

And would you see

Philip Rosseter

And would you see my mis- tress' face? It is a flow- 'ry
 It is a sweet de- li- cious morn Where day is breed- ing,
 It is the hea- vens' bright re- flex, Weak eyes to daz- zle
 It is a face of death that smiles, Plea- sing though it
 It is fair beau- ty's fresh- est youth, It is the feign'd E-

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gar- den place Where knots of beau- ties have such grace That
 ne- ver born. It is a mea- dow yet un- shorn Whom
 and to vex; It is the I- dae- a of her sex, En-
 kills the whiles, Where death and love in pret- ty wiles Each
 lys- ium's truth, The Spring that win- ter'd hearts re- neweth; And

all is work and no- where space, where no- where space.
 thou- sand flow- ers do a- adorn, it do a- adorn.
 vy of whom doth world per- plex, it world per- plex.
 o- ther mu- tual- ly be- guiles, where ly be- guiles.
 this is that my soul pur- sueth, the soul pur- sueth.