

## TESTI

### **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 scanty triumphs laughs.

**Awake, sweet love,** thou art return'd:  
My heart, which long in absence mourn'd,  
Lives now in perfect joy.  
Let love, which never absent dies,  
Now live for ever in her eyes,  
Whence came my first annoy.  
Only herself hath seemed fair:  
She only I could love,  
She only drave me to despair,  
When she unkind did prove.  
Despair did she make me wish to die;  
That I my joys might end:  
She only, which did make me fly,  
My state may now amend.

### **Ah, Robin, gentle, Robin,**

Tell me how thy leman doth  
and thou shalt know of mine.  
My lady is unkind I wis,  
Alack why is she so?  
She lov'th another better than me,  
and yet she will say no.  
Ah, Robin, gentle, Robin,  
Tell me how thy leman doth  
and thou shalt know of mine.  
I cannot think such doubleness  
for I find women true,  
In faith my lady lov'th me well  
she will change for no new.  
Ah, Robin, gentle, Robin,  
Tell me how thy leman doth  
and thou shalt know of mine.

### **lullaby**

Lullay my babe lie still and sleep  
Soar it grieves me to hear  
Thee weep Would'st me so sad  
My pretty lamb  
My pretty boy, sweet ly sleep  
Jesu my joy my little son  
My little King oh would'st thou  
wert peace fully sleeping

Oh! would'st some angel kiss thy brow,  
Sing lullay, sing balalow,  
While thus thy lullaby I sing,  
Music soothe my sweet lording.  
My pretty lamb, etc.  
3. What ails my darling thus to cry,  
Sing lullay, sing lullaby,  
Lie still, my darling rest awhile,  
When thou wakest sweetly smile.

**April is in my mistress' face,**  
And July in her eyes hath place;  
Within her bosom is September,  
But in her heart a cold December.

**Helas madame,** celle que j'ayme tant:  
Souffrez que soye vostre humble servant;  
Vostre humble servant je serays a toujours  
Et tant que je viv'ray aultr' n'aymeray que vous.

**The hunt ist up,**  
The hunt ist up,  
Sing merrily wee,  
The hunt ist up,  
Hey downe, downe, ...  
The Birds they sing,  
the Deare they fling,  
hey nony, nony no.  
The Hounds they crye.  
the Hunters they flye.  
Hey trolilo, trololilo.  
Hey trolililoli lo.

**Now, O now, I needs must part,**  
Parting though I absent mourn.  
Absence can no joy impart :  
Joy once fled cannot return.  
While I live I needs must love,  
Love lives not when Hope is gone.  
Now at last Despair doth prove,  
Love divided loveth none.  
Sad despair doth drive me hence,  
This despair unkindness sends.  
If that parting be offence,  
It is she which then offends.

**A little pretty bonny lass** was walking  
In midst of May before the sun 'gan rise.  
I took her by the hand and fell to talking  
Of this and that, as best I could devise.  
I swore I would, yet still she said I should not  
Do what I would, and yet for all I could not.