

What harvest half so sweet is Thomas Campion

Cantus

Tenor

Bassus

Lute

What har- vest half so sweet is, As still to reap the
The dove a- lone ex- press- es Her fer- ven- cy in

5

kiss- es Grown ripe in sow- ing? And straight to be re-
kiss- es, Of all most lov- ing: A crea- ture as of-

10

ceiv- er Of that which thou art giv- er, Rich in be- stow-
fence- less, As those things that are sense- less, And void of mov-

15

ing? Kiss then my har- vest and queen, Full gar- ners heap-
ing. Let us so love and kiss, Though all en- vy

ing; Kiss- es ri- pest when th're green, Want on-
us: That which kind, and harm- less is, None can

20

ly reap- ing. Kiss- ing.
de- ny us. Let us.