

What Then Is Loue but Mourning?

Text by *Thomas Campion* (1567-1620)

Set by *Philip Rosseter* (1567/8 -1623)

What	then	is	loue	but	mourning?
<i>What</i>	<i>then</i>	<i>is</i>	<i>love</i>	<i>but</i>	<i>mourning?</i>
[ʍat	ðɛn	ɪz	lʌv	bʌt	'mɔːɹɪŋ]

What	desire,	but	a	selfe-burning?
<i>What</i>	<i>desire,</i>	<i>but</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>self-burning?</i>
[ʍat	dɪ.'zɑːɪə	bʌt	ʌ	,sɛlf.'bɜːn.ɪŋ]

Till shee that hates doth loue returne,
Thus will I mourne, thus will I sing,
Come away, come away, my darling.

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

Sommer in winter fadeth;
Gloomie night heaun'ly light shadeth:
Like to the morne are Venus flowers;
Such are her howers: then will I sing,
Come away, come away, my darling.

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

Thank you!

