

Thomas Campion

THE THIRD AND FOURTH BOOKE OF AYRES :

XV. Fire that must flame

1 Fire that must flame is with apt fuell fed,
Flowers that wil thriue in sunny soyle are bred;
How can a hart feelee heate that no hope findes ?
Or can hee loue on whom no comfort shines ?

2 Fayre, I confesse there's pleasure in your sight :
Sweet, you haue powre I grant of all delight.
But what is all to mee if I haue none ?
Churle that you are t'iniow such wealth alone.

3 Prayres moue the heau'ns, but finde no grace with you ;
Yet in your lookes a heauenly forme I view :
Then will I pray againe, hoping to finde
As well as in your lookes, heau'n in your minde.

4 Saint of my heart, Queene of my life, and loue,
O let my vowes thy louing spirit moue :
Let me no longer mourne through thy disdaine,
But with one touch of grace cure all my paine.