

8. It fell on a summer's day Thomas Campion

It fell on a summer's day While sweet Bes- sy
 Ja- mie stole in through the door; She lay slumb'- ring
 First a soft kiss he doth take; She lay still and
 Ja- mie then be- gan to play; Bes- sy as one

sleep- ing lay In her bower on her bed, Light with cur-
 as be- fore. Soft- ly to her he drew near; She heard him,
 would not wake. Then his hands learned to woo; She dreamt not
 bur- ied lay, Glad- ly still through this sleight De- ceiv- ed in

tains sha- dow- ed, Ja- mie came. She him spies,
 yet would not hear. Bes- sy vowed not to speak;
 what he would do, But still slept, while he smiled
 her own de- ceit. And since this trance be- gun,

Op'- ning half her hea- vy eyes.
 He re- solved that dump to break.
 To see love by sleep better guiled.
 She sleeps ev'- ry af- ter noon.