

Thomas Campion

T H E DISCRIPTION OF A M A S K E.

1 6 0 7

1. Now hath Flora robde her bowres

*Now hath Flora rob'd her bowres
To befrend this place with flowers;
 Strowe aboute, strowe aboute,
The Skye rayn'd neuer kindlyer Showers.
Flowers with Bridalls well agree,
Fresh as Brides, and Bridgromes be,
 Strowe aboute, strowe aboute,
And mixe them with fit melodie.
 Earth hath no Princelier flowers
Then Roses white, and Roses red,
But they must still be mingled.
And as a Rose new pluckt from Venus thorne,
So doth a Bride her Bride grooms bed adorne.*

*Diuers diuers Flowers affect
For some priuate deare respect,
 Strowe about, strow about,
Let euery one his owne protect.
But hees none of Floras friend
That will not the Rose commend.
 Strow about, strow about,
Let Princes Princely flowers defend.
 Roses, the Gardens pride,
Are flowers for loue, and flowers for Kinges,
In courts desir'd, and Weddings.
And as a Rose in Venus bosome worne,
So doth a Bridegroom his Brides bed adorne.*