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.

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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 offring 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 pitty, and defend.

Yours devoted,

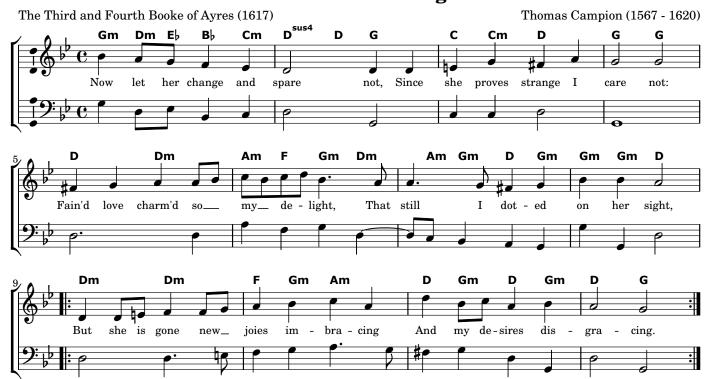
THOMAS CAMPIAN.

Oft have I sigh'd



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.

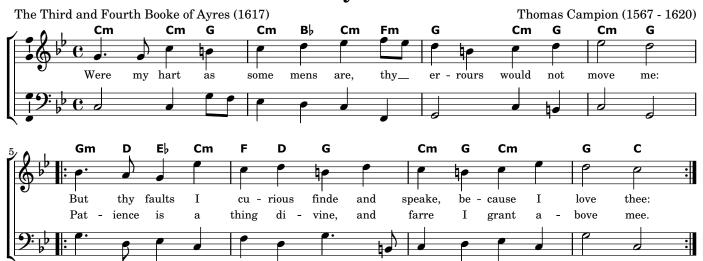
Now let her change



2. When did I erre in blindnesse?
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.

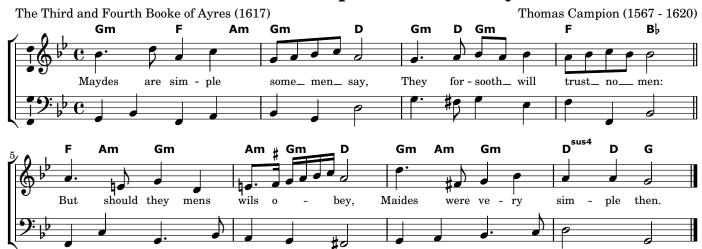
3. False then farewell for ever:
Once false proves faithfull never.
Hee that boasts now of thy love,
Shall soone my present tortures prove.
Were he as faire as bright Adonis;
Faith is not had where none is.

Were my heart as



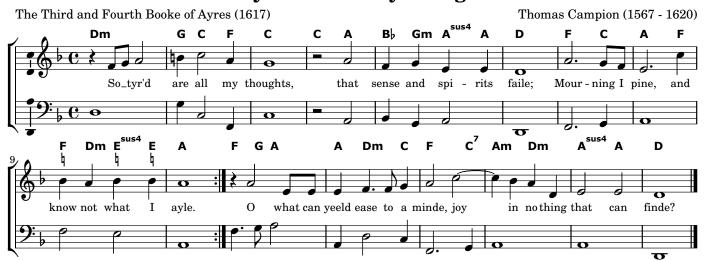
- **2.** Foes sometimes befriend us more, our blacker deedes objecting, Then th'obsequious bosome guest, with false respect affecting: Friendship is the glasse of Truth, our hidden staines detecting.
- **3.** While I use of eyes enjoy, and inward light of reason, Thy observer will I be, and censor, but in season: Hidden mischiefe to conceale in State, and Love is treason.

Maids are simple some men say



- 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 beleeve, 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



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.

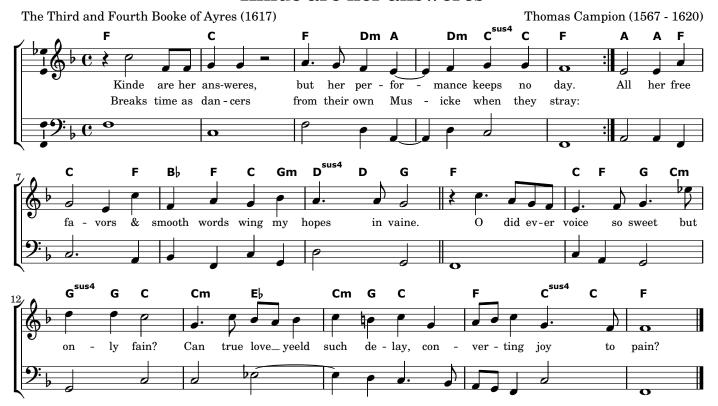
4. And whence can all this grow? even from an idle minde, That no delight in any good can finde. Action alone makes the soule blest; Vertue dyes with too much rest.

Why presumes thy pride

The Third and Fourth Booke of Ayres (1617) Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620) Cm⁷ Вþ ВЬ В В Gm Gm D Gm Am Cm Why pre - sumes thy pride that_ that pri vate be? on must so ВЬ Gm G Gm Cm D D G Gm Scarce that it can good be cal'd though seemes_ best to thee. \mathbf{of} Best all that Nat ure fram'd, or rious_ cu eye can see.

- **2.** Tis thy beauty, foolish Maid, that like a blossome growes, Which who viewes no more enjoyes 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 answeres



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 wisedome
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 griefe, O spight



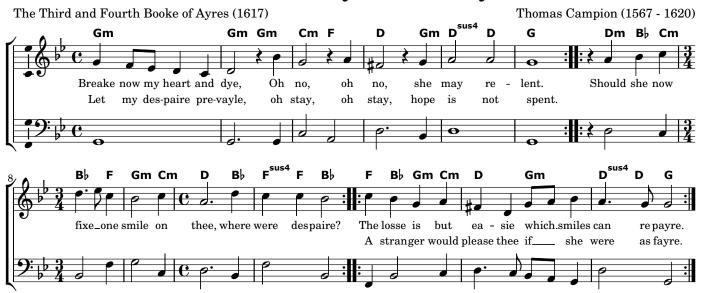
2. O times! O men! to Nature rebels growne; Poore in desert; in name rich; proud of shame; Wise, but in ill: your stiles are not your owne, Though dearely bought, honour is honest fame. Old Stories onely goodnesse now containe, And the true wisdome, that is just, and plaine.

O Never to be moved



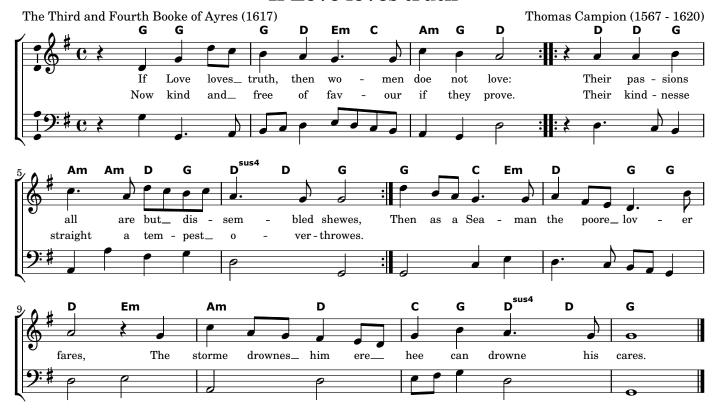
2. All comforts despayred
Distaste your bitter scorning,
Great sorrowes unrepayred
Admit no meane in mourning:
Dye wretch, since hope from thee is fled;
He that must dye is better dead.
O deare delight, yet ere I dye
Some pitty shew, though you reliefe deny.

Break now my heart and dye



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 inchanted all parts but the heele,
At last a shaft daunted which his hart did feele.

If Love loves truth



- 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



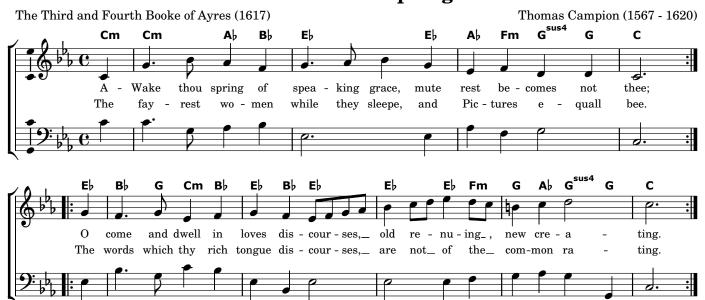
With lovers long discourse;
Much speech hath some defence;
Though beauty no remorse.
All doe not all things well;
Some measures comely tread;
Some knotted Ridles tell;
Some Poems smoothly read.
The Summer hath his ioyes,
And Winter his delights;

Though Love and all his pleasures are but toyes,

They shorten tedious nights.

2. This time doth well dispense

Awake thou spring



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.

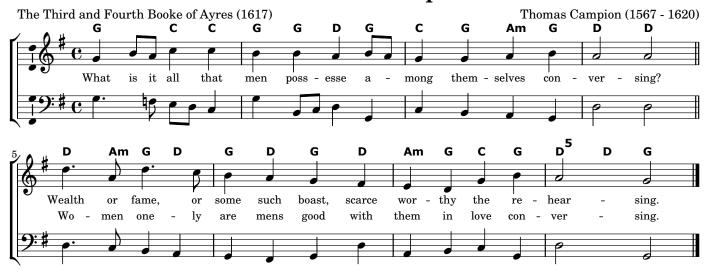
3. Some little reason brutish lives with humane glory share, But language is our proper grace from which they sever dare. As brutes in reason man surpasses,

Men in speech excell each other:

If speech be then the best of graces,

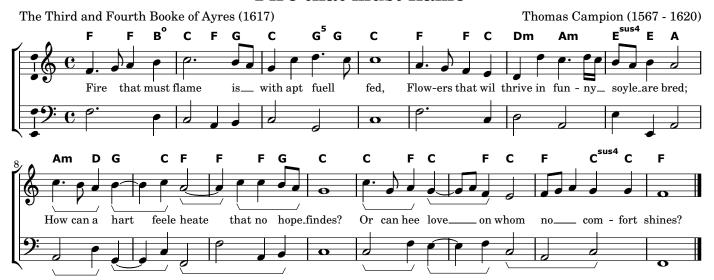
Doe it not in slumber smother.

What is it all that men possesse?



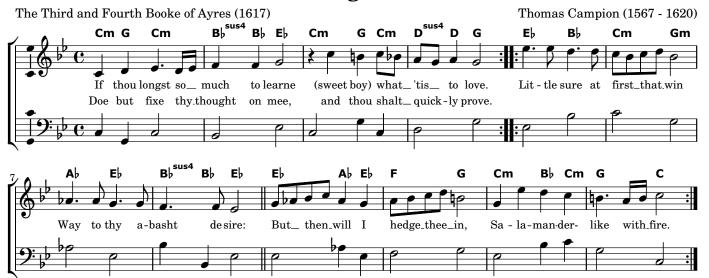
- **2.** If weary, they prepare us rest; if sicke, their hand attends us. When we griefe our hearts are prest, their comfort best befriends us: Sweet or sowre they willing goe to share what forture sends us.
- **3.** What pretty babes with paine they beare our name & form presenting? What we get, how wise they keepe, by sparing, wants preventing; Sorting all their houshold 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 posessed. Bad with bad in ill sute well, but good with good live blessed.

Fire that must flame



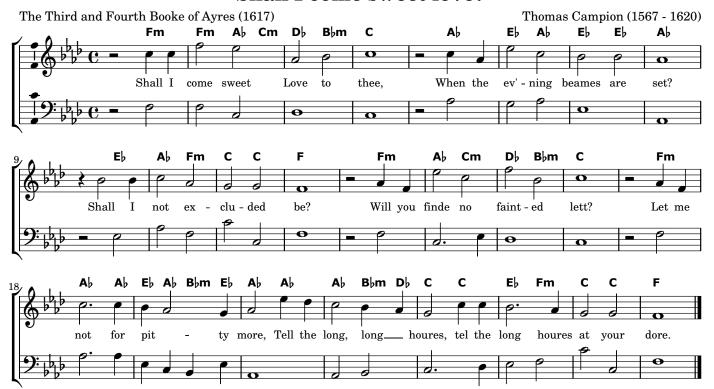
- **2.** Fayre, I confesse there's pleasure in your sight: Sweet, you have powre I grant of all delight. But what is all to mee if I have none? Churl that you are t'enioy such wealth alone.
- 3. Prayers move the heav'ns, but finde no grace with you; Yet in your lookes a heavenly forme I view:
 Then will 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



- 2. With thee dance, I will, and sing, and thy fond dalliance beare; Wee the group 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.

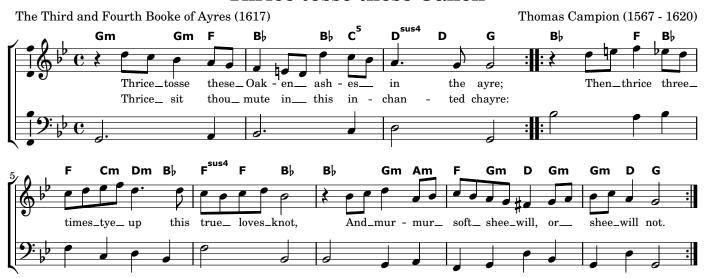
Shall I come sweet love?



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.

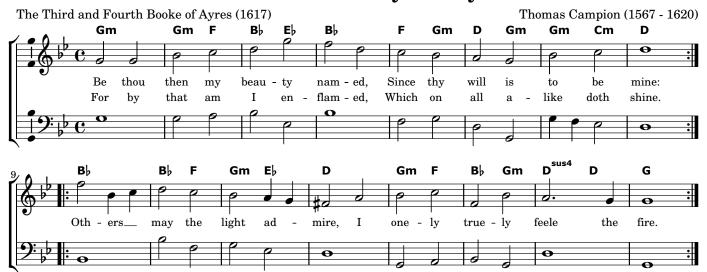
3. But to let such dangers passe,
Which a lovers thoughts disdaine:
'Tis enough in such a place
To attend loves ioyes in vaine.
Doe not mocke me in thy bed,
While these cold nights freeze me dead.

Thrice tosse these Oaken



- **2.** Goe burne these poys'nous weeds in yon blew fire, These Screech-owles fethers, and this prickling bryer, This Cypresse 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



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 Goddesse 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, loe here



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



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



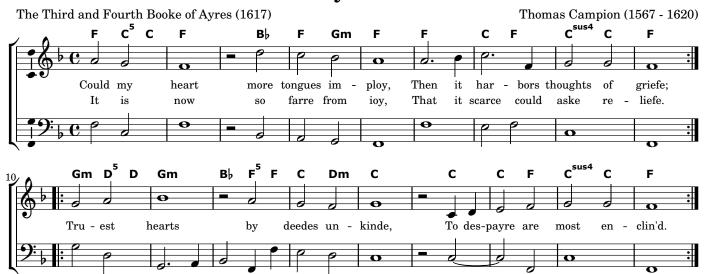
2. Palme tree the more you presse, the more it growes, Leave it alone it will not much exceede: Free beauty if you strive to yoke, you lose, And for affection strange distaste you breede. What Nature hath not taught no Arte can frame; Wilde borne be wilde still, though by force made tame.

Come, & come my lifes



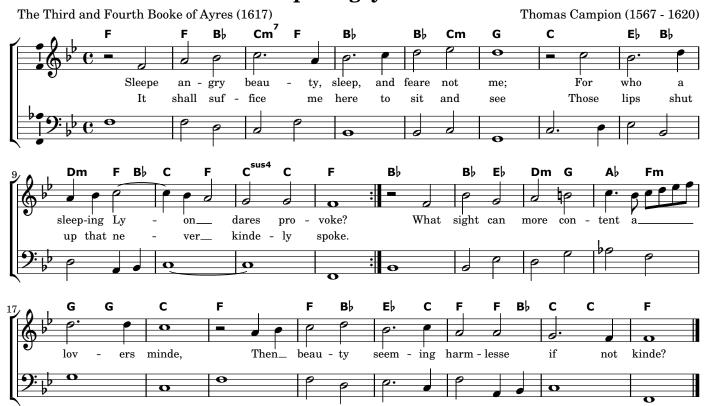
2. Thou all sweetnesse dost enclose, Like a little world of blisse: Beauty guards thy lookes, the Rose In them pure and eternall is. Come then and make thy flight As swift to me as heav'nly light.

Could my heart more



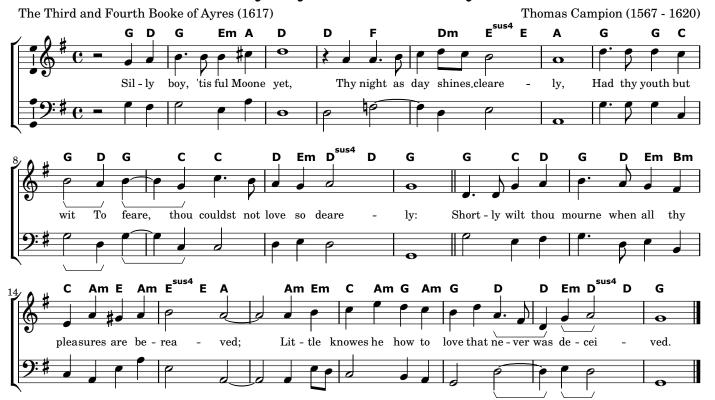
2. Happy mindes that can redeeme Their engagements how they please; That no ioyes, or hopes esteeme Halfe so precious as their ease. Wisedome should prepare men so As if they did all foreknow. 3. Yet no Arte or Caution can Growne affections easily change; Use is such a Lord of Man, That he brookes worst what is strange. Better never to be blest, Then to loose all at the best.

Sleepe angry beautie



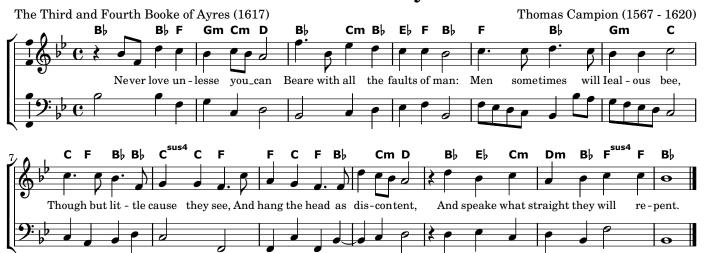
2. My words have charm'd her, for secure shee sleepes, Though guilty much of wrong done to my love; And in her slumber see shee close-eye'd weepes, Dreames often more then waking passions move. Pleade sleepe my cause, and make her soft like thee, That shee in peace may wake and pitty mee.

Silly boy 'tis full Moone yet



- 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 griefe 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.

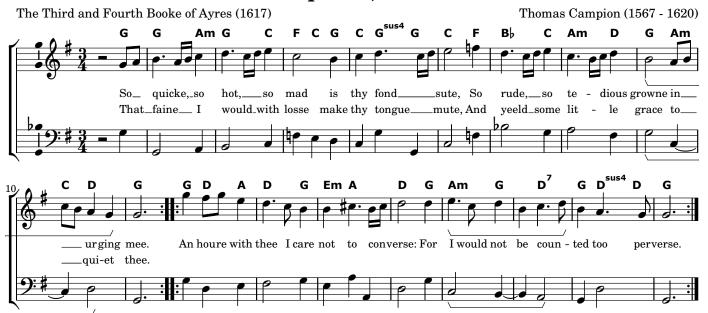
Never love unlesse you can



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



- 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



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 subject 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



2. Thus departing from this light

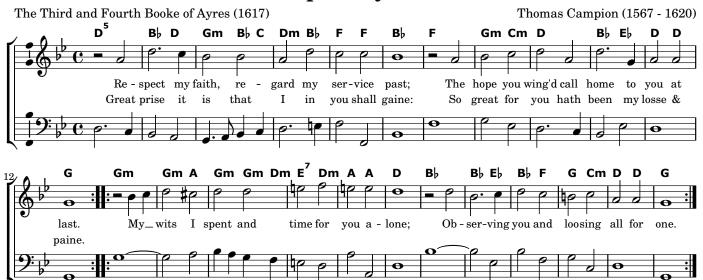
To those shades that end all sorrow,

Yet a small time of complaint, a little breath Ile borrow,

To tell my once delight

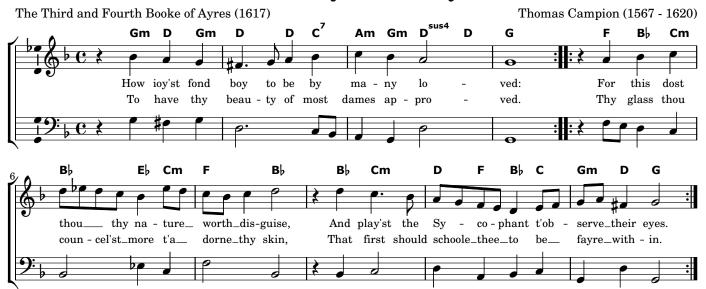
I dye alone through her despight.

Respect my faith



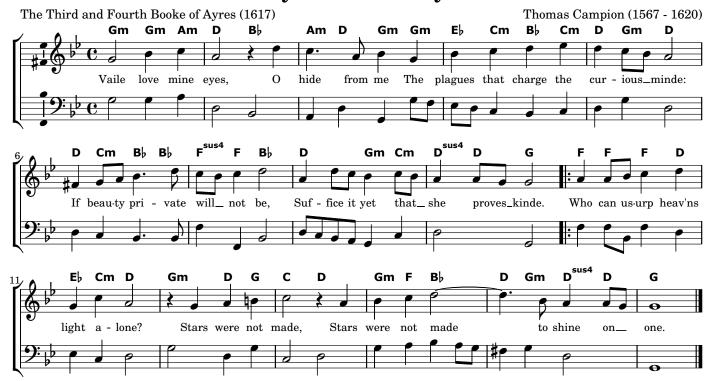
2. Some rais'd to rich estates in this time are, That held their hopes to mine inferiour farre; Such scoffing mee, or pittying me, say thus, Had hee not lov'd he might have liv'd like us. O then deare sweet for love and pittie's sake My faith reward, and from me scandall take.

Thou ioy'st fond boy



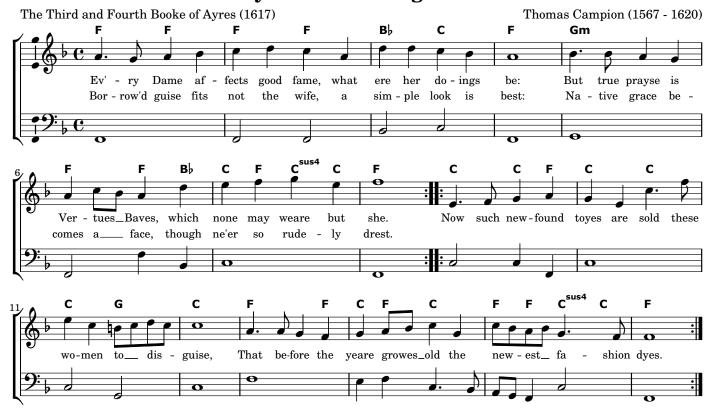
- 2. Tis childish to be caught with Pearle, or Amber,
 And woman-like too much to cloy the chamber;
 Youths should the Field affect, heate their rough Steedes,
 Their hardned nerves to fit for better deedes.
 Is't not more ioy strong Holds to force with swords,
 Then womens weakenesse take with lookes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

Vayle love mine eyes



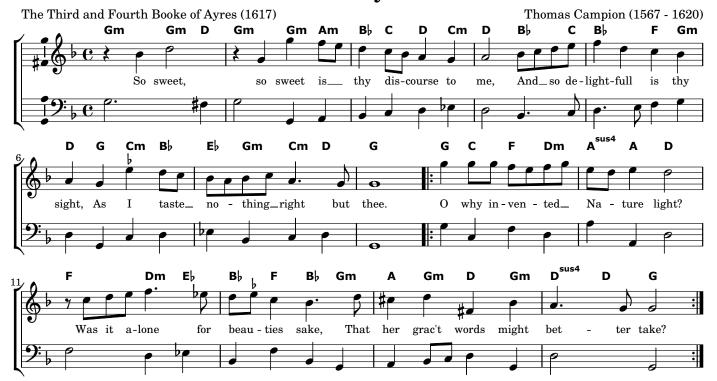
2. Griefes past recute fooles try to heale, That greater harmes on lesse inflict: The pure offend by too much zeale, Affection should not be too strict. Hee that a true embrace will finde To beauties faults must still be blinde.

Every Dame affects good fame



- 2. Dames of yore contended more in goodnesse to exceede,
 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'attyres 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



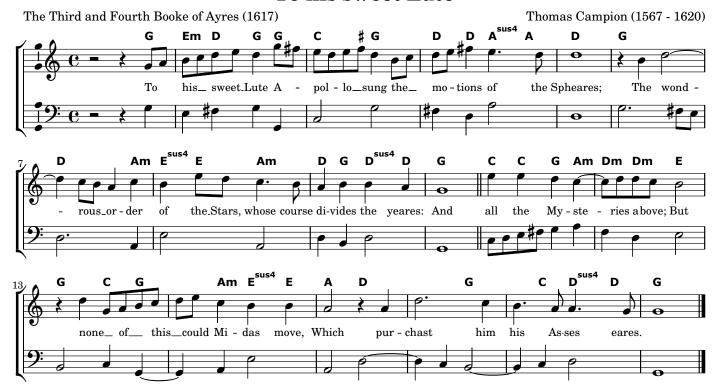
2. No more can I old ioyes recall, They now to me become unknowne, Not seeming to have beene at all. Alas how soone is this love growne To such a spreading height in me, As with it all must shadowed be?

There is a Garden in her face



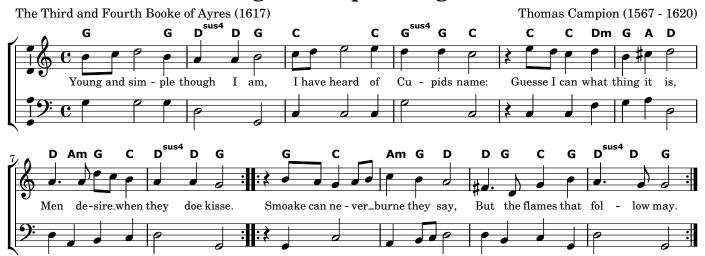
- 2. Those Cherries fayrely doe enclose
 Of Orient Pearle a double row,
 Which when her lovely laughter showes,
 They looke like Rose-buds fill'd with snow.
 Yet them nor Peere, nor Prince can buy,
 Till Cherry ripe themselves doe cry.
- 3. Her Eyes like Angels watch them still; Her Browes like bended 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



- 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.

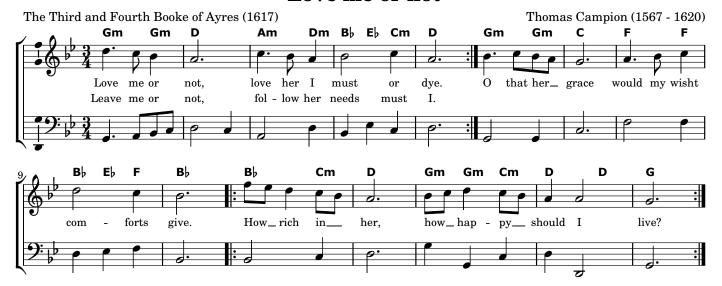
Young and simple though I am



- 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.

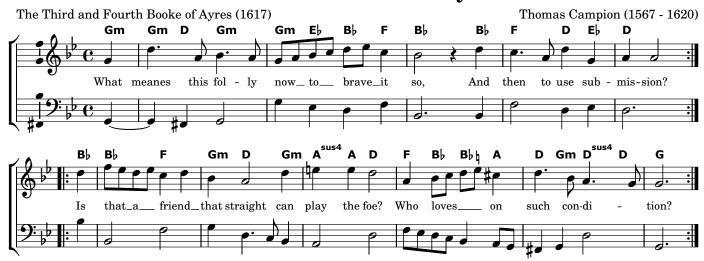
- 4. If it he, alas, what then?
 Were not women made for men?
 As good 'twere a thing were past,
 That must needes be done at last.
 Roses that are over blowne
 Growe lesse sweet, then fall alone.
- 5. Yet nor Churle, nor silken Gull Shall my Maiden blossome pull: Who shall not I soone can tell, Who shall would I could as well: This I know who ere hee be Love hee must, or flatter me.

Love me or not



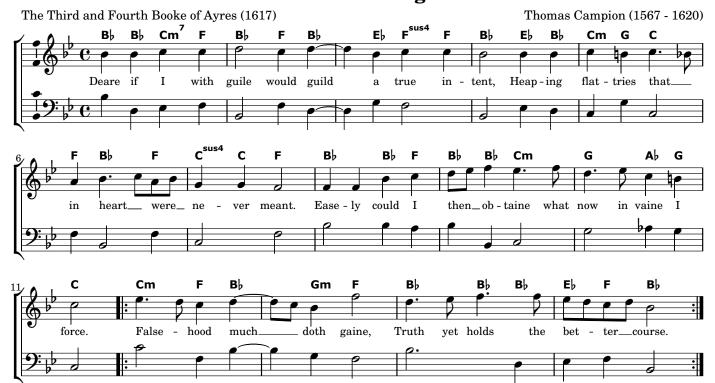
- **2.** All my desire, all my delight should be Her to enioy, her to unite to mee: Envy should cease, her would I love alone, Who loves by lookes, is seldome true to one.
- **3.** Could I enchant, and that it lawfull were, Her would I charme softly that none should heare: But love enforc'd rarely yeelds firme content, So would I love that neyther should repent.

What meanes this folly?



- 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.

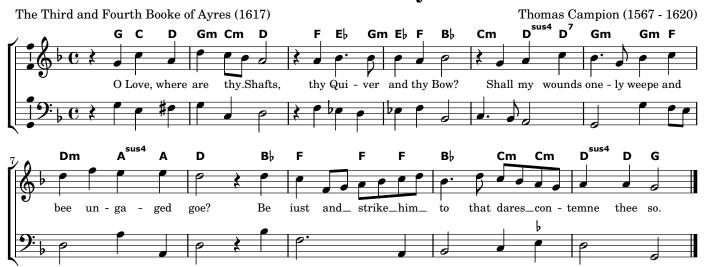
Deare if I with guile



- 2. Love forbid that through dissembling I should thrive, Or in praysing you, my selfe of truth deprive:

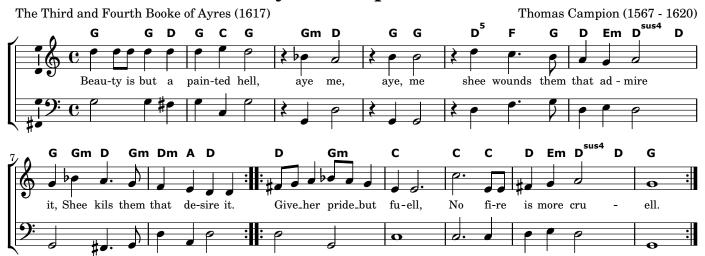
 Let not your high thoughs debase
 A simple truth in me;
 Great is beauties grace,
 Truth is yet as fayre as shee.
- 3. Prayse is but the winde of pride if it exceedes,
 Wealth pris'd in it selfe no outward value needes.
 Fayre you are, and passing fayre,
 You know it, and 'tis true,
 Yet let none despayre
 But to finde as fayre as you.

O Love where are thy shafts?



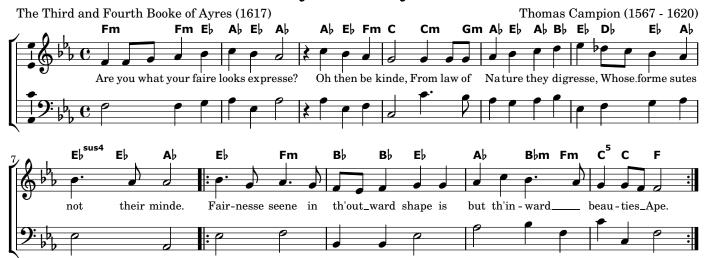
- **2.** No eyes are like to thine, though men suppose thee blind, So fayre they levell when the make they fit to finde: Then strike, o strike the heart that beares the cruell minde.
- 3. Is my fond fight deceived? or doe I Cupid spye Close ayming at his breast, by whom despis'd I dye? Shoot home sweet 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



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?



- 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 discerne.
- 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



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

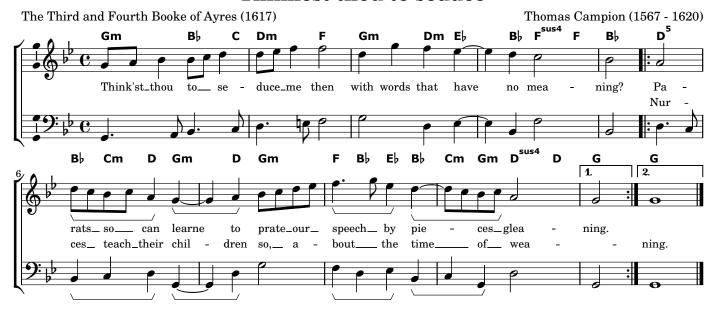
The Third and Fourth Booke of Ayres (1617)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)



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



- **2.** Learne to speake first, then to wooe, 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) Eb Eb F sus4 ВЬ ВЬ ВЬ Εþ ВЬ F ВЬ

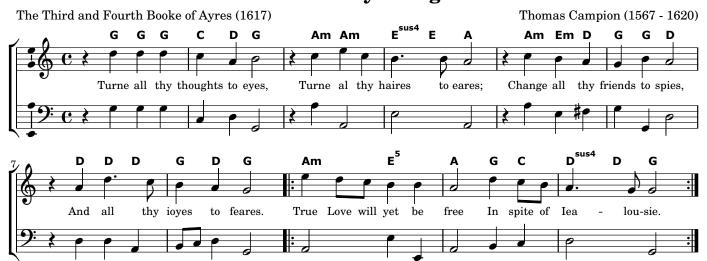




- 2. Her lips with kisses rich, And words of fayre delight, I fayrely did beseech To pitty my sad plight: But a voice from them brake forth As a whirle-winde from the North.
- 3. Then to her hands I fled, That can give heart and all, To them I long did plead, And loud for pitty call: But alas they put 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.

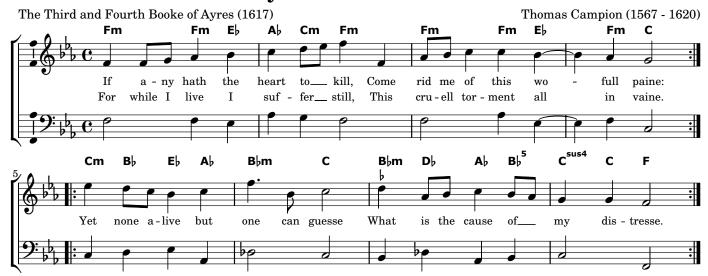
- **5.** Then downe my pray'rs made way To those most comely parts, That make her flye or stay, As they affect deserts: But her angry feete thus mov'd Fled with all the parts I lov'd.
- 6. Yet fled they not so fast As her enraged minde: Still did I after haste, Still was I left behinde, Till I found 'twas to no end With a Spirit to contend.

Turne all thy thoughts



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



- 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,
 Shee would, but ah it would not be:
 She gave her heart, her hand shee gave,
 All did I give, shee nought could have.
- 4. What Hagge did then my powers forespeake, That never yet such taint did feele?

 Now shee rejects me as one weake,

 Yet am I all composd of steele.

 Ah this is it my heart doth grieve,

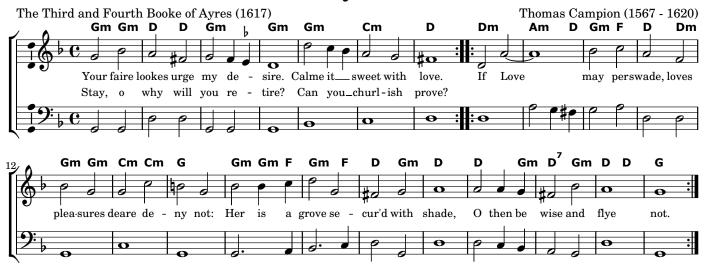
 Now though shee sees shee'le not believe.

Beauty since you



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 feele, And where-abouts 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



2. Harke the Birds delighted sing, Yet our pleasure sleepes: Wealth to none can profit bring, Which the miser keepes: 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

