

Thomas Campion

THE T H I R D AND FOVRTH BOOKE OF A Y R E S :

XII. Now winter nights enlarge

1 Now winter nights enlarge
The number of their houres,
And clouds their stormes discharge
Vpon the ayrie towres,
Let now the chimneys blaze,
And cups o'erflow with wine :
Let well-tun'd words amaze
With harmonie diuine.
Now yellow waxen lights
Shall waite on hunny Loue,
While youthfull Reuels, Masks, and Courtly sights,
Sleepes leaden spels remoue.

2 This time doth well dispence
With louers long discourse ;
Much speech hath some defence,
Though beauty no remorse.
All doe not all things well ;
Some measures comely tread ;
Some knotted Riddles tell ;
Some Poems smoothly read.
The Summer hath his ioyes,
And Winter his delights ;
Though Loue and all his pleasures are but toyes,
They shorten tedious nights.