

Thomas Campion

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

XXII. Beauty since you

Beauty, since you so much desire,
To know the place of *Cupids* fire :
About you somewhere doth it rest,
Yet neuer harbour'd in your brest :
Nor gout-like in your heele or toe ;
What foole would seeke Loues flame so low ?
But a little higher, but a little higher :
There, there, ô there lyes *Cupids* fire.

Thinke not when *Cupid* most you scorne,
Men iudge that you of Ice were borne :
For though you cast loue at your heele,
His fury yet sometime you feelee,
And where-about if you would know,
I tell you still not in your toe :
But a little higher, but a little higher ;
There, there, ô there lyes *Cupids* fire.