

Altus

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O what shall I do. or whi-ther shall I turn me?

Shall I make un-to her eyes? shall I make un-to her eyes? O no, they'll burn

me! Shall I seal up my eyes and speak my part? Then in a flood of

tears, then in a flood of tears, I drown my heart. For tears being stopped will

swell will swell

will swell for scope, Though they o'er- flow love, life love, life and

hope. By beau-ty's eye I'll choose to die, I'll choose to die. At thy feet I

fall, fair crea-ture rich in beau - ty. And for pi-ty call: O kill not

love and du - ty. O kill not love and du - ty. O kill not

love and du - ty. O kill not love and du - ty. O kill not

love and du - ty. Let thy smooth tongue fan on my sense thy breath. To stay thine

eye from burn-ing me to death. But if mer-cy be ex - il -

ed From a thing so fair com-pil - ed. from a thing so

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8 fair com-pil - - ed. Then pa-tient - ly By thee I'll die.