

# 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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