Madrigal

Geoff Allan

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sweet you must be mine. Oh mistress sweet you must be mine. Oh mistress sweet you must be mine. Oh mistress sweet you must be mine. Oh mistress sweet you must be mine. Oh mistress sweet you must be mine. Oh mistress sweet you must be mine. Oh mistress sweet you must be mine. Oh mistress sweet you must now be mine. But now that autumn cometh nigh, sweet you must now be mine. But now that autumn cometh nigh, sweet you must now be mine. But now that autumn cometh nigh, sweet you must now be mine. But now that autumn cometh nigh, sweet you must be mine. But now that autumn cometh nigh, sweet you must be mine. But now that autumn cometh nigh, sweet you must be mine. But now that autumn cometh nigh.
And our hearts seasons now do change.

Cometh nigh, Our hearts seasons now do change.

Now that autumn cometh nigh, Our hearts seasons now do change.

So win ters cold will on us

So win ters cold will on us

So win ters cold will on us

So win ters cold will on us
fly, No more shall we on pleasures range. No more shall fly, No more shall we on pleasures range. No more shall
us fly, No more shall we on pleasures range. No more shall we on pleasures range. No more shall we on
pleasures range. No more shall we on pleasures range. No more shall we on pleasures range. No more shall we on
Yet love like time's a changing thing

For after winter cometh spring.
For after winter com-eth spring.