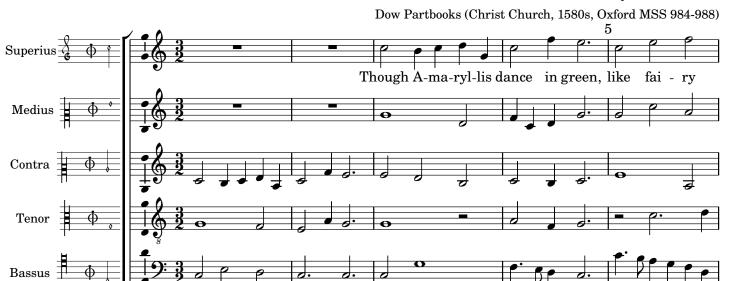
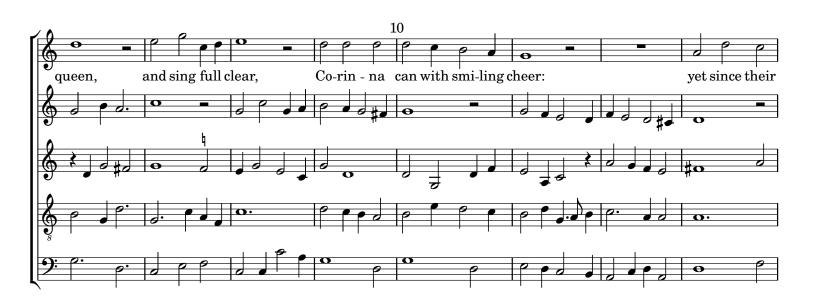
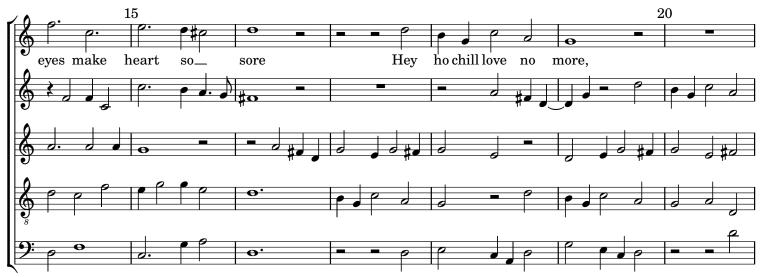
## Though Amaryllis Dance in Green

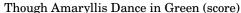
William Byrd (c.1540-1623)

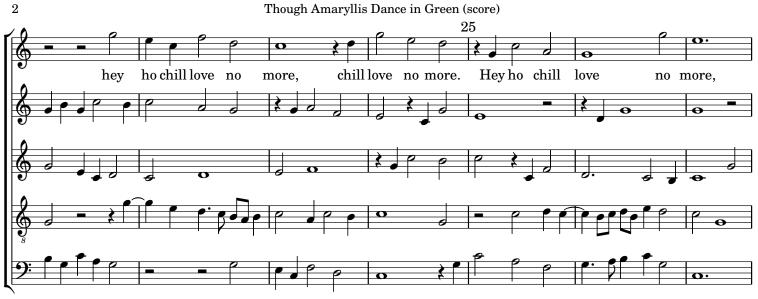






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- 1. Though Amarillis daunce in green, like Fayrie Queene, and sing full cleere, Corina can with smiling cheer: yet since their eyes make hart so sore, hey ho, chill love no more.
- 2. My sheepe are lost for want of food, and I so wood: that all the day, I sit and watch a heardmaid gaye: who laughes to see mee sigh so sore, hey ho, chill love no more.
- 3. Her loving lookes, her beautie bright, is such delight: that all in vaine, I love to like, and lose my gaine: for her that thanks mee not therefore, hey ho, chill love no more.

- 4. Ah wanton eyes my friendly foes, and cause of woes: your sweet desire, breedes flames of ice and freese in fire: yee skorne to see mee weep so sore, hey ho, chill love no more.
- 5. Love yee who list I force him not, sith God it wot, the more I wayle, the lesse my sighes and teares prevaile, what shall I doe but say therefore, hey ho, chill love no more.

Additional lyrics from 1588 Psalmes, Sonets and Songs