Ye that do live in pleasures plenty (G)

John Wilbye

Cantus

Ye that do live in pleasures plenty,

And dwell in music's sweetest airs;

Whose eyes are quick, whose ears are dainty, whose ears are dainty,

Not clogged with earth, or worldly cares,

or worldly, worldly cares; Come sing this song, made in Amphion's praise,

Who now is dead;

yet you his fame can raise. Call him again, let him not die, But
live in music's sweetest breath; Place him in fairest memory, And

let him triumph o - ver death,  And let him tri -

umph o - ver death. O sweet - ly sing! his liv-ing wish at-tend ye, his liv-ing wish at-tend ye: These were his words, “The mirth of

Heav'n God send ye," “The mirth of Heav'n God send ye."
Ye that do live in pleasures plenty (G)

Quintus

Ye that do live in pleasures plenty,
Ye that do live in pleasures plenty, And
dwell in music's sweet-est airs, And dwell, And dwell in
music's sweet-est airs; Whose eyes are quick,
whose ears are dainty, whose ears are dainty, are
dainty, Whose eyes are quick, whose ears are
dainty,
Not clogged with
earth, or worldly cares; Not clogged with
earth, or worldly cares; Come sing this song, made in Amphion's

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Printed on: October 22, 2011
praise, Who now is dead; yet you his fame can raise. Call him again, let him not die, But live in music's sweetest breath; Place him in me-mo-ry, Place him in fair-est me-mo-ry, And let him tri-umph o-ver death, And let him tri-umph o-ver death. O sweet-ly sing! his liv-ing wish att-end ye: These were his words, "The mirth of Heav'n God send ye," "The mirth of Heav'n God send ye."
Ye that do live in pleasures plenty (G)

Ye that do live in pleasures plenty,
And dwell in music's sweet-est airs;
Whose eyes are quick, whose ears are dainty, Whose eyes are quick,
whose ears are dainty, are dainty, Whose eyes are quick, whose
ears are dainty, are dainty, Whose eyes are quick, whose
ears are dainty, Not clogged with earth, or worldly
cares, Not clogged with earth, or worldly
cares, or worldly cares; Come sing this song, made in Amphion's
praise, Who now is dead, Who now is dead, is dead, Who
now is dead; yet you his fame can raise. Call him again, let
him not die, Place him in fairest memo-ry, Place him in fairest memo-
ry, And let him tri-umph o-ver death. And let him tri-umph o-ver
dead. O, O sweet-ly sing! his liv-ing wish at-tend
ye, his liv-ing wish at-tend ye: These were his words, “The mirth of
Heav’n God send ye,” “The mirth of Heav’n God send ye.”
Ye that do live in pleasures plenty (G)

Tenor  
John Wilbye

Ye that do live in pleasures plenty, And dwell in music's sweetest airs, in sweetest airs, And dwell in music's sweetest airs; And dwell in music's sweetest airs, in sweetest airs, Whose eyes are quick, whose ears are dainty, whose ears are dainty, Not clogged with earth, or worldly cares, or worldly cares, Not clogged with earth, or worldly cares, with earth or worldly cares; Come sing this song, this song, made in Amphion's praise,

Who now is dead, Who now is dead, Who now
is dead; yet you his fame can raise. Call him again, let him not
die, But live in music's sweet-est breath; Place him in fair-est me-mo-
ry, And let him tri-umph o-ver death, And let him tri-
umph o-ver death. O sweet-ly sing! his wish,
his liv-ing wish, his liv-ing wish at-tend ye: These were his
words, "The mirth of Heav'n, The mirth of Heav'n, God send ye."

\footnote{Eyes in source.}
Ye that do live in pleasures plenty (G)

Ye that do live in pleasures plenty, Ye that do live in pleasures plenty, in plenty, And dwell in music's sweetest airs, And dwell in music's sweetest airs, in sweetest airs; Whose eyes are quick, whose ears are dainty, Not clogged with earth, Not clogged with earth, with earth or worldly cares; Come sing this song, made in Amphion's praise, Who now is dead, Who now is dead; yet you his fame can raise. Call him again, let him not die, But live in music's sweetest breath; Place him in fair-est memory, And let him triumph o-ver death, And let him triumph o-ver death. O sweet-
ly sing! his liv-ing wish at-tend ye: These were his

words, “The mirth of Heav’n God send ye, God send ye.”
Ye that do live in pleasures plenty

John Wilbye

Ye that do live in pleasures plenty, Ye that do live in pleasures plenty, Ye that do live in pleasures plenty, And dwell in music's pleasures plenty, And dwell in music's sweet-est airs, And dwell in music's pleasures plenty, in plenty, And dwell in music's
sweet-est airs;
Whose eyes are quick, whose
dwell, And dwell in mu-
ic’s sweetest airs;
sweetest airs, in sweetest airs, And dwell in mu-
ic’s sweetest airs; And
ears are dain-ty,
Whose eyes are quick, whose ears are
dwell in mu-
ic’s sweetest airs, in sweetest airs,
sweetest airs; Whose eyes are
dain-ty, whose ears are dain-ty,
dain-ty, are dain-ty, Whose eyes are quick, whose ears are
eyes are quick, whose ears are dain-ty, are dain-ty, Whose
Whose eyes are quick, whose ears are
whose ears are dain-ty, 

eyes are quick, whose ears are dain-ty, Not clogged with earth, or world- 

dain-ty, whose ears are dain-ty, Not clogged with earth, or world- 

Not clogged with earth, or world-ly cares, 

Not clogged with earth, or world-ly cares, 

ly cares, or world-ly cares, Not clogged with 

Not clogged with earth, or world-ly cares; 

Not clogged with earth, or world-ly cares; Come 

Not clogged with earth, or world-ly cares; Come 

clogged with earth, with earth or world-ly cares; Come
sing this song, made in Am-phon's praise,

Who now is dead;

Who now is dead, Who now is dead, Who now is dead,

Who now is dead; yet you his fame can raise.

Call him again, let him not die, But live in mu-sic's sweet-est fame can raise. Call him again, let him not die, Place him in raise.

Call him again, let him not die, But live in mu-sic's sweet-est fame can raise. Call him again, let him not die, But live in mu-sic's sweet-est
breath; Place him in fair - est me - mo - ry, And let him tri - umph o - ver

Place him in me - mo - ry, Place him in fair - est me - mo - ry, And let him tri - umph o - ver

Place him in fair - est me - mo - ry, And let him tri - umph o - ver

breath; Place him in fair - est me - mo - ry, And let him tri - umph o - ver

Place him in fair - est me - mo - ry, And let him tri - umph o - ver

Place him in me - mo - ry, And let him tri - umph o - ver death. O sweet -

Place him in me - mo - ry, And let him tri - umph o - ver death. O sweet -

Place him in me - mo - ry, And let him tri - umph o - ver death. O sweet -

breath; Place him in fair - est me - mo - ry, And let him tri - umph o - ver

Place him in fair - est me - mo - ry, And let him tri - umph o - ver

Place him in fair - est me - mo - ry, And let him tri - umph o - ver

death, And let him triumph o - ver death. O sweet -

dead death, And let him triumph o - ver death. O sweet -

dead death, And let him triumph o - ver death. O sweet -

breath; Place him in fair - est me - mo - ry, And let him tri - umph o - ver

Place him in fair - est me - mo - ry, And let him tri - umph o - ver

Place him in fair - est me - mo - ry, And let him tri - umph o - ver

death, And let him triumph o - ver death. O, O sweet -

dead death, And let him triumph o - ver death. O, O sweet -

dead death, And let him triumph o - ver death. O, O sweet -

ly sing! his liv - ing wish attend ye, his liv - ing wish attend ye: These were his

ly sing! his liv - ing wish attend ye, his liv - ing wish attend ye: These were his

ly sing! his liv - ing wish attend ye, his liv - ing wish attend ye: These were his

ly sing! his liv - ing wish attend ye: These were his

ly sing! his liv - ing wish attend ye: These were his

ly sing! his liv - ing wish attend ye: These were his

ly sing! his liv - ing wish attend ye: These were his

ly sing! his liv - ing wish attend ye: These were his
words, "The mirth of Heav'n God send ye," "The mirth of Heav'n God send ye."

words, "The mirth of Heav'n God send ye," "The mirth of Heav'n God send ye."

words, "The mirth of Heav'n, The mirth of Heav'n, God send ye."

words, "The mirth of Heav'n God send ye, God send ye."