

In the merry spring

Allegro *p* *f*

S. I am young and de - bo - nair. Fye a -
Art thou gone, young shep-herd swain?

A. *mf* In the mer - ry Spring, A shep-herd thus did sing: I am young and de - bo - nair. Fye a -
When the Spring was o'er, The la - dy sigh'd full sore, Art thou gone, young shep-herd swain?

T. *mf* In the mer - ry Spring, A shep-herd thus did sing: I am young and de - bo - nair. Fye a -
When the Spring was o'er, The la - dy sigh'd full sore, Art thou gone, young shep-herd swain?

B. *mf* In the mer - ry Spring, A shep-herd thus did sing: I am young and de - bo - nair. Fye a -
When the Spring was o'er, The la - dy sigh'd full sore, Art thou gone, young shep-herd swain?

for rehearsal only

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way, fye a-way, fye, fye, fye! Will you love me, la - dy fair? No no no no no no no no not
Wilt thou not come back a - gain?

way, fye a-way, fye, fye, — fye! Will you love me, la - dy fair? No no no, not
Wilt thou not come back a - gain?

8 way, fye a-way, fye, fye, fye! Will you love me la - dy fair? No no no no no no no no no, not
Wilt thou not come back a - gain?

way, fye a-way, fye, fye, fye! Will you love me la - dy fair? No no no no, not
Wilt thou not come back a - gain?

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I. My free-dom is a dain - ty jew - el. Out, a-las, out, a-las, a-las, you
Too long I've born thy proud dis-dain - ing. Out, a-las, out, a-las, a-las, I

I. My free-dom is a dain - ty jew - el. Out, a-las, a - las, you
Too long I've born thy proud dis - dain - ing. Out, a-las, a - las, I

8 I. My free-dom is a dain - ty jew - el. Out, a-las, out, a-las, a-las,
Too long I've born thy proud dis-dain - ing. Out, a-las, out, a-las, a-las,

I. My free-dom is a dain - ty jew - el. Out, a - las, you
Too long I've born thy proud dis - dain - ing. Out, a - las, I

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are too cru - el! Hark, how the birds do sing; Love is a pret-ty thing,
 meant but feign-ing. Tho' 'tis no long-er Spring, Love, love is a

you are too cru - el! Hark, how the birds do sing; Love is a
 I meant but feign-ing. Tho' 'tis no long-er Spring, Love is a

are too cru - el. Hark, how the birds do sing; Love is a pret - ty,
 meant but feign-ing. Tho' 'tis no long-er Spring, Love is a pret - ty,

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love is a pret-ty thing, Fye, fye a - way, fye, fye, fye.
 pret-ty, pret-ty thing. Fye, fye a - way, fye, fye, fye! Ne'er was a youth so true;
 pret-ty, pret-ty thing. Fye, fye a - way, fye, fye, fye! I'll not say no a - gain,

pret - ty thing. Fye, fye a - way, fye, fye, fye! Ne'er was a youth so true;
 I'll not say no a - gain,

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No no no no no, no no no no no, no no no no no, not I.
 Wilt thou not let him woo? No, no no no no no, no no no no, not I.
 Try me, dear shep-herd swain? Wilt thou not let him woo? No no no no no no, no no no no, not I.
 Try me, dear shep-herd swain? Wilt thou not let him woo? No, no no no no no, no no no no no no, not I.
 Try me, dear shep-herd swain?