

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.

1

a a a a b d d a a 1 r 2 d a a r a
 a a r a a a f e f a a a r e d e e r
 a a a a

And doth in high- est notes ap- pear As a- ny chal- leng'd e- cho clear.
 For when of plea- sure she doth sing, My thoughts en- joy a sud- den spring;

(2nd verse only)

(2nd verse only)

r r r r a a a d d d r a r a e e
 e e e e a a a r e e f a r e e e r
 r r r r r r r e e f a r e e e r

But when she doth of mour- ning speak, E'en with her sighs her sighs
 But if she doth of sor- row speak, E'en from my heart my heart

10

a a a a a b a e r d e e a 4 d a 1 b
 e e e a a a r r e e a 3 d d

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

(last time only)

BII ----- BII -----

a 3 r 4 d a a 3 e r a a a
 2 r a 1 r 2 e r 2 e 1 b r 4 f 3 e r 1 b
 a a r r 1 r a