

Time, that leads the fatal round Thomas Campion

Time, that leads the fa- talround, hath made his cen- ter in our ground, with swell- ing seas em- And there at one stay he rests, and with the fates keeps ho- ly feasts, with pomp and pas- time

brac- ed. Light Cu- pids there do dance and Ve- nus sweet- ly sings with grac- ed songs are all of joy, no sound of sor- row there, but

heav'n- ly notes tun'd to sound of sil- ver- strings. Their blith ap- pears. all as stars glist- 'ning fair and