

See where she flies

Thomas Campion

See where she flies en- raged from me. View her when
My for- tune hangs up- on her brow; For as she

4
2

5

she in- tends de- spite. The wind is not more swift than she.
smiles or frowns on me, So must my blown af- fec- tions bow.

6
2

4
2

10

Her fu- ry mov'd such ter- ror makes As, to a fear- ful guilt y
And her proud thoughts too well do find With what un- e- qual ty- ran-

sprite, The voice of heav'n' huge thun- der cracks.
ny Her beau- ties do com- mand my mind..

6
2

4
2

15

But when her ap-peas-ed mind Yields to de-light,
 Though, when her sad plan-et reigns, For-ward she be,

20

All her thoughts are made of joys, Mil-lions of de-
 She a-lone can plea-sure move And dis-pleas-ing

25

lights in-vent-ing, O-ther plea-sures are but toys
 sor-row ban-ish. May I but still hold her love,

To her beau-ty's sweet con-tent-ing.
 Let all o-ther com-forts van-ish.