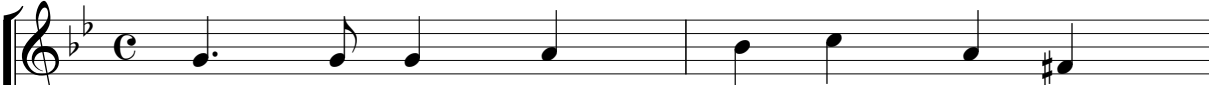



Come, you pretty

Thomas Campion

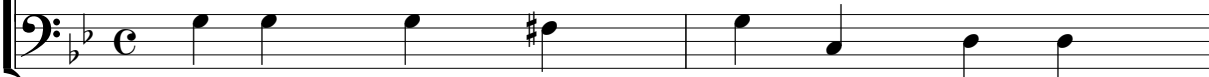
Cantus



Altus




Bassus





Come, you pretty, false-eyed wanton,
Soon-er may you count the stars And
Would it were dumb midnight now, When


5





Leave your crafty smiling: Think you to escape me now, With
number hail down-pouring; Tell the osiers of the Thames, Or
all the world lies sleeping: Would this place some desert were, Which



10



slip-p'ry words beguiling? No, you mock'd me th'o-ther day; When
Goodwin's Sands devouring: Than the thick-show'r'd kisses here, Which
no man hath in keeping. My desires 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

[15]

caught you now, I'll clip your wings for fly-ing: Smoth-'ring kis-ses
 ne-ver was, So rich and full of plea-sure; But 'tis spent as
 breed of-fence, Love on-ly should be blam-ed: I would live your

[20]

fast I'll heap And keep you so from cry-ing.
 soon as reap'd, So trust-less is love's trea-sure.
 ser-vant still, And you my saint un-nam-ed.