

6. Come, Phyllis

Thomas Ford

5

Come, Phil- lis, come in- to these bow'rs. Here shel- ter is from sharp- est show'rs.
Come, Phil- lis, come; bright hea- ven's eye can- not up- on thy beau- ty pry.

10

Cool gales of wind breathes in these shades dan- ger none this place in- vades.
Glad Ec- ho in dis- tin- guish'd voice, nam- ing thee, will here re- joice.

15

Here sit, and note the chirp- ing birds, plead- ing my love,
Then come and hear her mer- ry lays, crown- ing thy name,

20

plead- ing my love in si- lent words. words.
crown- ing thy name with last- ing ing praise. praise.