

Thomas Campion

The Second Booke of Ayres

[1613]

XVII

1 **Come away**, arm'd with loues delights,
Thy sprightfull graces bring with thee,
When loues longing fights
They must the sticklers be.
Come quickly, come, the promis'd houre is wel-nye spent,
And pleasures being too much deferr'd, looseth her best content.

2 Is shee come ? O how neare is shee ?
How farre yet from this friendly place ?
How many steps from me ?
When shall I her imbrace ?
These armes Ile spred which onely at her sight shall close,
Attending as the starty flowre, that the Suns noone-tide knowes.