

It Fell on a Sommers Day

Text by *Thomas Campion* (1567-1620)

Set by *Thomas Campion* (1567-1620)

It fell on a sommers day,
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[ɪt fɛl ɒn ʌ 'sʌ.məz deɪ]

While sweete Bessie sleeping laie
While sweet Bessie sleeping lay
[wɑːɪl swit 'bɛs.i 'slɪp.ɪŋ leɪ]

In her bowre, on her bed,
Light with curtaines shadowéd,
Iamy came: shee him spies,
Opning halfe her heaueie eyes.

Iamy stole in through the dore,
She lay slumbring as before;
Softly to her he drew neere,
She heard him, yet would not heare,
Bessie vow'd not to speake,
He resolu'd that dumpe to breake.

First a soft kisse he doth take,
She lay still, and would not wake;
Then his hands learn'd to woo,
She dreamp't not what he would doo,
But still slept, while he smild
To see loue by sleepe beguild.

Iamy then began to play,
Bessie as one buried lay,
Gladly still through this sleight...

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

Thank you!

