

Thomas Campion

THE THIRD AND FOURTH BOOKE OF AYRES :

XVI. If thou long'st so much

1 If thou long'st so much to learne (sweet boy) what 'tis to loue,
Doe but fixe thy thought on mee, and thou shalt quickly proue.

Little sute at first shal win
Way to thy abasht desire :
But then will I hedge thee in,
Salamander-like with fire.

2 With thee dance I will, and sing, and thy fond dalliance beare ;
Wee the grouy hils will climbe, and play the wantons there.

Other whiles wee'le gather flowres,
Lying dalying on the grasse,
And thus our delightfull howres
Full of waking dreames shall passe.

3 When thy ioyes were thus at height my loue should turne from thee,
Old acquaintance then should grow as strange as strange might be,

Twenty riuals, thou should'st finde
Breaking all their hearts for mee,
When to all Ile proue more kinde,
And more forward then to thee.

4 Thus thy silly youth enrag'd would soone my loue defie ;
But alas poore soule too late, clipt wings can neuer flye :

Those sweet houres which wee had past
Cal'd to minde thy heart would burne :
And could'st thou flye ne'er so fast,
They would make thee straight returne.