

# 5. How like a golden dream

Words by Thomas Campion

John Coprario

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How like a golden dream you met and parted, that,  
Yet the most bitter storm, to height increased, by

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pleasing, straight doth vanish. O who can ever bathing,  
heav'n again is ceased: O Time, that all things mov-

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nish the thought of one so princely and free hearted? But he was  
est, in grief and joy thou equal measure loved: Such the con-

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pull'd up in his prime by fate, and love for him must mourn, though all too  
 di- tion is of hu- man life: care must with plea- sure mix, and peace with

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late. Tears to the dead are due, let none for- bid sad hearts to sigh;  
 strife. Thoughts with the days must change; as ta- pers waste, so must our griefs;

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true grief, true grief, true grief can- not be hid.  
 day breaks, day breaks, day breaks when night is past.