

# *Thomas Campion*

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

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### **XV. Are you what your faire lookes expresse ?**

1 Are you what your faire lookes expresse ?

Oh then be kinde.

From law of Nature they digresse,

Whose forme sute not their minde.

Fairenesse seene in th'outward shape

Is but th'inward beauties Ape.

2 Eyes that of earth are mortall made

What can they view ?

All's but a colour or a shade,

And neyther alwayes true.

Reasons sight that is eterne,

Eu'n the substance can discerne.

3 Soule is the Man ; for who will so

The body name ?

And to that power all grace we owe

That deckes our liuing frame.

What, or how had housen bin,

But for them that dwell therein ?

4 Loue in the bosome is begot,

Not in the eyes :

No beauty makes the eye more hot,

Her flames the sprightsurprise :

Let our louing mindes then meete,

For pure meetings are most sweet.