

Thomas Campion

The First Booke of Ayres

III

1 **Where are all the beauties now** all harts enchaining ?
Whither are thy flatt'ers gone with all their fayning ?
All fled, and thou alone still here remayning.

2 Thy rich flate of twisted gold to Bayes is turned ?
Cold as thou art are thy loues that so much burned ?
Who dye in flatt'ers arms are seldome mourned.

3 Yet in spite of enuie, this be still proclaymed,
That none worthyer then thy selfe thy worth hath blamed:
When their poore names are lost thou shalt liue famed,

4 When thy story long time hence shall be perused,
Let the blemish of thy rule be thus excused,
None euer liu'd more iust, none more abused.