

# Move now with measured sound Thomas Campion

Move Yet now near- with er mea- sur'd Phoebus' sound, you throne meet

charm- ing grove of gold; trace forth the sac- red  
on your wind- ing ways; your bri- dal mirth make

ground that shall your forms un- fold. Di- a- na and the  
known in your high- grac- ed hayes. Let Hy- men lead your

star- ry night for your Ap- ol- lo's sake En-  
slid- ing rounds, and guide them with his light, while

due your sil- van shapes with pow'r, this strange de- light to this  
 we do I- o Hy- men sing in ho- nour of this

make. Much joy must needs the place be- tide where  
 night. Join three by three, for so the night by

trees for glad- ness move. A fair- er sight was  
 tri- ple spell de- crees, now to re- lease A-

ne'er be- held, or more ex- press- ing love.  
 pol- lo's knights from these ex- en- chant- ed trees.