Come Amaryllis

William Lawes (1602-45)
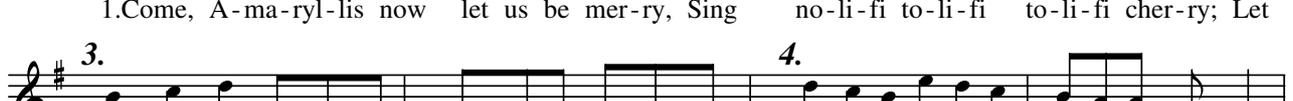
1.Come, A-ma-ryl-lis now let us be mer-ry, Sing no-li-fi to-li-fi to-li-fi cher-ry; Let
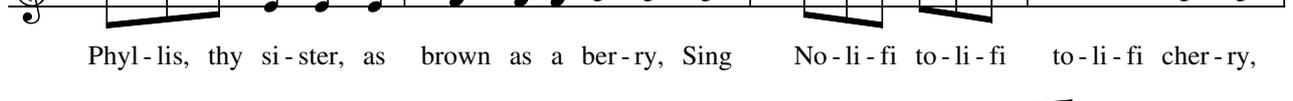
Phyl-lis, thy si-ster, as brown as a ber-ry, Sing No-li-fi to-li-fi to-li-fi cher-ry,

2.Da-mon takes joy in his trea-sure, his trea-sure, and Ti-t'rus in pip-ing and

danc-ing takes plea-sure, and no man can e-ver be heart-i-ly mer-ry, but No-li-fi to-li-fi
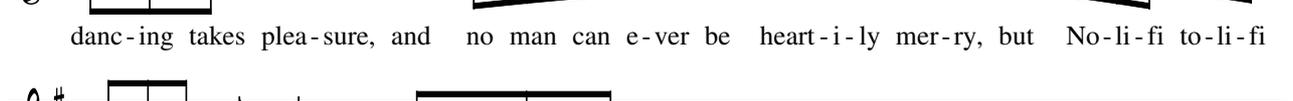
to-li-fi cher-ry, 3.Ploughs would stand still (and) the world would soon pe-rish; for

thee and thy Phyl-lis there's no man would che-rish, and shep-herds would of their flocks

quick-ly be wea-ry, but No-li-fi to-li-fi to-li-fi cher-ry.