

## Cicely Sweet.

Cice-ly sweet, the morn is fair, Wilt thou drive me to desp-air?  
Oft have I sued in vain And now I'm come a - gain,  
Wilt thou be mine, or Yes or No? Wilt thou be mine, or No?  
Pri-thee, Si - mon quit thy suit, All thy pains will yield no fruit,  
Go boo - by, get a sack, To stop thy cease - less clack,  
Go for a boo - by, Go go, go! Go for a boo-by go!

He.

Cicely sweet, the morn is fair,  
Wilt thou drive me to despair?  
Oft I have sued thee in vain  
And now I'll come again,  
Wilt thou be mine, or Yes or No?  
Wilt thou be mine, or No?

She.

Prithee, Simon quit thy suit,  
All thy pains will yield no fruit,  
Go booby, get a sack,  
To stop thy ceaseless clack.  
Go for a booby, go, go, go!  
Go for a booby, go!

He.

Cicely sweet, if thou'lt love me,

Mother'll do a deal for thee.

Her'd rather sell her cow,

Than I should die for thou.

Wilt thou be mine, or Yes, or No?

Wilt thou be mine, or No?

She.

Mother thine had best by half,

Keep her cow and sell her calf;

No, never for a crown;

Will I marry with a clown;

Go for a booby, go, go, go!

Go for a booby go!

He.

Cicely sweet, you do me wrong,

My legs be straight, my arms be strong

I'll carry thee about,

Thou'lt go no more afoot,

Wilt thou be mine, or Yes, or No?

Wilt thou be mine, or No?

She.

Keep thy arms to fight in fray,

Keep thy legs to run away;

Ne'er will I, as I'm a lass,

Care to ride upon an ass.

Go for a booby, go, go, go!

Go for a booby go!