

So quicke, so hot

The Third and Fourth Booke of Ayres (1617)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

So_ quicke, so hot, so mad is thy fond sute, So rude, so te - dious growne in -
 That faine I would with losse make thy tongue mute, And yeeld some lit - le grace to -

— urging mee. An houre with thee I care not to converse: For I would not be coun - ted too perverse.
 — qui-et thee.

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.