

Adapted by T. Oliphant/A.S.

In the merry spring

T. Ravenscroft, 1613

Allegro

S. *p*
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? *f*

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? *f*

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? *f*

*for rehearsal
only*

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

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

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

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

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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

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, you

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are meant too but cruel! feign-ing. Hark, how the birds do sing; Love is a pret-ty thing,
are meant too but cruel! feign-ing. Hark, how the birds do sing; Love, love is a
— you are too but cruel! feign-ing. Hark, how the birds do sing; Love is a
I meant but feign-ing. Hark, how the birds do sing; Love is a
are meant too but cruel. Hark, how the birds do sing; Love is a pret-ty,
meant but feign-ing. Hark, how the birds do sing; Love is a pret-ty,

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love is a pret-ty thing, Fye, fy a-way, fy, fy, fy.
pret-ty, pret-ty thing. Fye, fy a-way, fy, fy! Ne'er was a youth so true;
I'll not say no a-gain,
pret-ty, pret-ty thing. Fye, fy a-way, fy, fy! Ne'er was a youth so true;
I'll not say no a-gain,
pret-ty, Fye, fy a-way, fy, fy! 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, not I.
Wilt thou not let him woo? No, no no no no, no no no no, not I.
Try me, dear shepherd swain?
Wilt thou not let him woo? No, no no no no, no no no no, not I.
Try me, dear shepherd swain?
Wilt thou not let him woo? No, no no no no, no no no no, not I.
Try me, dear shepherd swain?