

Thomas Campion

The Second Booke of Ayres

[1613]

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1 **Her rosie cheekes**, her euer smiling eyes
Are Spheares and beds, where Loue in triumph lies :
Her rubine lips when they their pearle vnlocke,
Make them seeme as they did rise
All out of one smooth Currall Rocke.
Oh that of other Creatures store I knew,
More worthy, and more rare :
For these are old, and shee so new,
That her to them none should compare.

2 Oh could she loue, would shee but heare a friend;
Or that shee onely knew what sighs pretend.
Her lookes inflame, yet cold as Ice is shee,
Doe, or speake, all's to one end :
For what shee is, that will shee be.
Yet will I neuer cease her prayse to sing,
Though she giues no regard :
For they that grace a worthlesse thing,
Are onely greedy of reward.