

Thomas Campion

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

IX. Young and simple though I am

1 Young and simple though I am,
I haue heard of *Cupids* name :
Guesse I can what thing it is,
Men desire when they doe kisse.
Smoake can neuer burne they say,
But the flames that follow may.

2 I am not so foule or fayre,
To be proud, nor to despayre ;
Guesse I can what thing it is,
Men desire when they doe kisse.
Smoake can neuer burne they say,
But the flames that follow may.

3 Faith 'tis but a foolish minde,
Yet me thinkes a heat I finde,
Like thirst longing that doth bide
Euer on my weaker side :
Where they say my hart doth moue,
Venus grant it be not loue.

4 If it be, alas, what then ?
Were not women made for men ?
As good t'were a thing were past,
That must needes bee done at last.
Roses that are ouer-blowne
Growe lesse sweet, then fall alone.

5 Yet nor Churle, nor silken Gull
Shall my Mayden blossome pull :
Who shall not I soone can tell,
Who shall would I could as well :
This I know who ere hee be,
Loue hee must, or flatter me.