

# Her breath is more sweet

## The second part

William Byrd (c.1540-1623)

Tenor (part 4 of 5)

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

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