

When to her lute Corinna sings

Thomas Campion

When to her lute Corinna 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.

5
And doth in high- est notes ap- pear As a- ny chal- eng'd
For when of plea- sure she doth sing, My thoughts en- joy a

[10]
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

[15]
her sighs the strings do break, the strings do break.
my heart my heart the strings do break, the strings do break.
strings do break. strings do break.