

# *Thomas Campion*

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

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### **XXIII. Come, O come my lifes**

1 Come, O come my lifes delight ;  
Let me not in languor pine :  
    Loue loues no delay : thy sight,  
The more enioy'd, the more diuine.  
    O come and take from mee  
    The paine of being depriu'd of thee.

2 Thou all sweetnesse dost enclose,  
Like a little world of blisse :  
    Beauty guards thy lookes, the Rose  
In them pure and eternall is.  
    Come then and make thy flight  
    As swift to me as heau'nly light.