

# *Thomas Campion*

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

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### III. Vayle loue mine eyes

1 Vaile loue mine eyes, O hide from me  
The plagues that charge the curious minde :  
If beauty priuate will not be,  
Suffice it yet that she proues kinde.  
    Who can vsurp heau'ns light alone ?  
    Stars were not made to shine on one.

2 Griefes past recure fooles try to heale,  
That greater harmes on lesse inflict :  
The pure offend by too much zeale,  
Affection should not be too strict.  
    Hee that a true embrace will finde,  
    To beauties faults must still be blinde.