

Sweet youth go bruse thy pillow

from The Turpyn Book of Lute Songs

Anon.

G G C D G F Em D Dm

Sweet youth go bruse thy pil - low, to make thee sleep wear wil - low. Fa
Ought save my loue I give thee, it may not once re - leeve thee.

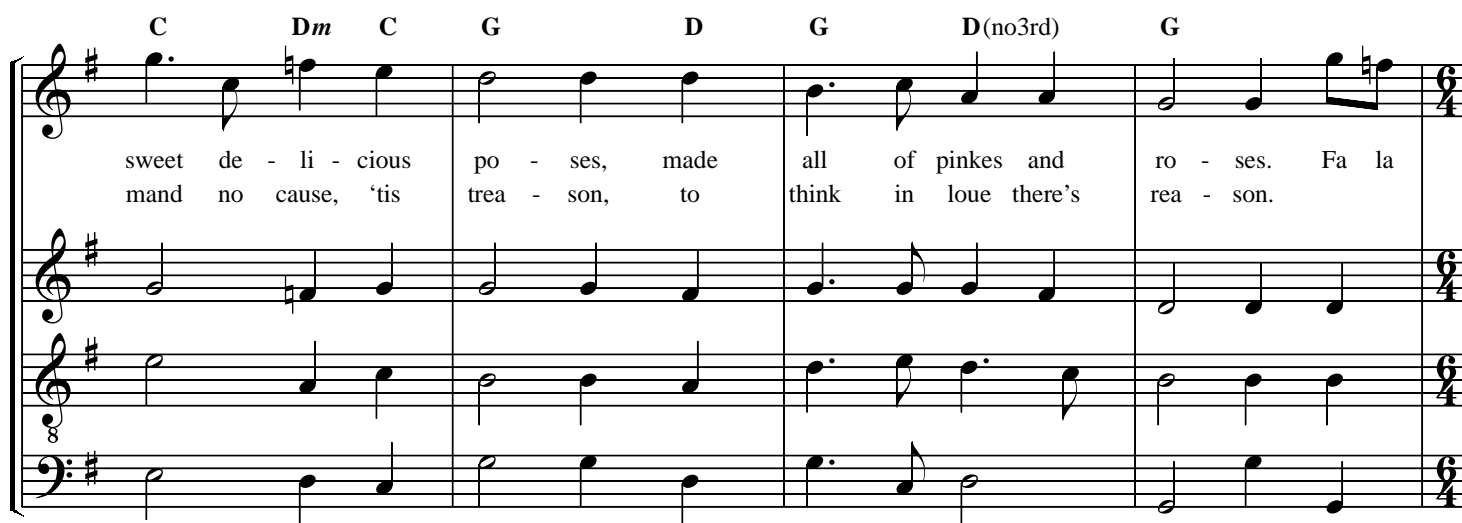
C Am D G C G D G

la la la la la la la, Fa la la la la la la, Fa la la la la la la la la la.

C C Dm C G A D

A brace - let of my tress - es, which all sweet beau - ty bless - es, or
No way in loue per se - uer, for I am bound for - e - uer; de -

C Dm C G D G D(no3rd) G



sweet de - li - cious po - ses, made all of pinkes and ro - ses. Fa la
mand no cause, 'tis trea - son, to think in loue there's rea - son.

C G D Dm Dm C



la la la la la la la la la la, Fa la la la la la la la la la la, Fa la

G D G C D(no3rd) G



la la la la la la la la la la, Fa la la la la la la la.