

Bass

Amyntas with his Phyllis fair

Adapted for recorders

Francis Pilkington (c.1570-1638)



A - myn-tas with his Phyl-lis fair, A-myn-tas with his Phyl-lis fair,



in height of sum-mer's sun, in height of sum-mer's sun, in



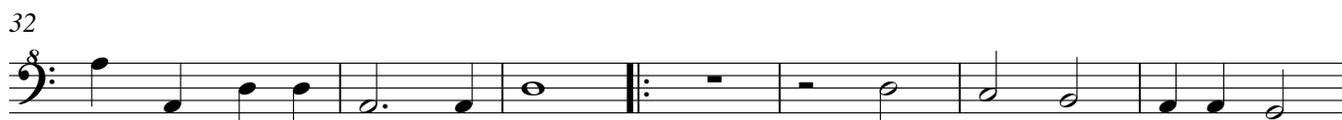
height of sum-mer's sun, Grazed arm in arm, grazed arm in arm their snow-y flock,



and scorch - ing heat to shun, to shun, Un-der a spread-ing elm sat down,



un - der a spread-ing elm sat down, Where love's de - light-ments done, where love's de -



-light-ments done, de - light - ments done, Down, down, down, dil-lie down,



down, down, down, dil-lie down, Thus did they sing, There is no life like ours, no



life like ours, No heaven on earth, no heaven on earth to



shep-herds' cells, No hell to Prince - ly Bowers. Bowers.