

# Your fayre lookes

The Third and Fourth Booke of Ayres (1617)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

**Chords:** Gm Gm D D Gm Gm Cm D Dm Am D Gm F D Dm

**Lyrics:** 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?

**Chords:** Gm Gm Cm Cm G Gm Gm F Gm F D Gm D D Gm D<sup>7</sup> Gm D D G

**Lyrics:** 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 breeds 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.