

What harvest half so sweet is Thomas Campion

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What har- vest half so sweet is, As still to reap the kiss- es Grown ripe in sow-
 The dove a- lone ex- press- es Her fer- ven- cy in kiss- es, Of all most lov-

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ing? And straight to be re- ceiv- er Of that which thou art giv- er, Rich
 ing: A crea- ture as of- fence- less, As those things that are sense- less, And

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in be- stow- ing? Kiss then my har- vest queen, Full gar- ners heap- ing; Kiss- es
 void of mov- ing. Let us so love and kiss, Though all en- vy us: That which

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ri- pest when th'are green, Want on- ly reap- ing. Kiss- ing.
 kind, and harm- less is, None can de- ny us. Let us.