

So quick, so hot, so mad

Thomas Campion

So quick so hot, so
But roofs then I too hot can would
Since then I can on

mad is thy fond suit, So rude, so
prove for men all fire; And hills too
earth no fit room find, In heav'n I

te- dious grown in urg- ing me. That
high for my un- us- ing me. The
am re- solv'd with you to meet. Till

fain I would with loss make thy tongue
grove is for charg'd with with thorns and the bold
then for hope's sweet sake rest your tired

15

mute, And yield some lit-tle
briar; Grey snakes the mea-tle
mind, And not so much as

grace to qui-et thee. An hour with
shroud in ev-'ry place. A yel-low
see me in the street. A heav'n-ly

20

thee I care not to con-verse, For
frog, a-las one will fright we shall so As
meet-ing one day we shall have, But

I would not be count-ed too per-verse.
I should start and trem-ble as I go.
ne-ver, as you dream, in bed or grave.