

Beauty sat bathing

Poem by Anthony Munday

Robert Jones

(moving)

Beauty sat bathing by a spring Where
In-to a slumber then I fell, But

fair-fond est shades did hide her,
i- ma- gi- na- tion

5

The winds blew calm, the birds did
Seem- ed to see, but could not

sing, tell The cool - streams ran be-
Her fea- - ture or her

10

side her, My wan- ton thoughts en- tic'd my eye To
fa- shion. But But e'en as babes in dreams do smile And

1 2 3
1 4 2 3
1 2 3

a a b a 2r 1 b

15

see what was for- bid- den, But bet- ter mem- o-
some- time fall a- weep- ing: So I a- wak'd as

1 2 3 4
1 3 1 3
3 1 3 4

a b 4d a 1 b a 1 b

3d 1b 3d 2r a 4e a

|||

(rit last time)

ry cried fie, So vain - de- lights were
wise the while As when - I fell a-

1 2 3 4
1 3 4 2
4 2 3 4

a a 1 b a 4d 2r 4d 2r

4e 2 a 4e a

|||

20

chid- den, My chid- den.
sleep- ing, But But sleep- ing.

1 2
1 2
1 2 3

a a a a