

# And would you see

Philip Rosseter

And would you see my mis- tress' face?  
 It is a sweet de- li- cious morn  
 It is the hea- vens' bright re- flex,  
 It is a face of death that smiles,  
 It is fair beau- ty's fresh- est youth,

It is a flow- 'ry gar- den place Where  
 Where day is breed- ing, ne- ver born. It  
 Weak eyes to daz- zle and to vex; It  
 Plea- sing though it kills the whiles, Where  
 It is the feign'd E- lys- ium's truth, The

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 knots of beau- ties have such grace That  
 is a mea- dow yet un- shorn Whom  
 is the\_I- dae- a of her sex, En-  
 death and love in pret- ty wiles Each  
 Spring that win- ter'd hearts re- neweth; And

all is work and no- where space, where no- where space.  
 thou- sand flow- ers do a- dorn, it do a- dorn.  
 vy of whom doth world per- plex, it world per- plex.  
 o- ther mu- tual- ly be- guiles, where ly be- guiles.  
 this is that my soul pur- sueth, the soul pur- sueth.