

Come you pretty false-ey'd

Two Bookes of Ayres (1613)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

Chord symbols: Gm Gm D Gm Cm D Gm Gm D Eb D^{sus4} D G D D Dm A B \flat A D⁵ Gm Gm Cm Gm D Gm D Gm Gm Am D B \flat Eb Cm D^{sus4} D G

Lyrics:
 Come you pret - ty false- ey'd wan - ton, leave your craf - ty smi - ling:
 Thinke you to es - cape mee now with slip - ry words be - gui - ling?
 No, you mockt me th'o - ther day, when you got loose you fled a - way:
 But since I have caught you, now Ile clip your wings for fly - ing:
 Smo - thring kis - ses fast Ile heape, and keepe you so from cry - ing.

2. Sooner may you count the starres
 And number hayle downe pouring;
 Tell the Osiers of the Temmes,
 Or Goodwins Sands devouring:
 Then the thick-showr'd kisses here,
 Which now thy tyred lips must beare;
 Such a harvest never was,
 So rich and full of pleasure;
 But 'tis spent as soone as reapt,
 So trustlesse is loves treasure.

3. Would it were dumb midnight now,
 When all the world lyes sleeping:
 Would this place some Desert were,
 Which no man hath in keeping.
 My desires should then be safe,
 And when you cry'd then would I laugh,
 But if ought might breed offence,
 Love onely should be blamed:
 I would live your servant still,
 And you my Saint unnamed.