

CANTUS XXVIII

Transcription by Mihai Popean

Thomas Campion

Cantus

2 3 4 5

So quicke, so hot, so mad is thy fond sute; So
That faine I would with losse make thy tongue mute, And
But roofes too hot would prove for men all fire, And
The grove is charg'd with thornes and the bold bryer; Gray
Since then I can on earth no fit roome finde, In
Till then for Hopes sweet sake rest your tir'd minde, And

Bassus

Lute

6 7 8 9 10

rude, so te - dious growne in ur - ging mee. An houre with
yeeld some lit - tle grace to quiet thee.
hills too high for my un - used space An yel - low
snakes the mea - dows shrowde in eve - ry place:
hea - ven I am resolv'd with you to meet A hea-ven-ly
not so much as see mee in the streete:

Bassus

Lute

11 12

thee I care not to con - vers; For
frog a - las will fright me so And
mee - ting one day we shall have, But

13 14 15

I would not be coun - ted too per - verse.
I should start and trem - ble as I goe.
ne - ver, as you dreame in bed or grave.