

Come Love, let's walk

from the Thomas Wode partbooks, 1562-c.1592

Anon.

Gm D Gm F Bb Bb F Gm F Bb

Come Love, lets walk in yon - der spring Where we shal hear the Black - bird sing,
The Ro - bin red - breast and the Thrush The Night - in - gale in thorn - y bush.

F Bb D Gm D Gm D Gm D Gm Cm D G

The Ma - vis sweet - ly ca - rol - ing; This to my Love, this to my Love con - tent will bring.

2. In yonder dale grows fragrant flowers
With many sweet and shady bowrs,
A peraly brook, whose silver streams
Are beautifi'd with Phebus' beams,
Still stealing through the trees so fair
Because Diana baths her there.

3. Behold the Nymph with all her train
Comes tripping through the park amain
And in this Grove she here will stay
At Barley-break to sport and play,
Where we shall sit us down and see
Fair beautie mixt with modestie.

4. All her delight is, as you see
Here for to sport and here to be,
Delighting in this silver stream
Only to bath her self therein
Until Acteon her espy'd
Then to the thicket she her hyed.

5. And there by Magick Art she wrought
Which in her heart she first had thought
By secret speed away to flee
Whilst he a Hart was turn'd to be.
Thus whilst he view'd Diana's train
His life he lost her love to gain.