

Hark, all you ladies

Thomas Campion

Hark, all you ladies that do sleep, The
 But if you let your lovers moan, The
 In myrtle arbours on the downs, The
 All you that will hold watch with Love, The
 All you that love or lov'd before, The

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fai-ry queen Pro-ser-pi-na Bids you a-wake and
 fai-ry queen Pro-ser-pi-na Will send a-broad her
 fai-ry queen Pro-ser-pi-na This night by moon-shine,
 fai-ry queen Pro-ser-pi-na Will make you fair-er
 fai-ry queen Pro-ser-pi-na Bids you in-crease that

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pi-fair-ty them that weep. You may do
 lead-ies ev-'ry one That shall pinch
 than-ing mer-ry rounds, Holds a watch
 lov-Di-o-ne's dove. Ros-es red,
 ing-ing hu-mour more. They that yet

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in the dark What the day
 black and blue Your white hands
 with sweet Love, the dale,
 li- lies white, the clear
 have not fed On de- light

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doth for- bid. Fear not the dogs that bark;
 and fair arms, That did not kind- ly rue
 up the hill, No complaints or groans may move
 da- mask hue Shall on your cheeks a- light.
 a- mor- ous, She vows that they shall lead

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

Night will have all hid.
 Your pa- ra- mours' harms.
 Their ho- ly vi- gil.
 Love will a- dorn you.
 Apes in A- ver- nus.

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