

# *Thomas Campion*

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

---

### **XXVI. Silly boy, 'tis full Moone yet**

1 Silly boy, 'tis full Moone yet, Thy night and day shines clearely;  
Had thy youth but wit to feare, thou couldst not loue dearely :  
Shortly wilt thou mourne when all thy pleasures are bereaued ;  
Little knowes he how to loue that neuer was deceiued.

2 This is thy first mayden flame that triumphes yet vnstayed ;  
All is artelesse now you speake, not one word yet is fayned ;  
All is heau'n that you behold, and all your thoughts are blessed :  
But no Spring can want his Fall, each *Troylus* hath his *Cresseid*.

3 Thy well-order'd lockes ere long shall rudely hang neglected ;  
And thy liuely pleasant cheate, reade grieve on earth delected :  
Much then wilt thou blame thy Saint that made thy heart so holy.  
And with sighes confeste, in loue, that too much faith is folly.

4 Yet be iust and constant still, Loue may beget a wonder ;  
Not vnlike a Summers frost, er Winters fatall thunder :  
Hee that holds his Sweet-hart true vnto his day of dying,  
Liues of all that euer breath'd most worthy the enuying.