And would you see my Mistris’ face.

Words by Thomas Campion.
Music by Philip Rosseter.

Voice.

Piano.

And would you see my Mistris’ face?

It is a flow'ry garden place Where knots of beauties have such grace, That all is work and nowhere space.
And would you see my Mistris' face?
It is a flow'ry garden place
Where knots of beauties have such grace,
That all is work and nowhere space.

It is a sweet delicious morn
Where day is breeding never born;
It is a meadow yet unshorne
Whom thousand flowers do adorn.

It is the heaven's bright reflex,
Weak eyes to dazzle and to vex;
It is the Idea of her sex,
Envy of whom doth world perplex.

It is a face of death that smiles,
Pleasing, though it kills the whiles,
Where death and love in pretty wiles
Each other mutually beguiles.

It is fair beauty's freshest youth;
It is the fam'd Elizium's truth;
The spring that winter'd hearts renew'th:
And this is that my soul pursu'th.

N.B. The Introductions to these Songs should only be used for the first verse of the lyric.