

SVPERIVS.

*In Gent
1579*

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 th other being Songs very rare & newly composed, are heere published, for the recreation of all such as delight in Musick: By *William Byrd*, one of the Gent. of the *Queenes Maiesties* honorable Chappell.

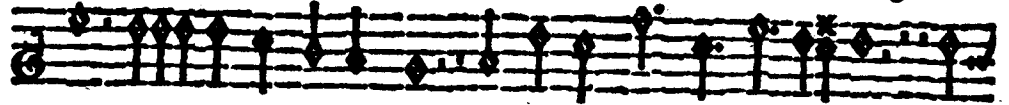


Printed by Thomas East, the assigne of W. Byrd,
and are to be sold at the dwelling house of the said T. East, by
Pauls wharf. 1578.
Com privilegio Regie Maiestatis

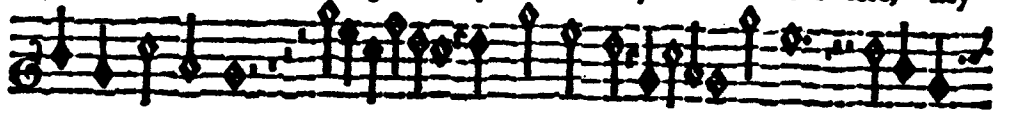
XII. *The first part.* SUPERIFS.



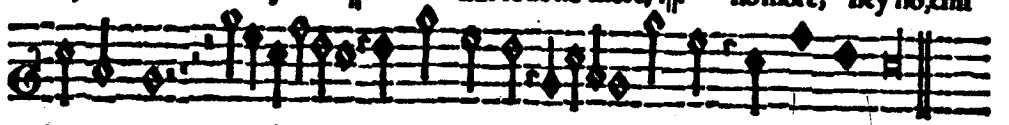
Hough *Amarillis* dance in greene, like Fayrie Queene, & sing full



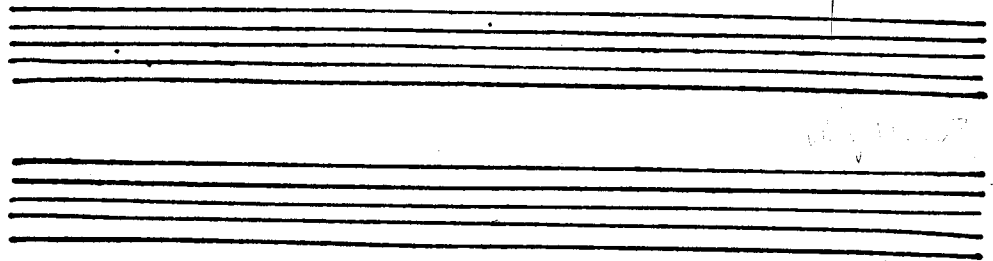
cheere, *Corina* can with smiling cheere: yet since their eyes make heart so fore, hey



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.



- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>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.</p> | <p>4 Ah wanton eyes my friendlie foes,
and cause of woes:
your sweete desire,
breeds flames of life & freefe in fire:
ye skorne to see me weepe so sore,
hey ho chil loue no more.</p> |
| <p>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.</p> | <p>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.</p> |

FINIS.

Hough *Amorellis* dance in greene, like Fayrie Queene, :||: & sing
 full cleere, :||: *Carins* can with smiling cheere, with smiling cheere, yet since their
 eyes make heart so fore, 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,

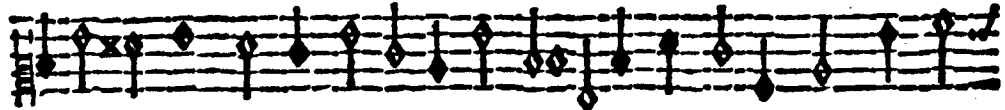
- 2 My sheepe are loft for want of foode,
 and I so wood:
 that all the day,
 I sit and watch a heardmaid gaye:
 who laughes to see me sigh so fore,
 hey ho, chil loue no more.
- 3 Her louing lookes, her beantie bright,
 is such delight:
 that all in vaine,
 I loue to like, and lose my gaine:
 for her 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 fire:
 ye shorne to see me weepe so fore,
 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, ::

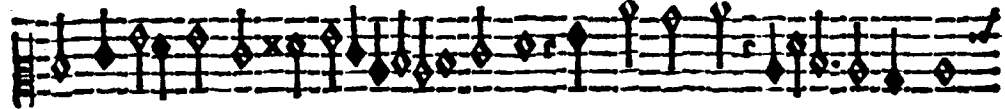
like Fayrie Queene,



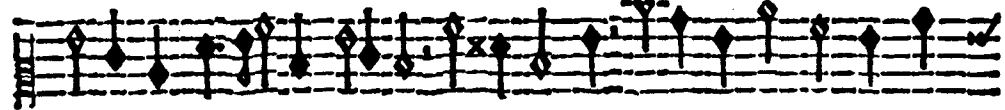
& sing full cleere, ful cleere, & sing ful cleere, *Carina* can with smiling cheere, with smi-



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 & freefe 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 prettaile:
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 cleere, *Cari-* as 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 laughs 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 lie & 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 wor,
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* daunce in greene, daunce in greene, in greene, like
 Fay- rie *Queene*, & sing full cleere, & sing full cleere *Corina* can with smil-
 ling cheere, with smiling cheere: yet since their eyes make heart so sore, hey ho, chil.
 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,

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

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21M.220 Early Music
Fall 2010

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