

## FIVE BRITISH LOVE SONGS

### Come Again! Sweet Love Doth Now Invite

Come again!  
Sweet love doth now invite thy graces,  
That refrain to do me due delight,  
To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss,  
To die with thee again in sweetest sympathy.

Come again!  
That I may cease to mourn through thy  
Unkind disdain.  
For now left and forlorn I sit, I sigh,  
I weep, I faint, I die in deadly pain  
And endless misery.

Gentle Love,  
Draw forth thy wounding dart,  
Thou canst not pierce her heart;  
For I, that do approve by sighs and tears  
More hot than are thy shafts, did tempt,  
While she for triumph laughs.

### Under the Greenwood Tree

Under the greenwood tree,  
Who loves to lie with me,  
And turn his merry note  
Unto the sweet bird's throat,  
Come hither, come hither, come hither;  
Here shall he see no enemy,  
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,  
And loves to live i' the sun,  
Seeking the food he eats,  
And pleased with what he gets,  
Come hither, come hither, come hither;  
Here shall he see no enemy,  
But winter and rough weather.

### Love Alone Will Stay

Closely let me hold thy hand,  
Storms are sweeping sea and land;  
Love alone will stand.

Closely cling, for waves beat fast,  
Foamflakes cloud the hurrying blast;  
Love alone will last.

Kiss my lips and softly say:  
"Joy, seaswept, may fade today;  
Love alone will stay."

### It Was a Lover and His Lass

It was a lover and his lass,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
That o'er the green cornfield did pass  
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding :  
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
These pretty country folks would lie,  
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding :  
Sweet lovers love the spring.

This carol they began that hour,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
How that life was but a flower  
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding :  
Sweet lovers love the spring.

And therefore take the present time,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
For love is crowned with the prime  
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding :  
Sweet lovers love the spring.

### Fair House of Joy

Fain would I change that note  
To which fond Love have charm'd me  
Long, long to sing by rote,  
Fancying that that harm'd me:  
Yet when this thought doth come  
'Love is the perfect sum  
Of all delight!'  
I have no other choice  
Either for pen or voice  
To sing or write.

O Love! they wrong thee much  
That say thy sweet is bitter,  
When thy rich fruit is such  
As nothing can be sweeter.  
Fair house of joy and bliss,  
Where truest pleasure is,  
I do adore thee:  
I know thee what thou art,  
I serve thee with my heart,  
And fall before thee.

TOBIAS HUME (1569-1645)