

# Thomas Campion

## The Second Booke of Ayres

[1613]

V

1 **Where shee her sacred bowre adorne**

The Riuers clearely flow :  
The groues and medowes swell with flowres,  
The windes all gently blow.  
Her Sunne-like beauty shines so fayre  
Her Spring can neuer fade :  
Who then can blame the life that striues  
To harbour in her shade ?

2 Her grace I sought, her loue I wooed;  
Her loue thogh 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 loue when I depart  
Let heau'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 harty zeale haue 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 reueale,  
That time will come too late.  
And who can glory in the worth,  
That cannot yeeld him grace ?  
Content in eu'ry thing is not,  
Nor ioy in eu'ry place.

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

source/Quelle:

<http://www.harald-lillmeyer.kulturserver.de>