

## Old Songs, Lullabies, Shanties etc.

### "My heart is like a singing bird"

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My heart is like a singing bird  
Whose nest is in a watered shoot;  
My heart is like an apple tree  
Whose boughs are bent with thickset fruit;  
My heart is like a rainbow shell  
That paddles in a purple sea;  
My heart is gladder than all these  
Because my love is come to me.

Raise me a dais of [silk and down]1;  
Hang it with vair and purple dyes;  
Carve it in doves and pomegranates,  
And peacocks with a hundred eyes;  
Work it in gold and silver grapes,  
In leaves and silver fleur-de-lys;  
Because the birthday of my life  
Is come, my love, is come to me.

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