

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

Robert Herrick

Theorbo or Archlute in G

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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.