

Come, you pretty

Thomas Campion

Come, you pret-ty, false-eyed wan-ton,
 Soon-er it may you dumb count the stars And
 Would it were dumb mid- night now, When

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Leave your craf-ty smil- ing: Think you to es-
 num-ber hail down- pour- ing; Tell the os- iers
 all the world lies sleep- ing: Would this place some

cape me now, With slip- p'ry words be- guil- ing?
 of the Thames, Or Good- win's Sands de- vour- ing:
 des-ert were, Which no man hath in keep- ing.

No, you mock'd me th'o- ther day; When
 Than the thick- show'r'd th- o- ther ses here, Which
 My de- sires should then be safe, And

you got loose, you fled a- way: But since I have
 now thy tir- ed lips must bear; Such a har- vest
 when you cried, then would I laugh, But if aught might

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 caught you now, I'll clip your wings for fly- ing:
 ne- ver was, So rich and full of plea- sure;
 breed of- fence, Love on- ly should be blam- ed:

Smoth- 'ring kis- ses fast I'll heap And
 But 'tis spent as soon as I'll reap'd, So
 I would live your ser- vant still, And

keep trust-you less my so is saint from love's un- cry-trea-nam- ing. sure. ed.

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