

ELORE LO



Anon. XVII century

Peter Warlock

*Allegretto con moto**

VOICE

PIANO

mp lightly

In a gar-den so green in a May morning

Heard I my la - dy pleen of par - a - mours; Said she: "My love so sweet,

come you not yet, nor yet, Hegt you not me to meet a-mongst the flow'rs?

E-lor-é, E-lor-é, E-lor-é, E-lor-é, I love my lust-y love, E-lor-é lo!

* To be sung in strict time, "trippingly on the tongue", without any regard for bar-line accentuation.
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Then to my la - dy blyth did I my presence kyth, Saying: "My bird, be glad!

Am I not yours? So in my arm - ès two did I the lust - y jo,

And kiss - ed her times mo than night hath hours. E - lor - é, E - lor - é

E - lor - é, E - lor - é, I love my lust - y love, E - lor - é lo!

Fav-our and du - ty un - to your bright beau-ty Con - firm-èd hath law-tic, ob -

lieg-èd to truth, So that your sov - er-ance, heart-lie but va - ri - ance,

Mark in your mem-or-ance mer - cy and ruth. E - lor - é, E - lor - é,

E - lor - é, E - lor - é, I love my lust - y love, E - lor - é lo!

Yet for your cour-te - sy, ban-ish all jea - lou-sy Love for love lust - i - ly

do me re-store: Then with us lov - ers young true love shall rest and reign;

So-lace shall sweetly sing for e-ver-more: E-lor-é, E-lor-é, E-lor-é, E-lor-é,

I love my lust - y love, E-lor-é lol *poco rit.* - - - *a tempo* *poco allargando*