

Mistress mine, well may you fare

Thomas Morley

Vocal

8 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

Lute

4

8 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;

7

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

11

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

16

8 So so so so so so true love should do.