

Thomas Campion

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

XX. Fire, fire, fire, fire, loe here

1 Fire, fire, fire, fire.

Loe here I burne in such desire
That all the teares that I can straine
Out of mine idle empty braine,
Cannot allay my scorching paine.

Come *Trent*, and *Humber*, and fayre *Thames*,
Dread Ocean haste with all thy streames :
And if you cannot quench my fire,
O drowne both mee, and my desire.

2 Fire fire, fire, fire.

There is no hell to my desire :
See, all the Riuers backward flye,
And th' Ocean doth his waues deny,
For feare my heate should drinke them dry.
Come heau'nly showres then pouring downe ;
Come you that once the world did drowne :
Some then you spar'd, but now saue all,
That else must burne, and with mee fall.