

Thomas Campion

THE THIRD AND FOURTH BOOKE OF AYRES :

XXVIII. So quicke, so hot

1 So quicke, so hot, so mad is thy fond sute;
So rude, so tedious growne in vrging mee.
That faine I would with losse make thy tongue mute,
And yeeld some little grace to quiet thee.

An houre with thee I care not to converse :
For I would not be counted too peruerse.

2 But roofes too hot would proue for men all fire;
And hils too high for my vnused pace ;
The groue is charg'd with thornes and the bold bryer;
Gray Snakes the meadowes shrowde in euery place :
A yellow Frog alas will fright me so
As I should start and tremble as I goe.

3 Since then I can on earth no fit roome finde,
In heauen I am resolu'd with you to meete ;
Till then for Hopes sweet sake rest your tir'd minde,
And not so much as see mee in the streete :
A heauenly meeting one day wee shall haue,
But neuer, as you dreame, in bed, or graue.