

2. What then is love?

Thomas Ford

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"What then is love," sings Co- ri- don, "since
"Tis like a morn- ing dew- y rose, spread
"Tis like a lamp shin- ing to all, whilst

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Phil- li- da is grown so coy? A flat t'ring glass to
fair- ly to self the sun's a- rise, but when his beams he
in- it- self it doth de- cay. It seems to free, whom

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gaze up- on. A bu- sy jest. A ser- ious toy.
doth dis- doth close, that thrall, and which leads then flour- ish'd quick- ly dies.
it doth thrall, and leads our path- less thoughts a- stray.

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A flow'r still bud- ding, ne- ver blown.
It is a self- fed win- ing hope,
It is the spring of of win- t'red hearts,"

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A scan-ty dearth in full-est store, yield- ing least
 a pro- mis'd bliss, in a salve- less sore, an aim- less
 parch'd by the the sum- mer's heat be- fore, faint hope to

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fruit, where most is sown. My dai- ly note shall
 mark, an err- ing con- scope. My dai- ly note shall
 kind- ly warmth con- verts.

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be there- fore: Heigh ho, heigh ho, chill love no more,

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heigh ho heigh ho chill love no more.

1) Open string on 3rd course in orig. Editorial "improvement", here, for proper voice leading.