TWO BOOKES AYRES.

Contayning Divine and Morall Songs:

The Second, Light Conceits of Lovers.

To be sung to the *Lute* and *Viols*, in two, three, and foure Parts: or by one *Voyce* to an Instrument.

Composed
By
Thomas Campian.

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Matthew Lowwer, and I. Browne.

Cum Privilegio.

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FINIS.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE, BOTH

in Birth and Vertue, Francis, Earle of Cumberland.

What Patron could I chuse, great Lord, but you? Grave words your years may challenge as their owne, And ev'ry note of Musicke is your due, Whose House the Buses pallace I have knowne.

To love and cherish them, though it descends, With many honours more on you, in vaine Preceeding fame herein with you contends, Who have both fed the Muses, and their trayne.

These Leaves I offer you, Devotion might Her Selfe lay open, reade them, or else heare How gravely with their tunes they yeeld delight To any vertuous, and not curious eare. Such as they are accept them Noble Lord; If better, better could my zeale afford.

Your Honors,

THOMAS CAMPIAN.

TO THE READER.

Out of many Songs which partly at the request of friends, partly for my owne recreation were by mee long since composed, I have now enfranchised a few, sending them forth divided according to their different subject into severall Bookes. The first are grave and pious; the second amorous and light. For hee that in publishing any worke, hath a desire to content all palates, must cater for them accordingly.

Non omnibus unum est Quod placet, hic Spinas colligit, ille Rosas.

These Ayres were for the most part framed at first for one voyce with the Lute, or Violl, but upon occasion, they have since been filled with more parts, which who so please may use, who like not may leave. Yet doe wee daily observe, that when any shall sing a Treble to an Instrument, the standers by will be offring at an inward part out of their owne nature; and true or farse, out it must, though to the perverting of the whole harmonie. Also, if wee consider well, the Treble tunes, which are with us commonly called Ayres, are but Tenors mounted eight Notes higher, and therefore an inward part must needes well become them, such as may take up the whole distance of the Diapson, and fill up the gaping betweene the two extreame parts; whereby though they are not three parts in perfection, yet they yeeld a sweetnesse and content both to the eare and minde, which is the ayme and perfection of Musicke. Short Ayres if they be skilfully framed, and naturally exprest, are like quicke and good Epigrammes in Poesie, many of them shewing as much artifice, and breeding as great difficultie as a larger Poeme. Non omnia possumus omnes, said the Romane Epick Poet. But some there are who admit onely French or Italian Ayres, as if every Country had not his proper Ayre, which the people thereof naturally usurpe in their Musicke. Others taste nothing that comes forth in Print, as Catullus or Martials Epigrammes were the worse for being published. In these English Ayres I have chiefely aymed to couple my Words and Notes lovingly together, which will be much for him to doe that hath not power over both. The light of this will best appeare to him who hath pays'd our Monasyllables and Syllables combined, both which are so loaded with Consonants as that they will hardly keepe company with swift Notes, or give the Vowell convenient liberty. To conclude, mine owne opinion of these Songs I deliver thus:

> Omnia nec nostris bona sunt, sed nec mala libris; Si placet hac cantes, hac quoq; lege legas.

> > Farewell.

Author of light





2. Fountaine of health my soules deepe wounds recure,

Sweet showres of pitty raine, washi my uncleannesse pure.

One drop of thy desired grace

The saint and fading hart can raise, and in ioyes bosome place.

Sinne and Death, Hell and tempting Fiends may rage;

But God his owne will guard, and their sharp paines and griefe in time asswage.

The man of life upright



- **2.** The man whose silent dayes In harmlesse ioyes are spent: Whom hopes cannot delude, Nor sorrowes discontent.
- **3.** That man needes neyther towres, Nor armour for defence: Nor vaults his guilt to shrowd From thunders violence.
- **4.** Hee onely can behold With unaffrighted eyes The horrors of the deepe, And terrors of the Skies.

- **5.** Thus scorning all the cares, That fate or fortune brings: His Booke the Heav'ns hee makes His wisedome heav'nly things.
- 6. Good thoughts his surest friends, His wealth a well-spent age, The earth his sober Inne, And quiet pilgrimage.

Where are all thy beauties now?



- **2.** Thy rich state of twisted gold to Bayes is turned; Cold as thou art are thy loves that so much burned: Who dye in flatt'rers arms are seldome mourned.
- **3.** Yet in spight of envie, this be still proclaymed, That none worthyer then thy selfe thy worth hath blamed: When their poore names are lost thou shalt live famed.
- **4.** When thy story long time hence shall be perused, Let the blemish of thy rule be thus excused, None ever liv'd more iust, none more abused.

Out of my soules depth



- **2.** But with grace thou censur'st thine when they have erred, Therefore shall thy blessed name be lov'd and feared, Ev'n to thy throne my thoughts and eyes are reared.
- 3. Thee alone my hopes attend, on thee relying;
 In thy sacred word I'le trust, to thee fast flying
 Long ere the Watch shall breake, the morne decrying.
- **4.** In the mercies of our God who live secured, May of full redemption rest in him assured, Their sinne-sicke soules by him shall be recured.

View me Lord a worke of thine

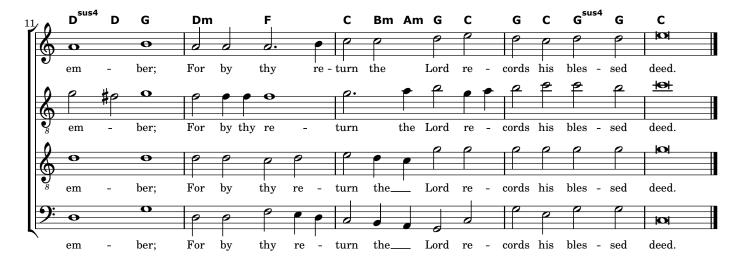


- **2.** But my soule still surfets so On the poysoned baytes of sinne, That I strange and ugly growe, All in darke, and foule within.
- 3. Clense mee Lord that I may kneele At thine Altar pure and white, They that once thy Mercies feele, Gaze no more on earths delight.

- **4.** Worldly ioyes like shadowes fade, When the heav'nly light appeares, But the cov'nants thou hast made Endlesse, know nor dayes, nor yeares.
- 5. In thy word Lord is my trust, To thy mercies fast I flye, Though I am but clay and dust, Yet thy grace can lift me high.

Bravely deckt come forth bright day



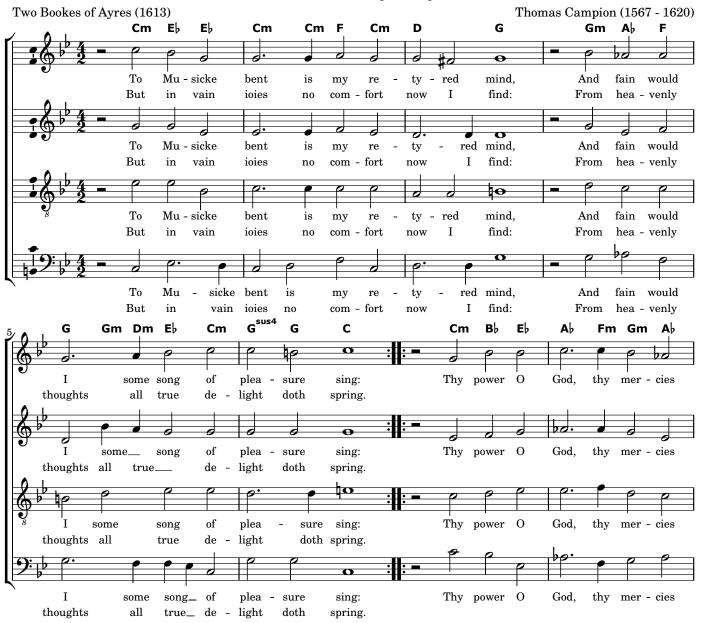


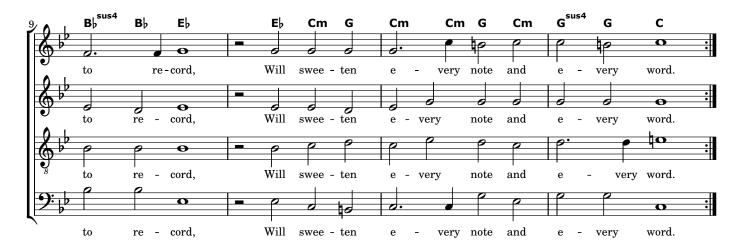
2. Britaines frolicke at your bourd,
But first sing praises to the Lord
In your Congregations.
Hee preserv'd your state alone,
His loving grace hath made you one
Of his chosen Nations.
But this light must hallowed be
With your best Oblations;
Prayse the Lord, for onely great and mercifull is hee

3. Death had enter'd in the gate,
And ruine was crept neare the State;
But heav'n all revealed.
Ev'ry Powder hell did make,
Which ready long the flame to take,
Lay in shade concealed.
God us helpt of his free grace,
None to him appealed;
For none was so bad to feare the treason or the place.

4. God his peacefull Monarch chose,
To him the mist he did disclose,
To him, and none other;
This hee did O King for thee,
That thou thine owne renowne might'st see,
Which no time can smother:
May blest Charles thy comfort be
Firmer then his Brother,
May his heart the love of peace, and wisdome learne from thee.

To Musicke bent is my retyred minde





2. All earthly pompe or beauty to expresse,
Is but to carve in snow, on waves to write.
Celestiall things though men conceive them lesse,
Yet fullest are they in themselves of light:
Such beames they yeeld as know no meanes to dye:
Such heate they cast as lifts the Spirit high.

Tune thy Musicke to thy hart



- 2. Strive not yet for curious wayes, Concord pleaseth more the lesse 'tis strained; Zeale affects not outward prayse, Onely strives to shew a love unfained.
- **3.** Love can wondrous things effect, Sweetest Sacrifice, all wrath appeasing: Love the highest doth respect, Love alone to him is ever pleasing.

Loe, when backe mine eye



- 2. But now heav'n hath drawne From my browes that night; At when the day doth dawne, So cleares my long imprison'd sight.
- 3. Straight the caves of hell
 Drest with flowres I see,
 Wherein false pleasures dwell,
 That winning most, most deadly be.
- 4. Throngs of masked Feinds, Wing'd like Angels flye, Ev'n in the gates of Friends; In faire disguise black dangers lye.

- Straight to Heav'n I rais'd My restored sight:
 And with loud voyce I prais'd The Lord of ever-during light.
- **6.** And since I had stray'd From his wayes so wide, His grace I humble pray'd Hence-forth to be my guard and guide.

As by the streames of Babilon



- **2.** Aloft the trees that spring up there Our silent Harps wee pensive hung: Said they that captiv'd us, Let's heare Some song which you in Sion sung.
- 3. Is then the song of our God sitTo be prophan'd in forraine land?O Salem thee when I forgetForget his skill may my right hand!
- **4.** Fast to the roofe cleave may my tongue If mindlesse I of thee be found:
 Or if when all my ioyes are sung
 Ierusalem be not in the ground.

- 5. Remember Lord how Edoms race Cryed in Ierusalems sad day, Hurle downe her wals, her towres deface, And stone and by stone all levell lay.
- 6. Curst Babels seede for Salems sakeIust ruine yet for thee remaines:Blest shall they be thy babes that take,And 'gainst the stones dash out their braines.

Wise men patience never want

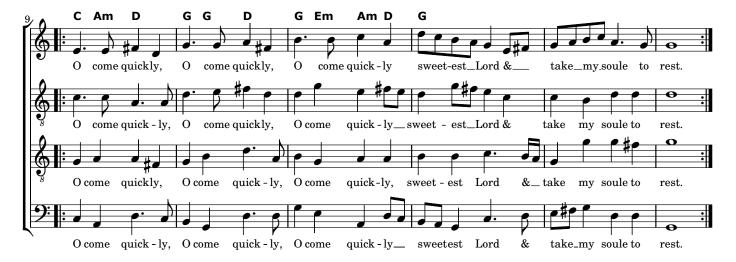


- 2. Some there are debate that seeke Making trouble their content, Happy if they wrong the meeke, Vexe them that to peace are bent; Such undooe the common tye Of mankinde, societie.
- 3. Kindnesse growne is, lately, colde, Conscience hath forgot her part: Blessed times were knowne of old, Long ere Law became an Art. Shame deterr'd, not Statutes then, Honest love was law to men.

4. Deeds from love and words that flowe Fofter like kinde Aprill showres; In the warme Sunne all things grow, Wholsome fruits and pleasant flowres. All so thrives his gentle rayes, Where on humane love displayes.

Never weather-beaten saile

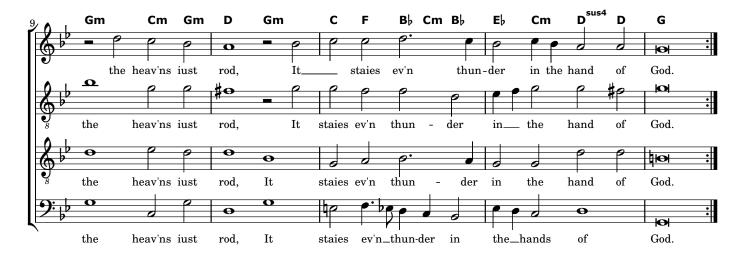




2. Ever-blooming are the ioyes of Heav'ns high paradice, Cold age deafes not there our eares, nor vapour dims our eyes; Glory there the Sun out-shines, whose beames the blessed onely see: O come quickly glorious Lord, and raise my spright to thee.

Lift up to heaven sad wretch

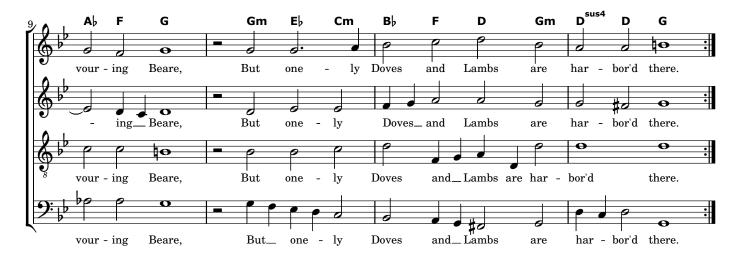




2. With chearefull voyce to him then cry for grace, Thy Faith, and fainting Hope, with Prayer revive; Remorce for all that truely mourne hath place; Not God, but men of him themselves deprive: Strive then, and hee will help; call him, hee'll heare; The Sonne needes not the Fathers fury feare.

Most sweet and pleasing





2. The Wolfe his young ones to their prey doth guide; The Foxe his Cubbs with false deceit endues; The Lyons Whelpe suckes from his Damme his pride; In hers the Serpent malice doth infuse: The darksome Desart all such beasts contaynes, Not one of them in Paradice remaynes.

Sing a Song of ioy



- 2. Sing wee then secure,Tuning well our strings:With voyce as Ecco pure,Let us renowne the King of Kings.
- 3. First who taught the day
 From the East to rise:
 Whom doth the Sunne obey
 When in the Seas his glory dyes?
- 4. Hee the Starres directs,
 That in order stand:
 Who heav'n and earth protects,
 But hee that fram'd them with his hand?

- 5. Angels round attend,Wayting on his will:Arm'd millions hee doth send,To ayde the good, or plague the ill.
- 6. All that dread his Name,And his Hests obsere,His arme will shield from shame,Their steps from truth shall never swerve.
- 7. Let us then reioyce,
 Sounding loud his prayse:
 So will hee heare our voyce,
 And blesse on earth our peacefull dayes.

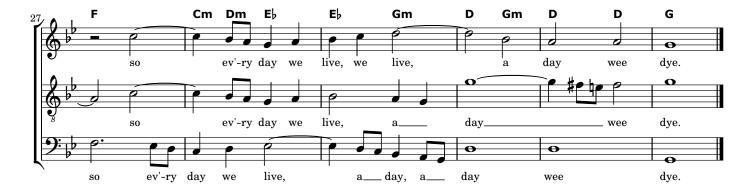
Awake thou heavy spright



2. Get up, get up thou leaden man, Thy tracks to endlesse ioy, or paine, Yeelds but the modell of a span, Yet burnes out thy lifes lampe in vaine. One minute bounds thy bane, or blisse, Then watch, and labour while time is.

Come chearfull day





2. But O yee nights ordain'd for barren rest, How are my dayes depriv'd of life in you, When heavy sleepe my soule hath dispossest, By fayned death life sweetly to renew? Part of my life in that you life denye, So ev'ry day we live a day wee dye.

Seeke the Lord



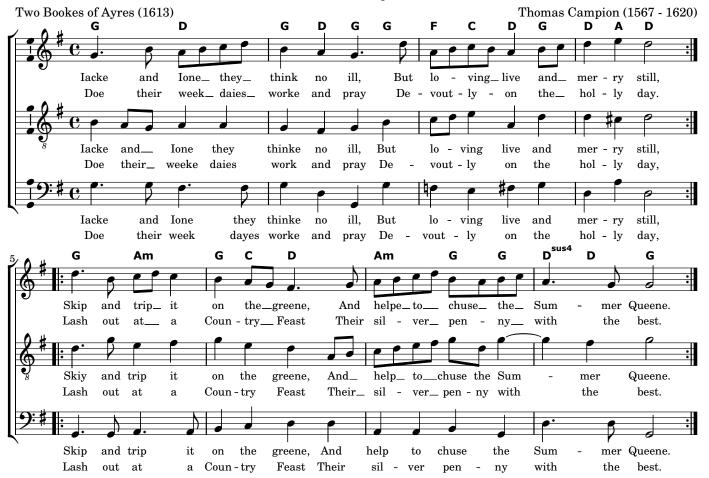
- 2. When with glory there thy browes are crowned; New ioyes so shall abound in thee, Such sights thy soule shall see, That worldly thoughts shall by their beames be drowned.
- 3. Farewell World, thou masse of meere confusion, False light with many shadowes dimm'd, Old Witch with new foyles trimm'd, Thou deadly sleepe of soule, and charm'd illusion.
- 4. I the King will seeke of Kings adored, Spring of light, tree of grace and blisse, Whose fruit so sov'raigne is, That all who taste it are from death restored.

Lighten heavy heart thy spright



2. From her cave rise all distasts,
Which unresolv'd Despaire pursues;
Whom soone after Violence hasts
Her selfe ungratefull to abuse.
Skies are clear'd with stirring windes,
Th'unmoved water moorish growes;
Ev'ry eye much pleasure findes
To view a streame that brightly flowes.





- 2. Well can they iudge of nappy Ale
 And tell at large a Winter tale:
 Climbe up to the Apple loft,
 And turne the Crabs till they be soft.
 Tib is all the fathers ioy,
 And little Tom the mothers boy:
 All their pleasure is content,
 And care to pay their yearely rent.
- 3. Ione can call by name her Cowes,
 And decke her windowes with greene boughs;
 Shee can wreathes and tuttyes make,
 And trimme with plums a Bridall Cake.
 Iacke knowes what brings gaine or losse,
 And his long Flaile can stoutly tosse,
 Make the hedge which others breake,
 And ever thinkes what he doth speake.
- 4. Now you Courtly Dames and Knights,
 That study onely strange delights,
 Though you scorne the home-spun gray,
 And revell in your rich array,
 Though your tongues dissemble deepe,
 And can your heads from danger keepe;
 Yet for all your pompe and traine,
 Securer lives the silly Swaine.

All lookes be pale



- 2. His Iv'ry skin, his comely hayre,
 His Rosie cheekes so cleare, and faire:
 Eyes that once did grace
 His bright face,
 Now in him all want their place.
 Eyes and hearts weepe with mee,
 For who so kinde as hee?
- 3. His youth was like an Aprill flowre, Adorn'd with beauty, love, and powre, Glory strow'd his way, Whose wreaths gay
 Now are all turn'd to decay.
 Then againe weepe with mee,
 None feele more cause then wee.

4. No more may his wisht sight returne, His golden Lampe no more can burne; Quencht is all his frame, His hop't same
Now hath left him nought but name.
For him all weepe with mee,
Since more him none shall see.

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE, AND VERTUOUS.

HENRY Lord CLIFFORD, Sonne and Heyre to the Right Hnoourable, Francis, Earle of Cumberland.

Such dayes as weare the badge of holy red, Are for devotion mark'd, and sage delight; The vulgar Low--dayes undistinguished, Are left for labour, games, and sportfull fights.

This sev'rall and so diff'ring use of Time, Within th'enclosure of one weeke wee finde, Which I resemble in my Notes and Rime, Expressing both in their peculiar kinde.

Pure Hymnes, such as the seaventh day loves, doe leade, Grave age did iustly chalenge those of mee: These weeke--day workes in order that succeede, Your youth best fits, and yours yong Lord they be: As hee is, who to them their beeing gave, If th'one, the other you of force must have.

Your Honors,

THOMAS CAMPIAN.

To the Reader.

That holy Hymnes with Lovers cares are knit
Bothe in one Quire here, thou maist think't unfit;
Why do'st not blame the Stationer as well,
Who in the same Shop sets all sorts to sell?
Divine with stiles prophane, grave shelv'd with vaine;
And some matcht worse, yet none of him complaine.

Vaine men whose follies



- 2. How faire an entrance breakes the way to love? How rich of golden hope, and gay delight? What hart cannot a modest beauty move? Who seeing cleare day once will dreame of night? She seem'd a Saint that brake her faith with mee, But prov'd a woman as all other be.
- 3. So bitter is their sweet, that true content Unhappy men in them may never finde, Ah but without them none; both must content, Else uncouth are the ioyes of either kinde. Let us then prayse their good, forget their ill, Met must be men, and women women still.

How eas'ly wert thou chained?



Harden now thy tyred hart



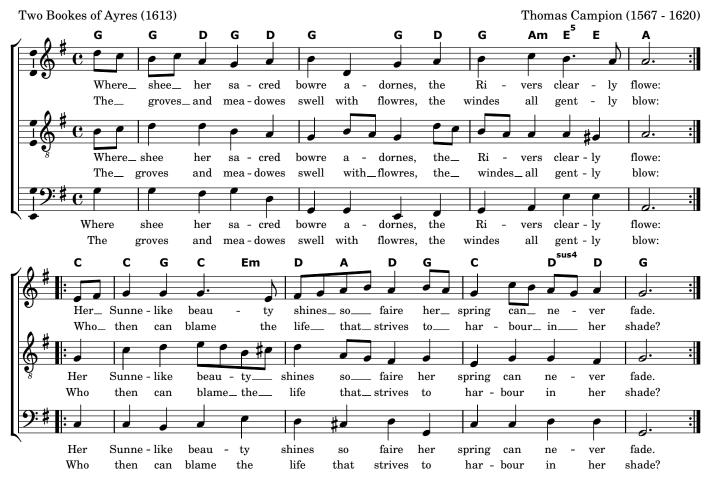
2. Silly Tray-tresse who shall now thy carelesse tresses place? Who thy pretty talke supply? whose eare thy musicke grace? Who shall thy bright eyes admire? what lips triumph with thine? Day by day who'll visit thee, and say th'art onely mine? Such a time there was God wot, but such shall never be, Too oft I feare thou wilt remember me.

O what unhopt for sweet supply



2. Shee that alone in cloudy griefe Long to mee appeared; Shee now alone with bright reliefe, All those clouds hath cleared. Both are immortall, and divine, Since I am hers, and she is mine.

Where she her sacred bowre adornes



2. Her grace I sought, her love I wooed; Her love though I obtaine,
No time, no toyle, no vow, no faith
Her wished grace can gaine.
Yet truth can tell my heart is hers,
And her will I adore:
And from that love when I depart
Let heav'n view me no more.

3. Her roses with my prayes shall spring, And when her trees I praise, Their boughs shall blossome, mellow fruit Shall straw her pleasant wayes. The words of hearty zeale have powre High wonders to effect; O why should then her Princely eare My words, or zeale neglect?

4. If shee my faith misdeemes, or worth,
Woe-worth my haplesse fate:
For though time can my truth reveale,
That time will come too late.
And who can glory in the worth,
That cannot yeeld him grace?
Content in ev'ry thing is not,
Nor ioy in ev'ry place.

5. But from her bowre of Ioy since I Must now excluded be:
And shee will not relieve my cares Which none can helpe but shee:
My comfort in her love shall dwell,
Her love lodge in my brest;
And though not in her bowre, yet I Shall in her temple rest.

Faine would I my love disclose



- 2. Yet, o yet in vaine I strive
 To represse my school'd desire,
 More and more the flames revive,
 I consume in mine owne fire.
 She would pitty might shee know
 The harmes that I for her endure:
 Speake then, and get comfort so,
 A wound long hid growes most recure.
- 3. Wise shee is, and needs must know All th'attempts that beauty moves: Fayre she is, and honour'd so, That the sure hath tryed some loves. If with love I tempt her then, 'Tis but her due to be desir'd: What would women thinke of men, If their deserts were not admir'd?

4. Women courted have the hand
To discart what they distaste;
But those Dames whom none demand,
Want oft what their wils imbrac't.
Could their firmnesse iron excell,
As they are faire they should be sought;
When true theeves use falsehood well,
As they are wise they will be caught.

Give beauty all her right



- 2. Some the quicke eye commends,
 Some smelling lips and red:
 Pale lookes have many friends,
 Through sacred sweetnesse bred
 Meadowes hove flowres that preasure move,
 Though Roses are the flowres of love.
- 3. Free beauty is not bound
 To one unmoved clime,
 She visits ev'ry ground,
 And favours ev'ry time.
 Let the old loves with mine compare,
 My sov'raigne is as sweet, and fayre.

O deare that I with thee



2. Why should our mindes not mingle so,

When love and faith is plighted:

That eyther might the others know,

Alike in all delighted?

Why should frailtie breed suspect when hearts are fixed? Must all humane ioyes of force with griefe be mixed? 3. How oft have wee ev'n smilde in teares

Our fond mistrust repenting?

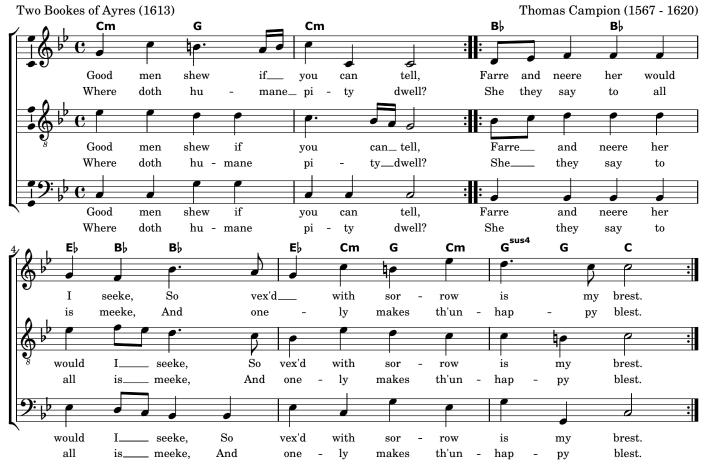
As snow when heav'nly fire appeares,

So melts loves hate relenting.

Vexed kindnesse soone fals off, and soone returneth:

Such a flame the more you quench the more it burneth.

Good men shew if you can tell



- 2. Oh! if such a Saint there be, Some hope yet remaines for me: Prayer or sacrifice may gaine From her implored grace reliefe, To release mee of my paine, Or at the least to ease my griefe.
- **3.** Young am I, and farre from guile, The more is my woe the while: Falshood with a smooth disguise My simple meaning hath abus'd, Casting mists before mine eyes, By which my senses are confus'd.

- 4. Faire he is who vow'd to me,
 That he onely mine would be:
 But alas, his minde is caught
 With ev'ry gaudie bait he sees.
 And too late my flame is taught
 That too much kindnesse makes men freese.
- **5.** From me all my friends are gone, While I pine for him alone, And not one will rue my case, But rather my distresse derride, That I thinke there is no place Where pitte ever yet did bide.

What harvest halfe so sweet is?



2. The Dove alone expresses

Her fervencie in kisses,

Of all most loving:

A creature as offencelesse,

As those things that are sencelesse,

And void of morning.

Let us so love and kisse,

Though all envie us:

That which kinde, and harmlesse is,

None can denie us.

Sweet exclude me not



- 2. Tenants to fulfill their Land-lords pleasure
 Pay their rent before the quarter:
 'Tis my ease, if you it rightly measure,
 Put mee not then off with laughter.
 Consider then a little more,
 Here's the way to all my store.
- 3. Why were dores in loves despight devised? Are not Lawes enough restrayning? Women are most apt to be surprised Sleeping, or sleepe wisely fayning. Then grace me yet a little more, Here's the way, barre not the dore.



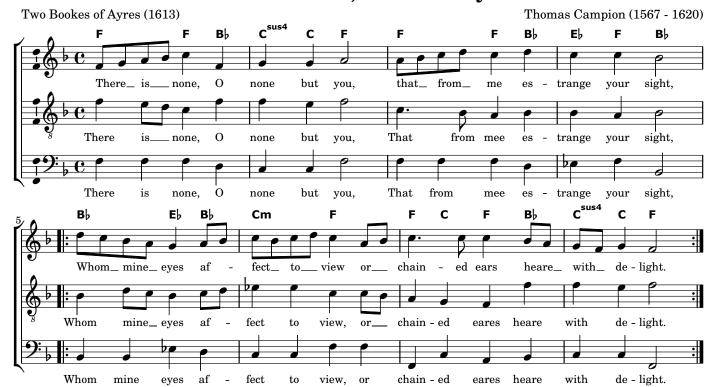


- 2. See how the morning smiles
 On her bright easterne hill,
 And with soft steps beguiles
 Them that lie slumbring still.
 The musicke-loving birds are come
 From cliffes and rockes unknowne;
 To see the trees and briers blome,
 That late were over-flowne.
- **3.** What Saturne did destroy, Loves Queene revives againe; And now her naked boy Doth in the fields remaine:

Where he such pleasing change doth view In ev'ry living thing, As if the world were borne anew, To gratifie the Spring.

4. If all things life present,
Why die my comforts then?
Why suffers my content?
Am I the worst of men?
O beautie, be not thou accus'd
Too iustly in this case:
Unkindly if true love be us'd,
'Twill yeeld thee little grace.

There is none, o none but you



- 2. Other beauties others move, In you I all graces finde: Such is the effect of love, To make them happy that are kinde.
- 3. Women in fraile beauty must, Onely seeme you faire to mee, Yet prove truely kinde and iust, For that may not dissembled be.

- **4.** Sweet afford mee then your sight, That survaying all your lookes, Endlesse volumes I may write, And fill the world with envyed bookes;
- **5.** Which when after ages view, All shall wonder, and despaire, Women to finde man so true, Or man a woman halfe so faire.

Pin'd I am and like to dye



2. In my bed when I should rest, It breeds such trouble in my brest, That scarce mine eyes will close: If I sleepe, it seemes to be Oft playing in the bed with me, But wak'd away it goes. Tis some spirit sure I weene, And yet it may be felt, and seene.

3. Would I had the heart, and wit,
To make it stand, and coniure it
That haunts me thus with teare.
Doubtlesse tis some harmlesse spright,
For it by day, as well as night,
Is ready to appeare.
Be it friend, or be it foe,
Ere long Ile trie what it will doe.

So many loves have I neglected



2. Should I then wooe that have beene wooed, Seeking them that flye mee?
When I my faith with teares have vowed, And when all denye mee,
Who will pitty my disgrace,
Which love might have prevented?
There is no submission base
Where error is repented.

3. O happy men whose hopes are licenc'd To discourse their passion:
While women are confin'd to silence,
Loosing wisht occasion.
Yet our tongues then theirs, men say,
Are apter to be moving:
Women are more dumbe then they,
But in their thoughts more moving.

4. When I compare my former strangenesse
With my present doting,
I pitty men that speake in plainenesse,
Their true hearts devoting,
While wee with repentance iest
At their submissive passion:
Maydes I see are never blest
That strange be but for fashion.

So many loves have I neglected



- 2. Your wisht sight if I desire,
 Suspitions you pretend,
 Causelesse you your selfe retire
 While I in aine attend:
 This a Lover whets you say,
 Still made more eager by delay.
 Is this faire excusing? O no, all is abusing.
- 3. When another holds your hand You sweare I hold your hart: When my Rivals close doe stand, And I sit farre apart, I am neerer yet then they, Hid in your bosome, as you say. Is this faire excusing? O no, all is abusing.
- 4. Would my Rival then I were,
 Some els your secret friend:
 So much lesser should I feare,
 And not so much attend.
 Then enioy you ev'ry one,
 Yet I must seeme your friend alone,
 Is this faire excusing? O no, all is abusing!

Come away, arm'd with loves



2. Is shee come? O how neare is shee?

How farre yet from this friendly place?

How many steps from me?

When shall I her imbrace?

These armes Ile spred which onely at her sight shall close,

Attending as the starry flowre, that the Suns noone-tide knowes.

Come you pretty false-ey'd



2. Sooner may you count the starres
And number hayle downe pouring;
Tell the Osiers of the Temmes,
Or Goodwins Sands devouring:
Then the thick-showr'd kisses here,
Which now thy tyred lips must beare;
Such a harvest never was,
So rich and full of pleasure;
But 'tis spent as soone as reapt,
So trustlesse is loves treasure.

3. Would it were dumb midnight now,
When all the world lyes sleeping:
Would this place some Desert were,
Which no man hath in keeping.
My desires should then be safe,
And when you cry'd then would I laugh,
But if ought might breed offence,
Love onely should be blamed:
I would live your servant still,
And you my Saint unnamed.

A secret love or two



- 2. The more spring is drawne, the more it flowes; No Lampe lesse light retaines by lighting others: Is hee a looser his losse that ne're knowes? Or is he wealthy that vast treasure smothers? My churle vowes no man shall sent his sweet Rose, His owne enough and more I give him duely, Yet still he twits mee I keepe not touch truly.
- 3. Wise Archers beare more then one shaft to field, The Venturer loads not with one ware his shipping: Should Warriers learne but one weapon to weilde? Or thrive faire plants ere the worse for the slipping? One dish cloyes, many fresh appetite yeeld: Mine owne Ile use, and his he shall have duely, Iudge then what debter can keepe touch more truly.

Her rosie cheekes



2. Oh could she love, would shee but heare a friend; Or that shee onely knew what sighs pretend. Her lookes inframe, yet cold as Ice is shee, Doe, or speake, all's to one end: For what shee is, that will shee be.

Yet will I never cease her prayse to sing. Though she gives no regard: For they that grace a worthlesse thing, Are onely greedy of reward.

Where shall I refuge seeke?



2. Why should my firmnesse find a seat so wav'ring? My simple vowes, my love you entertain'd, Without desert the same againe disfav'ring: Yet I my word and passion hold unstain'd. Oh wretched me, that my chiefe ioy should breede My onely griefe, and kindnesse pitty neede.