

Come you pretty false-ey'd wanton

from Two Bookes of Ayers, the Second Booke,
Light Conceits of Louers, 1613

Thomas Campion (1567-1620)

Gm D Gm Am D Gm D Cm D(no3rd) G

Come you pret - ty
Soon - er may you
Would it were dumb
false - ey'd wan - ton,
count the starres and
mid - night now, When
Leauē your craf - ty
num - ber hayle downe
all the world lyes
smil - ing:
pour - ing:
sleep - ing:

Gm D Gm Am D Gm D Cm D(no3rd) G

Thinke you to es -
Tell the Os - iers
Would this place some
cape me now With
of the Temmes or
De - sert were, Which
slip - p'ry words be -
Good - wins Sands de -
no man hath in
guil - ing?
uour - ing.
keep - ing.

D Dm A Gm A Dm Bb Cm Gm D Gm D

No, you mockt me
Then the thicke-showr'd
My de - sires should
th'o - ther day, When
kis - ses here, Which
then be safe, And
you got loose you
now thy tyr - ed
when you cry'd then
fled a - way:
lips must beare;
I would laugh,

Gm *Am Dm Bb Eb Cm D(no3rd) G*

But since I haue caught you now, Ile clip your wings for fly - ing:
 Such a har - uest neu - er was so rich and full of plea - sure;
 But if aught might breed of - fence Loue one - ly should be blam - ed;

Gm *Am Dm Bb Eb Cm D(no3rd) G*

Smo - th'ring kis - ses fast Ile heap, And keepe you so from cry - ing.
 But 'tis spent as soone as reapt So trust - lesse is loues trea - sure.
 I would liue your ser - vant still, And you my Saint vn - nam - ed.