

When to her lute Corinna sings

Thomas Campion

When to her lute Co- rin- na sings, Her voice re- vives the lead- en strings,
 And as her lute doth live or die; Led by her pas- sion, so must I.

And doth in high- est notes ap- pear As a- ny chal- leng'd
 For when of plea- sure she doth sing, My thoughts en- joy a

e- cho clear. But when she doth of mour- ning speak, E'en with her sighs
 sud- den spring; But if she doth of sor- row speak, E'en from my heart

her sighs her sighs the strings do break, the strings do break.
 my heart my heart the strings do break, the strings do break.