

# Mistress mine

Thomas Morley

Mis- tress mine, well may you fare; Kind be your thoughts and void of care.  
 This fair morn- ing, sun- ny bright, That gives life to love's de- light.  
 In these woods are none but birds; They can speak but si- lent words;  
 Ne- ver strive, nor make no noise; 'Tis for fool- ish girls and boys.

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Sweet Saint Ve- nus be your speed, That you may in love pro- ceed.  
 Ev- 'ry heart with heat en- flames, And our cold af- fec- tion blames.  
 They are pret- ty harm- less things; They will shade us with their wings.  
 Ev- 'ry child- ish thing can say: Go to! How now? Pray, a- way!

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