

Love omnipresent Thomas Lodge (GB) ca 1558 - 1625

Turn I my looks unto the skies,
love with his arrows wounds mine eyes
If so I gaze upon the ground,
Love then in every flower is found

Search I the shade to fly my pain
he meets me in the shade again
want I to walk in secret grove
e'en there I meet with sacred Love

If so I bathe me in the spring,
e'en on the brink I hear him sing
If so I meditate alone,
he will be partner to my moan
If so I mourn he weeps with me,
and where I am, there will he be

Music by Ned Rorem (US) 1923 -