

If thou long'st so much

from the Third Booke of Ayers, 1617

Thomas Campion (1567-1620)

Dm A Dm C F Dm A Dm E A

If thou long'st so much to learne (sweet boy) what 'tis to loue:
With thee dance I will, and sing, and thy fond dal - liance beare;
When thy joyes were thus at height my loue should turne from thee,
Thus thy sil - ly youth en - rag'd would soone my loue de - fie;

Dm A Dm C F Dm A Dm E A

Doe but fixe thy thought on mee, and thou shalt quick - ly proue.
Wee the grou - y hils will climbe, and play the wan - tons there.
Old ac - quin - tance then should grow as strange as strange might be,
But a - las poore soule too late, clipt wings can ne - uer flye;

F C Dm Am Bb F C F

Lit - tle sute at first shal win Way to thy a - basht de - sire:
 O - ther whites wee'le ga - ther flowres, Ly - ing dal - ying on the grasse,
 Twen - ty ri - uals thou should'st finde Break - ing all their hearts for mee,
 Those sweet houres which wee had past wee had past Cal'd to mind thy heart would burne:

F Bb F G A F C Dm A D

But then will I hedge thee in, Sa - la - man - der - like with fire.
 And thus our de - light - full howres Full of wak - ing dreames shall passe.
 When to all Ile proue more kinde, And more for - ward then to thee.
 And could'st thou flye ne'er so fast, They would make thee straight re - turne.