

Her fayre inflaming eyes

The Third and Fourth Booke of Ayres (1617)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

B \flat E \flat E \flat F^{sus4} F B \flat B \flat F E \flat B \flat F B \flat E \flat E \flat F B \flat

Her fayre in-flam - ing eyes, chiefe authors of__ my cares, I prai'd in hum-blest wise, With

7 C F C^{sus4} C F F B \flat B \flat E \flat Cm F B \flat B \flat F^{sus4} F B \flat

grace_to__view my teares: They be-held me broad a - wake, But a-lasse no ruth would take.

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.