If thou lov’st me, and sigh’st ever But for me, O gentle swain. Sweet I find thy loving favor, Piti’ful I feel thy pain. Should’st thou think tho’, that de mure-ly
I on thee alone may smile, Simple shepherd, thou art surely prone thy senses to beguile; Simple shepherd, thou art surely prone thy senses to beguile.

As a fair red rose, a lover Fain might Sylvia choose to day,
Hap - ly if he thorns dis - cov - er 'Tis to - mor - row thrown a - way,

'Tis to - mor - row thrown a - way. All men say of maid - en fol - ly

Finds no fa - vor in mine eyes, Nor be - cause I love the lil - y

Shall I oth - er flow'rs de - spise.

J = 70

to be - - - guile!