

# Though Amaryllis daunce in green

William Byrd (c.1540-1623)

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

*The first singing part* 5

Superius  
 Medius  
 Contratenor  
 Tenor  
 Bassus

Though **A-ma-ryl-lis** daunce in green, like Fay - rie  
 Though **A-ma-ryl-lis** daunce in green, like Fay - rie  
 Though **A-ma-ryl-lis** daunce in green, *Though A-ma-ryl-lis daunce in green,* like Fay - rie Queene,  
 Though **A-ma-ryl-lis** daunce in green, daunce in green, like Fay -  
 Though **A-ma-ryl-lis** daunce in green, daunce in green, in green, like Fay -

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Queene, and sing full clear, **Co - ri - na** can with smi - ling cheer,  
 Queene, *like Fay - rie Queene,* and sing full clear, *and sing full clear,* **Co - ri - na** can with smi - ling  
 and sing full clear, full clear, and sing full clear, **Co - ri - na** can with smi - ling cheer, with  
 - rie Queene, and sing full clear, **Co - ri - na** can with smi - ling cheer, with smi - ling  
 - rie Queene, and sing full clear, and sing full clear, **Co - ri - na** can with smi - ling

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yet since their eyes make heart so sore, hey  
 cheer, with smi - ling cheer, yet since their eyes make heart so sore,  
 smi - ling cheer, yet since their eyes make heart so sore, hey ho, chill love no more, no  
 cheer, with smi - ling cheer, yet since their eyes make heart so sore, hey ho, chill love no  
 cheer, can with smi - ling cheer, yet since their eyes make heart so sore, hey



The image shows a musical score for a song. It consists of five staves. The first four staves are vocal lines, and the fifth is a bass line. The lyrics are written below the notes. A measure number '40' is written above the first staff. The lyrics are: 'love no more, chill love no more, no more, chill love no more. chill love no more, chill love no more, no more, chill love no more. more, chill love no more, no more, chill love no more, no more. love no more, chill love, no more, chill love no more. more, chill love no more, no more, chill love no more.'

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.