

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

There is a lady - sweet and kind, Was ne- ver  
Her ges- ture, mo- tion - and her smiles, Her wit, her  
Her free be- hav- ior, - win- ning looks, Will make a  
Had I her fast be- - twixt mine arms, Judge you that  
Should I re- main con- - fin- ed there, So long as  
Cu- pid is wing- ed - and doth range, Her coun- try

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face so pleas'd my mind, I did but see her  
voice, my heart be- guiles, Be- guiles my heart, I  
Law- yer burn his books, I touch'd her not, a-  
think such sports were harms, Wert an- y harm? No,  
Phoebus in his sphere, I to re- request, she  
so my love doth change, But change the earth, or

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pass- ing by, And yet I love her till I die.  
know not why, And yet I love her till I die.  
las not I, And yet I love her till I die.  
no, fie, fie, For I will love her till I die.  
to de- ny, Yet would I love her till I die.  
change the sky, Yet will I love her till I die.