

Hither runneth my sweet hart, ii.

B B B B B B B B B B B B
 a c e f h e a a e a a a a a a a a a a a a

ii. my sweete hart stay a while pree thee, not too fast, to much

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 a

haste maketh waste, but if thou wilt needs be gone, take my loue with thee, thy minde doth binde me

B B B B B B B B B B B B B B B B B B B
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to no vile condition, so doth thy truth preuent me of suspicion.

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2
 Go thy wayes then where thou please,
 So I by thee
 Daie and night
 I delight
 In thy sight,
 Neuer grieffe on me did seaze
 When thou wast nie mee.

My strength as length, y scorn'd thy faire cō mandings
 Hath not forgot the prise of rash withstandings.

3
 Now my thoughts are free from strife,
 Sweete let me kisse thee,
 Now can I
 Willingly
 Wish to die,

For I doe but loath my life,
 When I doe misse thee,

Come proue my loue, my hart is not disguised,
 Loue showne and knowne ought not to be despised.