



Lue with me and be my Loue,
And we will all the pleasures proue .
That hilles and vallies, dales and fields,
And all the craggy mountaines yeeld.

There will we sit vpon the Rocks,
And see the Shepheards feed their flocks,
By thallow Riuers, by whose fairs
Melodious birds sing Madrigals.

There will I make thee a bed of Roses,
With a thousand fragrant poses,
A cap of flowers, and a Kirtle
Imbordered all with leaues of Mirtle.





A belt of straw and Yuyebuds,
With Corall Clasps and Amber studs,
And if these pleasures may thee moue,
Then live with me, and be my Loue.

Loves answere.

If that the World and Loue were young,
And truth in euery shepheards tounge,
These pretty pleasures might me moue,
To live with thee and be thy Loue.



AS it fell vpon a Day,
In the merry Month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade,
Which a groue of Myrdes made,
Beastes did leape, and Birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and Plants did spring:
Every thing did banish mone,
Saue the Nightingale alone.
Shee (poore Bird) as all forlorne,
Leand her breast vp-till a thorne,
And there sung the dolefullst Ditty,
That to heare it was great Pitty,
Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry
Teru, Teru, by and by:

