Amintor's Welladay

Henry Hughes

Henry Lawes Ayres and Dialogues ... by Henry Lawes ... The Third Book (London 1658), p. 10 Edited by Christopher Baum



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His oaten pipe that in thy praise Was wont to play such roundelays, Is thrown away, and not a swain Dares pipe, or sing, within his plain; 'Tis death for any now to say One word to him but welladay.

The maypole where thy little feet So roundly did in measures meet, Is broken down, and no content Comes near Amintor since you went. All that I ever heard him say Was Chloris, Chloris, welladay.

Upon those banks you us'd to tread He ever since hath laid his head, And whisper'd there such a pining woe, As not a blade of grass will grow; O Chloris! Chloris! come away, And hear Amintor's welladay.