

Thomas Campion

THE THIRD AND FOURTH BOOKE OF AYRES :

XIX. Her fayre inflaming eyes

- 1 Her fayre inflaming eyes,
Chiefe authors of my cares,
I prai'd in humblest wise,
With grace to view my teares :
They beheld me broad awake,
But alas no ruth would take.
- 2 Her lips with kisses rich,
And words of fayre delight,
I fayrely did beseech
To pittie my sad plight :
But a voyce from them brake forth
As a whirle-winde from the North.
- 3 Then to her hands I fled,
That can giue heart and all,
To them I long did plead,
And loud for pittie call :
But alas they put mee off,
With a touch worse then a scoffe.
- 4 So backe I straight return'd,
And at her breast I knock'd ;
Where long in vaine I mourn'd,
Her heart so fast was lock'd :
Not a word could passage finde,
For a Locke inclos'd her minde.
- 5 Then downe my pray'rs made way
To those most cornely parts,
That make her flye or stay,
As they affect deserts :
But her angry feete thus mou'd
Fled with all the parts I lou'd.
- 6 Yet fled they not so fast
As her enraged minde :
Still did I after haste,
Still was I left behinde,
Till I found 't was to no end
With a Spirit to contend.