

Thomas Campion

The Second Booke of Ayres

[1613]

VII

1 Giue beauty all her right,
Shees not to one forme tyed :
Each shape yeelds faire delight
Where her perfections bide :
Hellen I grant might pleasing be,
And *Ros'mond* was as sweet as shee.

2 Some the quicke eye commends,
Some smelling lips and red :
Pale lookes haue many friends,
Through sacred sweetnesse bred.
Meadowes haue flowres that pleasure moue,
Though Roses are the flowres of loue.

3 Free beauty is not bound
To one vnmoued clime,
She visits eu'ry ground,
And fauours eu'ry time.
Let the old loues with mine compare,
My sou'raigne is as sweet, and fayre.