Pack, Clouds, Away, and Welcome Day.

By Heywood, Thomas .

Pack, clouds, away, and welcome day,

With night we banish sorrow.

Sweet air, blow soft; mount, larks, aloft

To give my Love good-morrow!

Wings from the wind to please her mind

Notes from the lark I'll borrow;

Bird, prune thy wing; nightingale sing,

To give my Love good-morrow:

To give my Love good-morrow

Notes from them both I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, Robin-redbreast,

Sing, birds, in every furrow!

And from each hill let music shrill

Give my fair Love good-morrow!

Blackbird and thrush in every bush,

Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow,

You pretty elves, amongst yourselves

Sing my fair Love good-morrow;

To give my Love good-morrow

Sing birds in every furrow!