

# Amintor's Welladay

Henry Hughes

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British Library Add. MS 53723, f.144v  
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Chlo - ris now thou art fled a - way, A - min - tor's

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 3/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

6

sheep are gone a - stray; And all the joy he took to see

The second system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps and a 3/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

13

His pret - ty lambs run af - ter thee, Is gone, is gone, and

The third system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps and a 3/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the upper staff. A first ending bracket labeled '(1)' is placed over the bass staff between bars 15 and 16.

19

he a - lone, Sings no - thing now but well - a - day, well - a - day.

The fourth system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps and a 3/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

(1) In the thoroughbass staff, the end of bar 15 and the beginning of bar 16 are blotted out in the source. It is not clear whether the g (given here editorially) was present in the original, but the semibreves on either side of it are not dotted -- unlike every other bass note in the piece which is intended to take up an entire bar.

## Amintor's Welladay

His oaten pipe that in thy praise  
Was wont to play such roundelays,  
Is thrown away, and not a swain  
Dares pipe, or sing, within his plain;  
'Tis death for any now to say  
One word to him but welladay.

The maypole where thy little feet  
So roundly did in measures meet,  
Is broken down, and no content  
Comes near Amintor since you went.  
All that I ever heard him say  
Was Chloris, Chloris, welladay.

Upon those banks you us'd to tread  
He ever since hath laid his head,  
And whisper'd there such a pining woe,  
As not a blade of grass will grow;  
O Chloris! Chloris! come away,  
And hear Amintor's welladay.