

# 11. Shut not, sweet breast

Thomas Ford

5 10

15 20

Fly not, fly not, fly not, dear heart, to find me all of snow,

25 30

and I de- sire, de- siresweet flames to

35 40

know. Nor thy fire will harm me, and this heat will warm

1) 1/2 note in orig.

2) 2 1/4 notes in orig.

45 50

me. Be- ing now thus warm'd, I'll

r g r δ f h a a r h f δ r a a f δ b a

a a f a b a a δ b a r r b r r a

b r

55 60

nev- er seek oth- er fire. More bliss I take than

a b a δ δ δ δ δ δ r a f δ r δ r δ a

r r a r r a a a a a a f

e a a a a a a f

65

an- gels can de- sire. Let one grief harm us and one joy fill us;

a r δ f δ r a f δ b a δ b a b δ r r δ

a a a a a a a a a a

70 75

let one love warm us and one death kill us, and one death kill us.

a δ b f δ b g h f δ r a a a r r a r r a r r a

f f f a a a e a a