

Thomas Campion

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

XXIII. Your fayre lookes

1 Your faire lookes vrge my desire,
Calme it sweet with loue.
Stay, ô why will you retire ?
Can you churlish proue ?
If Loue may perswade,
Loues pleasures deare deny not :
Here is a groue secur'd with shade,
O then be wise and flye not.

2 Harke the Birds delighted sing,
Yet our pleasure sleepes :
Wealth to none can profit bring,
Which the miser keepes :
O come while we may,
Let's chayne Loue with embraces,
Wee haue not all times time to stay,
Nor safety in all places.

3 What ill finde you now in this ?
Or who can complaine ?
There is nothing done amisse (???)
That breedes no man payne.
'Tis now flowry *May* ,
But eu'n in cold *December*,
When all these leaues are blowne away
This place shall I remember.