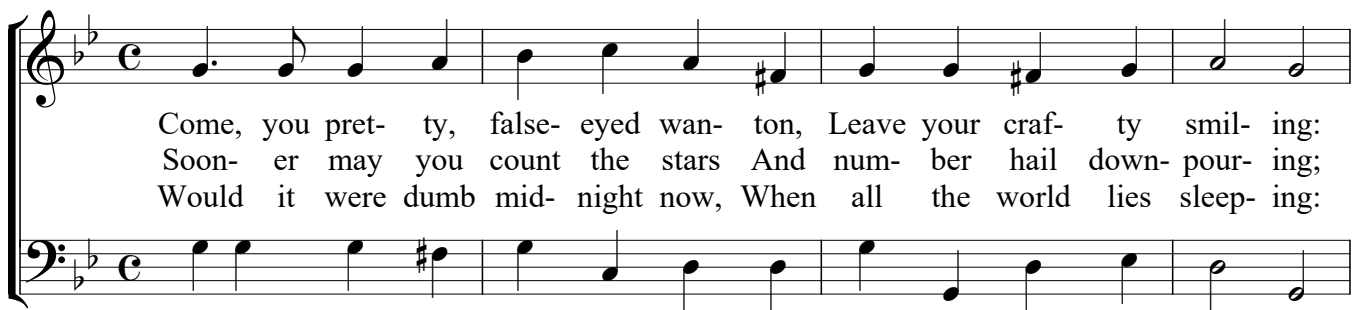


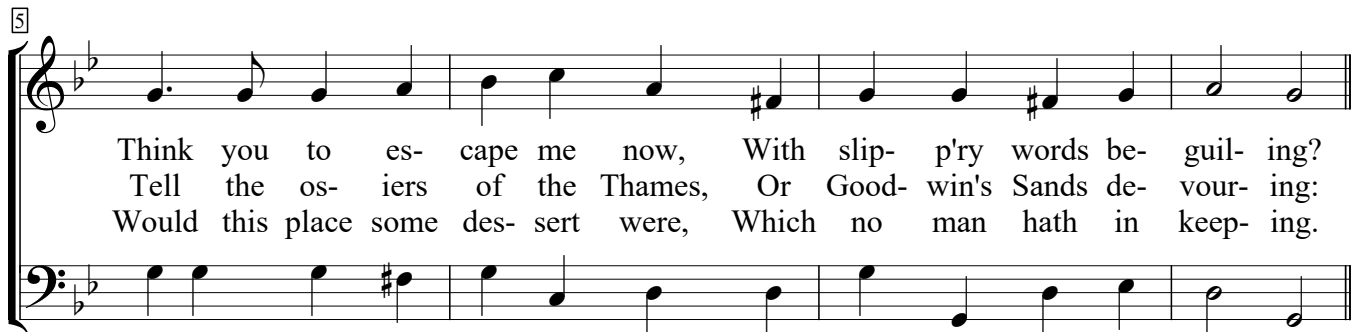
# Come, you pretty

Thomas Campion



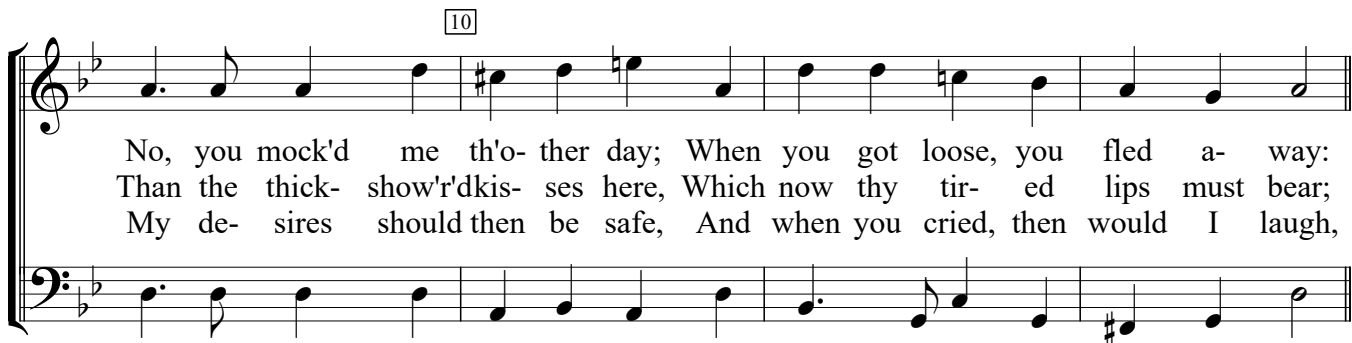
Come, you pret- ty, false- eyed wan- ton, Leave your craf- ty smil- ing:  
Soon- er may you count the stars And num- ber hail down- pour- ing;  
Would it were dumb mid- night now, When all the world lies sleep- ing:

5



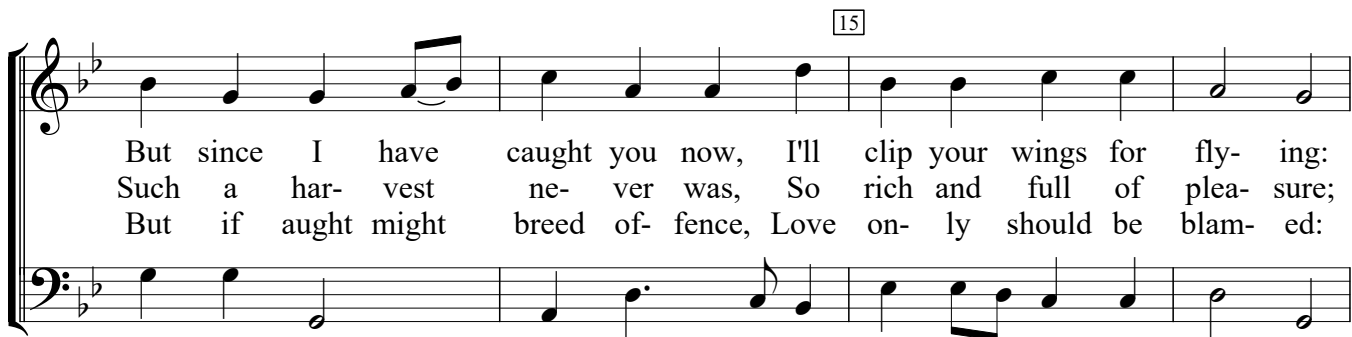
Think you to es- cape me now, With slip- p'ry words be- guil- ing?  
Tell the os- iers of the Thames, Or Good- win's Sands de- vour- ing:  
Would this place some des- sert were, Which no man hath in keep- ing.

10



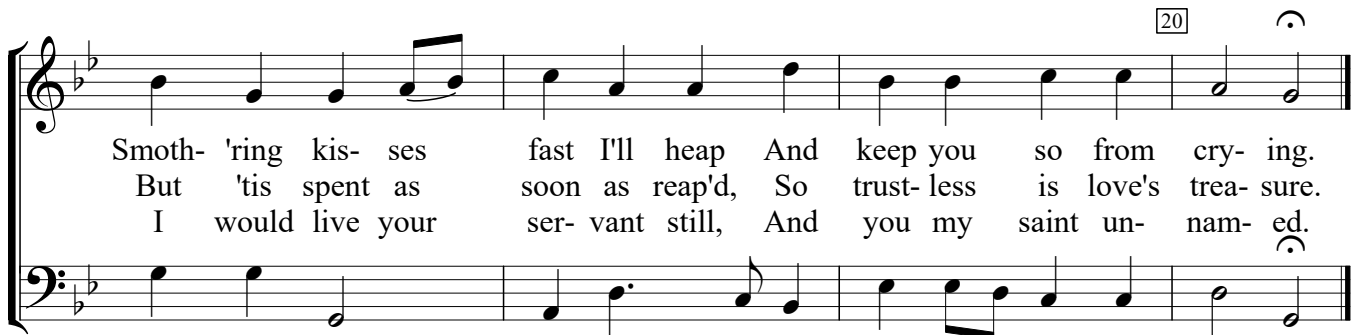
No, you mock'd me th'o- ther day; When you got loose, you fled a- way:  
Than the thick- show'r'dkis- ses here, Which now thy tir- ed lips must bear;  
My de- sires should then be safe, And when you cried, then would I laugh,

15



But since I have caught you now, I'll clip your wings for fly- ing:  
Such a har- vest ne- ver was, So rich and full of plea- sure;  
But if aught might breed of- fence, Love on- ly should be blam- ed:

20



Smoth- 'ring kis- ses fast I'll heap And keep you so from cry- ing.  
But 'tis spent as soon as reap'd, So trust- less is love's trea- sure.  
I would live your ser- vant still, And you my saint un- nam- ed.