

My sweetest Lesbia

Thomas Campion

My sweet-est Les-bia, let us live and love.
 If all would lead their lives in love like me,
 When time-ly death my life and for-tune ends,

And though the sag-er sort our
 Then blood-y swords and ar-mour
 Let not my hearse be vex'd with

deeds re-should not prove, Let us not weigh them.
 should not be. No drum nor trum-pet
 mourn-ing friends. But let all lov-ers,

Heav'n's great lamps do dive In- to their
 peace-ful in sleeps should move, Un- less a-
 rich in triumph, come And with sweet

west, and straight a- gain re- vive.
larm and came from the camp of Love.
pas- times grace my hap- py tomb.

r a h e f f h f e a f d r a r e
r e g r a r a a

But soon as once set is our lit-
But fools do live, and waste their lit-
And, Les- bia, close up thou my lit-
tle
tle
tle
tle

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

light, Then must we sleep one ev- er- dur-
light, And seek with pain their ev- er- dur-
light, And crown with love my ev- er- dur-
ing
ing
ing
ing

a a r e r a r r a r r h a r a a a

night, ev- er- dur- ing night.
night, ev- er- dur- ing night.
night, ev- er- dur- ing night.

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