Three English Songs

THE ANGLER'S SONG



V. 2. But we'll take no care
If the weather prove fair
Nor will we vex now though it rain
We will banish all sorrow
And sing till tomorrow
And angle and angle again.

THE PHŒNIX





V. 3. But when I consider the truth of her heart Such an innocent passion, so kind without art, I fear I have wronged her and hope she may be So full of true love to be jealous of me. And then 'tis I think that no joys are above The pleasures of love.

THE TURTLE

