

5. How like a golden dream

Words by Thomas Campion

John Coprario

How like a golden dream you met and par-
Yet the most bit-ter storm, to height in-creas-

1. | | | | | | | |

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

5

ted, that, plea-sing, straight doth va-nish. O
ed, by heav'n a-gain is ceas-ed: O

| | | | | | |

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

10

who can ev-er ba-nish the thought of
Time, that all things mov-est, in grief and

| | | | | | |

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

15

one so prince-ly and free heart-
joy thou e-qual mea-sure lov-
ted? But he was
est: Such the con-

| | | | | | |

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

pull'd up in his prime by fate, and love for him must
 di- tion is of hu- man life: care must with plea- sure

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

mourn, though all too late. Tears to the dead are
 mix, and peace with strife. Thoughts with the days must

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

due, let none for- bid sad hearts to sigh; true grief,
 change; as ta- pers waste, so must our griefs; day breaks,

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

30 true grief, true grief can- not be hid.
 day breaks, day day breaks when night is past.

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