When Laura smiles.

Words by Thomas Campion.
Music by Philip Rosseter.

When Laura smiles, her sight revives both night and day,
The earth and heaven views with delight her wanton play;

And her speech with everflowing music doth re-

pair The cruel wounds of sorrow and untam'd despair.
When Laura smiles, her sight revives both night and day;
The earth and heaven views with delight her wanton play;
And her speech with everflowing music doth repair
The cruel wounds of sorrow and untam'd despair.

The sprites that remain in fleeting air,
Affect for pastime to untwine her tressed hair,
And the birds think sweet Aurora, morning's Queen doth shine
From her bright sphere, when Laura shews her looks divine.

Diana's eyes are not adorn'd with greater power
Than Laura's, when she lifts awhile for sport to lour;
But when she her eyes encloseth, blindness doth appear
The chiefest grace of beauty, sweetly seated there.

Love hath no fire but what he steals from her bright eyes,
Time hath no power, but that which in her pleasure lies:
For she with her divine beauties all the world subdues,
And fills with heav'nly spirits my humble muse.