

Her breath is more sweet

The second part

William Byrd (c.1540-1623)

Contratenor (part 3 of 5)

Songs of sundrie natures (Thomas East press, London, 1589)

Her breath is more sweet than per - fect Am-ber is, Am-ber is, her years are in prime and
no-thing doth she want, doth she want, and no - thing doth she want that might draw
An-gels from Heav'n, that might draw An - gels from Heav'n, that might draw An - gels
from Heav'n to fur-ther bliss, to fur-ther bliss, to fur-ther bliss; Of all things per - fect
this do I most com-plain, most com-plain: her heart is a rock made all of A-da-mant, is a
rock made all of A - da-mant, which gifts all de-light, which gifts all de-light, de -
light, which gifts all de-light, this last doth on - ly pain, doth on - ly pain, this last
doth on - ly pain, this last doth on - ly pain, on - ly pain, this last doth on - ly pain.