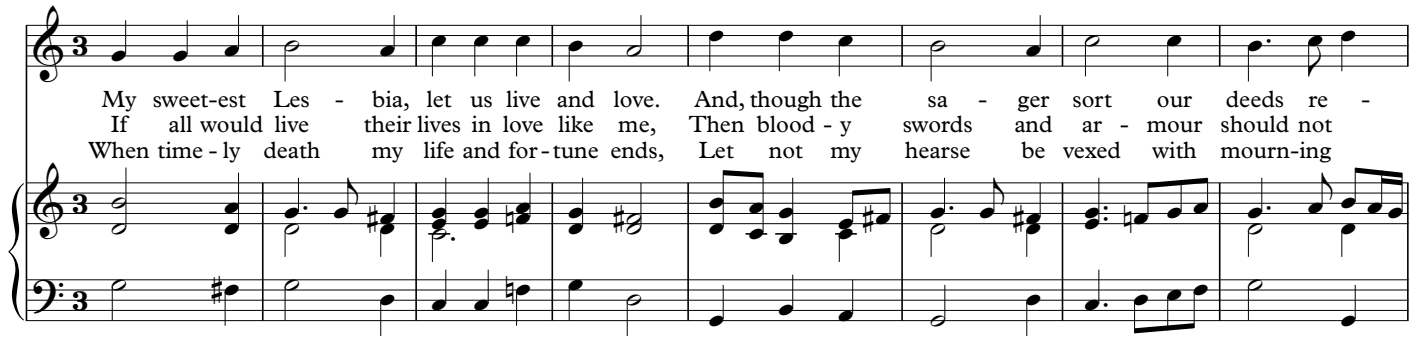


My Sweetest Lesbia

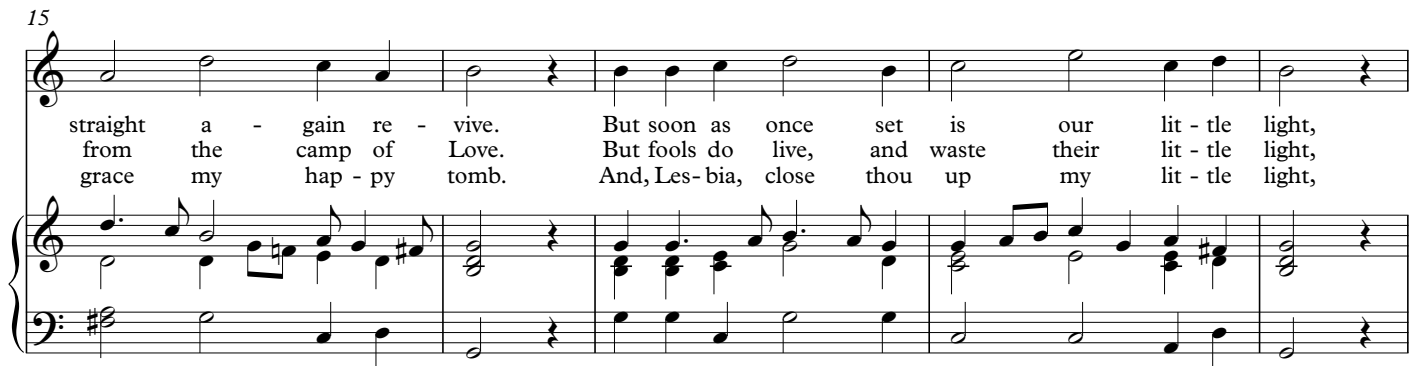
My sweet-est Les - bia, let us live and love. And, though the sa - ger sort our deeds re -
If all would live their lives in love like me, Then blood - y swords and ar - mour should not
When time - ly death my life and for - tune ends, Let not my hearse be vexed with mourn - ing



9
prove, Let us not weigh them. Heaven's great lamps do dive In - to their west, and
be. No drum nor trum - pet peace - ful sleeps should move, Un - less a - larm came
friends. But let all lov - ers, rich in tri - umph, come And with sweet pas - times



15
straight a - gain re - vive. But soon as once set is our lit - tle light,
from the camp of Love. But fools do live, and waste their lit - tle light,
grace my hap - py tomb. And, Les - bia, close thou up my lit - tle light,



20
Then must we sleep one ev - er - dur - ing night, ev - er - dur - ing night.
And seek with pain their ev - er - dur - ing night, ev - er - dur - ing night.
And crown with love my ev - er - dur - ing night, ev - er - dur - ing night.

