

Fire, fire, fire, fire, loe here

The Third and Fourth Booke of Ayres (1617)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

Fire, fire, fire, fire, loe here I burne, I burne in such de - sire, That all

the teares that I can straine out of mine id - le emp - ty braine, Can - not al - lay

my scor - ching paine. Come Trent and Hum - ber, and fayre Thames, Dread O - cean

haste with all thy streames: And if you can not quench my fire, O

drowne both me, O drowne both me, and my de - sire. -sire.

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.