

# 16. Ah, dear heart, why do you rise? Orlando Gibbons

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Ah, dear heart, why do you  
Dear, let me die in this fair

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rise? The light that shines comes from your eyes, your eyes, the  
breast, far sweet-er than the Phoe-nix', Phoe-nix' nest, far

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light that shines comes from your eyes, from your eyes.  
sweet-er than the Phoe-nix' nest, Phoe-nix' nest.

The day breaks not; it is my heart, to think that you and  
Love, raise de- sire by his sweet charms with- in this cir- cle

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I must part, to think that  
of thine arms, with- in this

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you and I must part. O, stay, or else my joys will die and per-  
cir- cle of thine arms. And let thy bliss- ful kiss- es cher- ish mine in-

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ish in their in- fan- cy,  
fant joys that else must per- ish,

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and per- ish in their in- fan- cy.  
mine in- fant joys that else must per- ish.