

Henry Lawes, *Among the myrtles as I walk'd*
 (Ob MS Don. c. 57, fol. 97)

Robert Herrick

Theorbo or Archlute in G

Editorial transcription of tablature (theorbo voicing)

Among the myrtles as I

walk'd Love and my sighs thus intertalked. Tell me, said

I, in deep distress, where I may find my shepherdess.

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2. Thou fool, said Love, knowst thou not this?
In every thing that's good she is.
In yonder tulip go and seek,
There thou may'st find her lip and cheek.
3. In that enameled pansy by,
There thou may'st find her curious eye.
In bloom of peach, in rose's bud,
There wave the streams of her blood.
4. 'Tis true, said I, and thereupon
I went to pluck one by one
To make of parts an union,
But on a sudden all were gone.
5. At which I stopp'd. Said Love, These be
The true resemblances of thee,
For as these flow'rs thy joys must die
And in the turning of an eye.

And all thy hopes of her must wither
Like these short sweets e'er knit together.