



5 PART-SONGS
H. 61, Op. 12
2.

Ye little birds

Gustav Holst
(1874-1934)

The little birds

Gustav Holst

Allegretto

S
Ye lit - tle birds that sit_ and sing A - midst the sha - dy val - leys, And see how Phil - lis

A
Ye lit - tle_birds that sit and sing A - midst the sha - dy val - leys, And see how Phil - lis

T
Ye lit - tle birds that sit and sing A - midst the sha - dy val - leys, And see how Phil - lis_

B
Ye lit - tle birds that sit and sing A - midst the sha - dy val - leys, And see how Phil - lis

6
S
sweet - ly_ walks With - in her gar - den - al - leys. Go, pret - ty

A
sweet - ly walks With - in her gar - den - al - leys. Go, pret - ty_ birds, a -

T
sweet - ly walks With - in her gar - den - al - leys. Go, pret - ty_

B
sweet - ly walks With - in her gar - den - al - leys. Go,

The little birds

10

S birds, a - bout her bower; Sing, pret - ty — birds, she may not lower;

A bout her — bower; Sing, pret - ty birds, she may not lower; — Ah

T birds, a - bout — her — bower; Sing, pret - ty birds, — she may not

B pret - ty birds, a - bout her bower; Sing, pret - ty birds, — she may not

13

S Ah me! me - thinks I see her frown! Ye pret - ty wan - tons war - ble. Go, *pp*

A me! me - thinks I — see her frown! Ye pret - ty wan - tons war - ble. Go, *pp*

T lower; Ah — me! me - thinks I see her frown! Ye pret - ty wan - tons war - ble. Go, *pp*

B lower; Ah me! me - thinks I see her frown! Ye pret - ty wan - tons war - ble. Go, *pp*

17

S tell her thro' your chirp - ing bills, As you by me are bid - den, To *p dolce*

A tell her thro' your chirp - ing — bills, As you by me are bid - den,

T tell her thro' your chirp - ing — bills, As you by me are

B tell her thro' your chirp - ing bills, As you by me are

The little birds

21

S her is on - ly known my love, _____ Which from the world is

A *p dolce* To her is on - ly known my love, Which from the world is

T *p dolce* bid - den, To her is on - ly known my love, Which from the

B *p dolce* bid - den, To her is on - ly known my love, Which

24

S hid - den. *cresc.* Go, pret - ty birds, and tell her

A hid - den. *cresc.* Go, pret - ty _____ birds, and tell her _____ so; _____ See _____

T world is hid - den. *cresc.* Go, pret - ty _____ birds, and tell _____ her _____

B from the world is hid - den. *cresc.* Go, pret - ty birds, and tell her

27

S so; See that _____ your _____ notes strain not too low, For, still, me -

A that your notes strain not too low, _____ For, still, me - thinks I _____

T so; See that your notes _____ strain not too low, For, still, me -

B so; See that your notes _____ strain not too low, For, still, me -

The little birds

30

S thinks I see her frown; Ye pret - ty wan - tons, war - ble. Go, tune your voi - ces'

A see her frown; Ye pret - ty wan - tons, war - ble. Go, tune your voi - ces'

T thinks I see her frown; Ye pret - ty wan - tons, war - ble. Go, tune your voi - ces'

B thinks I see her frown; Ye pret - ty wan - tons, war - ble. Go, tune your voi - ces'

35

S har - mo - ny, And sing, I am her lov - er; Strain loud and sweet, that ev - 'ry__ note With

A har - mo - ny, And sing, I am her lov - er; Strain loud and sweet, that ev - 'ry note With

T har - mo - ny, And sing, I am her lov - er; Strain loud and sweet, that ev - 'ry note With

B har - mo - ny, And sing, I am her lov - er; Strain loud and sweet, that ev - 'ry note With

40

S sweet con - tent may move her: And she that hath the sweet - est

A sweet con - tent may move her: And she__ that hath the sweet - est__ voice, Tell__

T sweet con - tent may move her: And she__ that hath the sweet - est__

B sweet con - tent may move her: And she that hath the sweet - est

The little birds

44

S voice, Tell her I will not change my choice Yet still, me -

A her I will not change my choice Yet still, me - thinks, I -

T voice, Tell her I will not change my choice Yet still, me -

B voice, Tell her I will not change my choice Yet still, me -

47

S thinks, I see her frown, Ye pret - ty wan - tons, war - ble. O fly! make haste! see,

A see her frown, Ye pret - ty wan - tons, war - ble. O fly! make haste! see,

T thinks, I see her frown, Ye pret - ty wan - tons, war - ble. O fly! make haste! see,

B thinks, I see her frown, Ye pret - ty wan - tons, war - ble. O fly! make haste! see,

51

S see, she falls In - to a pleas - ant slum - ber. Sing round a - bout her ro - sy

A see, she falls In - to a pleas - ant slum - ber. Sing round a -

T see, she falls In - to a pleas - ant slum - ber. Sing

B see, she falls In - to a pleas - ant slum - ber.

The little birds

55 *cresc.*

S bed, That wa - king, she may won - der. Say to her,

A bout her ro - sy bed, That wa - king, she may won - der. Say to her, 'tis her

T round a - bout her ro - sy bed, That wa - king, she may won - der. Say to her,

B *p dolce* Sing round a - bout her ro - sy bed, That wa - king, she may won - der. Say *cresc.*

59

S 'tis her lov - er true, That send - eth love to you; to you:

A lov - er true, That send - eth love to you; to you: And

T 'tis her lov - er true, That send - eth love to you; to

B to her, 'tis her lov - er true, That send - eth love to you; to

62

S And when you hear her kind re - ply Re - turn with pleas - ant war - blings.

A when you hear her kind re - ply Re - turn with pleas - ant war - blings.

T you: And when you hear her kind re - ply Re - turn with pleas - ant war - blings.

B you: And when you hear her kind re - ply Re - turn with pleas - ant war - blings.

Ye little birds that sit and sing
Amidst the shady valleys,
And see how Phillis sweetly walks
Within her garden-alleys.
Go, pretty birds, about her bower;
Sing, pretty birds, she may not lower;
Ah me! methinks I see her frown!
Ye pretty wantons warble.

Go, tell her thro' your chirping bills,
As you by me are bidden,
To her is only known my love,
Which from the world is hidden.
Go, pretty birds, and tell her so;
See that your notes strain not too low,
For, still, methinks I see her frown;
Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Go, tune your voices' harmony,
And sing, I am her lover;
Strain loud and sweet, that ev'ry note
With sweet content may move her:
And she that hath the sweetest voice,
Tell her I will not change my choice
Yet still, methinks, I see her frown,
Ye pretty wantons, warble.

O fly! make haste! see, see, she falls
Into a pleasant slumber.
Sing round about her rosy bed,
That waking, she may wonder.
Say to her, 'tis her lover true,
That sendeth love to you; to you:
And when you hear her kind reply
Return with pleasant warblings.

From the "Fair Maid of the Exchange" 1607
Thomas Heywood (c. 1572-1841)

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