

THE
THIRD
AND
FOURTH BOOKE
OF
AYRES:

Composed
BY
Thomas Campian.

So as they may be expressed by one *Voyce*
with a *Violl, Lute, or Orpharion.*

LONDON:
Printed by *Thomas Snodham*
Cum Privilegio

Transcribed and Edited by Emma Badowski
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FINIS.

TO MY HONOURABLE FRIEND,
SR. THOMAS MOUNSON, *KNIGHT*
AND BARONET.

Since now those clouds, that lately over-cast
Your Fame and Fortune, are disperst at last:
And now since all to you fayre greetings make,
Some out of love, and some for pitties sake:
Shall I but with a common stile salute
Your new enlargement? or stand onely mute?
I, to whose trust and care you durst commit
Your pined health, when Arte despayr'd of it?
I, that in your affliction often view'd
In you the fruits of manly fortitude,
Patience, and even constancie of minde,
Thate Rocke-like stood, and scorn'd both wave, and winde?
Should I for all your ancient love to me
Endow'd with waighty favours, silent be?
Your merits, and my gratitude forbid
That eyther should in Lethean Gulfe lye hid.
But how shall I this worke of fame expresse?
How can I better, after pensivenesse,
Then with light straynes of Musicke, make to move
Sweetly with the wide-spreading plumes of love?
These youth-borne Ayres then, prison'd in this Booke,
Which in your Bowres much of their beeing tooke,
Accept as a kinde offering from that hand
Which ioyn'd with heart your vertue may command.
Who love a sure friend as all good men doe,
Since such you are, let those affect you to:
And may the ioyes of that Crowne never end,
That innocence doth pittie, and defend.

Yours devoted,

THOMAS CAMPIAN.

Oft have I sigh'd

The Third and Fourth Booke of Ayres (1617)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

System 1: Dm Dm C Dm Dm Am Gm D D Gm D G Am A Dm
Oft have I sigh'd, oft have I sigh'd, oft have I sigh'd for

System 2: Gm F C F F C Dm C F Gm A D
him that heares me not: Who ab - sent hath both love and me for - got.

System 3: Gm Bb Am Gm A F Cm Ab G Gm Cm Gm A
Oh yet I lan - guish still, yet I lan - guish still, yet I lan - guish still

System 4: Dm A Dm E A Dm Gm C F D Gm A D
through his de - lay. Dayes seeme as yeares, when wisht friends break their day.

2. Had hee but lov'd as common lovers use,
His faithlesse stay some kindnesse would excuse:
O yet I languish still, still constant mourne
For him that can break vowes, but not returne.

Now let her change

The Third and Fourth Booke of Ayres (1617)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

System 1 (Measures 1-4):

Chords: Gm, Dm, Eb, Bb, Cm, D^{sus4}, D, G, C, Cm, D, G, G

Lyrics: Now let her change and spare not, Since she proves strange I care not:

System 2 (Measures 5-8):

Chords: D, Dm, Am, F, Gm, Dm, Am, Gm, D, Gm, Gm, Gm, D

Lyrics: Fain'd love charm'd so my de-light, That still I dot-ed on her sight,

System 3 (Measures 9-12):

Chords: Dm, Dm, F, Gm, Am, D, Gm, D, Gm, D, G

Lyrics: But she is gone new joies im-bra-cing And my de-sires dis-gra-cing.

2. When did I erre in blindness?
Or vexe her with unkindnesse?
If my cares serv'd her alone;
Why is shee thus untimely gone?
True love abides to t'houre of dying;
False love is ever flying.

3. False then farewell for ever:
Once false proves faithfull never.
Hee that boasts now of thy love,
Shall soone my present tortures prove.
Were he as faire as bright Adonis;
Faith is not had where none is.

Were my heart as

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Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

Chords for the first system: Cm, Cm, G, Cm, Bb, Cm, Fm, G, Cm, G, Cm, G.

Chords for the second system: Gm, D, Eb, Cm, F, D, G, Cm, G, Cm, G, C.

Lyrics:
Were my hart as some mens are, thy er - rours would not move me:
But thy faults I cu - rious finde and speake, be - cause I love thee:
Pat - ience is a thing di - vine, and farre I grant a - bove mee.

2. Foes sometimes befriend us more, our blacker deedes objecting,
Then th'obsequious bosome guest, with false respect affecting:
Friendship is the glasse of Truth, our hidden staines detecting.

3. While I use of eyes enjoy, and inward light of reason,
Thy observer will I be, and censor, but in season:
Hidden mischiefe to conceale in State, and Love is treason.

Maides are simple some men say

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Maydes are sim - ple some_ men_ say, They for - sooth_ will trust_ no_ men:

But should they mens wils o - bey, Maides were ve - ry sim - ple then.

2. Truth a rare flower now is growne,
Few men weare it in their hearts;
Lovers are more easily knowne
By their follies, then deserts.

3. Safer may we credit give
To a faithlesse wandring Jew,
Then a young mans vowes beleewe,
When he sweares his love is true.

4. Love they make a poore blinde child,
But let none trust such as hee;
Rather then to be beguil'd
Ever let me simple be.

So tyr'd are all my thoughts

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So_tyr'd are all my thoughts, that sense and spi - rits faile; Mour - ning I pine, and

know not what I ayle. O what can yeeld ease to a minde, joy in nothing that can finde?

2. How are my powres fore-spoke? what strange distaste is this?
Hence cruell hate of that which sweetest is:
Come, come delight, make my dull braine
Feele once heate of joy againe.

3. The lovers teares are sweet, their mover makes them so:
Proud of a wound the bleeding Souldiers grow:
Poore I alone, dreaming, endure
Griefe that knowes nor cause, nor cure.

4. And whence can all this grow? even from an idle minde,
That no delight in any good can finde.
Action alone makes the soule blest;
Vertue dyes with too much rest.

Why presumes thy pride

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Why pre - sumes thy pride on that_ that must so pri - vate be?

Scarce that it can good be cal'd though it_ seemes_ best to thee.
Best of all that Nat - ure fram'd, or cu - rious_ eye can see.

2. Tis thy beauty, foolish Maid, that like a blossome growes,
Which who viewes no more enjoys then on a bush a Rose,
That by manies handling fades; and thou art one of those.

3. If to one thou shalt prove true, and all beside reject,
Then art thou but one mans good, which yeelds a poore effect;
For the common'st good by farre deserves the best respect.

4. But if for this goodnesse thou thy selfe wilt common make,
Thou art then not good at all; so thou canst no way take
But to prove the meanest good, or else all good forsake.

5. Be not then of beauty proud, but so her colours beare,
That they prove not staines to her that them for grace would weare;
So shalt thou to all more fayre then thou were borne appeare.

Kinde are her answers

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Chords: F, C, F, Dm, A, Dm, C^{sus4}, C, F, A, A, F, C, F, B \flat , F, C, Gm, D^{sus4}, D, G, F, C, F, G, Cm, G^{sus4}, G, C, Cm, E \flat , Cm, G, C, F, C^{sus4}, C, F

Lyrics:
 Kinde are her answers, but her per - for - mance keeps no day. All her free
 Breaks time as dan - cers from their own Mus - icke when they stray:
 fa - vors & smooth words wing my hopes in vaine. O did ev - er voice so sweet but
 on - ly fain? Can true love_ yeeld such de - lay, con - ver - ting joy to pain?

2. Lost is our freedome,
 When we submit to women so:
 Why doe wee neede them,
 When in their best they worke our woe?
 There is no wisdom
 Can alter ends by Fate prefixt;
 O why is the good of man with evill mixt?
 Never were dayes yet cal'd two,
 But one night went betwixt.

O grieve, O spight

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O Griefe, O spight, to see poore Ver - tue scorn'd Truth far ex -

il'd, False arte lov'd: Vice_a - dor'd, Free Iust - ice sold, worst cau - ses

best a - dorn'd, Right cast by Powre, Pit - tie in vaine im - plor'd! O who in

such an_age could wish to live, When none can have or hold but such as give?

2. O times! O men! to Nature rebels growne;
 Poore in desert; in name rich; proud of shame;
 Wise, but in ill: your stiles are not your owne,
 Though dearely bought, honour is honest fame.
 Old Stories onely goodnesse now containe,
 And the true wisdom, that is iust, and plaine.

O Never to be moved

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Gm D Gm D D Eb Cm Bb Gm D^{sus4} D G Dm Dm Bb

O Ne-ver to be mov-ed, O beau-ty un-re-lent-ing: Why did I
Hard hart too deare-ly lov-ed, Fond love too late re-pen-ting!

7 F Gm D Cm D Bb Cm⁷ F Bb Bb Eb Bb C C Am Dm

dream_ of too much blisse? De-keit-full hope was cause of this. O heare,

13 Bb Eb Cm F G C D D Gm D D G Cm G C

o heare, o heare mee speake, O heare mee speake this and no more, this

19 F Bb F Eb C Am D Bb Eb Cm D Bb F Eb Bb D Gm D^{sus4} D G

and no more, this and no more, Live you in ioy, while I my woes, my woes de-plore.

2. All comforts despayred
Distaste your bitter scorning,
Great sorrowes unrepayred
Admit no meane in mourning:
Dye wretch, since hope from thee is fled;
He that must dye is better dead.
O deare delight, yet ere I dye
Some pitty shew, though you reliefe deny.

Break now my heart and dye

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Chord symbols: Gm, Gm Gm, Cm F, D, Gm D^{sus4} D, G, Dm B \flat Cm, B \flat F, Gm Cm, D, B \flat F^{sus4} F B \flat , F B \flat Gm Cm, D, Gm, D^{sus4} D, G.

Lyrics:
 Breake now my heart and dye, Oh no, oh no, she may re - lent. Should she now
 Let my des-paire pre-vayle, oh stay, oh stay, hope is not spent.
 fixe_one smile on thee, where were despaire? The losse is but ea - sie which.smiles can repayre.
 A stranger would please thee if she were as fayre.

2. Her must I love or none, so sweet none breathes as shee,
 The more is my despayre, alas shee loves not mee:
 But cannot time make way for love through ribs of steele?
 The Grecian enchanted all parts but the heele,
 At last a shaft daunted which his hart did feelee.

If Love loves truth

The Third and Fourth Booke of Ayres (1617)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

Chords: G, G, G, D, Em, C, Am, G, D, D, D, G

Lyrics:
 If Love loves_ truth, then wo - men doe not love: Their pas - sions
 Now kind and_ free of fav - our if they prove. Their kind - nesse

Chords: Am, Am, D, G, D^{sus4}, D, G, G, C, Em, D, G, G

Lyrics:
 all are but_ dis - sem - bled shewes, Then as a Sea - man the poore_ lov - er
 straight a tem - pest_ o - ver - throwes.

Chords: D, Em, Am, D, C, G, D^{sus4}, D, G

Lyrics:
 fares, The storme drownes_ him ere_ hee can drowne his cares.

2. But why accuse I women that deceive?
 Blame then the Foxes for their subtile wile:
 They first from Nature did their craft receive:
 It is a womans nature to beguile.
 Yet some I grant in loving stedfast grow;
 But such by use, are made, not nature so.

3. O why had Nature power at once to frame
 Deceit and Beauty, traitors both to Love?
 Oh would Deceit had dyed when Beauty came
 With her divinenesse ev'ry heart to move!
 Yet doe we rather with what ere befall,
 To have fayre women false, then none at all.

Now winter nights enlarge

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Now win - ter nights en - large the num - ber_ of_ their houres, And_ clouds their_ stormes_ dis -
 Let_ now the chim - neys_ blaze, and cups o'er - flow_ with wine: Let_ well tun'd_ words_ a -

charge up - on_ the ayr - ie_ towres, Now yel - low wax - en lights shall waite on hun - ny
 maze with har - mo - nie di - vine.

Love, While_ youth - full Rev - els, Masks, and Court - ly sights, sleepes_ lea - den spells_ re - move.

2. This time doth well dispence
 With lovers long discourse;
 Much speech hath some defence;
 Though beauty no remorse.
 All doe not all things well;
 Some measures comely tread;
 Some knotted Riddles tell;
 Some Poems smoothly read.
 The Summer hath his ioyes,
 And Winter his delights;
 Though Love and all his pleasures are but toys,
 They shorten tedious nights.

Awake thou spring

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Chord symbols: Cm Cm A \flat B \flat E \flat E \flat A \flat Fm G^{sus4} G C

A - Wake thou spring of spea - king grace, mute rest be - comes not thee;
The fay - rest wo - men while they sleepe, and Pic - tures e - quall bee.

Chord symbols: E \flat B \flat G Cm B \flat E \flat B \flat E \flat E \flat E \flat Fm G A \flat G^{sus4} G C

O come and dwell in loves dis - cour - ses, old re - nu - ing, new cre - a - ting.
The words which thy rich tongue dis - cour - ses, are not of the com - mon ra - ting.

2. Thy voyce is as an Eccho cleare, which Musicke doth beget;
Thy speech is as an Oracle, which none can counterfeit:
For thou alone without offending,
Hath obtain'd power of enchanting:
And I could heare thee without ending,
Other comfort never wanting.

3. Some little reason brutish lives with humane glory share,
But language is our proper grace from which they sever dare.
As brutes in reason man surpasses,
Men in speech excell each other:
If speech be then the best of graces,
Doe it not in slumber smother.

What is it all that men possesse?

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What is it all that men possesse a - mong them - selves con - ver - sing?

Wealth or fame, or some such boast, scarce wor - thy the re - hear - sing.
 Wo - men one - ly are mens good with them in love con - ver - sing.

2. If weary, they prepare us rest; if sicke, their hand attends us.
 When we griepe our hearts are prest, their comfort best befriends us:
 Sweet or sowre they willing goe to share what fortune sends us.

3. What pretty babes with paine they beare our name & form presenting?
 What we get, how wise they keepe, by sparing, wants preventing;
 Sorting all their household cares to our observ'd contenting.

4. All this of whole large use I sing, in two words is expressed;
 Good wife is the good I praise, if by good men possessed.
 Bad with bad in ill sute well, but good with good live blessed.

Fire that must flame

The Third and Fourth Booke of Ayres (1617)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

Fire that must flame is with apt fuell fed, Flow-ers that wil thrive in fun - ny soyle. are bred;

How can a hart feele heate that no hope findes? Or can hee love on whom no com - fort shines?

2. Fayre, I confesse there's pleasure in your sight:
Sweet, you have powre I grant of all delight.
But what is all to mee if I have none?
Churl that you are t'enioy such wealth alone.

3. Prayers move the heav'ns, but finde no grace with you;
Yet in your lookes a heavenly forme I view:
Then will I pray againe, hoping to finde
As well as in your lookes, heav'n in your minde.

4. Saint of my heart, Queene of my life, and love,
O let my vowes thy loving spirit move;
Let me no longer mourne through thy disdaine,
But with one touch of grace cure all my paine.

If thou long'st so much

The Third and Fourth Booke of Ayres (1617)

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Chord symbols for the first system: Cm G Cm B^{sus4} B^b E^b Cm G Cm D^{sus4} D G E^b B^b Cm Gm

Lyrics for the first system:
 If thou longst so much to learne (sweet boy) what 'tis to love. Lit - tle sure at first that win
 Doe but fixe thy thought on mee, and thou shalt quick - ly prove.

Chord symbols for the second system: A^b E^b B^{sus4} B^b E^b E^b A^b E^b F G Cm B^b Cm G C

Lyrics for the second system:
 Way to thy a-basht desire: But then will I hedge thee in, Sa - la-man-der- like with fire.

2. With thee dance, I will, and sing, and thy fond dalliance beare;
 Wee the grouy hils will climbe, and play the wantons there.
 Other whiles wee'le gather flowres,
 Lying dalying on the grasse,
 And thus our delightfull howres
 Full of waking dreames shall passe.

3. When the ioyes were thus at height my love should turne from thee,
 Old acquaintance then should grow as strange as strange might be,
 Twenty rivals thou should'st finde
 Breaking all their hearts for mee,
 When to all Ile prove more kinde,
 And more forward then to thee.

4. Thus thy silly youth enrag'd would soone my love defie,
 But alas poore soule too late, clipt wings can never flye:
 Those sweet houres which wee had past
 Cal'd to minde thy heart would burne:
 And could'st thou flye ne'er so fast,
 They would make thee straight returne.

Shall I come sweet love?

The Third and Fourth Booke of Ayres (1617)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

Chord symbols: Fm, Fm, A \flat , Cm, D \flat , B \flat m, C, A \flat , E \flat , A \flat , E \flat , E \flat , A \flat , E \flat , A \flat , Fm, C, C, F, Fm, A \flat , Cm, D \flat , B \flat m, C, Fm, A \flat , A \flat , E \flat , A \flat , B \flat m, E \flat , A \flat , A \flat , A \flat , B \flat m, D \flat , C, C, E \flat , Fm, C, C, F

Lyrics:
 Shall I come sweet Love to thee, When the ev' - ning beames are set?
 Shall I not ex - clu - ded be? Will you finde no faint - ed lett? Let me
 not for pit - ty more, Tell the long, long — houres, tel the long houres at your dore.

2. Who can tell what theefe or foe,
 In the covert of the night,
 For his prey will worke my woe;
 Or through wicked soule despight:
 So may I dye unredrest,
 Ere my long love be possest.

3. But to let such dangers passe,
 Which a lovers thoughts disdaine:
 'Tis enough in such a place
 To attend loves ioyes in vaine.
 Doe not mocke me in thy bed,
 While these cold nights freeze me dead.

Thrice tesse these Oaken

The Third and Fourth Booke of Ayres (1617)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

Thrice_tosse these_Oak - en_ ash - es_ in the ayre; Then_thrice three_
Thrice_ sit thou_ mute in_ this in - chan - ted chayre:

times_tye_ up this true_ loves_knot, And_mur - mur_ soft_ shee_will, or_ shee_will not.

2. Goe burne these poys'nous weeds in yon blew fire,
These Screech-owles fethers, and this prickling bryer,
This Cypressse gathered at a dead mans grave;
That all thy feares and cares an end may have.

3. Then come you Fayries, dance with me a round,
Melt her hard hart with your melodious sound:
In vaine are all the charmes I can devise,
She hath an Arte to breake them with her eyes.

Be thou then my beauty

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Be thou then my beau - ty nam - ed, Since thy will is to be mine:
For by that am I en - flam - ed, Which on all a - like doth shine.

Oth - ers may the light ad - mire, I one - ly true - ly feele the fire.

2. But if lofty titles move thee,
Challenge then a Sov'raignes place:
Say I honour when I love thee,
Let me call thy kindnesse grace.
State and Love things divers bee,
Yet will we teach them to agree.

3. Or if this be not sufficing;
Be thou stil'd my Goddess then:
I will love thee sacrificing,
In thine honour Hymnes Ile pen.
To be thine, what canst thou more?
Ile love thee, serve thee, and adore.

Fire, fire, fire, fire, loe here

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Fire, fire, fire, fire, loe here I burne, I burne in such de-sire, That all the teares that I can straine out of mine idle empyty braine, Can not allay my scorching paine. Come Trent and Humber, and fayre Thames, Dread Ocean haste with all thy streames: And if you can not quench my fire, O drowne both me, O drowne both me, and my de-sire. -sire.

2. Fire, fire, fire, fire.

There is no hell to my desire:
 See, all the Rivers backward flye,
 And th'Ocean doth his waves deny,
 For feare my hearte should drinke them dry.
 Come heav'nly showres then pouring downe;
 Come you that once the world did drowne:
 Some then you spar'd, but now save all,
 That else must burne, and with mee fall.

O sweet delight

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Chord symbols: Cm Cm G Cm Gm C Fm C Cm Bb Eb Cm Fm G Cm G

Lyrics: O Sweet delight, O more then humane bliss, With her to live that e - ver_ lo-ving is:

Chord symbols: Gm Ab Eb Bb Eb Bb Cm G Eb Fm G⁵ Gm D^{sus4} D G

Lyrics: To heare her speake whose words so well are plac't, That she by them, as they in her are grac't:

Chord symbols: C Fm G Eb Ab Eb Eb Bb Eb Eb Bb Fm G G Cm G^{sus4} G C

Lyrics: Those lookes to view that feast the viewers eye. How blest is he that may so live and dye?

2. Such love as this the golden times did know,
 When all did reape, yet none tooke care to sew:
 Such love as this an endlesse Summer makes,
 And all distaste from fraile affection takes.
 So lov'd, so blest, in my belov'd am I,
 Which till their eyes ake let yron men envy.

Thus I resolve

The Third and Fourth Booke of Ayres (1617)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

Thus I re - solve and time hath taught me so, Since she is
fayre and e - ver kinde to me, Though she be wilde and wan - ton-like in shew,
Those lit - tle staines in youth I will not see: That she be con - stant heav'n I
oft im - plore; If pray'rs pre - vaile not, I can doe no more.

2. Palme tree the more you presse, the more it growes,
Leave it alone it will not much excede:
Free beauty if you strive to yoke, you lose,
And for affection strange distaste you breede.
What Nature hath not taught no Arte can frame;
Wilde borne be wilde still, though by force made tame.

Come, & come my lifes

The Third and Fourth Booke of Ayres (1617)

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Chords: Gm F B \flat C⁵ D D G F Gm A Dm A^{sus4} A D Gm Cm

Chords: D⁷ Gm D Gm D^{sus4} D G C F D Gm B \flat E \flat B \flat F F B \flat

Chords: Gm Gm B \flat E \flat B \flat F B \flat Gm D Gm Cm D G G

Lyrics: Come, O come my lifes de - light, Let me not in lan - gour pine: Love loves_ no de - lay: thy sight, The_ more en - ioy'd, the more di - vine. O_ come and take from mee The_ paine of being de - priv'd_ of thee. thee.

2. Thou all sweetnesse dost enclose,
Like a little world of blisse:
Beauty guards thy lookes, the Rose
In them pure and eternall is.
Come then and make thy flight
As swift to me as heav'nly light.

Could my heart more

The Third and Fourth Booke of Ayres (1617)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

Could my heart more tongues im - ploy, Then it har - bors thoughts of grieve;
It is now so farre from ioy, That it scarce could aske re - lief.

10 Tru - est hearts by deedes un - kinde, To des-payre are most en - clin'd.

2. Happy mindes that can redeeme
Their engagements how they please;
That no ioyes, or hopes esteeme
Halfe so precious as their ease.
Wisedome should prepare men so
As if they did all foreknow.

3. Yet no Arte or Caution can
Growne affections easily change;
Use is such a Lord of Man,
That he brookes worst what is strange.
Better never to be blest,
Then to loose all at the best.

Sleepe angry beautie

The Third and Fourth Booke of Ayres (1617)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

Chord markings: F, F, B \flat , Cm⁷, F, B \flat , B \flat , Cm, G, C, E \flat , B \flat

Lyrics: Sleepe an - gry beau - ty, sleep, and feare not me; For who a
It shall suf - fice me here to sit and see Those lips shut

Chord markings: Dm, F, B \flat , C, F, C^{sus4}, C, F, B \flat , B \flat , E \flat , Dm, G, A \flat , Fm

Lyrics: sleep-ing Ly - on_ dares pro - voke? What sight can more con - tent a_
up that ne - ver_ kinde - ly spoke.

Chord markings: G, G, C, F, F, B \flat , E \flat , C, F, F, B \flat , C, C, F

Lyrics: lov - ers minde, Then_ beau - ty seem - ing harm - lesse if not kinde?

2. My words have charm'd her, for secure shee sleepes,
Though guilty much of wrong done to my love;
And in her slumber see shee close-eye'd weepes,
Dreames often more then waking passions move.
Pleade sleepe my cause, and make her soft like thee,
That shee in peace may wake and pittie mee.

Silly boy 'tis full Moone yet

The Third and Fourth Booke of Ayres (1617)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

Chords: G D G Em A D D F Dm E^{sus4} E A G G C

Sil - ly boy, 'tis ful Moone yet, Thy night as day shines cleare - ly, Had thy youth but

Chords: G D G C C D Em D^{sus4} D G G C D G D Em Bm

wit To feare, thou couldst not love so deare - ly: Short - ly wilt thou mourne when all thy

Chords: C Am E Am E^{sus4} E A Am Em C Am G Am G D D Em D^{sus4} D G

pleasures are be - rea - ved; Lit - tle knowes he how to love that ne - ver was de - cei - ved.

2. This is thy first mayden flame that triumphes yet unstayned;
All is artlesse now you speake, not one word yet is fayned;
All is heav'n that you behold, and all your thoughts are blessed:
But no Spring can want his Fall, each Troylus hath his Cresseid.

3. Thy well-order'd lockes ere long shall rudely hang neglected;
And thy lively pleasant cheare, reade grieve on earth detected:
Much then wilt thou blame thy Saint that made thy heart so holy,
And with sighes confesse, in love, that too much faith is folly.

4. Yet be iust and constant still, Love may beget a wonder;
Not unlike a Summers frost, or Winters fatall thunder:
Hee that holds his Sweet-hart true unto his day of dying,
Lives of all that ever breath'd most worthy the envying.

Never love unlesse you can

The Third and Fourth Booke of Ayres (1617)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

Never love un - lesse you can Beare with all the faults of man: Men sometimes will Ieal - ous bee,

Though but lit - tle cause they see, And hang the head as dis - content, And speake what straight they will re - pent.

2. Men that but one Saint adore,
Make a shew of love to more:
Beauty must be scorn'd in none,
Though but truely serv'd in one:
For what is courtship but disguise?
True hearts may have dissembling eyes.

3. Men when their affaires require,
Must a while themselves retire;
Sometimes hunt, and sometimes hawke,
And not ever sit and talke.
If these and such like you can beare,
Then like, and love, and never feare.

So quicke, so hot

The Third and Fourth Booke of Ayres (1617)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

So_ quicke, so hot, so mad is thy fond sute, So rude, so te - dious growne in_

That faine_ I would with losse make thy tongue mute, And yeeld some lit - le grace to_

10_ urging mee. An houre with thee I care not to converse: For I would not be coun - ted too perverse.

qui-et thee.

2. But roofes too hot would prove for men all fire,
And hills too high for my unused pace;
The grove is charg'd with thornes and the bold bryer;
Gray Snakes the meadowes shrowde in every place:
A yellow Frog alas will fright me so
As I should start and tremble as I goe.

3. Since then I can on earth no fit roome finde,
In heaven I am resolv'd with you to meete;
Till then for Hopes sweet sake rest your tir'd minde,
And not so much as see mee in the streete:
A heavenly meeting one day wee shall have,
But never, as you dreame, in bed, or grave.

Shall I then hope

The Third and Fourth Booke of Ayres (1617)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

Shall I then hope when faith is fled? Can I seeke love when hope is

gone? Or can I live when Love is dead? Poore - ly hee lives that can love

none. Her vowes are broke, and I am free, Shee lost her faith in loo - sing mee.

2. When I compare mine owne events,
When I weigh others like annoy;
All doe but heape up discontents,
That on a beauty build their ioy.
Thus I of all complaine, since shee
All faith hath lost in loosing mee.

3. So my deare freedome have I gain'd,
Through her unkindnesse, and disgrace,
Yet could I ever live enchain'd,
As shee my service did embrace.
But shee is chang'd, and I am free,
Faith failing her, Love dyed in mee.

TO MY WORTHY FRIEND,
SR. IOHN MOUNSON, Sonne and Heyre to
Sir Thomas Mounson Knight and Baronet.

On you th'affections of your Fathers Friends,
With his Inheritance by right descends;
But you your gracefull youth so wisely guide,
That his you hold, and purchase much beside.
Love is the fruit of Venus, for whose sake
Man onely liking each to other take.
If sparkes of vertue shin'd not in you then,
So well how could you winne the hearts of men?
And since that honour and well-suted Prayse
Is Vertues Golden Spurre; let mee not rayse
Unto an act mature your tender age,
This halfe commending to your Patronage:
Which from your Noble Fathers, but one side
Ordain'd to doe you honour, doth divide.
And so my love betwixt you both I part,
On each side placing you as neare my heart.

Yours ever,

THOMAS CAMPIAN.

TO the READER.

THE Apothecaries have Bookes of Gold, whose leaves being opened are so light as that they are subiect to be shaken with the least breath, yet rightly handled, they serve both for ornament and uses such are light Ayres. But if any squeamish stomackes shall checke at two or three vaine Ditties in the end of this Booke, let them powre off the clearest, and leave those as dregs in the bottome. Howsoever if they be but conferred with the Canterbury Tales of that venerable Poet Chaucer, they will then appeare toothsome enough. Some words are in these Bookes, which have beene cloathed in Musicke by others, and I am content they then served their turne: yet give mee now leave to make use of mine owne. Likewise you may finde here some three or foure Songs that have been published before, but for them I referre you to the Players Ball that is stiled, Newly revived with Additions, for you shall finde all of them reformed eyther in Words or Notes. To be briefe, all these Songs are mine if you expresse them well, otherwise they are your owne. Farewell.

Yours as you are his,

THOMAS CAMPIAN.

Leave prolonging

The Third and Fourth Booke of Ayres (1617)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

Chord symbols: Gm Cm D D D Gm A Dm Gm Am Am Em⁷ F C Dm Gm A^{sus4} A D Dm F C Gm F B \flat C B \flat F F B \flat B \flat C D Gm Gm D D Gm A D Gm D^{sus4} D G

Lyrics: Leave pro - long - ing, leave pro - long - ing, thy dis - tresse, All de - layes af - flict the dy - ing. Many lost sighes long I spent to her for - mer - cy - cry - ing: But now vaine mour - ning cease, Ile dye, Ile dye, and mine owne griefes re-lease.

2. Thus departing from this light
 To those shades that end all sorrow,
 Yet a small time of complaint, a little breath Ile borrow,
 To tell my once delight
 I dye alone through her despight.

Respect my faith

The Third and Fourth Booke of Ayres (1617)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

Re - spect my faith, re - gard my ser-vice past; The hope you wing'd call home to you at
Great prise it is that I in you shall gaine: So great for you hath been my losse &

last. My_ wits I spent and time for you a - lone; Ob - ser-ving you and loosing all for one.
paine.

2. Some rais'd to rich estates in this time are,
That held their hopes to mine inferiour farre;
Such scoffing mee, or pittying me, say thus,
Had hee not lov'd he might have liv'd like us.
O then deare sweet for love and pittie's sake
My faith reward, and from me scandall take.

Thou ioy'st fond boy

The Third and Fourth Booke of Ayres (1617)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

How ioy'st fond boy to be by ma - ny lo - ved: For this dost
To have thy beau - ty of most dames ap - pro - ved. Thy glass thou

thou thy na - ture worth dis-guise, And play'st the Sy - co - phant t'ob - serve their eyes.
coun - cel'st more t'a dorne thy skin, That first should schoole thee to be fayre with - in.

2. 'Tis childish to be caught with Pearle, or Amber,
And woman-like too much to cloy the chamber;
Youths should the Field affect, heate their rough Steedes,
Their hardned nerves to fit for better deedes.
Is't not more ioy strong Holds to force with swords,
Then womens weakenesse take with lookes or words?

3. Men that doe noble things all purchase glory,
One man for one brave Act hath prov'd a story:
But if that one tenne thousand Dames o'ercame,
Who would record it if not to his shame?
'Tis farre more conquest with one to live true,
Then every houre to triumph Lord of new.

Vayle love mine eyes

The Third and Fourth Booke of Ayres (1617)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

Gm Gm Am D B \flat Am D Gm Gm E \flat Cm B \flat Cm D Gm D

Vaile love mine eyes, O hide from me The plagues that charge the cur - ious_minde:

D Cm B \flat B \flat F^{sus4} F B \flat D Gm Cm D^{sus4} D G F F F D

If beau-ty pri - vate will_ not be, Suf - fice it yet that_ she proves_kinde. Who can us-urp heav'ns

E \flat Cm D Gm D G C D Gm F B \flat D Gm D^{sus4} D G

light a - lone? Stars were not made, Stars were not made to shine on_ one.

2. Griefes past recute fooles try to heale,
That greater harmes on lesse inflict:
The pure offend by too much zeale,
Affection should not be too strict.
Hee that a true embrace will finde
To beauties faults must still be blinde.

Every Dame affects good fame

The Third and Fourth Booke of Ayres (1617)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

Ev - ry Dame af - fects good fame, what ere her do - ings be: But true prayse is
 Bor - row'd guise fits not the wife, a sim - ple look is best: Na - tive grace be -

Ver - tues_Baves, which none may weare but she. Now such new-found toyes are sold these
 comes a__ face, though ne'er so rude - ly drest.

wo-men to__ dis - guise, That be-fore the yeare growes_old the new - est_ fa - shion dyes.

2. Dames of yore contended more in goodnesse to excede,
 Then in pride to be envi'd for that which least they neede:
 Litle Lawne then serv'd the Pawne, if Pawne at all there were;
 Home-supn thread, and household bread then held out all the yeare:
 But th'attires of women now weare out both house and land,
 That the wives in silkes may flow at ebbe the Good-men stand.

3. Once agen Astrea then from heav'n to earth descend,
 And vouchsafe in their behalfe these errours to amend:
 Aid from heav'n must make all eev'n, things are so out of frame;
 For let man strive all he can, hee needes must please his Dame.
 Happy man content that gives, and what hee gives enioyes;
 Happy Dame content that lives, and breakes no sleepe for toyes.

So sweet is thy discourse

The Third and Fourth Booke of Ayres (1617)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

So sweet, so sweet is thy dis-course to me, And so de-light-full is thy

sight, As I taste no - thing right but thee. O why in - ven - ted Na - ture light?

Was it a-lone for beau - ties sake, That her grac't words might bet - ter take?

Chords: Gm, Gm, D, Gm, Gm, Am, Bb, C, D, Cm, D, Bb, C, Bb, F, Gm, D, G, Cm, Bb, Eb, Gm, Cm, D, G, G, C, F, Dm, A^{sus4}, A, D, F, Dm, Eb, Bb, F, Bb, Gm, A, Gm, D, Gm, D^{sus4}, D, G.

2. No more can I old ioyes recall,
 They now to me become unknowne,
 Not seeming to have beene at all.
 Alas how soone is this love growne
 To such a spreading height in me,
 As with it all must shadowed be?

There is a Garden in her face

The Third and Fourth Booke of Ayres (1617)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

There is a Gar - den in her face, Where Ros - es and white Lil - lies grow; A

he'vn - ly par - a - dice is that place, where - in all plea-sant fruits doe

flow. There Cher-ries grow which none may buy, Till Cher-ry ripe, till Cher-ry ripe, till Cher-ry

ripe, Cher-ry ripe, ripe, ripe, Cher-ry ripe, Cher-ry ripe them - selves doe cry.

2. Those Cherries fayrely doe enclose
Of Orient Pearle a double row,
Which when her lovely laughter shows,
They looke like Rose-buds fill'd with snow.
Yet them nor Peere, nor Prince can buy,
Till Cherry ripe themselves doe cry.

3. Her Eyes like Angels watch them still;
Her Browes like bended bowes doe stand,
Threatning with piercing frownes to kill
All that attempt with eye or hand
Those sacred Cherries to come nigh,
Till Cherry ripe themselves doe cry.

To his sweet Lute

The Third and Fourth Booke of Ayres (1617)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

1 **G** **Em** **D** **G** **G** **C** **#G** **D** **D** **A^{sus4}** **A** **D** **G**

To his_ sweet.Lute A - pol - lo_sung the_ mo - tions of the Spheares; The wond -

7 **D** **Am** **E^{sus4}** **E** **Am** **D** **G** **D^{sus4}** **D** **G** **C** **C** **G** **Am** **Dm** **Dm** **E**

- rous_or - der of the.Stars, whose course di-vides the yeares: And all the My - ste - ries above; But

13 **G** **C** **G** **Am** **E^{sus4}** **E** **A** **D** **G** **C** **D^{sus4}** **D** **G**

none_ of_ this_could Mi - das move, Which pur - chast him his As-ses eares.

2. Then Pan with his rude Pipe began the Country wealth t'advance;
To boast of Cattle, flockes of Sheepe, and Goates, on hils that dance,
With much more of this churlish kinde:
That quite transported Midas minde,
And held him rapt as in a trance.

3. This wrong the God of Musicke scorn'd from such a sottish Iudge,
And bent his angry bow at Pan, which made the Piper trudge.
Then Midas head he so did trim,
That ev'ry age yet talkes of him
And Phoebus right revenged grudge.

Young and simple though I am

The Third and Fourth Booke of Ayres (1617)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

Young and sim - ple though I am, I have heard of Cu - pids name: Guesse I can what thing it is,
Men de-sire.when they doe kisse. Smoake can ne - ver_burne they say, But the flames that fol - low may.

2. I am not so foule or fayre,
To be proud, nor to despayre;
Guesse I can what thing it is
Men desire when they doe kisse.
Smoake can never burne they say,
But the flames that follow may.

3. Faithe 'tis but a foolish minde,
Yet me thinkes a heate I finde,
Like thirst longing that doth bide
Ever on my weaker side:
Where they say my heart doth move,
Venus grant it be not love.

4. If it he, alas, what then?
Were not women made for men?
As good 'twere a thing were past,
That must needes be done at last.
Roses that are over blowne
Grove lesse sweet, then fall alone.

5. Yet nor Churle, nor silken Gull
Shall my Maiden blossome pull:
Who shall not I soone can tell,
Who shall would I could as well:
This I know who ere hee be
Love hee must, or flatter me.

Love me or not

The Third and Fourth Booke of Ayres (1617)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

Chord symbols: Gm, Gm, D, Am, Dm, B \flat , E \flat , Cm, D, Gm, Gm, C, F, F, B \flat , E \flat , F, B \flat , B \flat , Cm, D, Gm, Gm, Cm, D, D, G.

Lyrics:
 Love me or not, love her I must or dye. O that her_ grace would my wisht
 Leave me or not, fol - low her needs must I.
 com - forts give. How_ rich in_ her, how_ hap - py_ should I live?

2. All my desire, all my delight should be
 Her to enioy, her to unite to mee:
 Envy should cease, her would I love alone,
 Who loves by lookes, is seldome true to one.

3. Could I enchant, and that it lawfull were,
 Her would I charme softly that none should heare:
 But love enforc'd rarely yeelds firme content,
 So would I love that neyther should repent.

What meanes this folly?

The Third and Fourth Booke of Ayres (1617)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

What meanes this fol - ly now_ to_ brave_it so, And then to use sub - mis-sion?

Is that_a_ friend_that straight can play the foe? Who loves_ on such con-di - tion?

2. Though Bryers breede Roses, none the Bryer affect,
But with the flowre are pleased:
Love onely loves delight, and soft respect,
He must not be diseased.

3. These thorny passions spring from barren breasts,
Or such as neede much weeding:
Love onely loves delight, and soft respect,
But sends them not home bleeding.

4. Command thy humour, strive to give content,
And shame not loves profession:
Of kindnesse never any could repent
That made choyse with discretion.

Deare if I with guile

The Third and Fourth Booke of Ayres (1617)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

Deare if I with guile would guild a true in - tent, Heap - ing flat - tries that

in heart were ne - ver meant. Ease - ly could I then ob - taine what now in vaine I

force. False - hood much doth gaine, Truth yet holds the bet - ter course.

2. Love forbid that through dissembling I should thrive,
Or in praying you, my selfe of truth deprive:
Let not your high thoughts debase
A simple truth in me;
Great is beauties grace,
Truth is yet as fayre as shee.

3. Prayse is but the winde of pride if it exceeds,
Wealth pris'd in it selfe no outward value needs.
Fayre you are, and passing fayre,
You know it, and 'tis true,
Yet let none despayre
But to finde as fayre as you.

O Love where are thy shafts?

The Third and Fourth Booke of Ayres (1617)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

G C D Gm Cm D F Eb Gm Eb F Bb Cm D^{sus4} D⁷ Gm Gm F

O Love, where are thy Shafts, thy Qui - ver and thy Bow? Shall my wounds one - ly weepe and

Dm A^{sus4} A D Bb F F F Bb Cm Cm D^{sus4} D G

bee un - ga - ged goe? Be iust and strike him to that dares con - temne thee so.

2. No eyes are like to thine, though men suppose thee blind,
So fayre they leuell when the make they fit to finde:
Then strike, o strike the heart that beares the cruell minde.

3. Is my fond fight deceived? or doe I Cupid spye
Close ayming at his breast, by whom despis'd I dye?
Shoot home sweet Love, and wound him that hee may not flye.

4. O then we both will sit in some unhaunted shade,
And heale each others wound which Love hath iustly made:
O hope, o thought too vaine, now quickly dost thou fade?

5. At large he wanders still, his heart is free from paine,
What secret sights I spend, and teares, but all in vaine:
Yet Love thou know'st by right I should not thus complaine.

Beauty is but a painted hell

The Third and Fourth Booke of Ayres (1617)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

Chord symbols: G, G D, G C G, Gm D, G G, D⁵ F, G D, Em D^{sus4} D

Lyrics: Beau-ty is but a pain-ted hell, aye me, aye, me shee wounds them that ad - mire

Chord symbols: G Gm D, Gm Dm A D, D Gm, C, C C, D Em D^{sus4} D G

Lyrics: it, Shee kils them that de-sire it. Give her pride but fu-ell, No fi-re is more cru - ell.

2. Pittie from ev'ry heart is fled,
Aye me, aye me,
Since false desire could borrow
Teares of dissembled sorrow,
Costnant vowes turne truthlesse,
Love cruell, Beauty ruthlesse.

3. Sorrow can laugh and Fury sing,
Aye me, aye me;
My raving griefs discover
I liv'd too true a lover:
The first step to madnesse
Is the excesse of sadnesse.

Are you what your?

The Third and Fourth Booke of Ayres (1617)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

Are you what your faire looks expresse? Oh then be kinde, From law of Nature they digresse, Whose forme sute

not their minde. Fair-nesse seene in th'out_ward shape is but th'in - ward____ beau - ties_Ape.

2. Eyes that of earth are morrall made
What can they view?
All's but a colour or a shade,
And neyther alwayes true.
Reasons sight that is eterne,
Ev'n the substance can discern.

3. Soule is the Man; for who will so
The body name?
and to that power all grace we owe
That deckes our living frame.
What, or how had housen bin,
But for them that dwell therein?

4. Love in the bosome is begot,
Not in the eyes:
No beauty makes the eye more hot,
Her flames the spright surprise:
Let our loving mindes then meete,
For pure meetings are most sweet.

Since shee, even shee

The Third and Fourth Booke of Ayres (1617)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

Since she, ev'n shee, for whom I liv'd, Sweet she by Fate from me is torne, Why am not

I of sence de - priv'd, For - get - ting I was e - ver borne? Why should I lan -

guish ha - ting light? Bet - ter to sleepe an end - lesse night. night.

Chords: Gm Gm Bb Bb Eb F Bb F Bb Cm Bb Eb Cm D D5 Bb Cm F C^{sus4} C F C F Bb F D G Cm G C⁵ G G A D Gm Gm D Bb E⁵ D D Gm D^{sus4} D G G

2. Be't eyther true or aptly fain'd,
That some of Lethes water write,
'Tis their best med'cine that are pain'd,
All thought to loose of past delight.
O would my anguish vanish so!
Happy are they that neyther know.

I must complaine

The Third and Fourth Booke of Ayres (1617)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

Gm D G Cm Cm B \flat E \flat Gm D B \flat F Cm Gm F B \flat F^{sus4} F B \flat

I must complain, yet doe en - ioy my Love; She is too faire, too rich in love - ly parts:
Thence is my grief, for Nat - ure_while she strove With all her gra - ces and di - vin - est Arts

13. D Gm Gm Am Gm D Dm A A D Dm Cm B \flat E \flat Cm D B \flat Gm Cm D⁵ D G

To form her too too beau - ti - full of hue, Shee had no lea - sure left to make her true.

2. Should I agriev'd then wish thee were lesse fayre?
That were repugnant to mine owne desires:
Shee is admir'd, new lovers still repayre,
That kindles daily loves forgetfull fires.
Rest iealous thoughts, and thus resolve at last,
She hath more beauty then becomes the chast.

Thinkest thou to seduce

The Third and Fourth Booke of Ayres (1617)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

Think'st thou to se - duce me then with words that have no mea - ning? Pa - Nur -

rats so can learne to prate our speech by pie - ces glea - ning.
ces teach their chil - dren so, a - bout the time of wea - ning.

2. Learne to speake first, then to woee, to wooing much pertayneth:
Hee that courts us wanting Arte, soone falters when he fayneth:
Lookes a-squint on his discourse, and smiles when hee complaineth.

3. Skilfull Anglers hide their hookes, fit baytes for every season;
But with crooked pins fish thou, as babes doe that want reason,
Gogions onely can be caught with such poore trickes of treason.

4. Ruth forgive me if I err'd from humane hearts compassion,
When I laught sometimes too much to see thy foolish fashion:
But alas, who lesse could do that found so good occasion?

Her fayre inflaming eyes

The Third and Fourth Booke of Ayres (1617)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

2. Her lips with kisses rich,
And words of fayre delight,
I fayrely did beseech
To pittie my sad plight:
But a voice from them brake forth
As a whirle-winde from the North.

3. Then to her hands I fled,
That can give heart and all,
To them I long did plead,
And loud for pittie call:
But alas they put mee off,
With a touch worse then a scoffe.

4. So backe I straight return'd
And at her breast I knock'd;
Where long in vaine I mourn'd,
Her heart so fast was lock'd:
Not a word could passage find,
For a Rocke inclos'd her minde.

5. Then downe my pray'rs made way
To those most comely parts,
That make her flye or stay,
As they affect deserts:
But her angry feete thus mov'd
Fled with all the parts I lov'd.

6. Yet fled they not so fast
As her enraged minde:
Still did I after haste,
Still was I left behinde,
Till I found 'twas to no end
With a Spirit to contend.

Turne all thy thoughts

The Third and Fourth Booke of Ayres (1617)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

Turne all thy thoughts to eyes, Turne al thy haire to eares; Change all thy friends to spies,
And all thy ioyes to feares. True Love will yet be free In spite of Iea - lou-sie.

2. Turn darknesse into day,
Conjectures into truth:
Beleeve what the'envious say,
Let age interpret youth
True love will yet be free,
In spite of Iealousie.

3. Wrest every word and looke,
Racke ev'ry hidden thought:
Or fish with golden hooke,
True love cannot be caught,
For that will still be free,
In spite of Iealousie.

If any hath the heart to kill

The Third and Fourth Booke of Ayres (1617)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

If a - ny hath the heart to__ kill, Come rid me of this wo - full paine:
For while I live I suf - fer__ still, This cru - ell tor - ment all in vaine.

Yet none a-live but one can guesse What is the cause of__ my dis - tresse.

2. Thanks be to heav'n, no grievous smart,
No maladies my limbes annoy:
I beare a sound and sprightfull heart,
Yet live I quite depriv'd of ioy;
Since what I had in vaine I crave,
And what I had not now I have.

3. A Love I had so fayre, so sweet,
As ever wanton eye did see:
Once by appointment wee did meete,
Shée would, but ah it would not be:
She gave her heart, her hand shée gave,
All did I give, shée nought could have.

4. What Hagge did then my powers forespeake,
That never yet such taint did feelee?
Now shée reiects me as one weake,
Yet am I all composd of steele.
Ah this is it my heart doth grieve,
Now though shée sees shée'le not believe.

Beauty since you

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Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

Beau-ty, since you so much de-sire, to know the place of Cu - pids fire: A - bout you some-where

doth it rest, Yet ne - ver harbour'd in your brest: Nor_gout-like in_ your_heel.e.or toe, What foole would

seeke Loves flame so low? But a lit - tle higher, but a lit - tle higher, but a

lit - tle higher, but a lit - tle higher: There, there, o there lyes Cu - pids fire.

2. Thinke not when Cupid most you scorne,
Men iudge that you of Ice were borne:
For though you cast love at your heele,
His fury yet sometime you feelee,
And where-about if you would know,
I tell you still not in your toe:
But a little higher, but a little higher;
There, there, o there lyes Cupids fire.

Your fayre lookes

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Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

Gm Gm D D Gm \flat Gm Gm Cm D Dm Am D Gm F D Dm

Your faire lookes urge my de - sire. Calme it___sweet with love. If Love may perswade, loves
Stay, o why will you re - tire? Can you_churl-ish prove?

Gm Gm Cm Cm G Gm Gm F Gm F D Gm D D Gm D⁷ Gm D D G

plea-sures deare de - ny not: Her is a grove se - cur'd with shade, O then be wise and flye not.

2. Harke the Birds delighted sing,
Yet our pleasure sleepes:
Wealth to none can profit bring,
Which the miser keeps:
O come while we may,
Let's chayne Love with embraces,
Wee have not all times time to stay,
Nor safety in all places.

3. What ill finde you now in this?
Or who can complaine?
There is nothing done amisse
That breedes no man payne.
'Tis now flowry May,
But ev'n in cold December,
When all these leaves are blowne away
This place shall I remember.

Faine would I wed

The Third and Fourth Booke of Ayres (1617)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

Gm Gm F F Gm Gm D D B \flat B \flat

Faine would I wed a faire young man that day and night could please me: Maids are full of
When my mind or bo - dy griev - ed that had the powre to ease mee. And that oft I

6 Cm D B \flat F Gm D^{sus4} D G Gm Gm F F

long - ing thoughts that breed a blood - lesse sick - nesse Oft I have been woo'd and prais'd but
heare men say, is one - ly cur'd by quick - nesse. Ma - ny for a day or so I

11 Gm Gm D D B \flat B \flat Cm D B \flat F Gm

ne - ver could be mo - ved: But this fool - ish hand of mine straight loaths the thing re -
have most deare - ly lov - ed; If to love be sinne in mee, that sinne is soone ab -

16 D^{sus4} D G Gm Gm F F Gm Gm D D

sol - ved. Sure I thinke I shall at last live to some ho - ly Or - der;
sol - ved. When I once am set - led there then can I flye no far - ther:

21 B \flat B \flat Cm D B \flat F Gm D^{sus4} D G

Yet I would not dye a maid, be - cause I had a mo - ther.
As I was by one brought forth I would bring forth a no - ther.