lost for want of food,  
 And I so wood  
 That all the day,  
 I sit and watch a herdmaid gay,  
 Who laughs to see me sigh so sore.  
 Hey ho, 'chill love no more.

Her loving looks, her beauty bright  
 Is such delight  
 That all in vain  
 I love to like, and lose my gain  
 For her that thanks me not therefor.  
 Hey ho, 'chill love no more.

Ah wanton eyes, my friendly foes  
 And cause of woes,  
 Your sweet desire  
 Breeds flames of ice and freeze in fire;  
 Ye scorn to see me weep so sore.  
 Hey ho, 'chill love no more.

Love ye who list, I force him not,  
 Sith, God it wot,  
 The more I wail,  
 The less my sighs and tears prevail.  
 What shall I do but say therefore:  
 Hey ho, 'chill love no more?

The underlay of verses 2 and 5 is editorial, the first stanza alone being printed with the music in the original publication.