

**A
BOOKE OF
AYRES**

Thomas Campion / Philip Rosseter

1601

The first Booke

VII. Turne backe you wanton flier.

Turne backe you wanton flyer,
And answere my desire
With mutuall greeting.
Yet bende a little neerer,
True beautie still shines cleerer
In closer meeting,
Harts with harts delighted
Should striue to be vnited,
Either others armes with armes enchayning,
Harts with a thought, rosie lips
With a kisse still entertaining.

What haruest halfe so sweete is,
As still to reape the kisses,
Growne ripe in sowing.
And straight to be receiuer,
Of that which thou art giuer,
Rich in bestowing.
There's no strickt obseruing,
Of times, or seasons changing,
There is euer one fresh spring abiding,
Then what we sow with our lips
Let vs reape loues gaines deuinding.