

So Sweet Is Thy Discourse

Text by *Thomas Campion* (1567-1620) [Br]

Set by *Thomas Campion* (1567-1620) [Br]

So **sweet,** **so** **sweet** **is** **thy** **discourse** **to** **me,**
[so:ʊ swit so:ʊ swit ɪz ða:ɪ 'dɪs.kɔɹs tu mi]

And so delightful is thy sight,
As I taste nothing right but thee.

O why invented nature light
Was it alone for beauty's sake,
That her graced words might better take?

No more, no more can I old joys recall,
They now to me become unknown
Not seeming to have been at all.

Alas! How soon is this love grown
To such a spreading height in me,
As with it all must shadowed be.

The entire text to this title with the complete
IPA transcription and translation is available for download.

Thank you!

