

Six Lyrics from Elizabethan Song-books No. 3

# Turn all thy thoughts to eyes

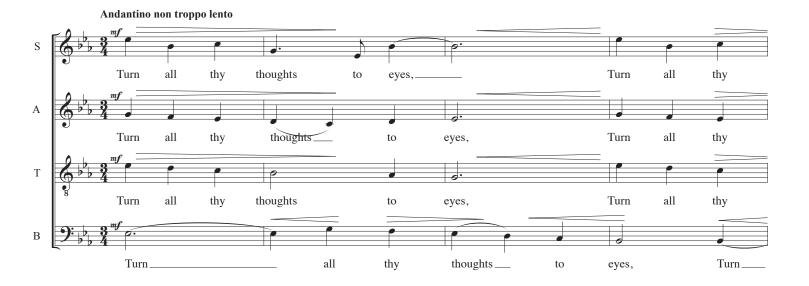
Charles Hubert Hastings Parry (1848-1918) Turn all thy thoughts to eyes,
Turn all thy hairs to ears,
Change all thy friends to spies
And all thy joys to fears;
True love will yet be free
In spite of jealousy.

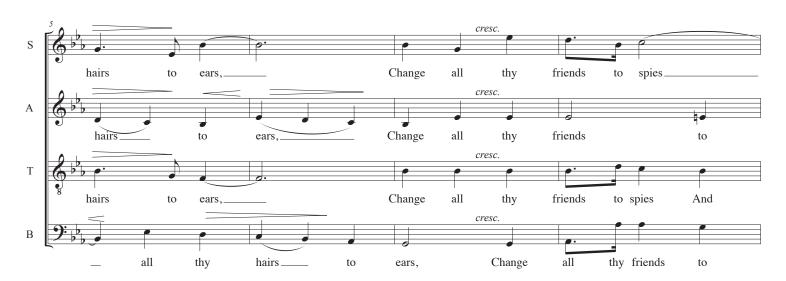
Turn darkness into day, Conjectures into truth, Believe what th' envious say, Let age interpret youth: True love will yet be free In spite of jealousy.

Wrest every word and look, Rack every hidden thought, Or fish with golden hook; True love cannot be caught: For that will still be free In spite of jealousy.

Thomas Campion (1567-1620)

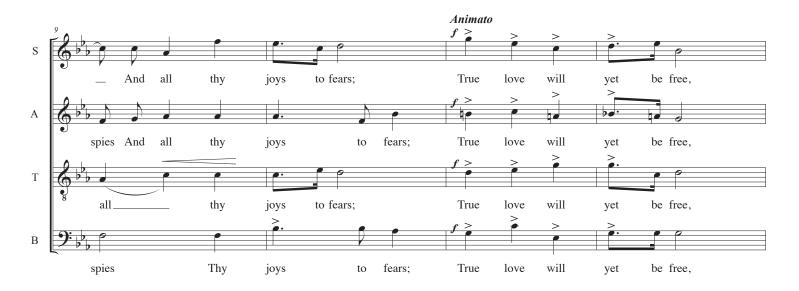
C. Hubert H. Parry

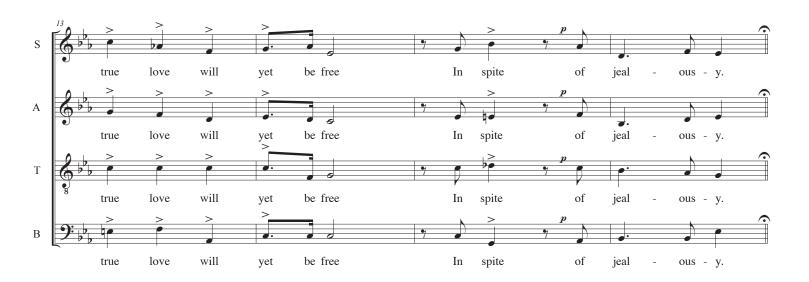


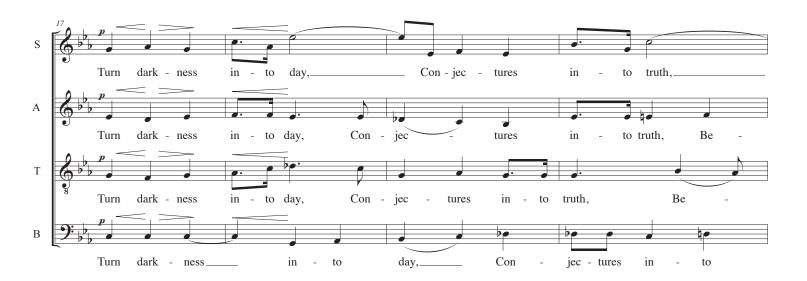


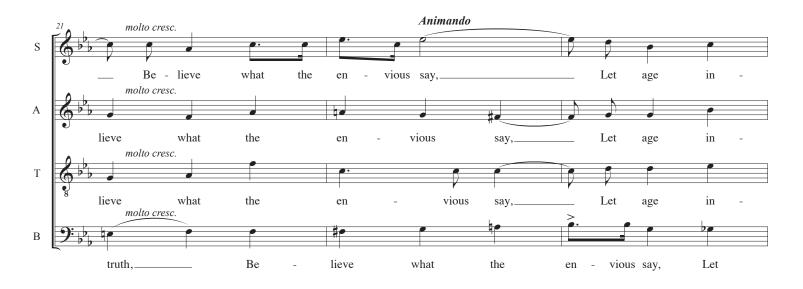


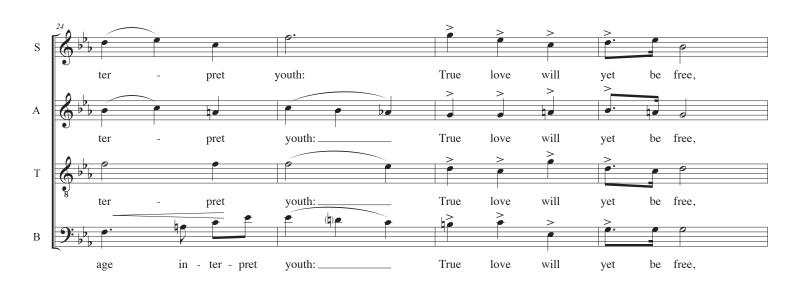
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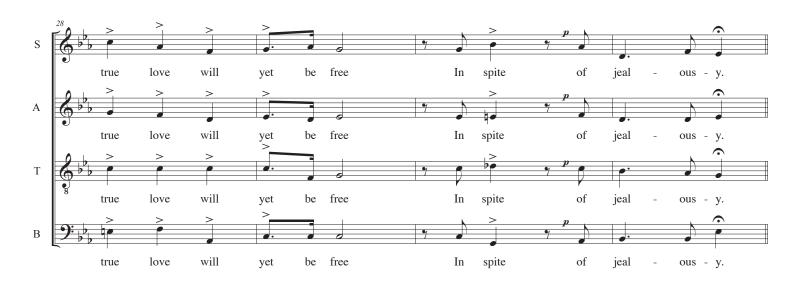


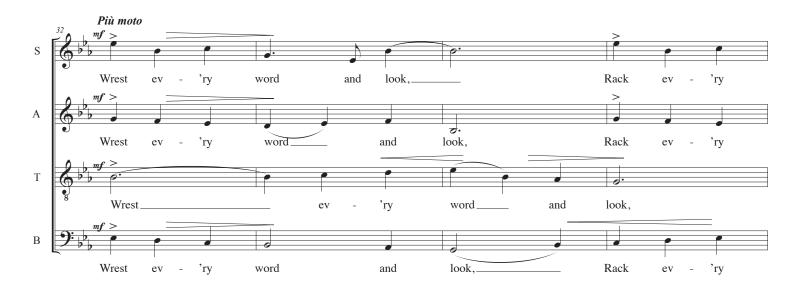


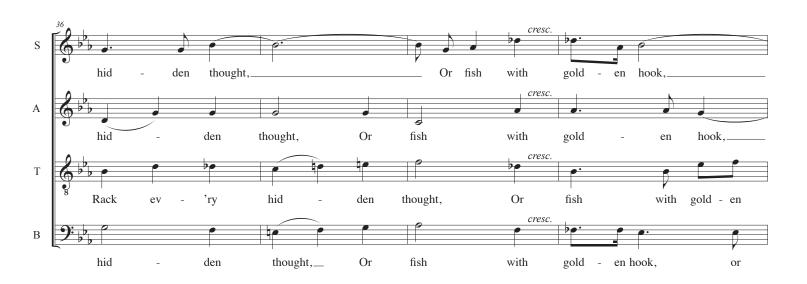


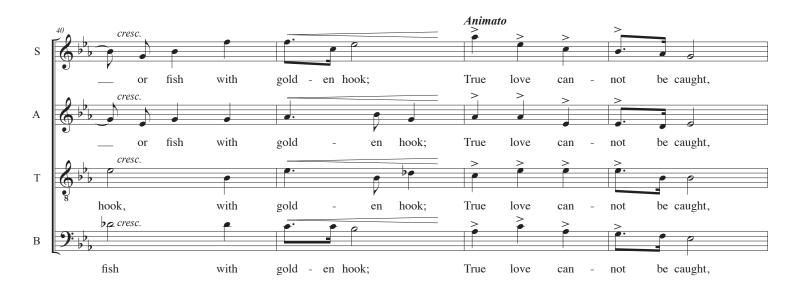


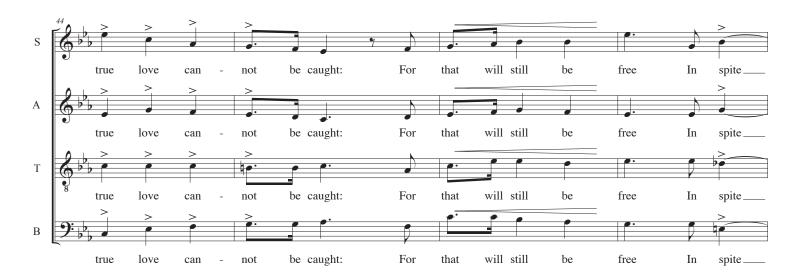


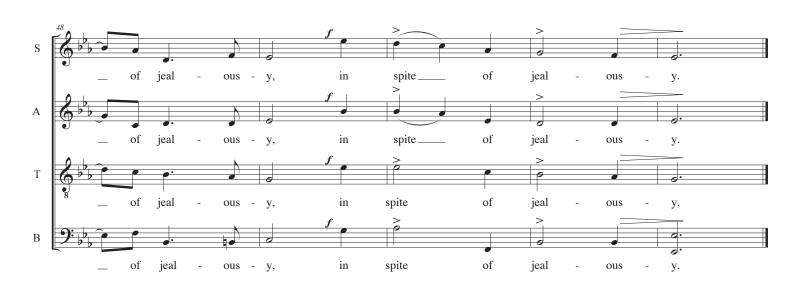












Novello, Ewer and Co. (1897)

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