

What harvest half so sweet is Thomas Campion

Cantus

Tenor

Bassus

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

5

ripe in sow- ing? And straight to be re- ceiv- er Of that which thou art
all most lov- ing: A crea- ture as of- fence- less, As those things that are

10

giv- er, Rich in be- stow- ing? Kiss then my har- vest queen, Full gar- ners heap-
sense- less, And void of mov- ing. Let us so love and kiss, Thoughall en- vy

15

20

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

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