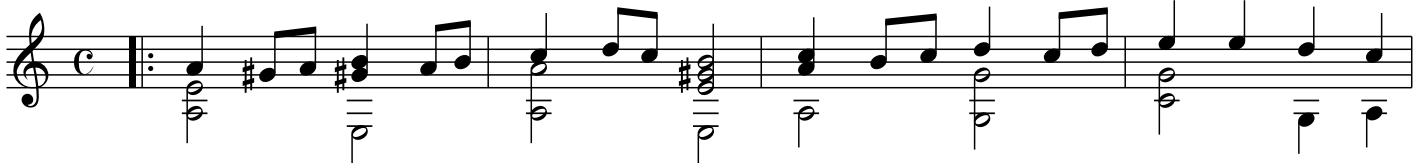


# What if a day or a moneth or a year

Thomas Campion (Jane Pickering's Lute book)



What if a day or a moneth or a yeare crown Thy de-lights with a thou-sand sweet con-  
Can - not a chance of a night or an howre crosse thy de-sires with a thous-and sweet tor-



tent - - ings? For - tune, hon - our, beau - ty, youth, are but blos - soms  
ment - - ings?



dy - ing; Wan - ton pleasure, doat - ing love, are but sha - d - ows  
All our joyes are but toyes, id - le thoughts de - -  
None have power of an howre in their lives be - -



fly - - ing.  
ceiv - - ing;  
reav - - ing.

Earthe's but a point to the world, and a man  
Is but a point to the world's compared centure:  
Shall then a point of a point be so vaine  
As to triumph in a seely point's adventure?  
All is hassard that we have,  
There is nothing biding.  
Dayes of pleasure are like streames  
Through faire meadowes gliding.  
Weal and woe, time doth goe,  
Time is ever turning;  
Secret fates guide our states,  
Both in mirth and mourning.