

# Now hath Flora

Thomas Campion

Now hath Flo- ra robb'd her bow'rs To be- friend this place with flow'rs;  
Di- vers, di- vers Flow'rs af- fect for some pri- vate dear res- pect,

5

stowe a- boute, stowe a- boute, the sky rain'd nev- er kind- lier showers.  
stowe a- boute, stowe a- boute, Let ev- 'ry one his own pro- tect.

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Flow'rs with Bri- dals well a- gree, Fresh as brides and bride- grooms be,  
But he's none of Flo- a's friend that will not the rose com- mend.

15

stowe a- boute stowe a- boute, and mix them with fit  
stowe a- boute,, stowe a- boute, Let Prin- ces prince- ly

me-lo-die. Earth hath not prince-lier flow'rs than ro-ses white  
flow'rs de-fend. Ro-ses, the gar-den's pride, are flow'rs for love,

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and ro-ses red, but they must still be min-gel-ed.  
and flow'rs for kings, in courts de-sir'd, and wed-dings.

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And as a rose new pluckt from Ve-nus' thorn, so doth a  
And as a rose in Ve-nus' bo-som worn, so doth a

bride her bride-groom's bed a-dorn.  
bride-groom his bride's bed a-dorn.