

Take, o take those lips away

John Wilson

rit.

Take, Hide, o take those lips o hide those hills a- way, That so of snow, Which thy

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sweet- ly were for- sworn, And those eyes the - break of day,
fro- zen bo- som bears, On whose tops the - pinks that grow

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Lights that do mis- lead the morn; But my kiss- es bring a- gain;
Are yet of those that Ap- ril wears. But first set my poor heart free,

rit. (2nd time)¹⁵

Seals of - love, but seal'd in vain.
Bound in those i- cy chains by thee.