

Thomas Campion

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

XXI. O sweet delight

1 O sweet delight, O more then humane blisse,
With her to liue that euer louing is :
To heare her speake whose words so well are plac't,
That she by them, as they in her are grac't :
 Those lookes to view that feast the viewers eye.
 How blest is he that may so liue and dye ?

2 Such loue as this the golden times did know,
When all did reape, yet none tooke care to sow ;
Such loue as this an endlesse Summer makes,
And all distaste from fraile affection takes.
 So lou'd, so blest, in my belou'd am I,
 Which till their eyes ake let yron men enuy.