

**A  
BOOKE OF  
AYRES**

**Thomas Campion / Philip Rosseter**

**1601**

**The second Booke**

X. Long haue mine eies.

Long haue mine eies gaz'd with delight,  
Conueying hopes vnto my soule,  
In nothing happy but in sight,  
Of her that doth my sight controule,  
But now mine eies must loose their light.

My obiect now must be the aire,  
To write in water words of fire,  
And teach sad thoughts how to despaire,  
Desert must quarrell with desire,  
All were appeas'd were she not faire.

For all my comfort this I proue,  
That Venus on the Sea was borne,  
If Seas be calme then doth she loue,  
If stormes arise I am forlorne,  
My doubtfull hopes like wind doe moue.