

Of gold all burnish'd

The first part

William Byrd (c.1540-1623)

Contratenor (part 3 of 5)

Songs of sundrie natures (Thomas East press, London, 1589)

Of gold all bur - nish'd, and bright-er than sun-beams, than sun -
beams, were those curl-èd locks u-pon her no - ble head, from whose deep con-ceits, *from whose deep*
- con-ceits my true de - ser-vings fled, where-fore these mine eyes, such store of
tears out-streams, out - streams, such store of tears out - streams. Her eyes are fair stars,
her red like Da-mask rose, Da-mask rose, her white sil-ver shine of Moon, of Moon
- on Cry-stal Stream, her beau - ty per-fect, *her beau-ty per-fect*, where-on my fan-cies dream: her
lips are ru-bies, *her lips are ru-bies*, her teeth of pearl two rows, her teeth of pearl, of pearl two rows.