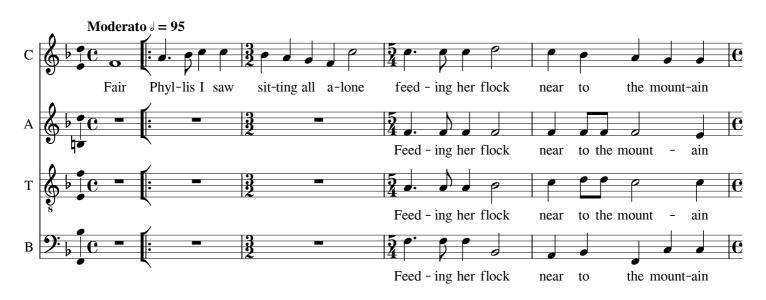
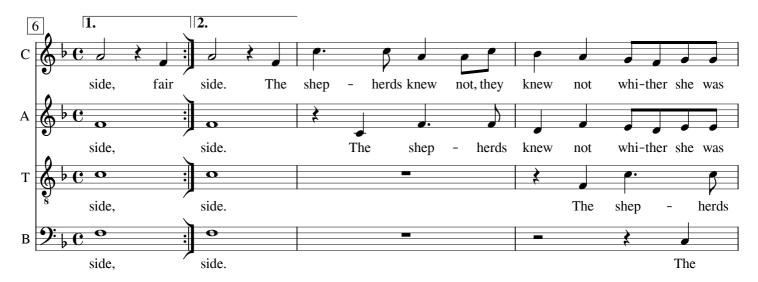
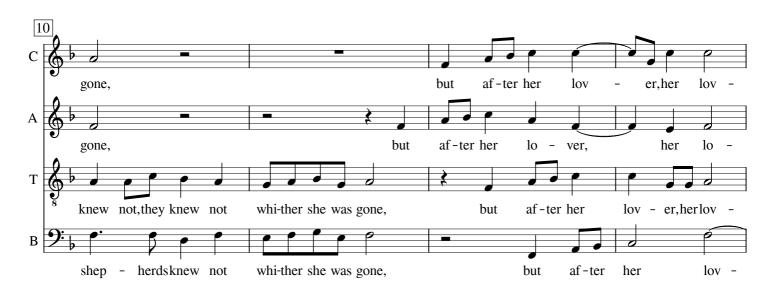
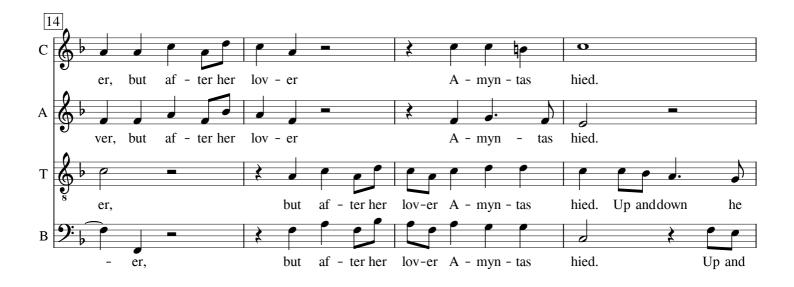
## Fair Phyllis I Saw

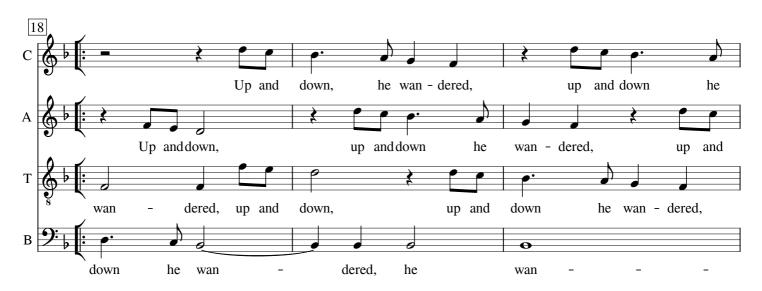
John Farmer, 1565-1605

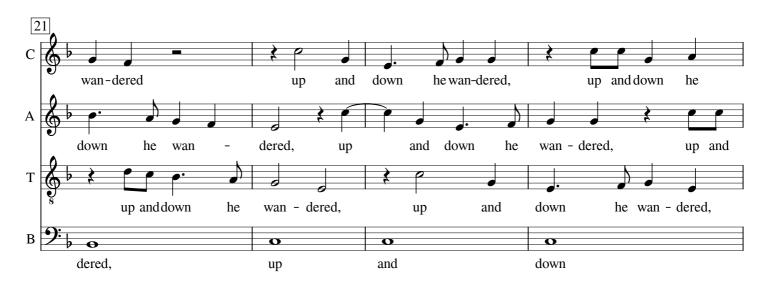


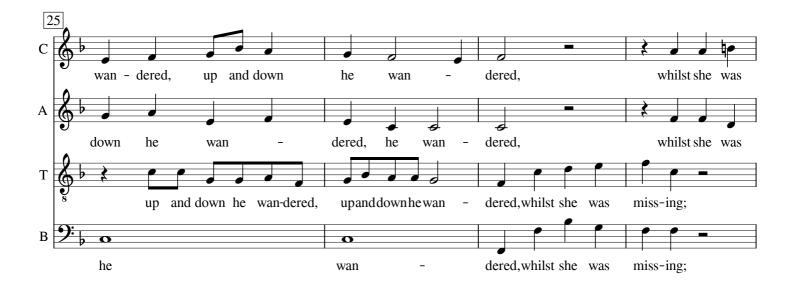


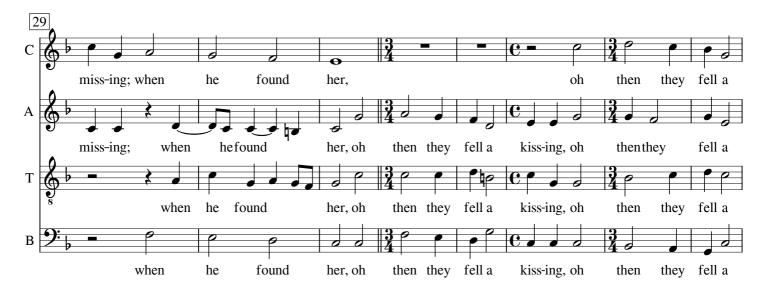


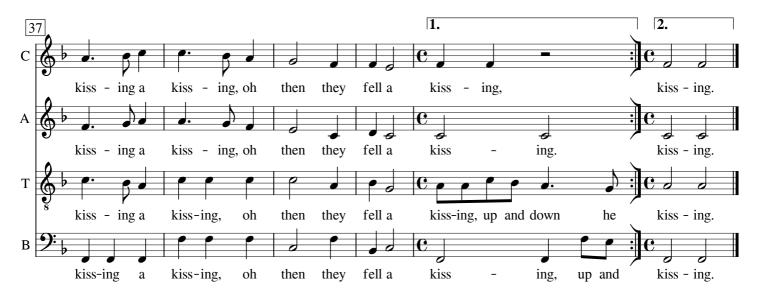






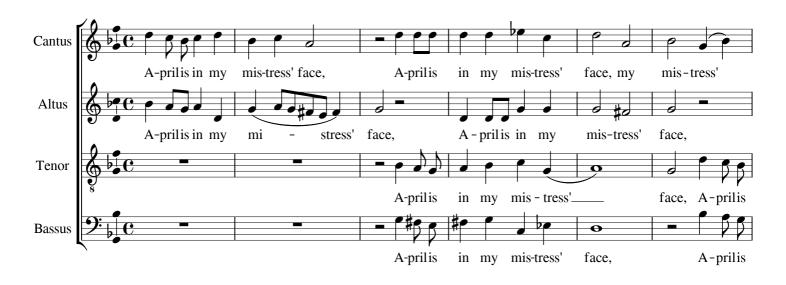


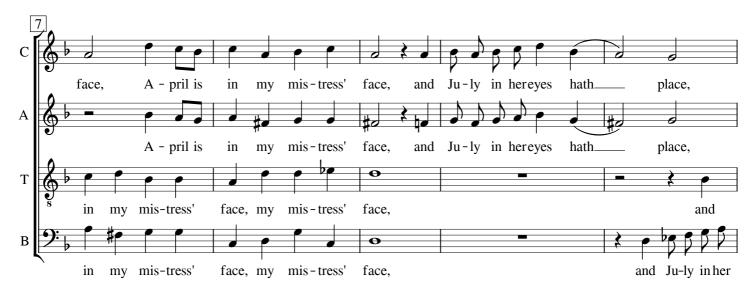


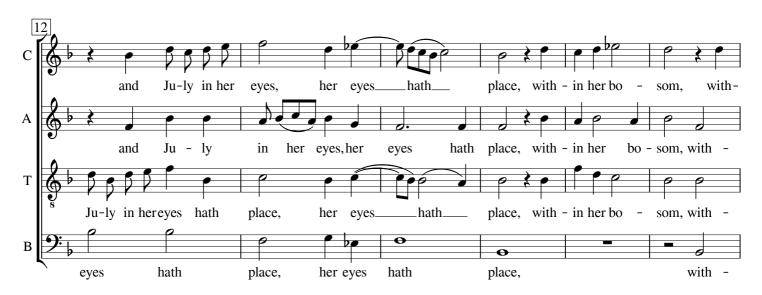


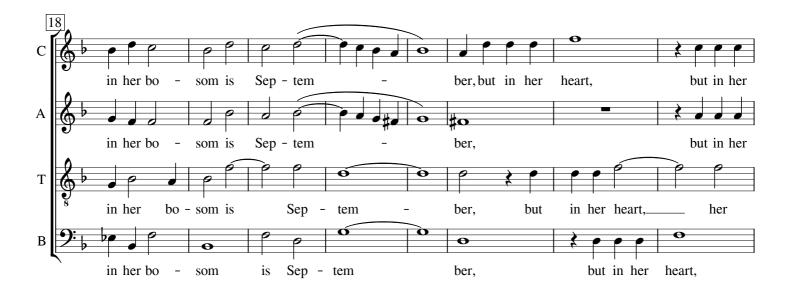
## April is in My Mistress' Face

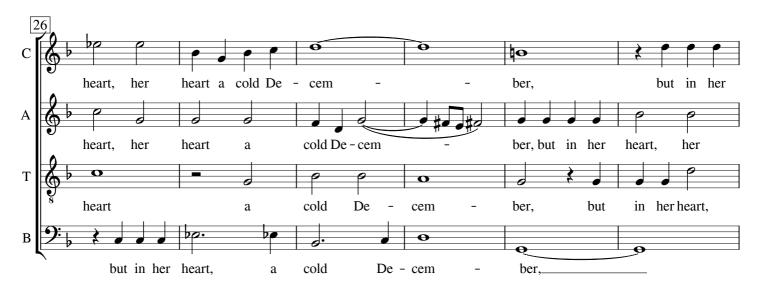
Thomas Morley, 1558–1603

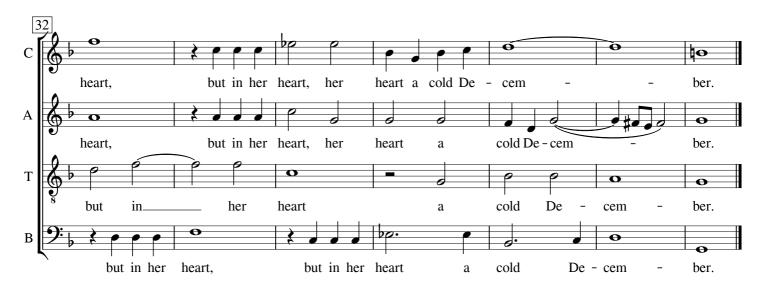












## Come away, come, sweet love

John Dowland, 1562-1626

Come away, come sweet love

The golden morning breaks

All the earth, all the air

Of love and pleasure speaks:

Teach thine arms then to embrace

And sweet

Rosy

Lips to kiss

And mix our souls in mutual bliss

Eyes were made for beauty's grace

Viewing

Rueing

Love's long pain

Procur'd by beauty's rude disdain

Come away, come sweet love

The golden morning wastes

While the sun from his spere

His fiery arrows casts:

Making all the shadows fly

Playing

Staying

In the grove

To entertain the stealth of love

Thither sweet love let us hie

Flying

Dying

In desire

Wing'd with sweet hopes and heav'nly fire

Come away, come sweet love

Do not in vain adorn

Beauty's grace, that should rise

Like to the naked morn:

Lilies on the river's side

And fair

Cyprian

Flow'rs new-blown

Desire no beauties but their own

Ornament is nurse of pride

Pleasure

Measure

Love's delight:

Haste then sweet love our wished flight







## If my complaints could passions move

John Dowland

If my complaints could passions move, Or make Love see wherein I suffer wrong: My passions were enough to prove, That my despairs had govern'd me too long. O Love, I live and die in thee, Thy grief in my deep sighs still speaks: Thy wounds do freshly bleed in me, My heart for thy unkindness breaks: Yet thou dost hope when I despair, And when I hope, thou mak'st me hope in vain. Thou say'st thou canst my harms repair, Yet for redress, thou let'st me still complain.

Can Love be rich, and yet I want? Is Love my judge, and yet I am condemn'd? Thou plenty hast, yet me dost scant: Thou made a God, and yet thy power contemn'd. That I do live, it is thy power: That I desire it is thy worth: If Love doth make men's lives too sour, Let me not love, nor live henceforth. Die shall my hopes, but not my faith, That you that of my fall may hearers be May here despair, which truly saith, I was more true to Love than Love to me







