

# 9. There is a lady, sweet and kind Thomas Ford

There is a lady - sweet and kind,  
 Her ges- ture, mo- tion - and her smiles,  
 Her free be- hav- vior, - win- ning looks,  
 Had I her fast be- - twixt mine arms,  
 Should I re- main con- - fin- ed there,  
 Cu- pid is wing- ed - and doth range,

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 Her ges- ture, mo- tion and her smiles,  
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a r e a

Was ne- ver face so pleas'd my mind, I  
 Her wit, her voice, my heart be- guiles, Be-  
 Will make a Law- yer burn his books, I  
 Judge you that think such sports were harms, Wert  
 So long as Phoe- bus in his sphere, I  
 Her coun- try so my love doth change, But

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a r e a r e e r

did but see her pass- ing by, And  
 guiles my heart, I know not why, And  
 touch'd her not, a- las not I, And  
 an- y harm? No, no, fie, fie, For  
 to re- quest, she to de- ny, Yet  
 change the earth, or change the sky, Yet

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yet I love her till I die. I till I die.  
 yet I love her till I die. Be- till I die.  
 yet I love her till I die. I till I die.  
 I will love her till I die. Wert till I die.  
 would I love her till I die. I till I die.  
 will I love her till I die. But till I die.