What then is love but mourning.

Words by Thomas Campion.
Music by Philip Rosseter.

Voice.

Piano.

What then is love but mourning? What desire but a self-burning?

Till she that hates doth love return: Thus will I mourn,

thus will I sing: Come away, come away my darling!
What then is love but mourning?
What desire but a self-burning?
Till she that hates doth love return:
Thus will I mourn, thus will I sing:
Come away, come away my darling!

Beauty is but a blooming,
Youth in his glory entombing;
Time hath a while which none can stay:
Then come away while thus I sing:
Come away, come away my darling!

Summer in winter fadeth,
Gloomy night heav'ly light shadeth;
Like to the morn are Venus' flowers,
Such are her hours: then will I sing:
Come away, come away my darling!