

SVPERIVS.

*Je. Kent
1578*

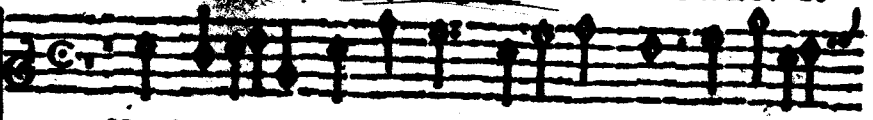
Pfalmes, Sonets, & songs of sadnes and
pietie, made into Musicke of five parts : whereof,
some of them going abroad among diuers, in vntrue coppies,
are heere truely corrected, and thother being Songs
very rare & newly composed, are heere published, for the re-
creation of all such as delight in Musick: By *William Byrd*,
one of the Gent. of the Queenes Maiesties
honorabie Chappell.



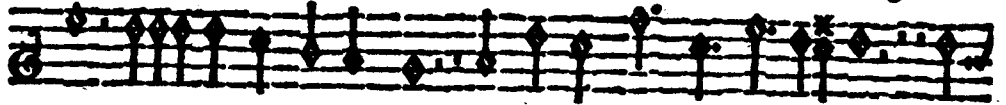
Printed by Thomas East, the assigne of W. Byrd,
and are to be sold at the dwelling house of the said T. East, by
Pauls wharfe. 1578.

Cum privilegio Regie Maestatis

XII. *The first beginning part.* SUPERIFS.



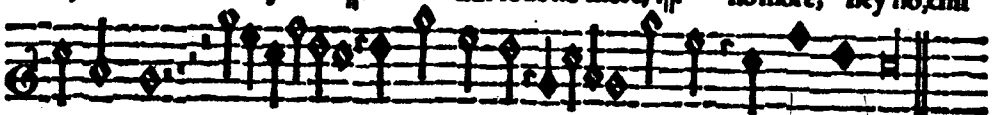
Hough *Amarillis* dance in greene, like *Fayrie Queene*, & sing full



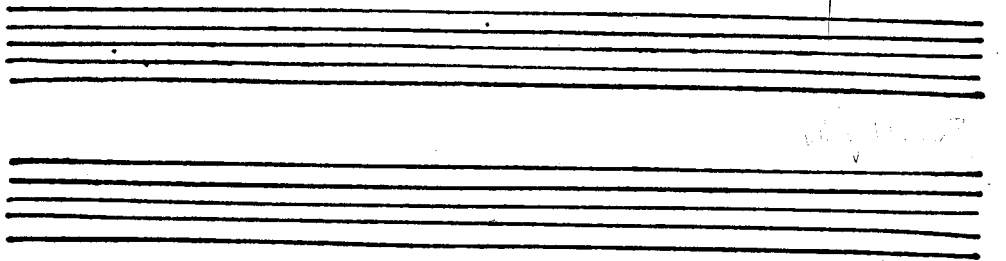
cheere, *Corina* can with smiling cheere: yet since their eyes make heart so fore, hey



ho, chil loue no more, :||: chil loue no more, :||: no more, hey ho, chil



loue no more, :||: chil loue no more, :||: no more, chil loue no more.



2 My sheepe are lost for want of foode.
and I so wood:
that all the day,
I sit and watch a heardsmaid gaye:
who laughes to see me sigh so sore,
hey ho, chil loue no more.

3 Her louing lookes, her beautie bright,
is such delight:
that all in vaine,
I loue to like, and lose my gaine:
for her that thankes me not therefore,
hey ho chil loue no more.

4 Ah wanton eyes my friendlie foes,
and cause of woes:
your sweete desire,
breeds flames of life & freeze in fires
ye skorne to see me weepe so sore,
hey ho chil loue no more.

5 Loue ye who list I force him not,
sith God it wot,
the more I wayle,
the lesse my sighs and teares preuailes
what shall I doe but say therefore,
hey ho chil loue no more.

FINIS.

Hough *Amarillis* dance in greene, like Fayrie Queene, :|| & sing
 full cleere, :|| *Cavins* can with smiling cheere, with smiling cheere, yet since their
 eyes make heart so sore, hey ho, chil loue, hey ho chil loue no more, chil loue
 no more, no more, chil loue no more, :|| chil loue no more, hey ho, chil loue no
 more, chil loue no more, chil loue no more, no more, hey ho, chil loue no more, no
 more, chil loue no more, :|| no more, chil loue no more.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 My sheepe are left for want of foode, and I so wood: that all the day, I sit and watch a heardmaid gaye: who laughes to see me sigh so sore, hey ho, chil loue no more.</p> | <p>4 Ah wanton eyes my friendlie foes, and cause of woes: your sweete desire, breeds flames of lie & freese in fire: ye skorne to see me weepe so sore, hey ho chil loue no more.</p> |
| <p>3 Her loving lookes, her beantie bright, is such delight: that all in vaine, I loue to like, and lose my gaine: for her that thankes me not therefore, hey ho chil loue no more.</p> | <p>5 Loue ye who list I force him not, fith God it wot, the more I wayle, the lesse my sighs and teares preuaile: what shall I doe but say therefore, hey ho chil loue no more.</p> |

FINIS.

XII. CONTRATENOR.


 Hough *Amarillis* dancc in greene, :||: like Fayrie Queene,
 & sing full cleere, ful cleere, & sing ful cleere, *Corina* can with smiling cheere, with smi-
 ling cheere, yet since their eyes make heart so sore, hey ho, chil loue no more, no more
 chil loue no more, no more, :||: no more, chil loue no more, :||: no more,
 hey ho, chil loue no more, no more, hey ho, chil loue, hey ho chil loue no more, chil
 loue no more, no more, chil loue no more, :||: no more, chil loue no more, no more,

- 2 My sheepe are lost for want of foode,
 and I so wood:
 that all the day,
 I sit and watch a heardmaid gaye:
 who laughes to see me sigh so sore,
 hey ho, chil loue no more.
 3 Her louing lookes, her beautie bright,
 is such delight:
 that all in vaine,
 I loue to like, and lose my gaine:
 for her that thankes me not therefore,
 hey ho chil loue no more.

- 4 Ah wanton eyes my friendlie foes,
 and cause of woes:
 your sweete desire,
 breeds flames of lie & freese in fire:
 ye skorne to see me weepe so sore,
 hey ho chil loue no more.
 5 Loue ye who list I force him not,
 sith God it wot,
 the more I wayie,
 the lesse my sighs and teares preuaile:
 what shall I doe but say therefore,
 hey ho chil loue no more.

FINIS.

Hough *Amarillis* daunce in greene, daunce in greene, like Fay-
 rie
 Queene, & sing full cheere, *Cari-* us can with smiling cheere, with smiling cheere:
 with smiling cheere: yet since their eyes make heart so sore, hey ho, chil loue no more,
 no more, hey ho, chil loue no more, chil loue no more, no more, chil
 loue no more, no more, hey ho, chil loue no more, :||: no more, hey
 ho, chil loue no more, :||: chil loue no more, chil loue no more,

- 2 My sheepe are lost for want of foode.
 and I so wood:
 that all the day,
 I sit and watch a heardmaid gaye:
 who laughes to see me sigh so sore,
 hey ho, chil loue no more.
- 3 Her louing lookes, her beantie bright,
 is such delight:
 that all in vaine,
 I loue to like, and lose my gaine:
 for her that thankes me not therefore,
 hey ho chil loue no more.

- 4 Ah wanton eyes my friendlie foes,
 and cause of woes:
 your sweete desire,
 breeds flames of life & freefe in fires
 ye skorne to see me weepe so sore,
 hey ho chil loue no more.
- 5 Loue ye who list I force him not,
 sith God it wot,
 the more I wayle,
 the lesse my sighs and teares preuaile:
 what shall I doe but say therefore,
 hey ho chil loue no more.

FINIS.

Hough *Amarillis* dance in greene, dance in greene, in greene, like
 Fay- rie Queene, & sing full cleere, & sing full cleere *Corina* can with smi-
 ling cheere, with smiling cheere: yet since their eyes make heart so sore, hey ho, chill.
 loue no more, chil loue no more, hey ho, chil loue no more, :: chil loue no
 more, no more, hey ho, chil loue no more, chil loue no more, hey ho, chil loue
 no more, :: chil loue no more, no more, chil loue no more,

- 3 My sheepe are left for want of foode. 4 Ah wanton eyes my friendlie foes,
 and I so wood:
 that all the day,
 I sit and watch a heardmaid gayer
 who laughs to see me sigh so sore,
 hey ho, chil loue no more.
- 3 Her louing looks, her beautie bright,
 is such delight:
 that all in vaine,
 I loue to like, and lose my gainer
 for her that thankes me therefore,
 hey ho chil loue no more.
- 5 Loue ye who list I force him not,
 fith God it wot,
 the more I wayle,
 the lesse my sighs and teares preuaile
 what shall I doe but say therefore,
 hey ho chil loue no more.
- FINIS.