

# 2. What then is love?

Thomas Ford

"What then is love," sings Co-ri-don, "since Phil-li-da is grown so  
 "Tis like a morn-ing dew-y rose, spread fair-ly to the sun's a-  
 "Tis like a lamp shin-ing to all, whilst in it-self it doth de-

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coy? A flat t'ring glass to gaze up-on. A bu-sy jest.  
 rise, but when his beams he doth dis-close, that which then flour-  
 cay. It seems to free, whom it doth thrall, and leads our path-

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A ser-ious toy. A flow'r still bud-ding, ne-dy-ver blown.  
 ish'd quick-ly dies. It is a self-fed ing hope,  
 less thoughts a-stray. It is the spring of win-t'red hearts,

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A scanty dearth in fullest store, yielding least fruit, where most is  
 a promis'd bliss, a salveless sore, an aimless mark, an erring  
 parch'd by the summer's heat before, faint hope to kindly warmth con-

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sown. My dai-ly note shall be there-fore: Heigh ho, heigh ho,  
 scope. My dai-ly note shall be there-fore: Heigh ho, heigh ho,  
 verts. My dai-ly note shall be there-fore: Heigh ho, heigh ho, chill

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chill love no more, heigh ho heigh ho chill love no more.  
 love no more, heigh ho, heigh ho, chill love no more.

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1) Open string on 3rd course in orig. Editorial "improvement", here, for proper voice leading.