

CLASSICS TO GO



EDMUND SPENSER, GEORGE WITHER
EDWIN AUSTIN ABBEY, AND ALFRED PARSONS

Old Songs

**Edmund Spenser, George Wither,
Edwin Austin Abbey, and Alfred Parsons**





A LOVE SONG.

BY GEORGE WITHER.

I lov'd a lasse, a faire one,
As faire as e'er was seene;
She was, indeed, a rare one,
Another Sheba queen;

But, foole, as then I was,
I thought she lov'd me too;
But, now, alas! sh'as left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

Her haire, like gold, did glister;
Each eye was like a starre;
She did surpasse her sister,
Which past all others farre:





She would me hony call:
She'd, oh, she'd kisse me too!
But, now, alasse! sh'as left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

In summer-time, to Medley
My love and I would goe—
The boatmen there stood readie
My love and I to rowe;
For creame there would we call,
For cakes, and for prunes too;
But, now, alasse! sh'as left me,
Falero, lero, loo.



Many a merry meeting
My love and I have had:
She was my onely sweetening;
She made my heart full glad:
The teares stood in her eyes,
Like to the morning-dew;
But, now, alasse! sh'as left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

And as abroad we walked,
As lovers' fashion is,
Oft, as we sweetly talked,
The sun would steale a kisse;
The winde upon her lips
Likewise most sweetly blew;
But, now, alasse! sh'as left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

Her cheekes were like the cherrie,
Her skin as white as snow;
When she was blyth and merrie,
She angel-like did show;
Her wast exceeding small,
The fives did fit her shoo;
But, now, alas! sh'as left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

In summer-time or winter
She had her heart's desire;
I stil did scorne to stint her
From sugar, sacke, or fire:
The world went round about;
No cares we ever knew;
But, now, alas! sh'as left me,
Falero, lero, loo.