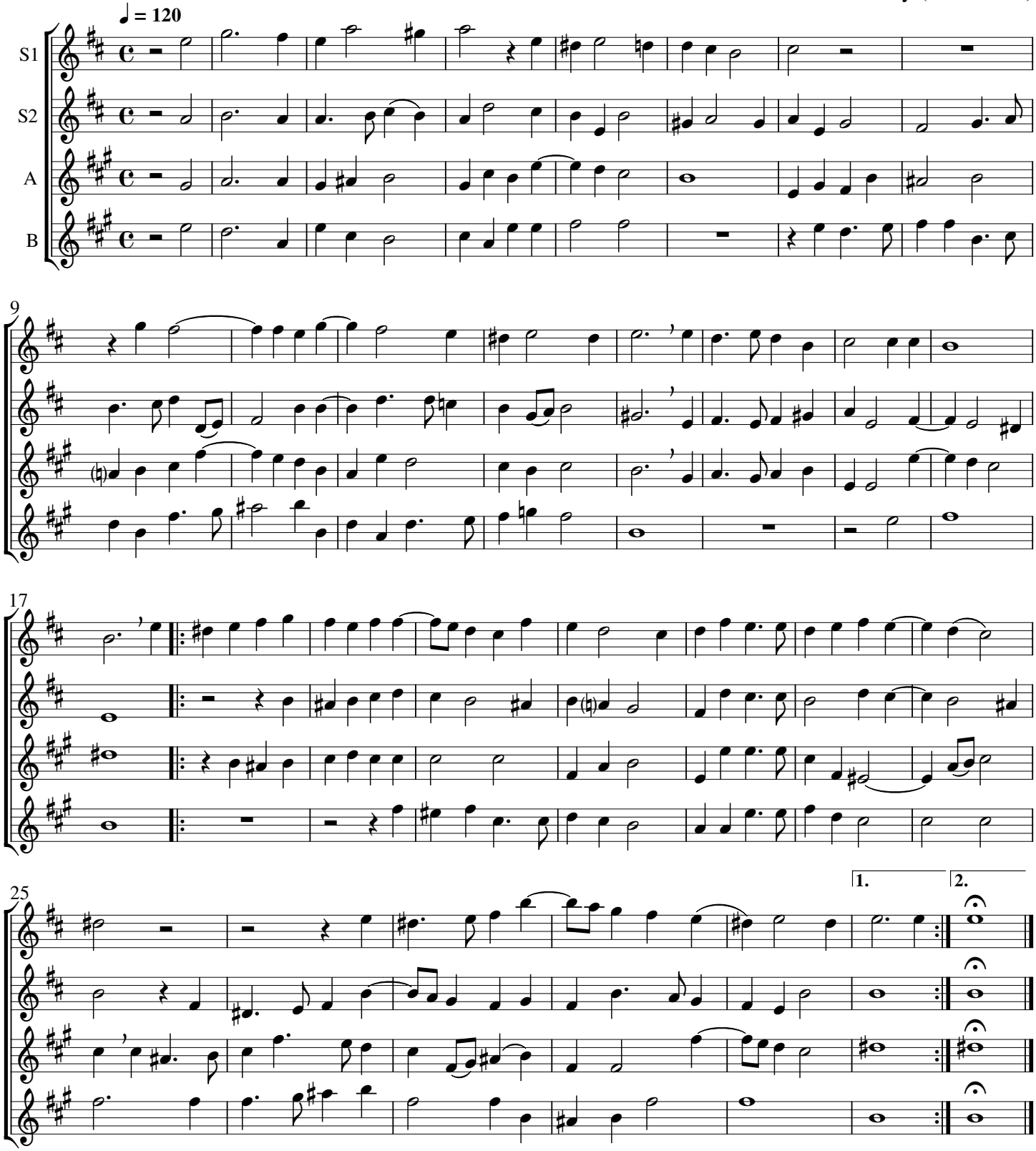
Four madrigals for SSAB

source: CPDL; set for saxophone quartet SSAB by John Kilpatrick

Among the daffadillies

Giles Farnaby (1566-1640)



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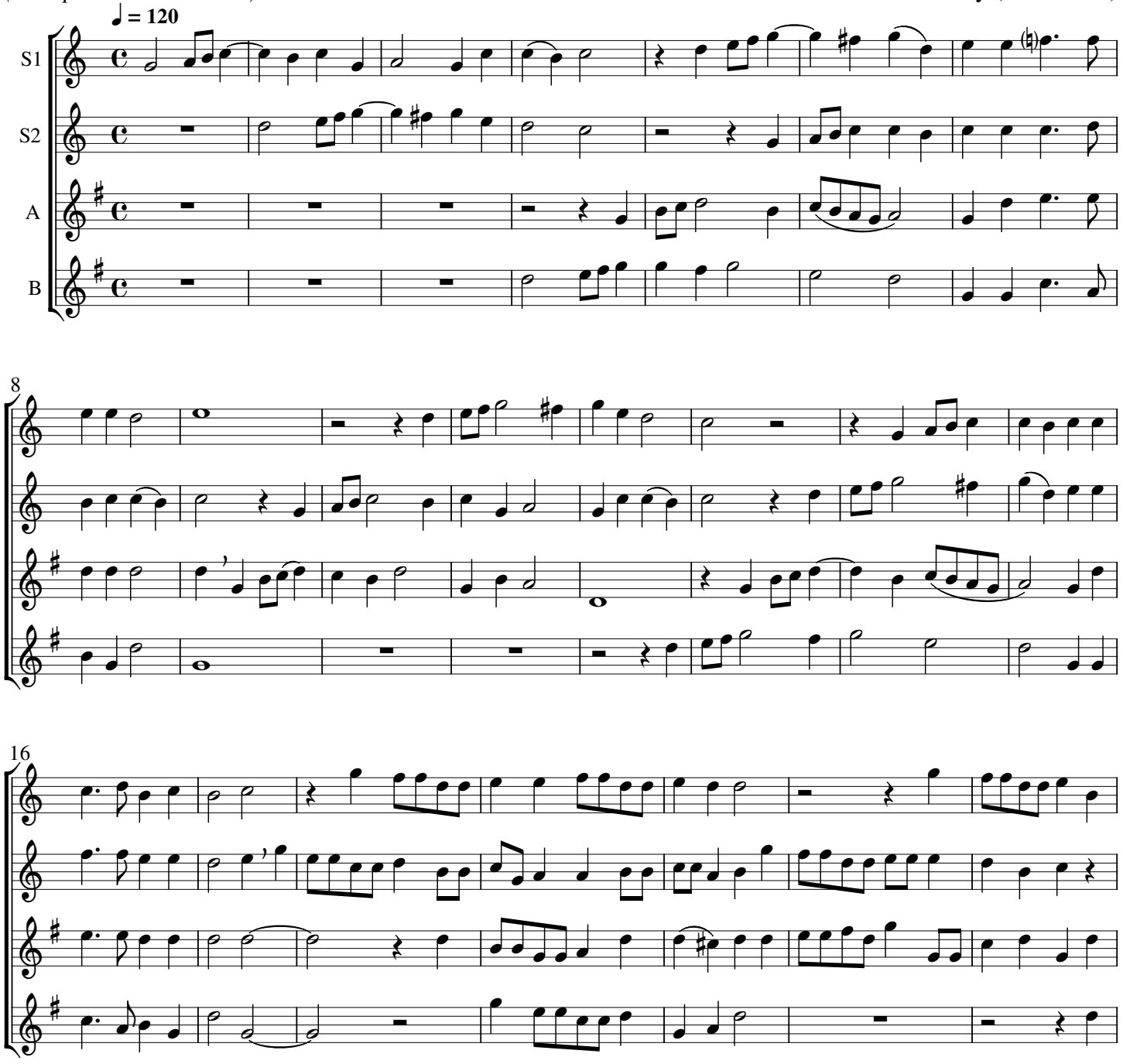
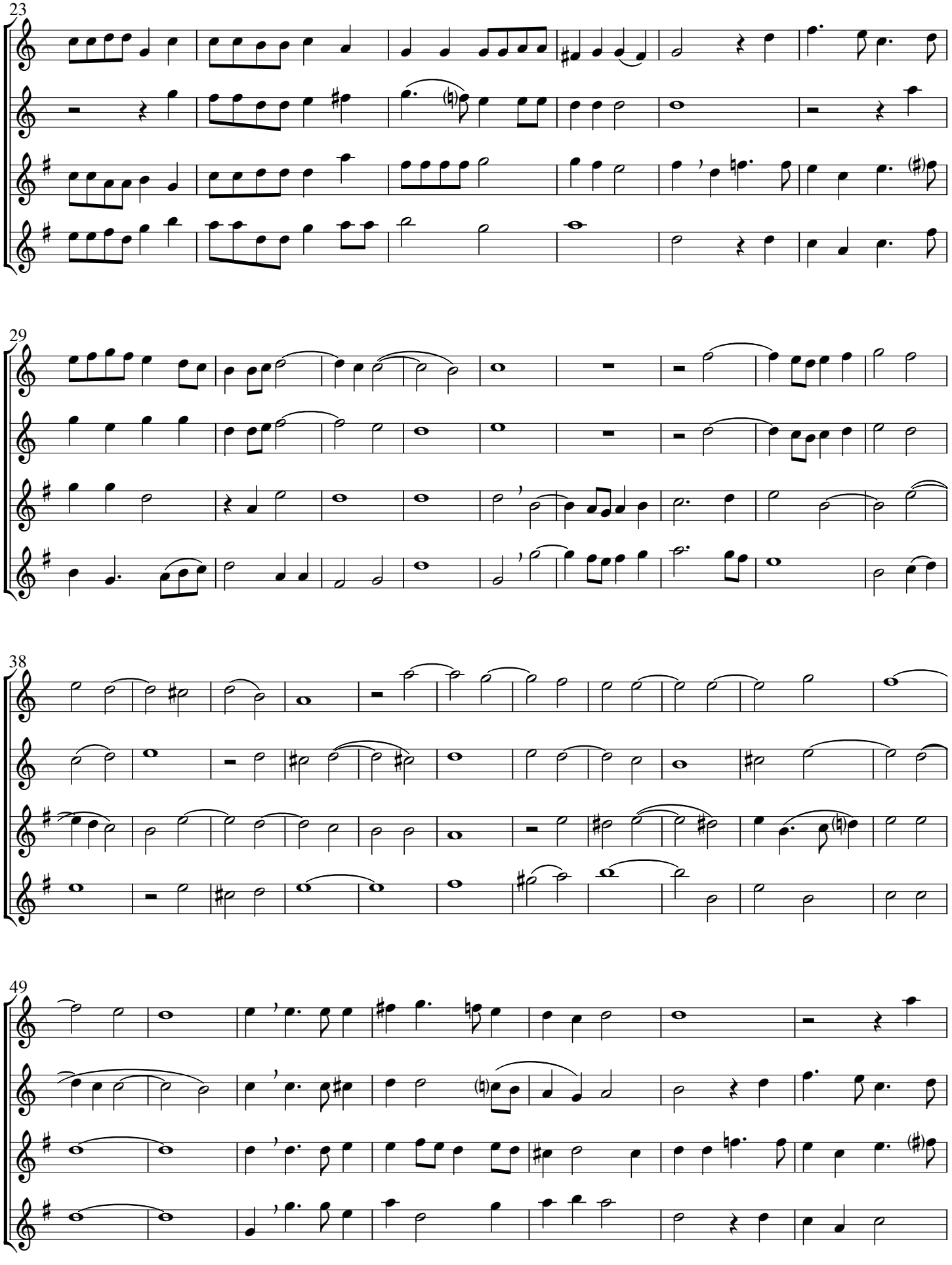
Among the Daffadillies,
and fair white spendent Lilies,
the god of Love came creeping,
where Dian's Nymphs lay sleeping;
he bent his bow but miss'd his footing,
and loosing,
lost both labour, shaft and shooting.

I will no more come to thee

(transposed down a tone)

Thomas Morley (1557-1603)

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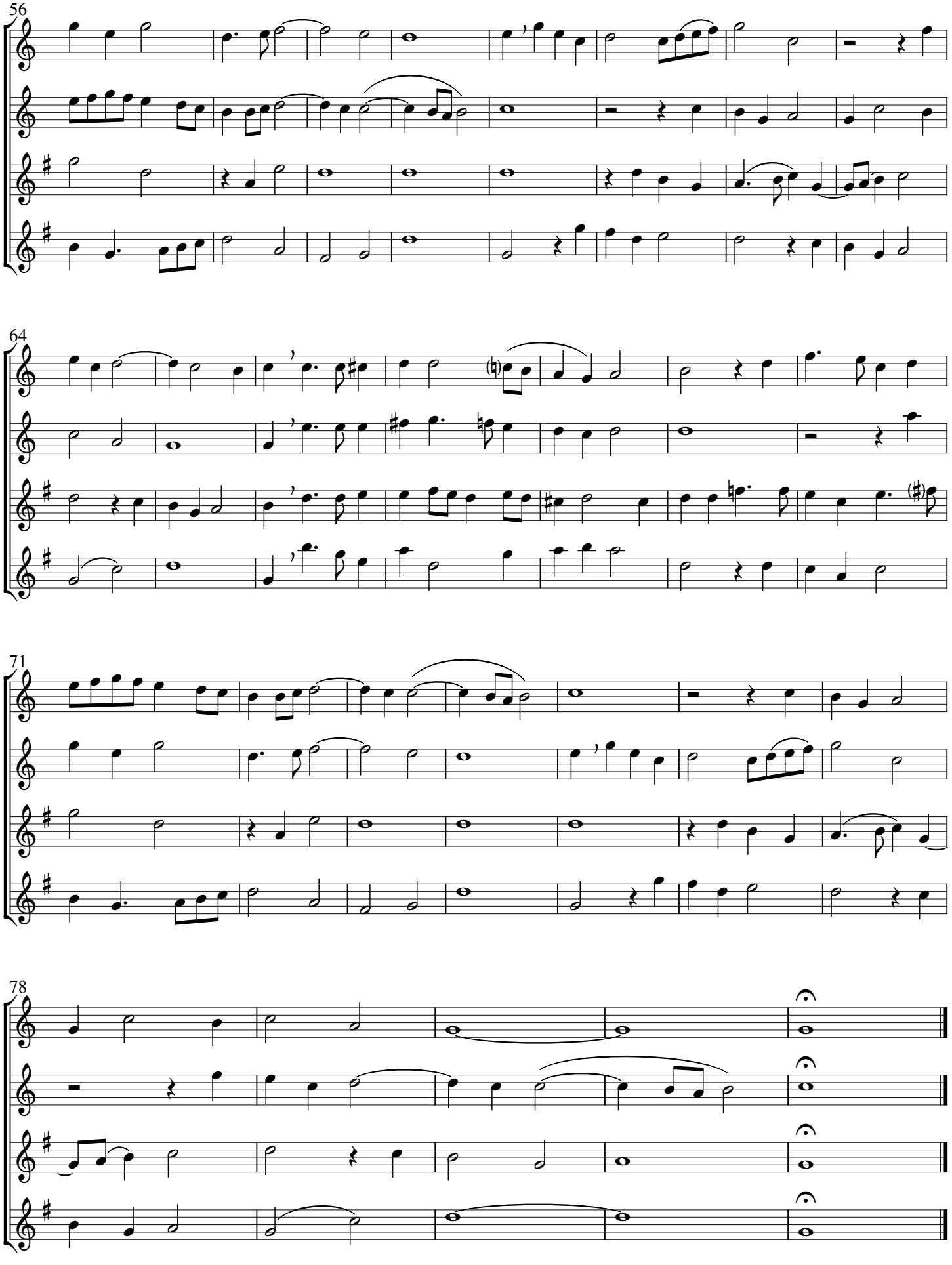
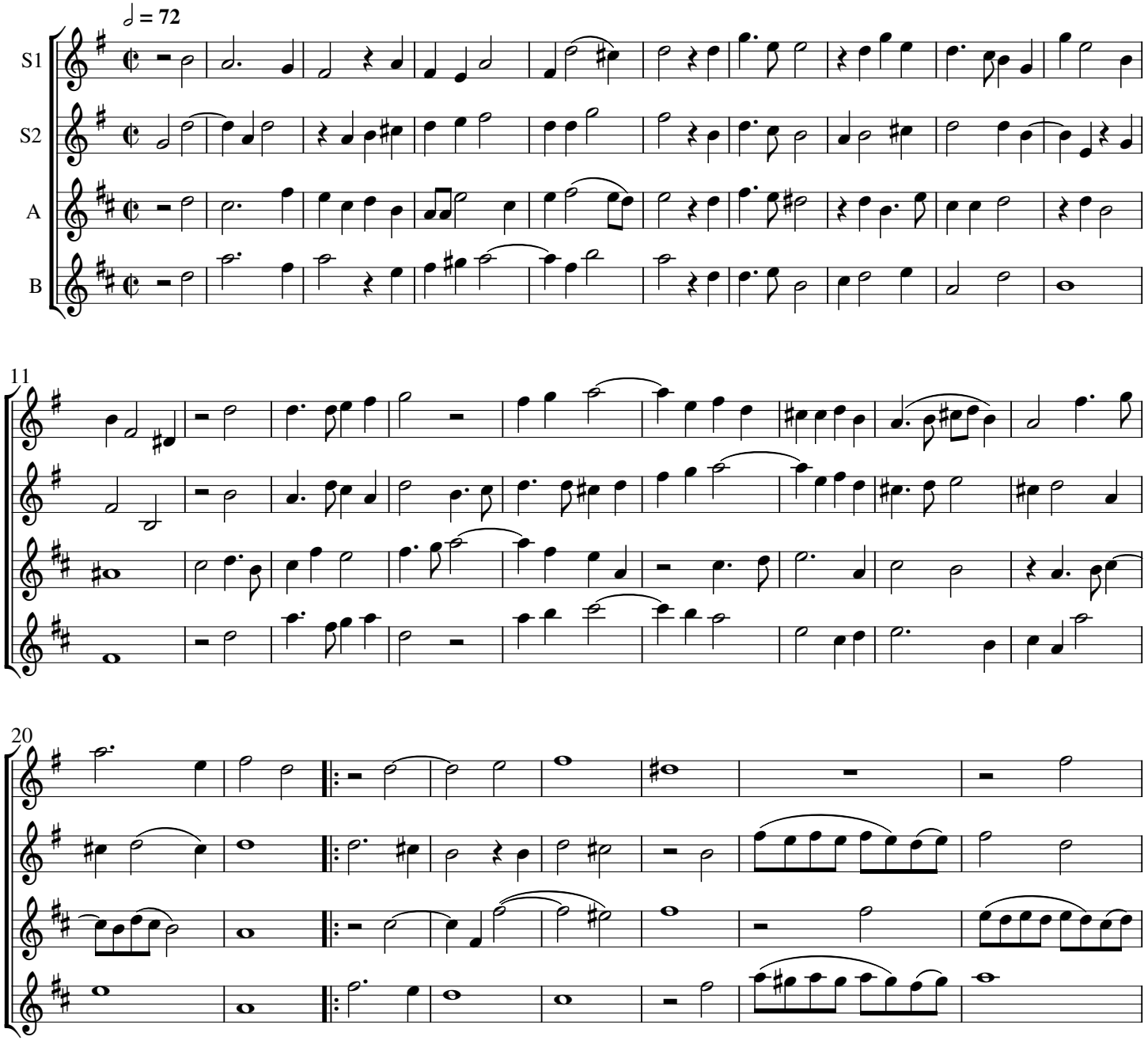
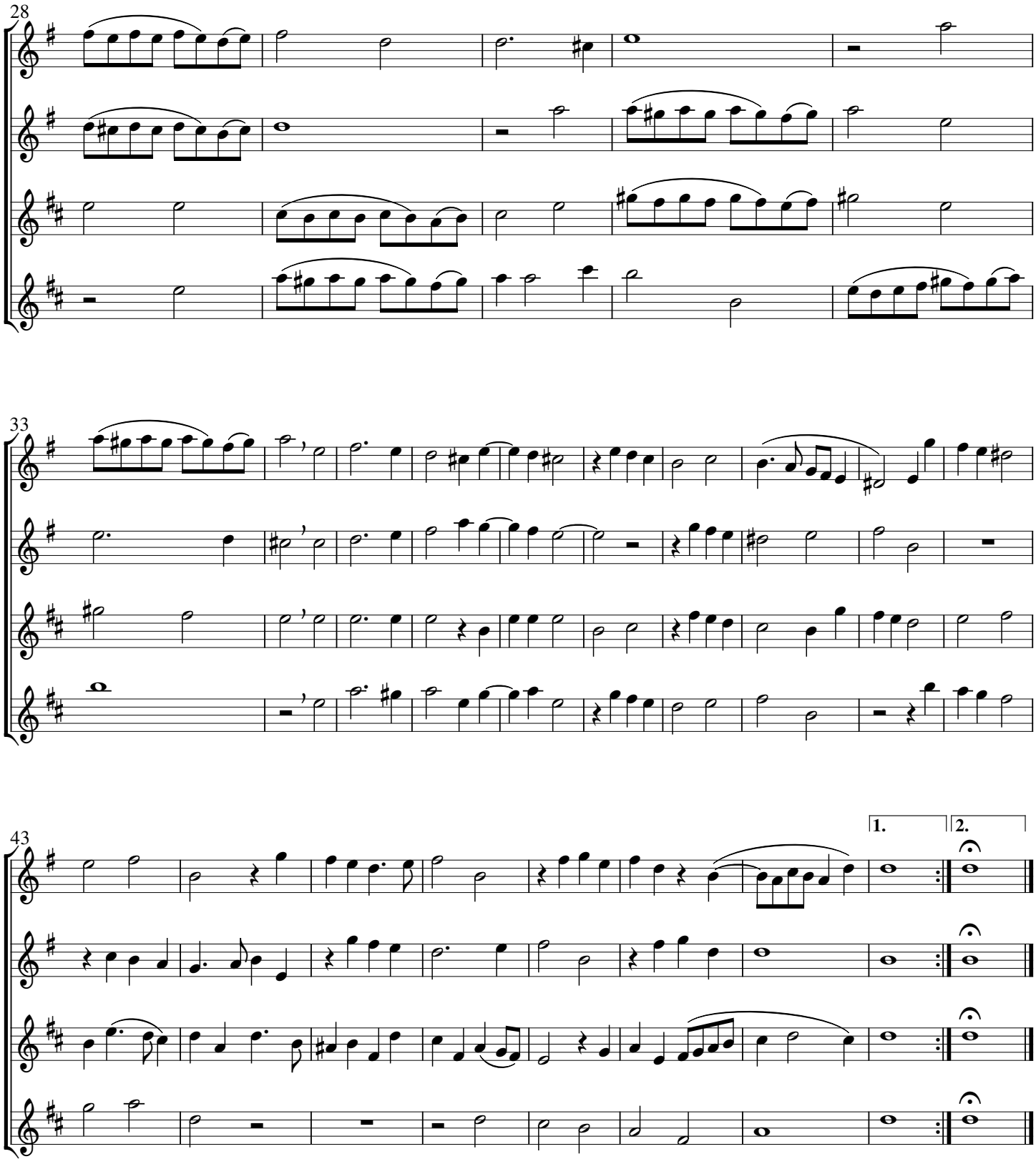


I will no more come to thee,
that floutst me when I woo thee.
Still ty hy hy hy hy thou criest,
and all my lovely rings and my pins and my gloves deniest,
O say alas, O say what moves thee
to grieve him so that loves thee?
Leave alas leave tormenting,
and give my burning yet some small relenting.

Awake mine eyes

William Byrd (1539/40-1623)

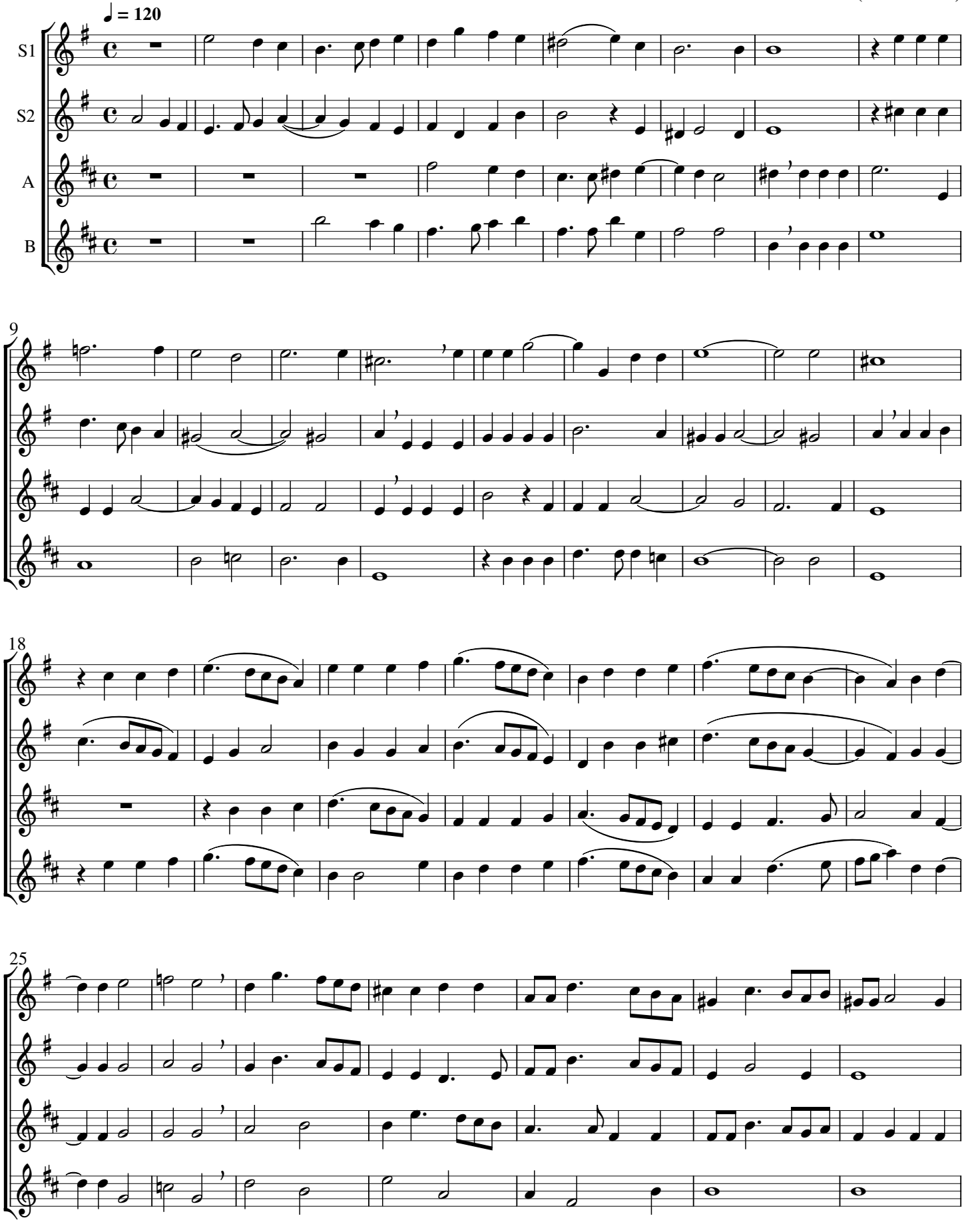


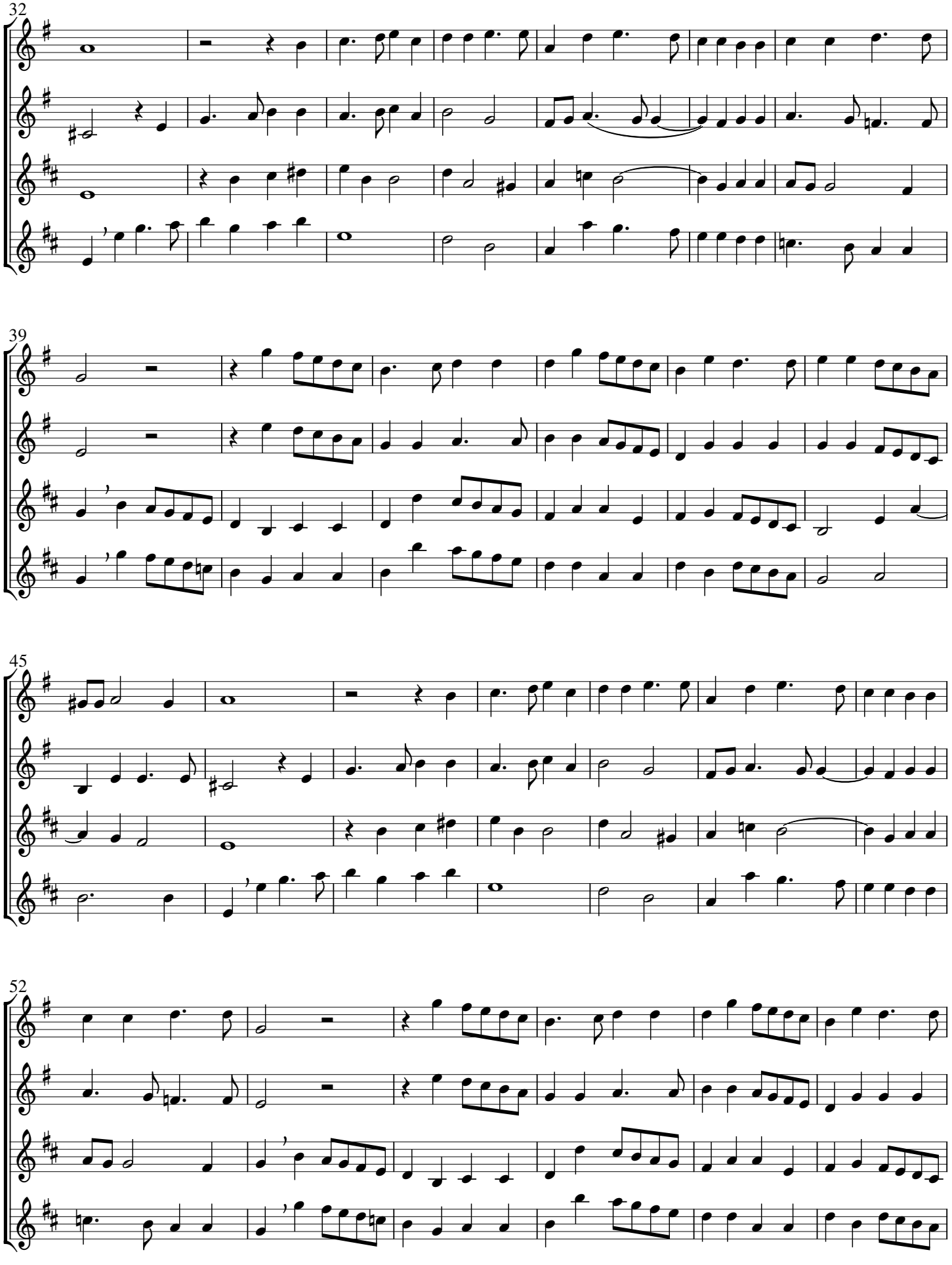


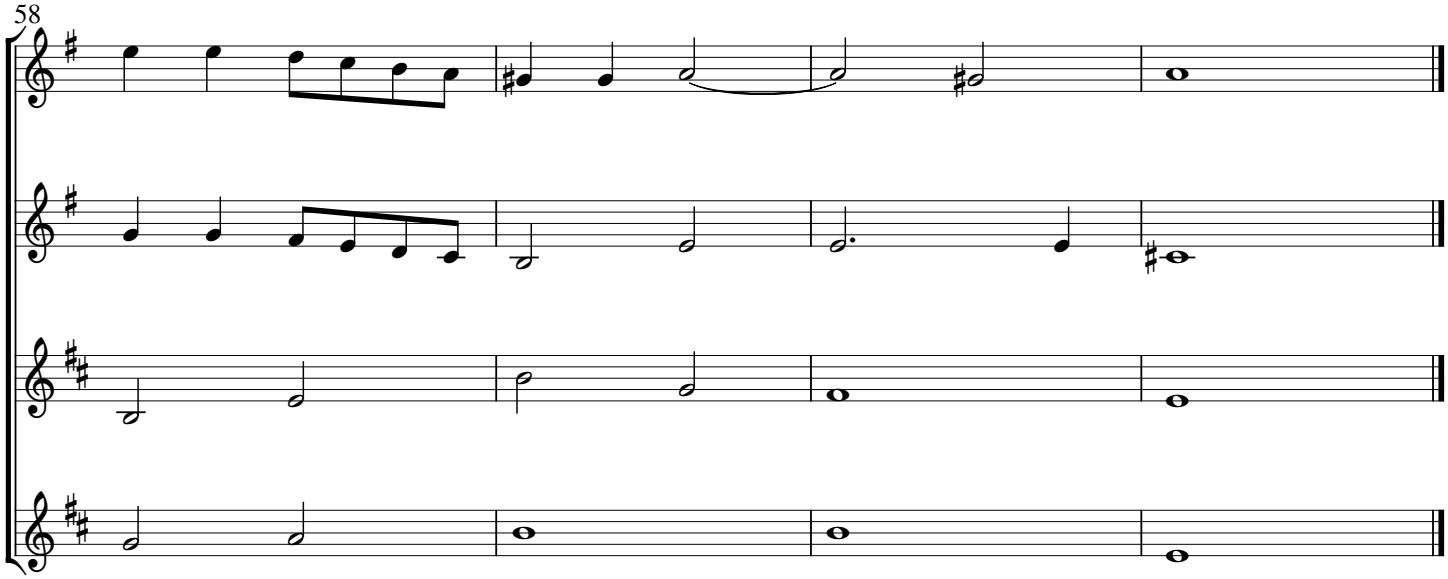
Awake mine eyes, see Phoebus bright arising,
And lesser Lights to shades obscure descending,
Glad Philomela sits tunes of joy devising,
Whilst in sweet notes, from warbling throtes
The Silvan Quire with like desire,
To her are Ecchoes sending.

Young Cupid hath proclaim'd

Thomas Weelkes (1576-1623)







Young Cupid hath proclaim'd a bloody war,
And vows revenge on all the maiden crew:
O yield, fair Cloris, lest, in that foul jar,
Thine afterpenance make thy folly rue.
And yet, I fear, her wond'rous beauty's such,
A thousand Cupids dare not Cloris touch.

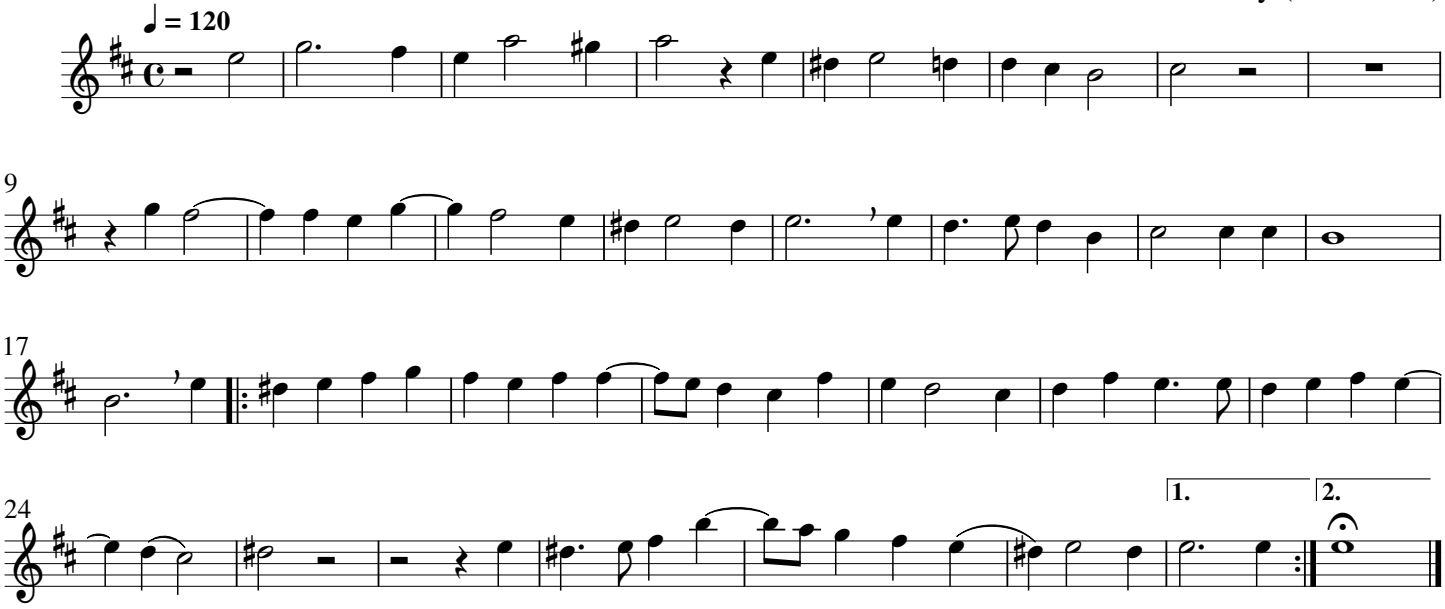
Soprano 1

Four madrigals for SSAB

source: CPDL; set for saxophone quartet SSAB by John Kilpatrick

Among the daffadillies

Giles Farnaby (1566-1640)

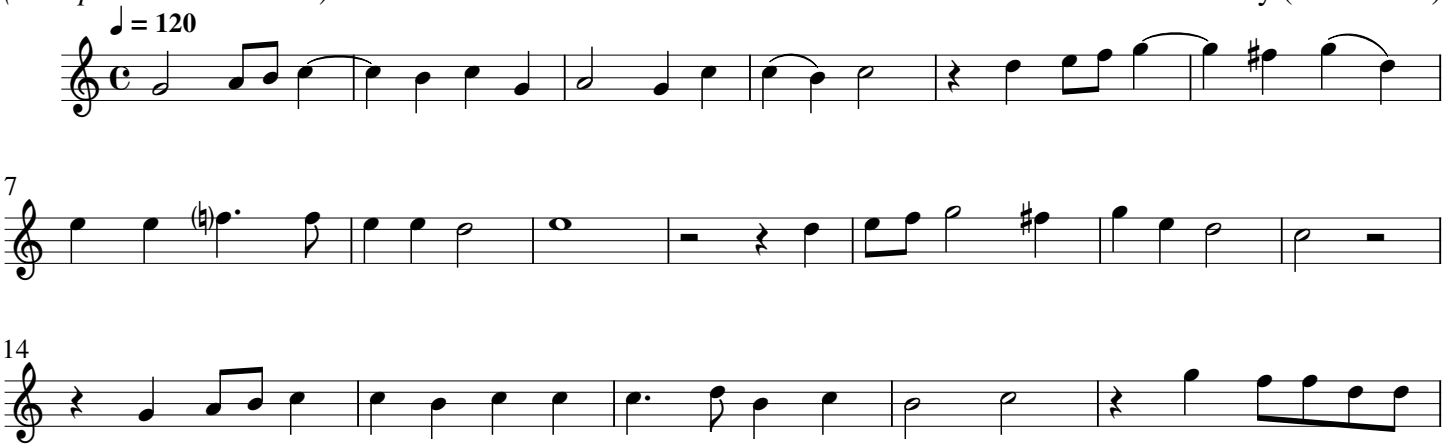


Among the Daffadillies,
and fair white spendent Lilies,
the god of Love came creeping,
where Dian's Nymphs lay sleeping;
he bent his bow but miss'd his footing,
and loosing,
lost both labour, shaft and shooting.

I will no more come to thee

(transposed down a tone)

Thomas Morley (1557-1603)



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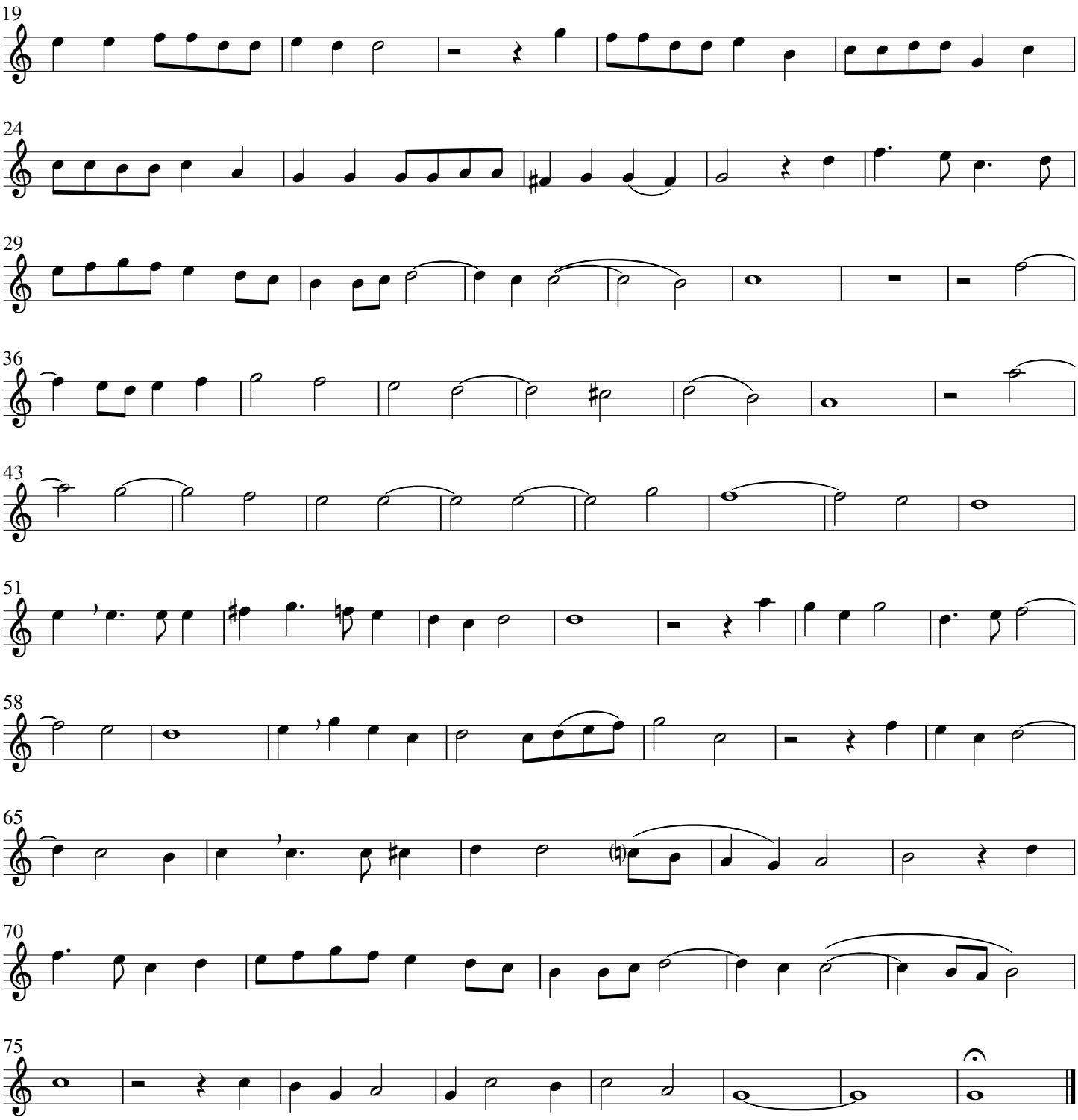
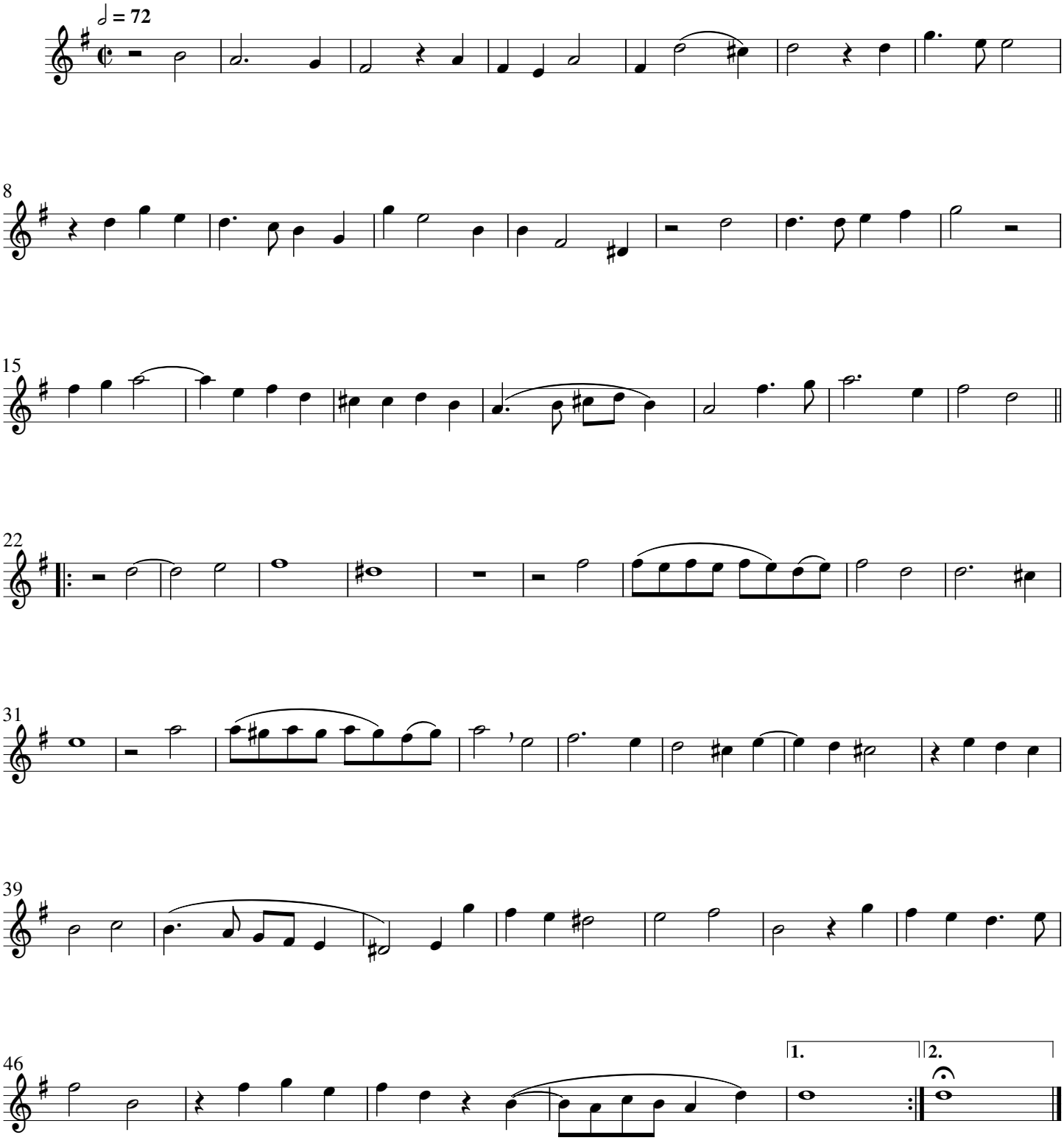


I will no more come to thee,
that floutst me when I woo thee.
Still ty hy hy hy hy thou criest,
and all my lovely rings and my pins and my gloves deniest,
O say alas, O say what moves thee
to grieve him so that loves thee?
Leave alas leave tormenting,
and give my burning yet some small relenting.

Awake mine eyes

William Byrd (1539/40-1623)



Awake mine eyes, see Phoebus bright arising,
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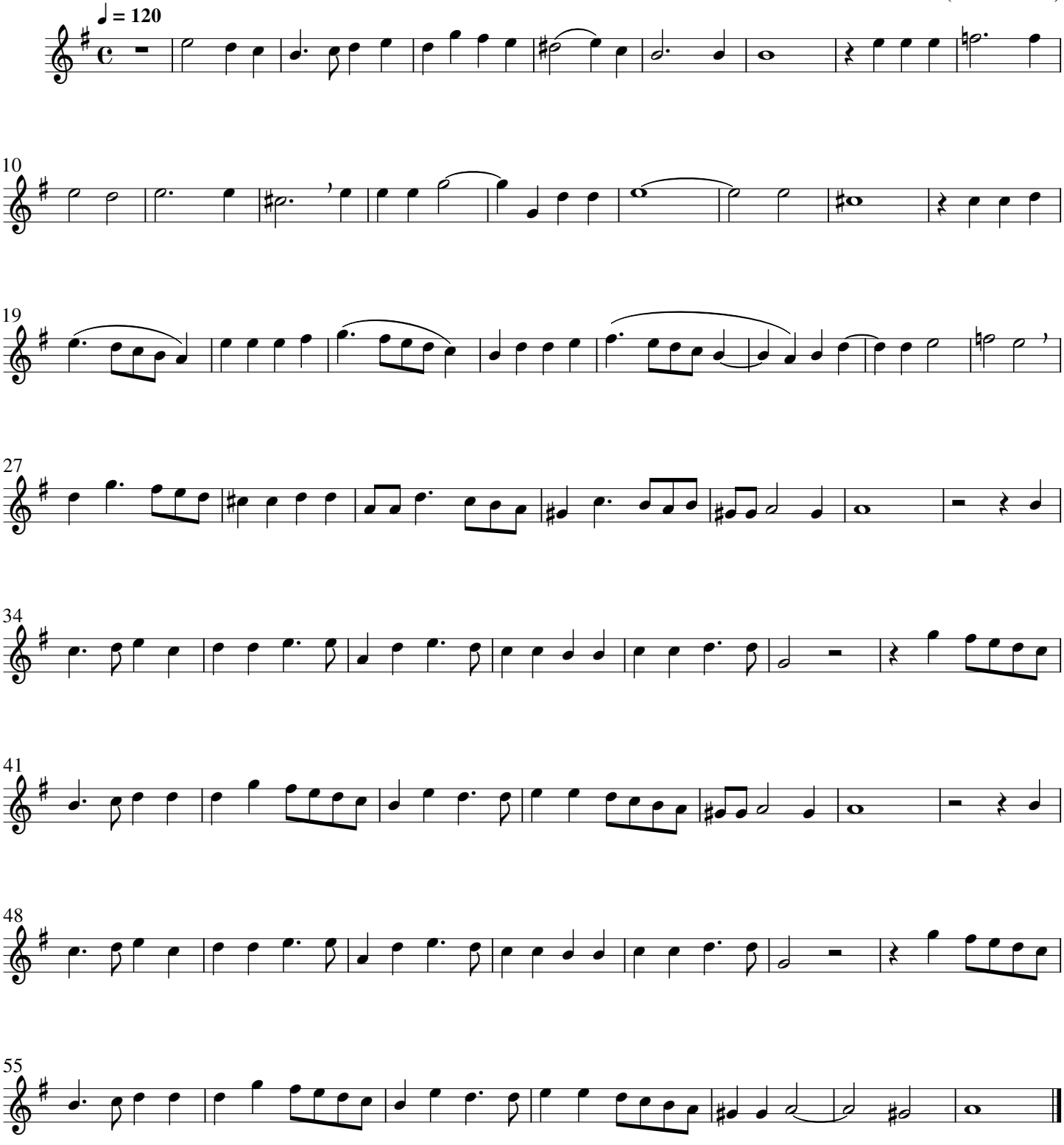
Whilst in sweet notes, from warbling throtes
The Silvan Quire with like desire,
To her are Ecchoes sending.

Young Cupid hath proclaim'd

Thomas Weelkes (1576-1623)



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O yield, fair Cloris, lest, in that foul jar,
Thine afterpenance make thy folly rue.
And yet, I fear, her wond'rous beauty's such,
A thousand Cupids dare not Cloris touch.

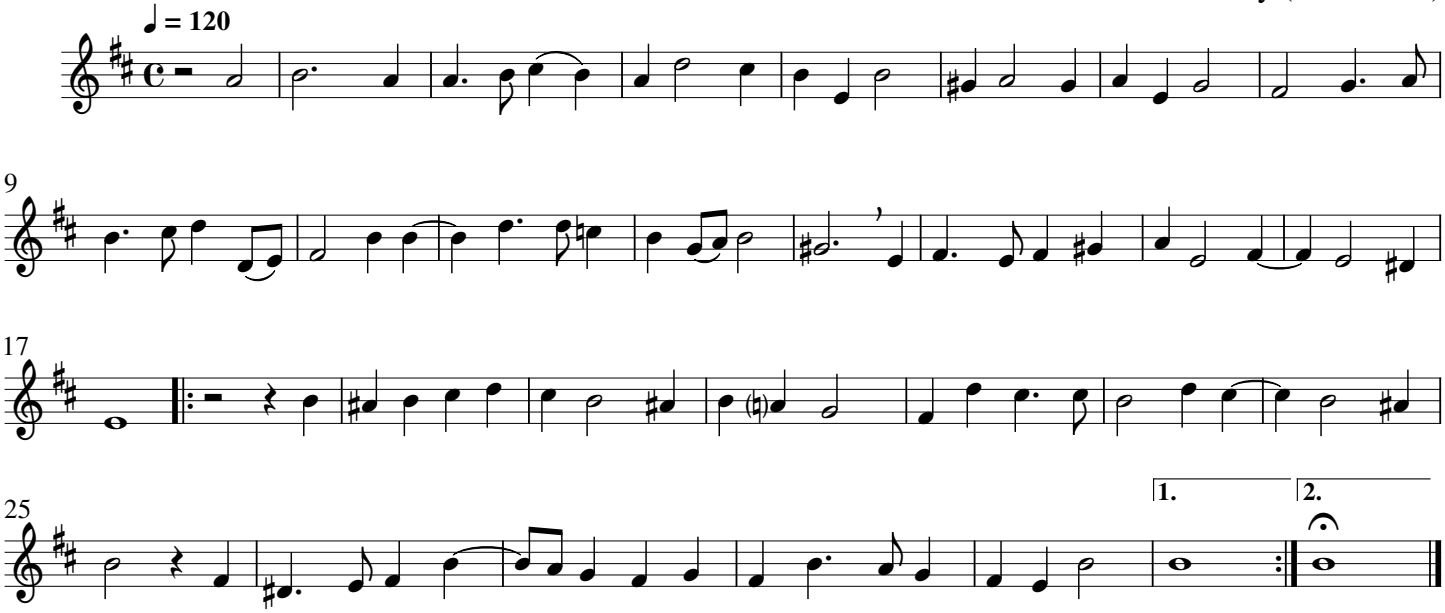
Soprano 2

Four madrigals for SSAB

source: CPDL; set for saxophone quartet SSAB by John Kilpatrick

Among the daffadillies

Giles Farnaby (1566-1640)



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and loosing,
lost both labour, shaft and shooting.

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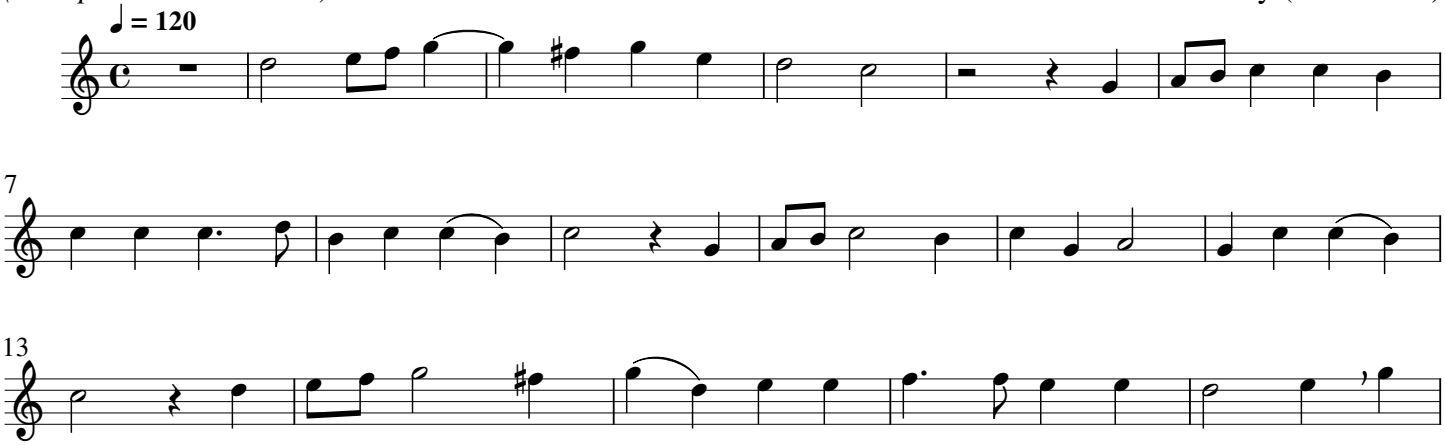
(transposed down a tone)

Thomas Morley (1557-1603)



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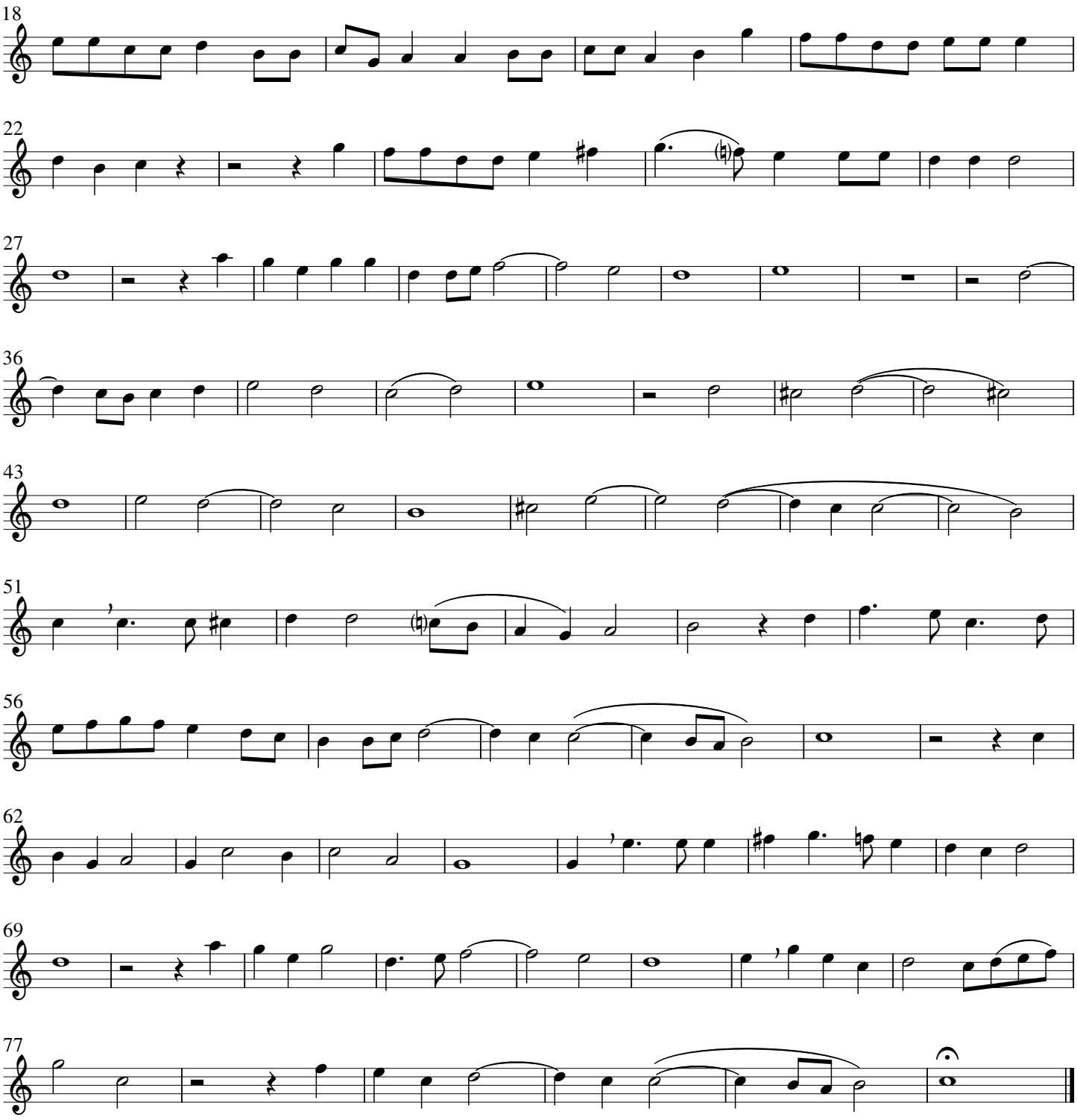

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Leave alas leave tormenting,
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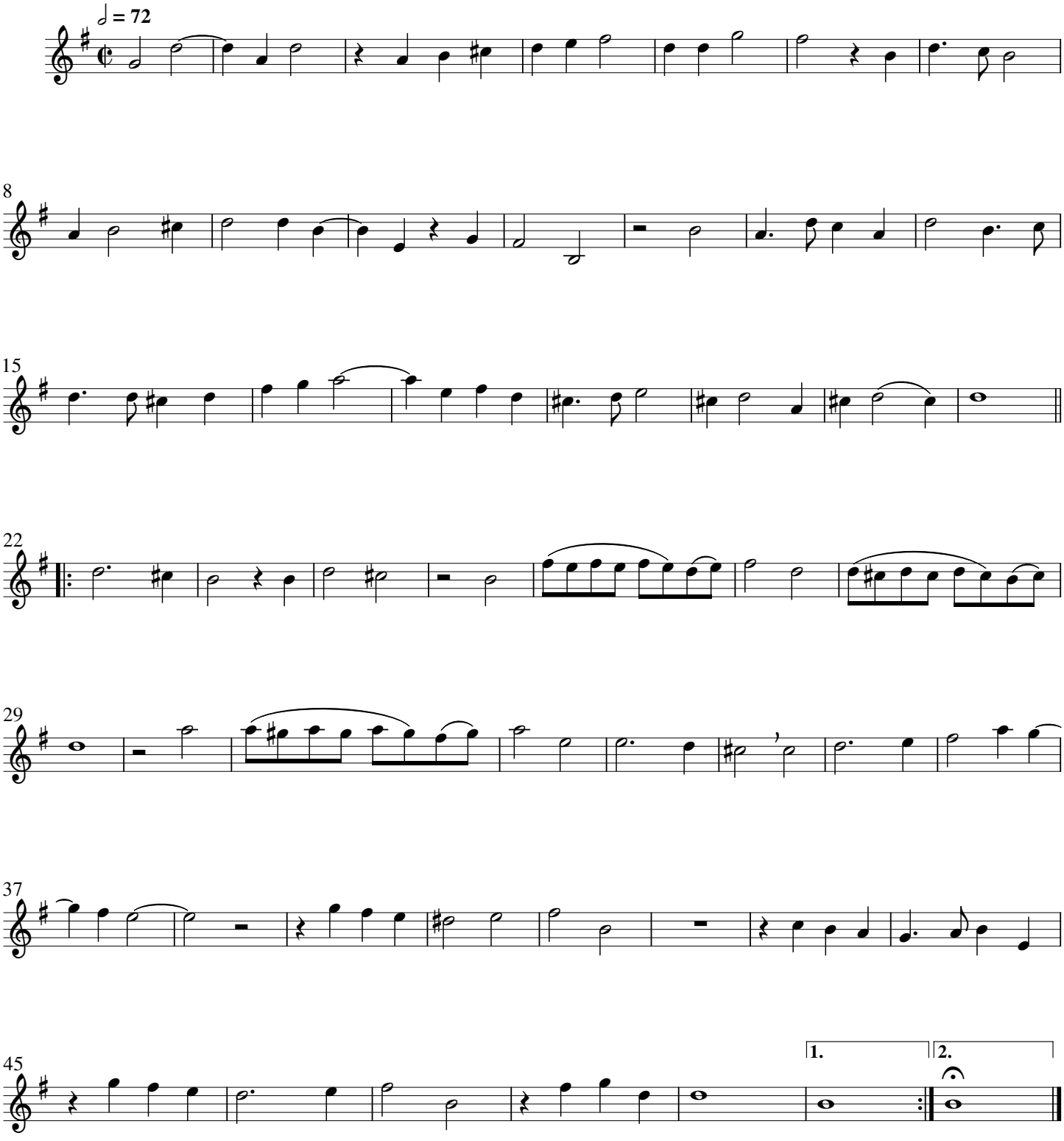

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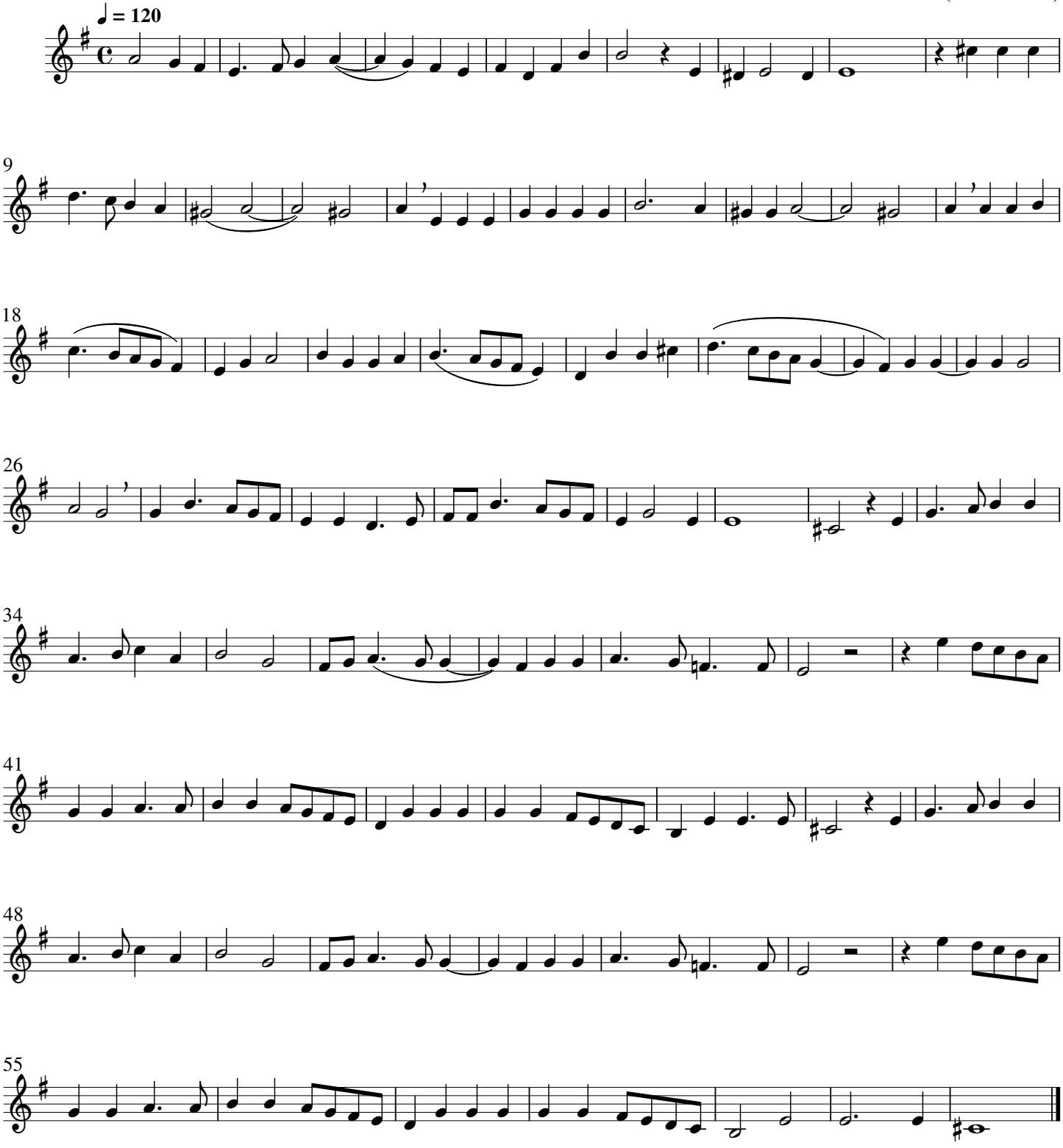

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And yet, I fear, her wond'rous beauty's such,
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Alto

Four madrigals for SSAB

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Among the daffadillies

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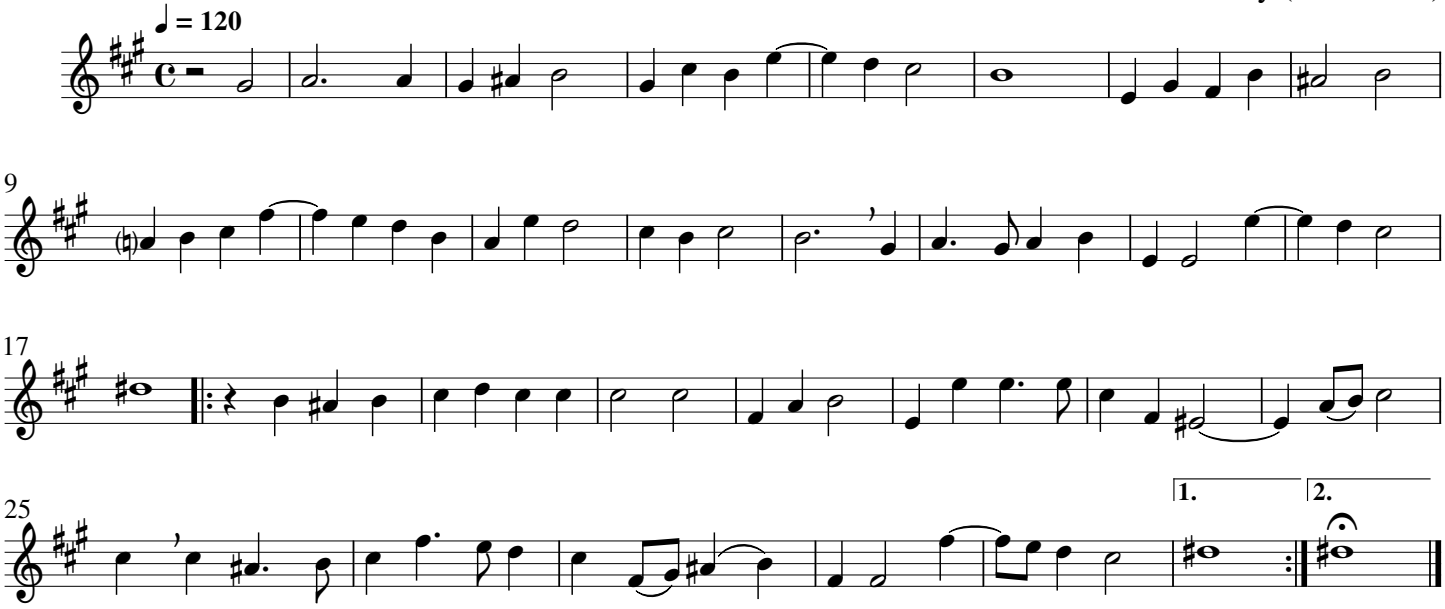

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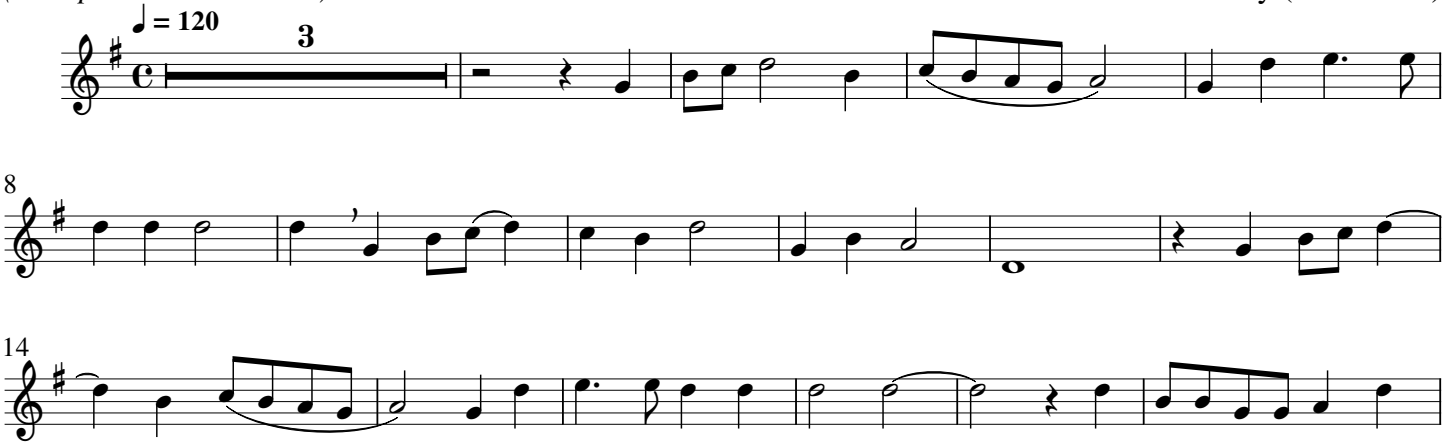

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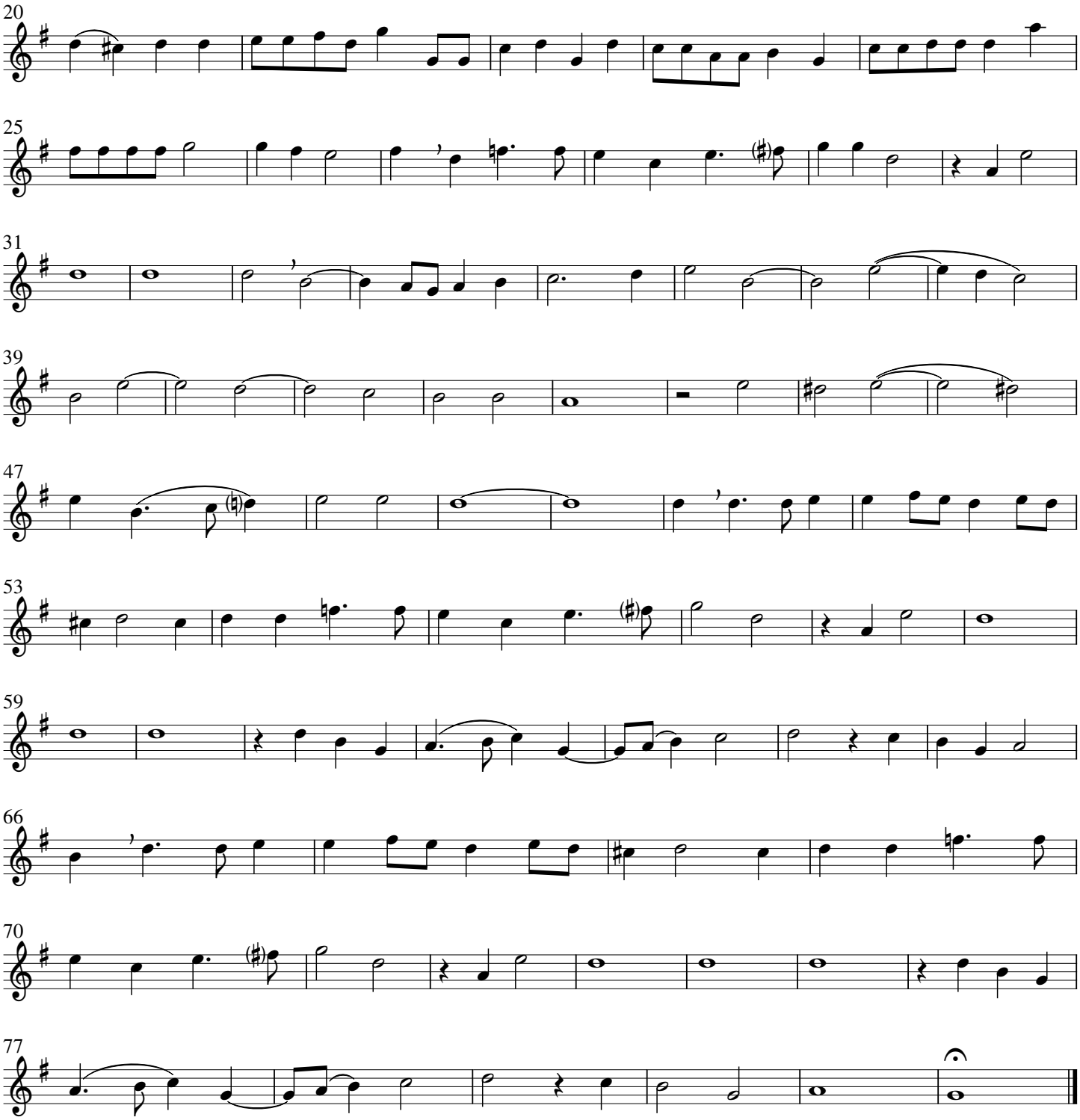

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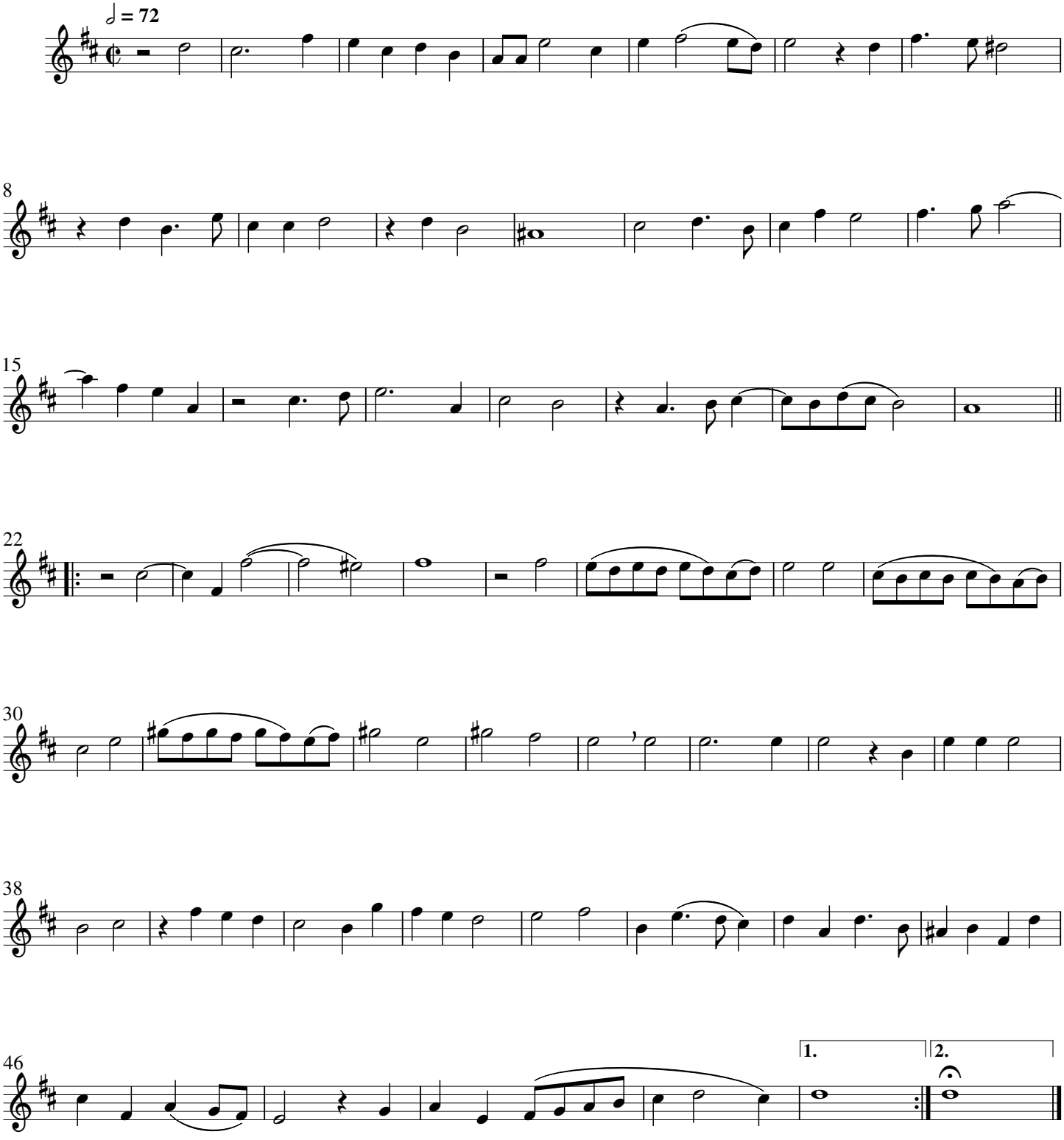

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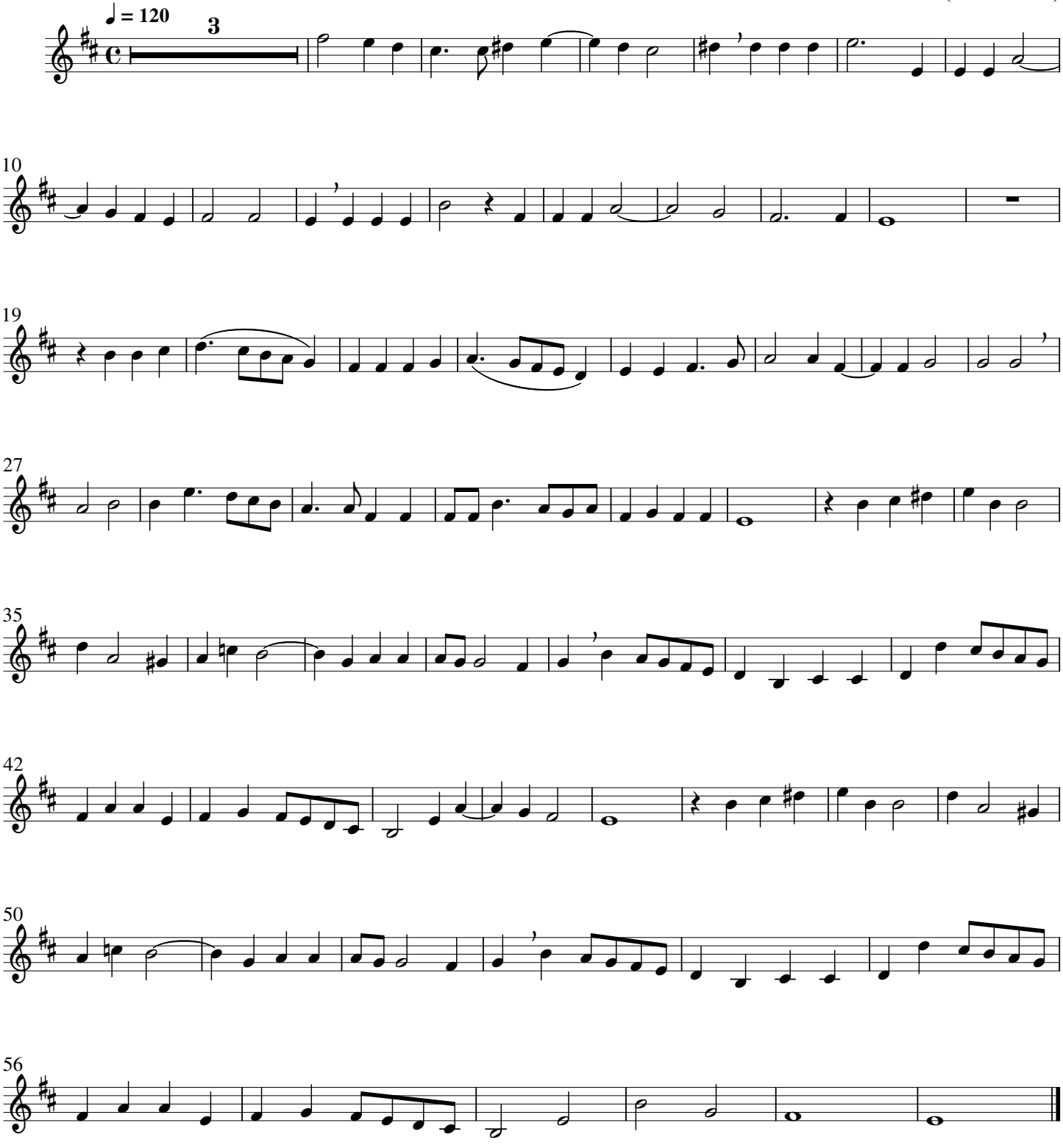

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Baritone

Four madrigals for SSAB

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Among the daffadillies

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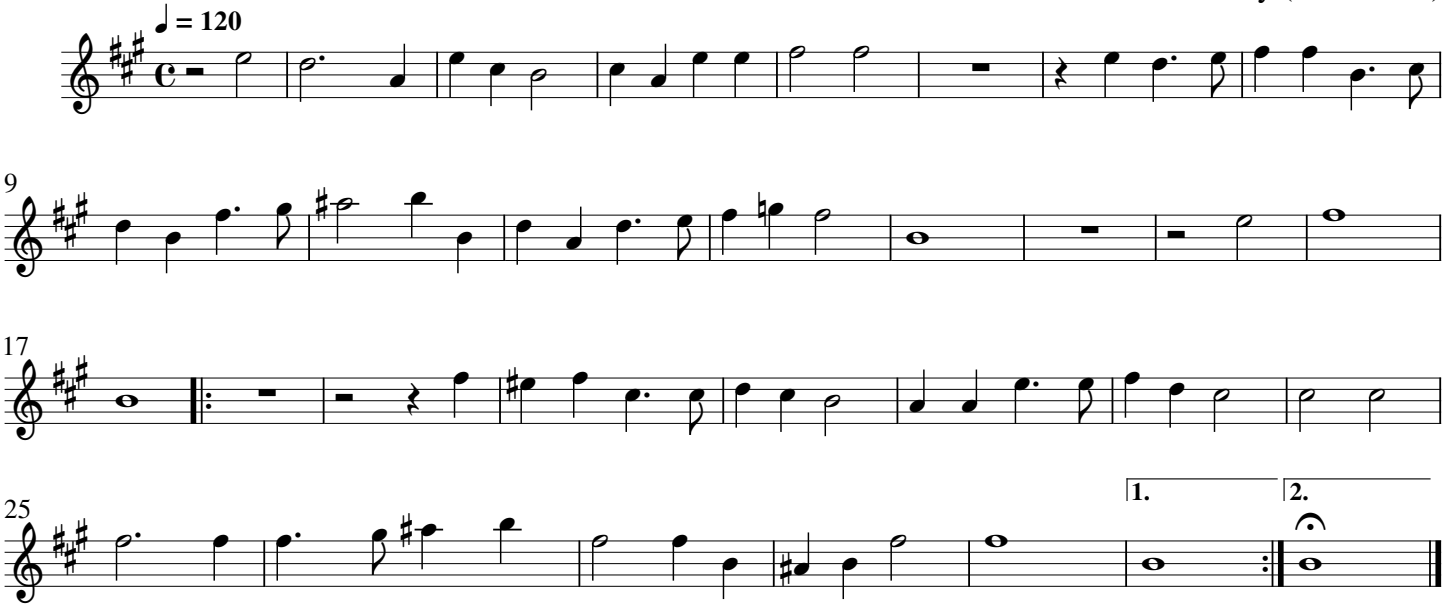

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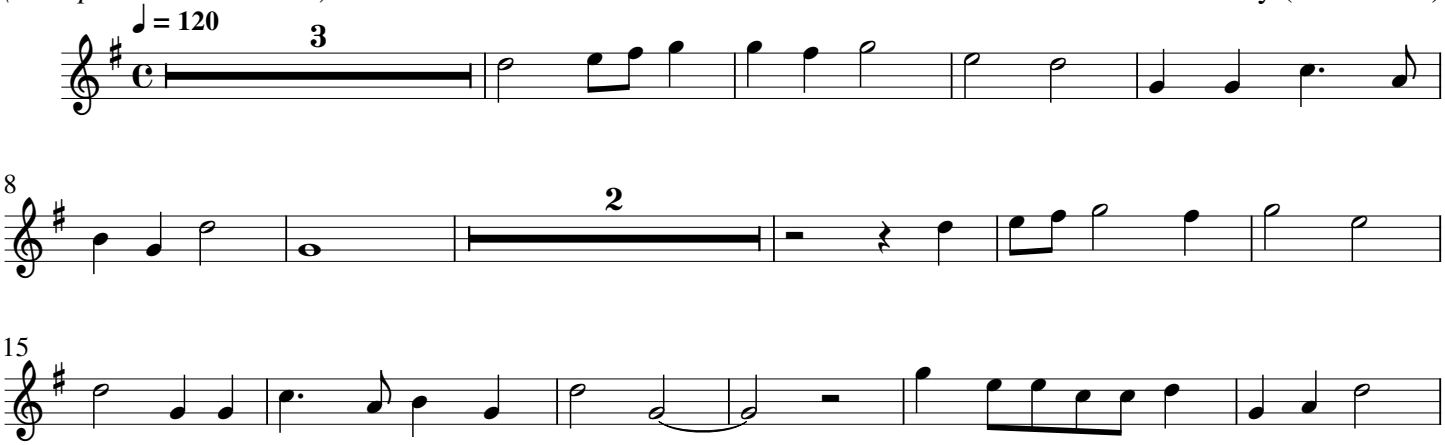

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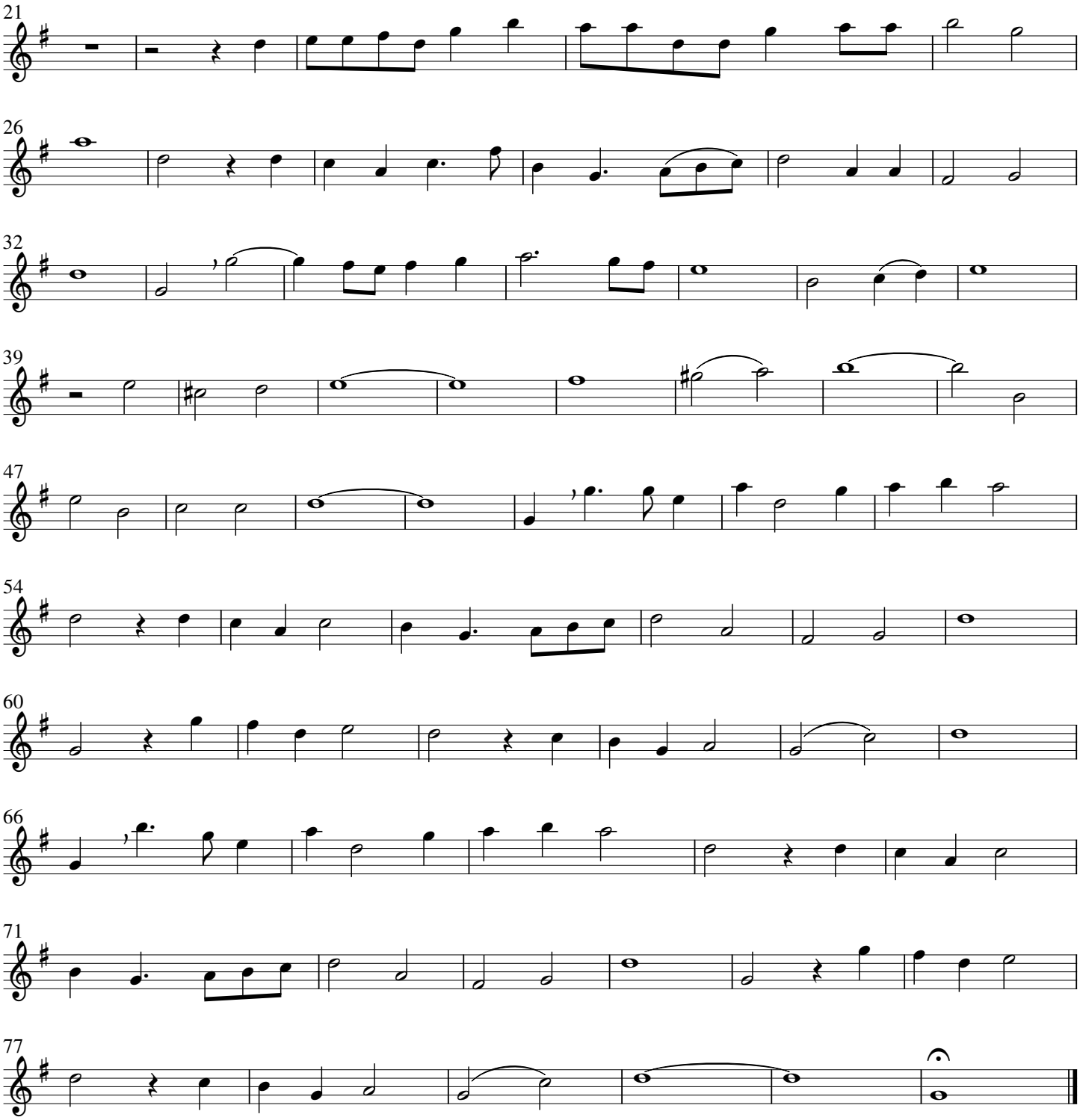

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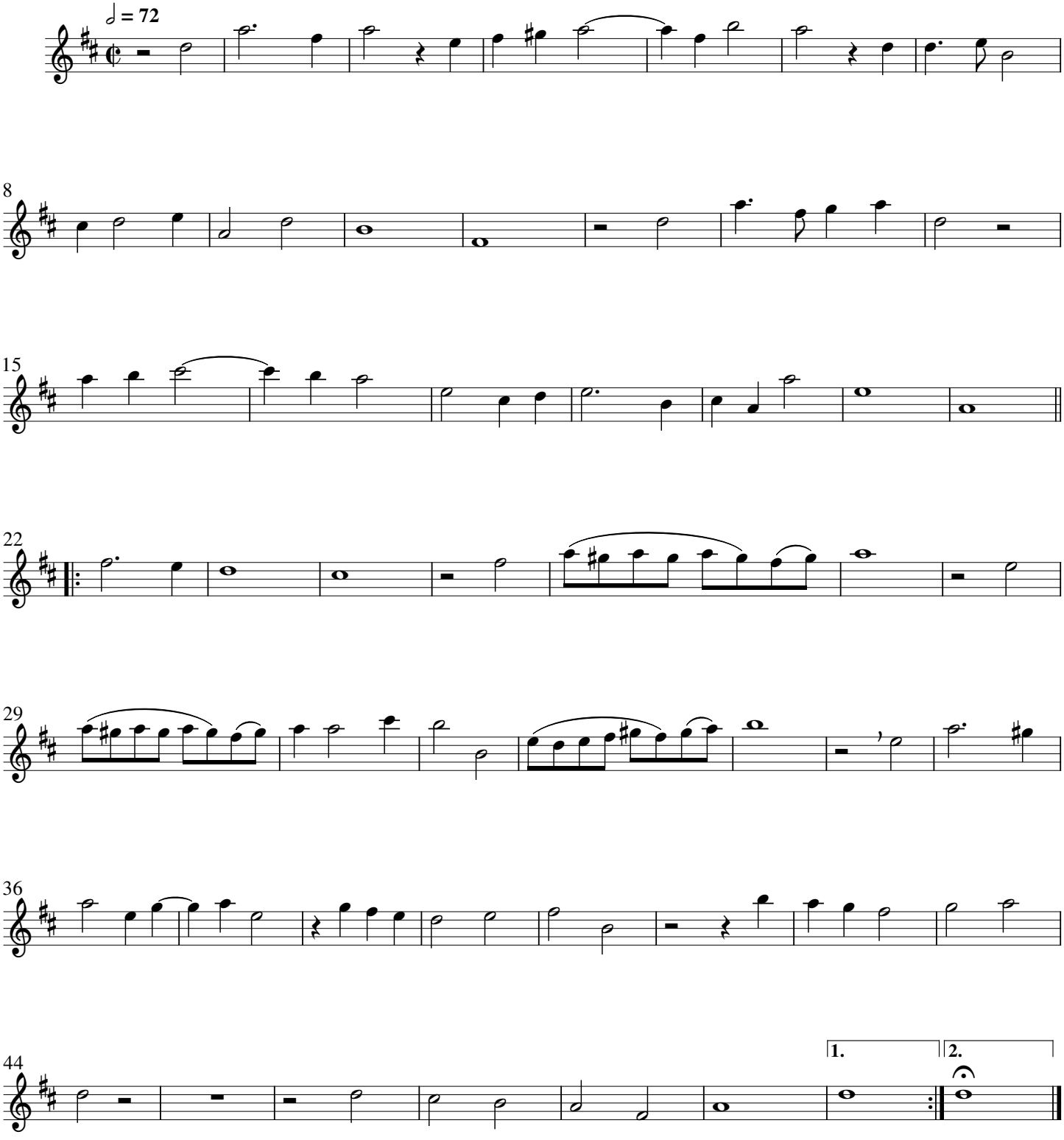

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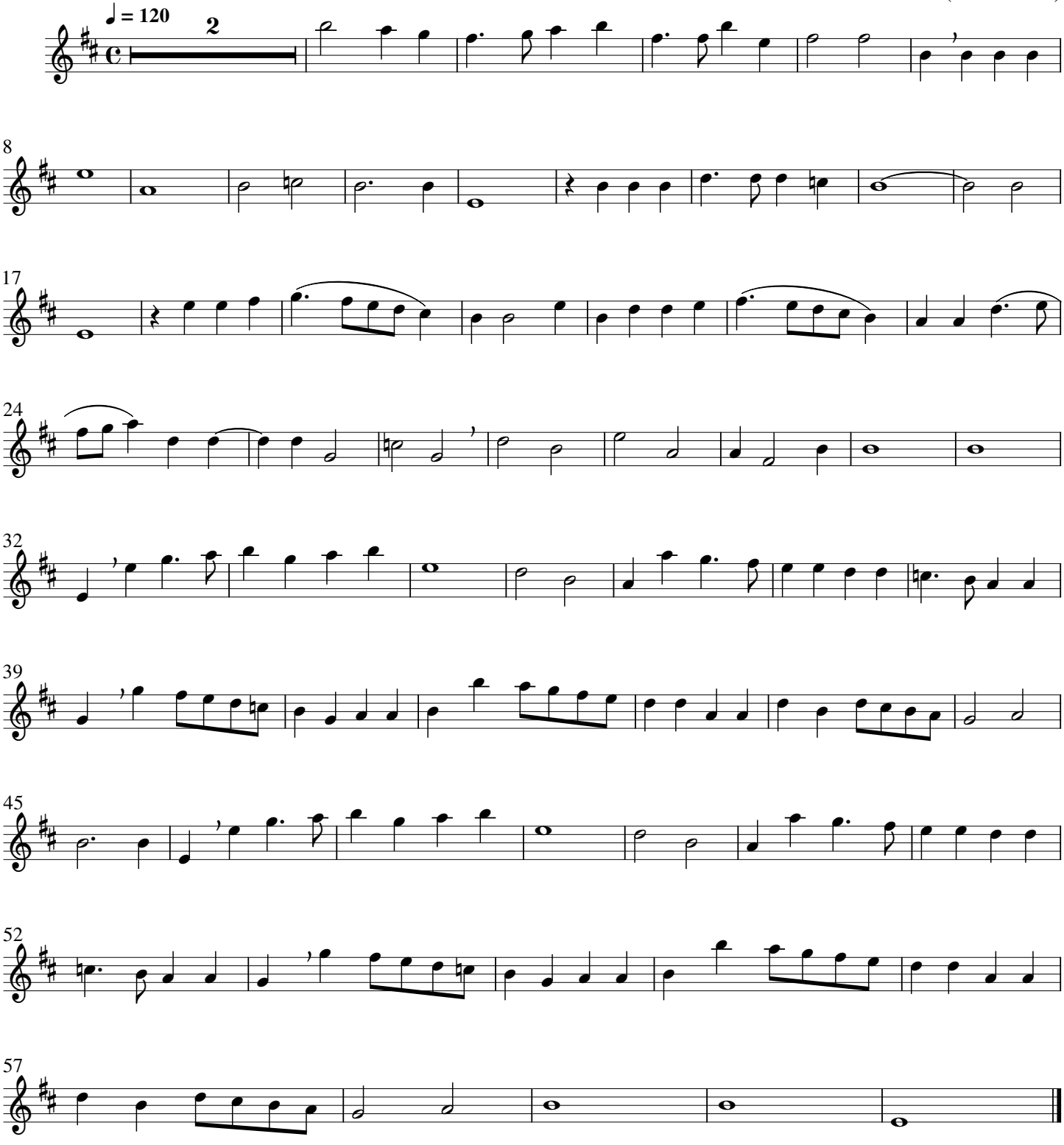

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