

**A
BOOKE OF
AYRES**

Thomas Campion / Philip Rosseter

1601

The second Booke

VIII. And would you faine.

And would you faine the reason know,
 why my sad eies so often flow ?
My heart ebs ioy when they do so.
 and loues the moone by whom they go.

And will you aske why pale I looke ?
 tis not with poring on my booke,
My Mistris cheeke my bloud hath tooke,
 for her mine owne hath me forsooke.

Doe not demaund why I am mute,
 loues silence doth all speech confute,
They set the noat then they tune the Lute,
 harts frame their thought, then toongs their suit.

Doe not admire why I admire,
 my feuer is no others fire,
Each seuerall heart hath his desire,
 els prooffe is false and truth a lier.

If why I loue you should see cause,
 loue should haue forme like other lawes,
But fancie pleads not by the clawes,
 tis as the sea still vext with flaws.

No fault vpon my loue espie,
 for you perceiue not with my eie,
My pallate to your tast may lie,
 yet please it self deliciously.

Then let my sufferance be mine owne,
 sufficeth it these reasons showne,
Reason and loue are euer knowne,
 to fight till both be ouerthrowne.