

# A stock of flowers

to the tune of the Blacke Almayne, Anon.

lyrics by John Symon, 1572

**Dm Dm Gm Dm Gm F Gm Bb**

A Full Now stock wel at of we know, this flowers, we know, time, be - no for our dewed flowers gra - with can cious showers, blow, Queene, In a But Let gar - den boy - ster - ous now stormes geue hart - there must y'

**D Dm Gm Dm Gm F Gm Bb**

springs; fynd: prayes: With For God mirth that may and is no her glee, flower, de - fend, vp - that from on a tree, e - ue - ry e - ne - mies A Doth At byrd driue this there sits a - way and and with al -

**D Dm Am Gm Dm**

sings; wynd. wayes; So For And plea - all send - sant these her is good her pros - per - ous voyce, flowers raygne, It Had With

Am Gm D Dm Am Dm Am Dm

doth my hart re - ioyce: She sets her tunes and noates so meete, That  
 man - y storm - y showers, Be - fore that they could blow so bud, Or  
 vs for to re - mayne, For to de - fend Gods word so pure, And

Dm Am Gm D A D D Dm Am Dm Am Gm Dm Gm

vn - to me it seemes so sweete, That all the flowers, that eu - er could be, Was  
 bring forth seede to doe an - y good: They dyd a - byde both cold and blast, Yet  
 eu - er with it for to en - dure: That she may be to vs a bower, To

Gm Am D Gm Dm Gm Am D G

neu - er so swete as this to me; The lyke be - fore I dyd neu - er se.  
 all - wayes dyd they stand sted - fast, Tyll all the stormes were gone and past.  
 kepe vs al - way when it doth showre; I pray God saue that princ - ly flower!