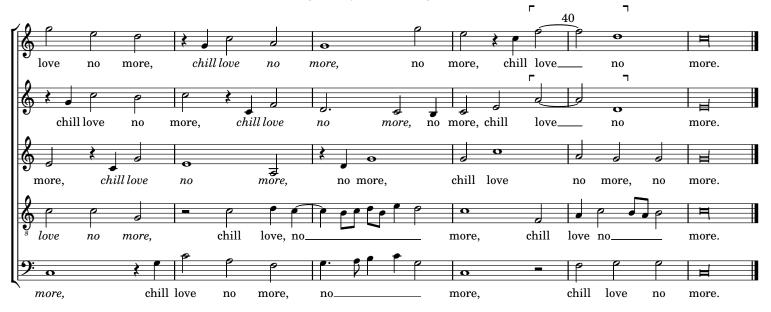
## Though Amaryllis daunce in green

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Psalmes, sonets and songs of sadnes and pietie (Thomas East press, London, 1588)







1. Though *Amarillis* daunce in green, like Fayrie Queene, and sing full clear, *Corina* can with smiling cheer: yet since their eyes make heart so sore, hey ho, chill love no more.

2. My sheep are lost for want of food, and I so would: 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.

3. 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 therefore, hey ho, chill love no more.

Note: Chill is an abbreviation of the archaic (even by Byrd's time) ich will, or 'I will'.

4. 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.

5. 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.