

The shepherds swains that dance and sing
For thy delight each may morning;
If thine delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

The milkmaid's mother answers.
If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
That's pretty pleasuring might not move,
To live with thee, & be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold
When riv'rs rage, and rocks grow cold,
And Philomel becometh dumb,
The rest complaining of cars to come.

The flowers do fade and wanton fields,
To wayward winter richoning yield
A hoarse tongue, a heart of gall,
I fancy Spring, but sorrow fall.

Thy gown thy shooes, thy beds of flowers,
Thy cap thy kirtle, and thy Posies
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps & Amber studs,
All these in me not means can move
To come to thee, and be thy love.

But could you't fast, and love still breed,
Had joys not date, nor age no need;
Then those delights my mind might move
To live with thee, & be thy love.

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will com' new pleasures prove,
Of golden sands, & crystall brooks,
With silken lining, and silver hooks.

There will the quiver whispering run,
Warm'd by the sun, more than the sun;
And there the charmed fish will stay,
Bidding themselves they may betray,
When thou wilt swim in that first bath,
Each fish, with every charmed bath,
Most amorously to thee will swim,
Gladder to catch thee, than thou him.