

Blackmore's Night, Past Time With Good Compan

Past time with good company
I love, and shall until I die
Grutch who lust, but none deny
So God be pleased, thus live will I
For my pastance
Hunt, sing and dance
My heart is set;
All goodly sport
For my comfort
Who shall me let?

Company with honesty
Is virtue, vices to flee;
Company is good and ill
But every man hath his free will
The best ensue
The worst eschew;
My mind shall be
Virtue to use
Vice to refuse
Thus shall I use me...

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Youth must have some dalliance
Of good or ill some pastance
Company methinks then best
All thoughts and fancies to digest
For idleness is chief mistress
Of vices all; then who can say
But mirth and play
Is best of all?

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