

Thomas Campion

The Second Booke of Ayres

[1613]

XVIII

1 **Come you pretty false-ey'd wanton,**

Leaue your crafty smiling :
Thinke you to escape me now,
With slipp'ry words beguiling ?
No, you mockt me th'other day,
When you got loose you fled away :
But since I haue caught you now,
Ile clip your wings for flying :
Smothering kisses fast Ile heape,
And keepe you so from crying.

2 Sooner may you count the starres
And number hayle downe pourings
Tell the Osiers of the *Temmes*,
Or *Goodwins* Sands deuouting :
Then the thicke-showr'd kisses here,
Which now thy tyred lips must beare;
Such a haruest neuer was,
So rich and full of pleasure;
But 'tis spent as soone as reapt,
So trustlesse is loues treasure.

3 Would it were dumb midnight now,
When all the world lyes sleeping :
Would this place some Desert were,
Which no man hath in keeping.
My desires should then be safe,
And when you cry'd then would I laugh,
But if ought might breed offence,
Loue onely should be blamed :
I would liue your servant still,
And you my Saint vnname'd.