

**A  
BOOKE OF  
AYRES**

**Thomas Campion / Philip Rosseter**

**1601**

**The first Booke**

**X. Follow your Saint.**

Follow your Saint follow with accents sweet,  
Haste you sad noates fall at her flying feete,  
There wrapt in cloud of sorrowe pitie moue,  
And tell the rauisher of my soule, I perish for her loue.  
But if she scorns my neuer ceasing paine,  
Then burst with sighing in her sight, and nere returne againe.

All that I soong still to her praise did tend,  
Still she was first, still she my songs did end,  
Yet she my loue, and Musicke both doeth flie,  
The Musicke that her Eccho is, and beauties simpathie;  
Then let my Noates pursue her scornfull flight,  
It shall suffice, that they were breath'd, and dyed for her delight.