Though Amaryllis dance in green

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William Byrd





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2

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





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.