

Mistress mine

Thomas Morley

Mis- tress mine, well may you fare; Kind be your thoughts and
This fair morn- ing, sun- ny bright, That gives life to
In these woods are none but birds; They can speak but
Ne- ver strive, nor make no noise; 'Tis for fool- ish

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void of care. Sweet Saint Ve- nus be your speed,
love's de- light. Ev- 'ry heart with heat en- flames,
si- lent words; They are pret- ty harm- less things;
girls and boys. Ev- 'ry child- ish thing can say:

That you may in love pro- ceed.
And our cold af- fec- tion blames. Coll me and clip and
They will shade us with their wings.
Go to! How now? Pray, a- way!

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kiss me too; So so so so so so true love should do.