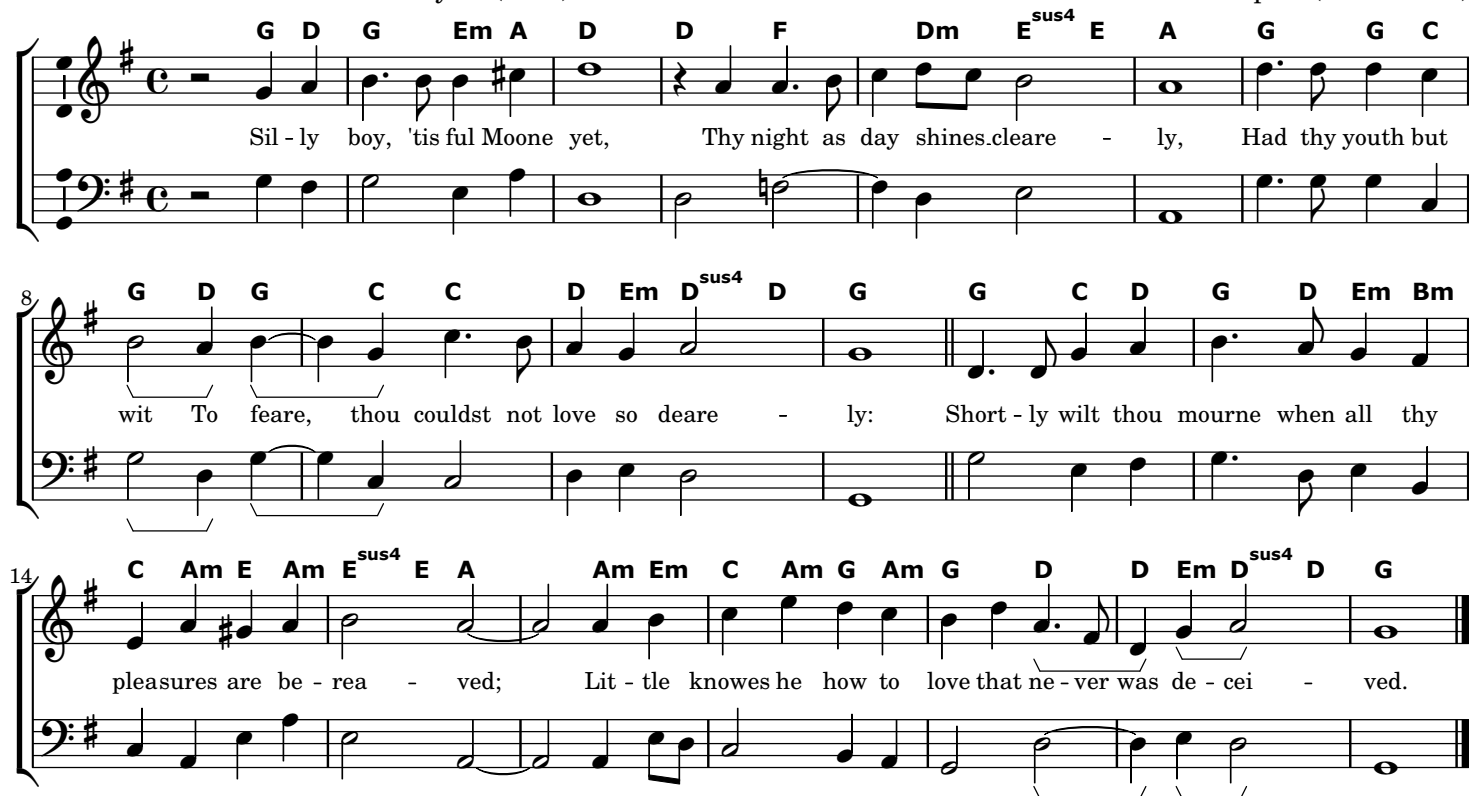


Silly boy 'tis full Moone yet

The Third and Fourth Booke of Ayres (1617)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)



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

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

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.