

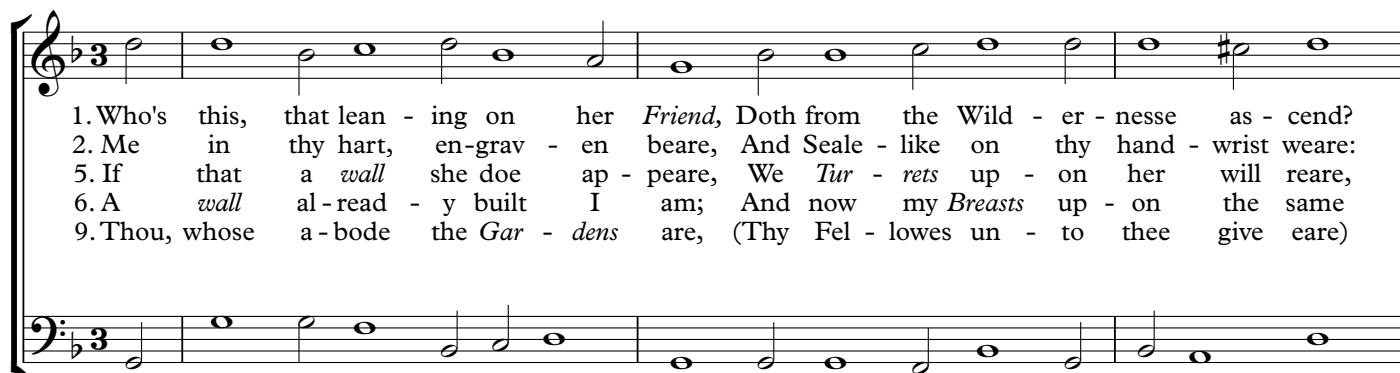
# Song. XVIII.

The tenth Canticle. [Song of Solomon]

George Withers

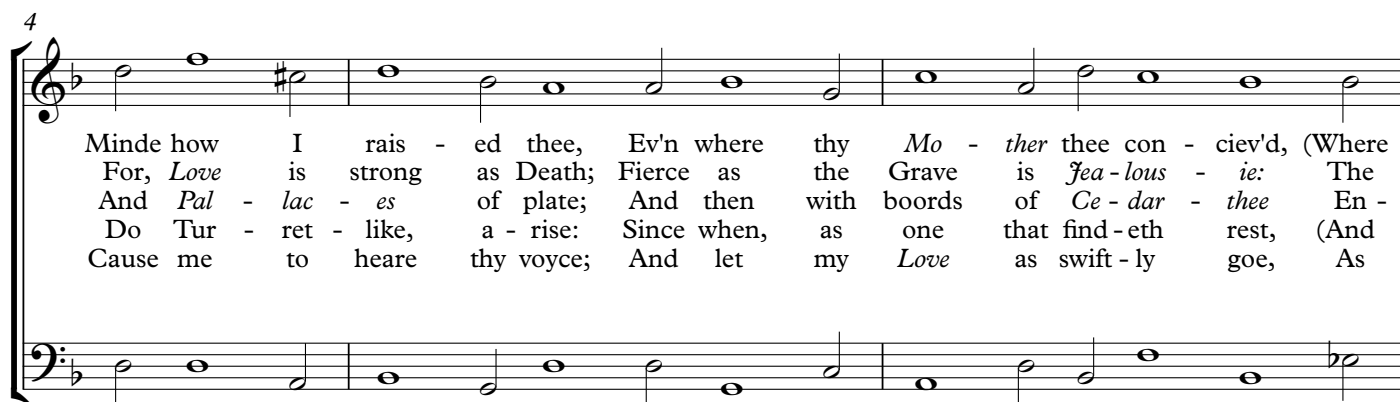
*The Hymnes and Songs of the Church, 1623*

Orlando Gibbons



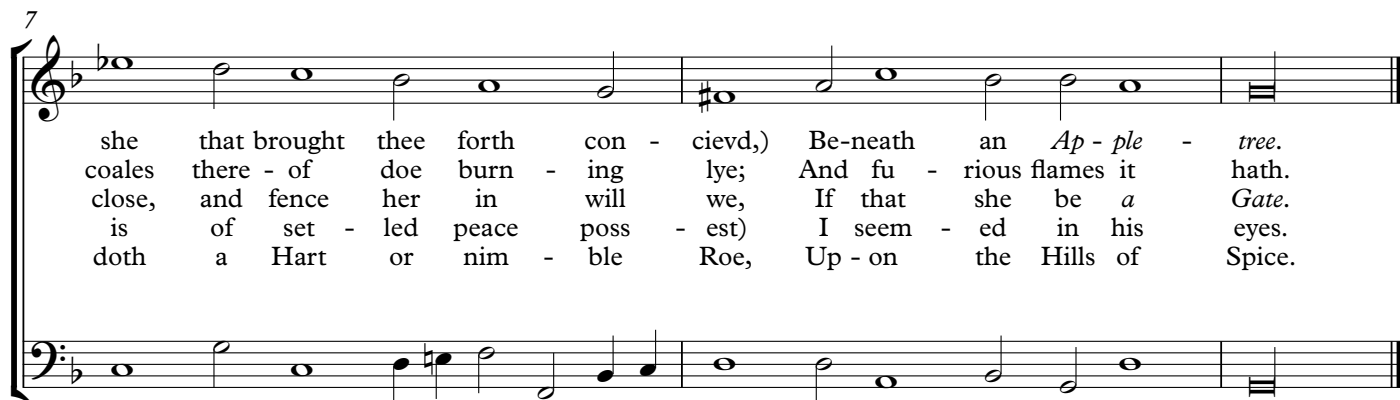
1. Who's this, that lean - ing on her *Friend*, Doth from the Wild - er - nesse as - cend?  
2. Me in thy hart, en-grav - en beare, And Seale - like on thy hand - wrist weare:  
5. If that a *wall* she doe ap - peare, We *Tur - rets* up - on her will reare,  
6. A *wall* al-read - y built I am; And now my *Breasts* up - on the same  
9. Thou, whose a - bode the *Gar - dens* are, (Thy Fel - lowes un - to thee give eare)

4



Minde how I rais - ed thee, Ev'n where thy *Mo - ther* thee con - cievd, (Where  
For, *Love* is strong as Death; Fierce as the Grave is *jea - lous - ie*: The  
And *Pal - lac - es* of plate; And then with boords of *Ce - dar - thee* En -  
Do *Tur - ret - like*, a - rise: Since when, as one that find - eth rest, (And  
Cause me to heare thy voyce; And let my *Love* as swift - ly goe, As

7



she that brought thee forth con - cievd,) Be-neath an *Ap - ple - tree*.  
coales there - of doe burn - ing lye; And fu - rious flames it hath.  
close, and fence her in will we, If that she be a *Gate*.  
is of set - led peace poss - est) I seem - ed in his eyes.  
doth a Hart or nim - ble Roe, Up - on the Hills of Spice.