The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning:
If this delight thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and let my love.

She shall attend thy every wish,
If all the world and love were young,
For truth in every shepherd's tongue,
They, pretty playing, might not move
To live with thee, and let my love.

But time drifts floods from field to field,
When wilds rage, and rocks grow cold,
And Philomel becomes dumb.
The rest complain of fear to come:
The flowers do fade and winter falls
To wayward winter-honied youths.
A scented, bright, a heart of gold.
Is soon, Spring, but sorrow falls.

The going she/sherby, the lady of rose,
The cat by kirk, and the fowls,
Soon be taken, soon will be forgot,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

The Gift of straw and good bread,
The mirth claps & mirth doth end.
All things in me not mortant can move
To come to that, and be thy love.

But cold youth fare, and love still breed,
Had joy not there, nor age no need.
Then those delight, my mind might wond
To live with thee, and let my love.

Come hither, with me, and be my bower,
And we will some new pleasure prove
If God in guard, & Christ all good,
With Heisen linn, and schute hook.

There will the fairest virgin run,
Wormed by thy youth, more than the sun,
And turns the amantle fish will stay,
Begging them, they they may betray
When thou will swim most the first path,
Each fish, with every amantle path.
Most amorous cohorts will shiv,
Gladly to catch thee, then thou him.