

Mistress, since you so much desire Thomas Campion

Mis- tress, since you so much de- sire To know the place of
E'en in those star- ry pierc- ing eyes, There Cu- pid's sa- cred

a a a a a
r r e r r e e e r a

5

Cu- pid's fire, In your fair shrine that flame doth rest,
fi- re lies. Those eyes I strive not to en- joy,

r r e e a a a a a
e e e r a a a e e r e

Yet nev- er har- bour'd in your breast. It bides not in your
For they have a pow'r to des- troy. Nor woo I for a

e r e a r e a r e a a a a r a r e
r a e r a r a a r e b r

10

lips so sweet Nor where the rose and
smile or kiss, So mean- ly tri- umphs

f e r e f e a a e f e f
r e r e a e r e a

li- lies meet,
not my bliss.

But a lit- tle higher,

but a lit- tle higher,

15

but a lit- tle higher, but a lit- tle higher,

20

There, there, O there, lies Cu- pid's fire. fire.
I climb to crown my chaste de- sire.