

**A  
BOOKE OF  
AYRES**

**Thomas Campion / Philip Rosseter**

**1601**

**The second Booke**

**XX. What then is loue but.**

What then is loue but mourning,  
What desire, but a selfe-burning,  
Till shee that hates doth loue returne,  
Thus will I mourne, thus will I sing,  
Come away, come away my darling.

Beautie is but a blooming,  
Youth in his glorie entombing;  
Time hath a while, which none can stay,  
Then come away, while thus I sing,  
Come away, come away my darling.

Sommer in winter fadeth,  
Gloomie night heaun'ly light shadeth,  
Like to the morne are Venus flowers,  
Such are her howers, then will I sing,  
Come away, come away my darling.