

Mistress mine

Thomas Morley

Mis- tress mine, well may you fare; Kind be your thoughts and void of care.
This fair morn- ing, sun- ny bright, That gives life to love's de- light.
In these woods are none but birds; They can speak but si- lent words;
Ne- ver strive, nor make no noise; 'Tis for fool- ish girls and boys.

Sweet Saint Ve- nus be your speed, That you may in love pro- ceed.
Ev- 'ry heart with heat en- flames, And our cold af- fec- tion blames.
They are pret- ty harm- less things; They will shade us with their wings.
Ev- 'ry child- ish thing can say: Go to! How now? Pray, a- way!

Coll me and clip and kiss me too; So so so so so so true love should do.