

**YE LITTLE BIRDS  
THAT SIT AND  
SING**

***by: Thomas  
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***Free***editorial 

**Y**E little birds that sit and sing  
Amidst the shady valleys,  
And see how Phillis sweetly walks  
Within her garden-alleys;  
Go, pretty birds, about her bower;  
Sing, pretty birds, she may not lower;  
Ah, me! methinks I see her frown!  
Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Go, tell her through your chirping bills,  
As you by me are bidden,  
To her is only known my love,  
Which from the world is hidden.  
Go, pretty birds, and tell her so;  
See that your notes strain not too low,  
For still, methinks, I see her frown;  
Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Go, tune your voices' harmony,  
And sing, I am her lover;  
Strain loud and sweet, that every note  
With sweet content my move her:  
And she that hath the sweetest voice,  
Tell her I will not change my choice;  
Yet still, methinks, I see her frown!  
Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Oh, fly! make haste! see, see, she falls  
Into a pretty slumber.  
Sing round about her rosy bed,  
That waking, she may wonder.  
Say to her, 'tis her lover true  
That sendeth love to you, to you;  
And when you hear her kind reply,  
Return with pleasant warblings.