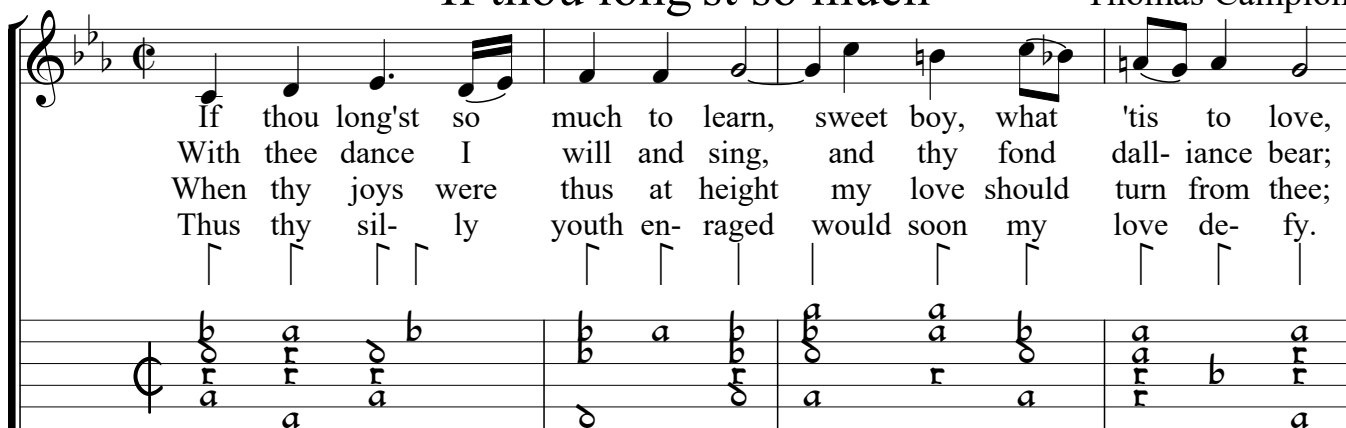
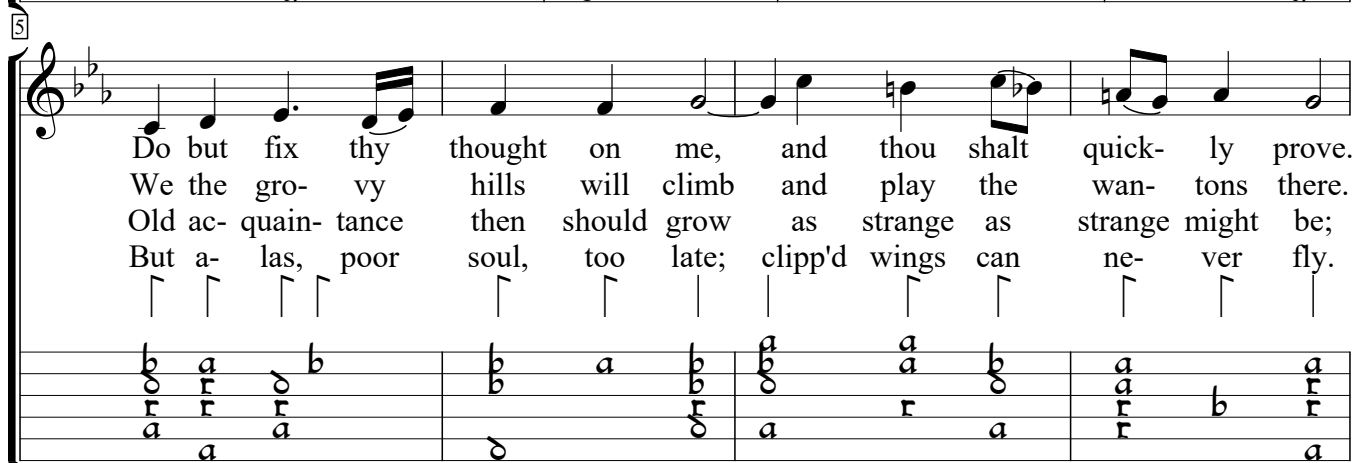


If thou long'st so much

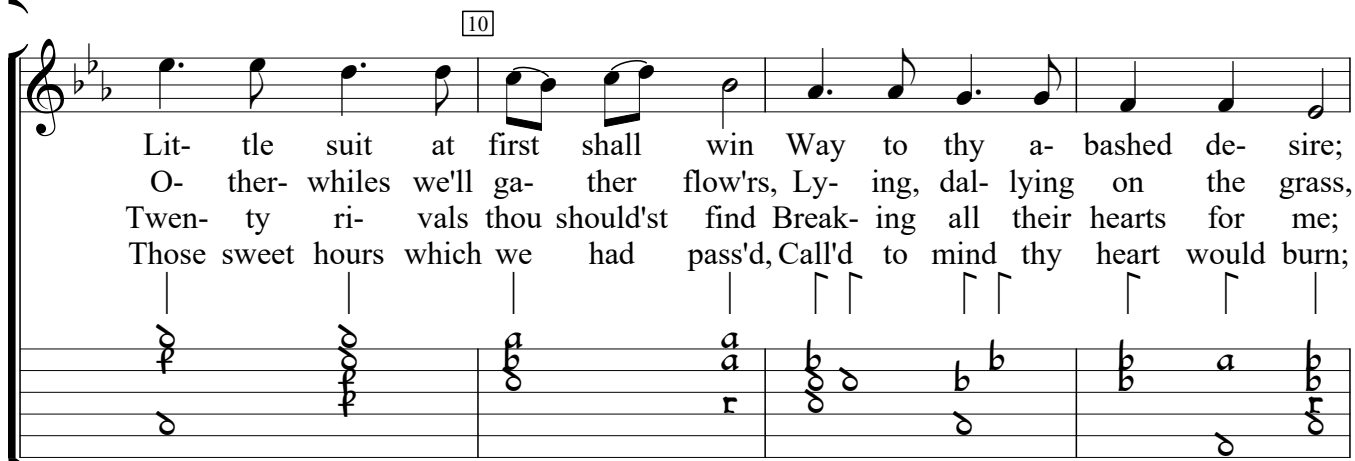
Thomas Campion



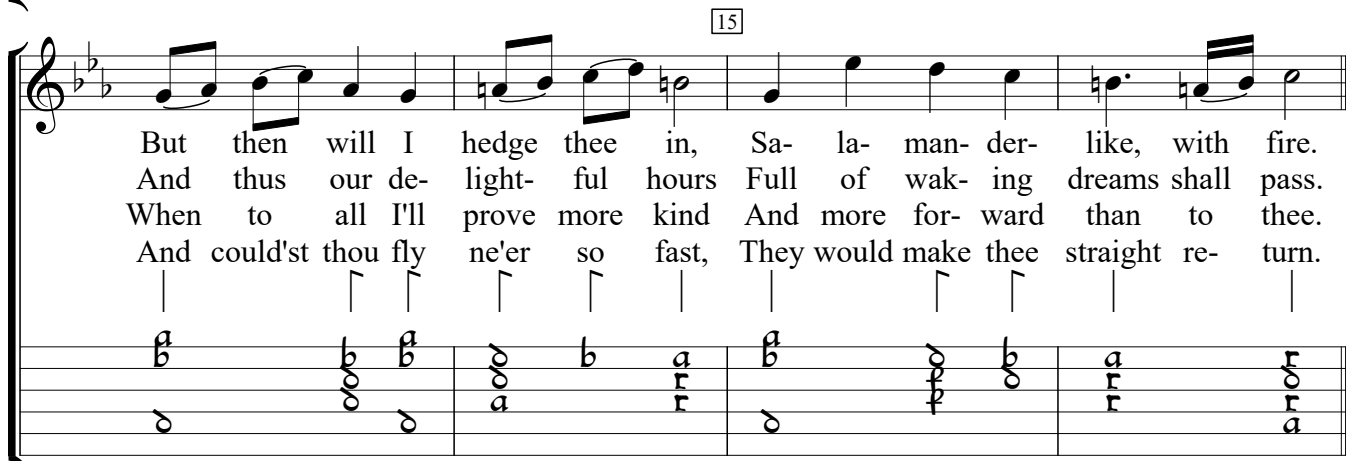
If thou long'st so much to learn, sweet boy, what 'tis to love,
 With thee dance I will and sing, and thy fond dalliance bear;
 When thy joys were thus at height my love should turn from thee;
 Thus thy silly youth enraged would soon my love defy.



Do but fix thy thought on me, and thou shalt quickly prove.
 We the grovy hills will climb and play the wantons there.
 Old acquaintance then should grow as strange as strange might be;
 But alas, poor soul, too late; clipp'd wings can never fly.



Lit- tle suit at first shall win Way to thy a- bashed de- sire;
 O- ther- whiles we'll ga- ther flow'rs, Ly- ing, dal- lying on the grass,
 Twen- ty ri- vals thou should'st find Break- ing all their hearts for me;
 Those sweet hours which we had pass'd, Call'd to mind thy heart would burn;



But then will I hedge thee in, Sa- la- man- der- like, with fire.
 And thus our de- light- ful hours Full of wak- ing dreams shall pass.
 When to all I'll prove more kind And more for- ward than to thee.
 And could'st thou fly ne'er so fast, They would make thee straight re- turn.