

# 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.