

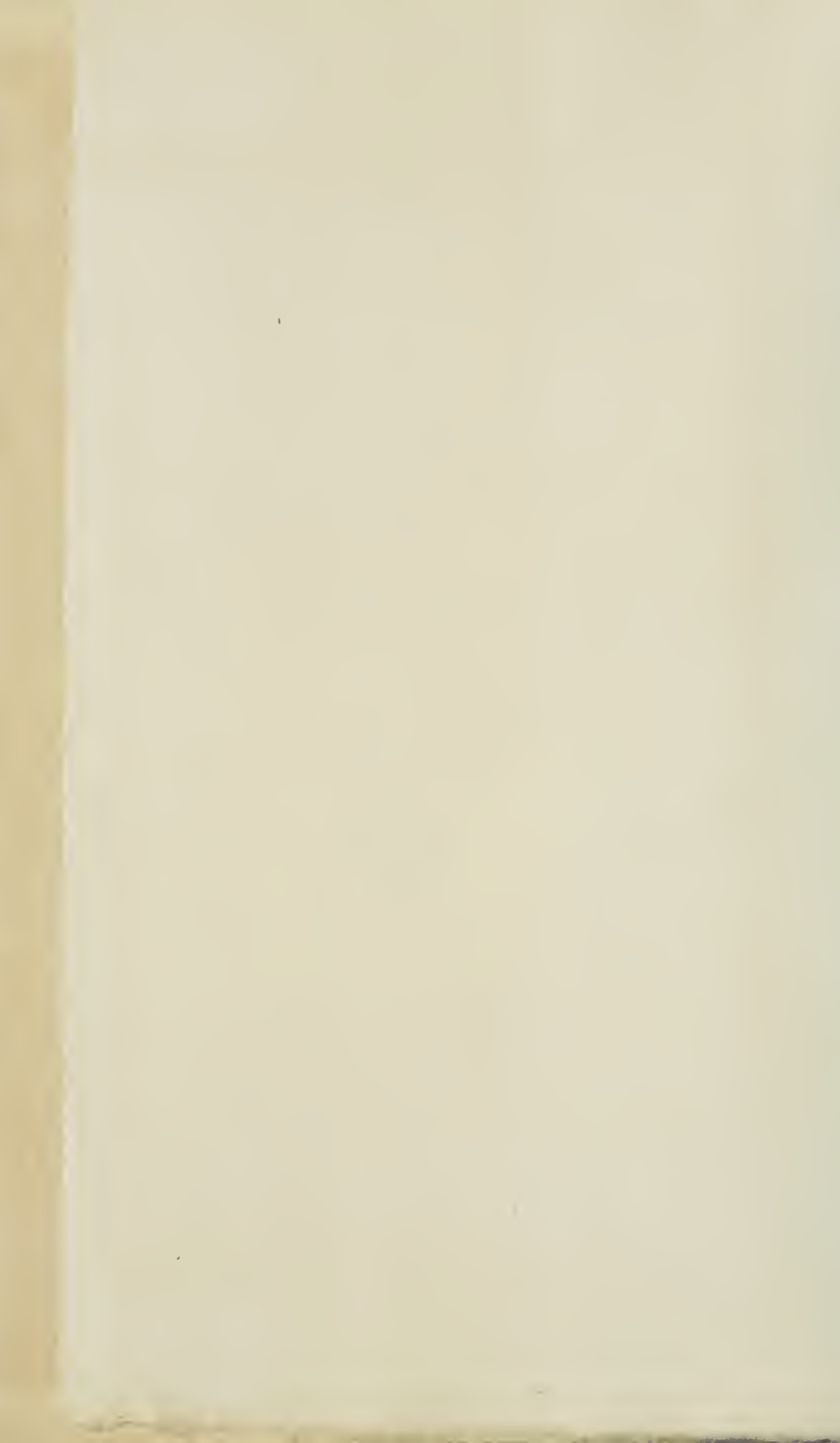


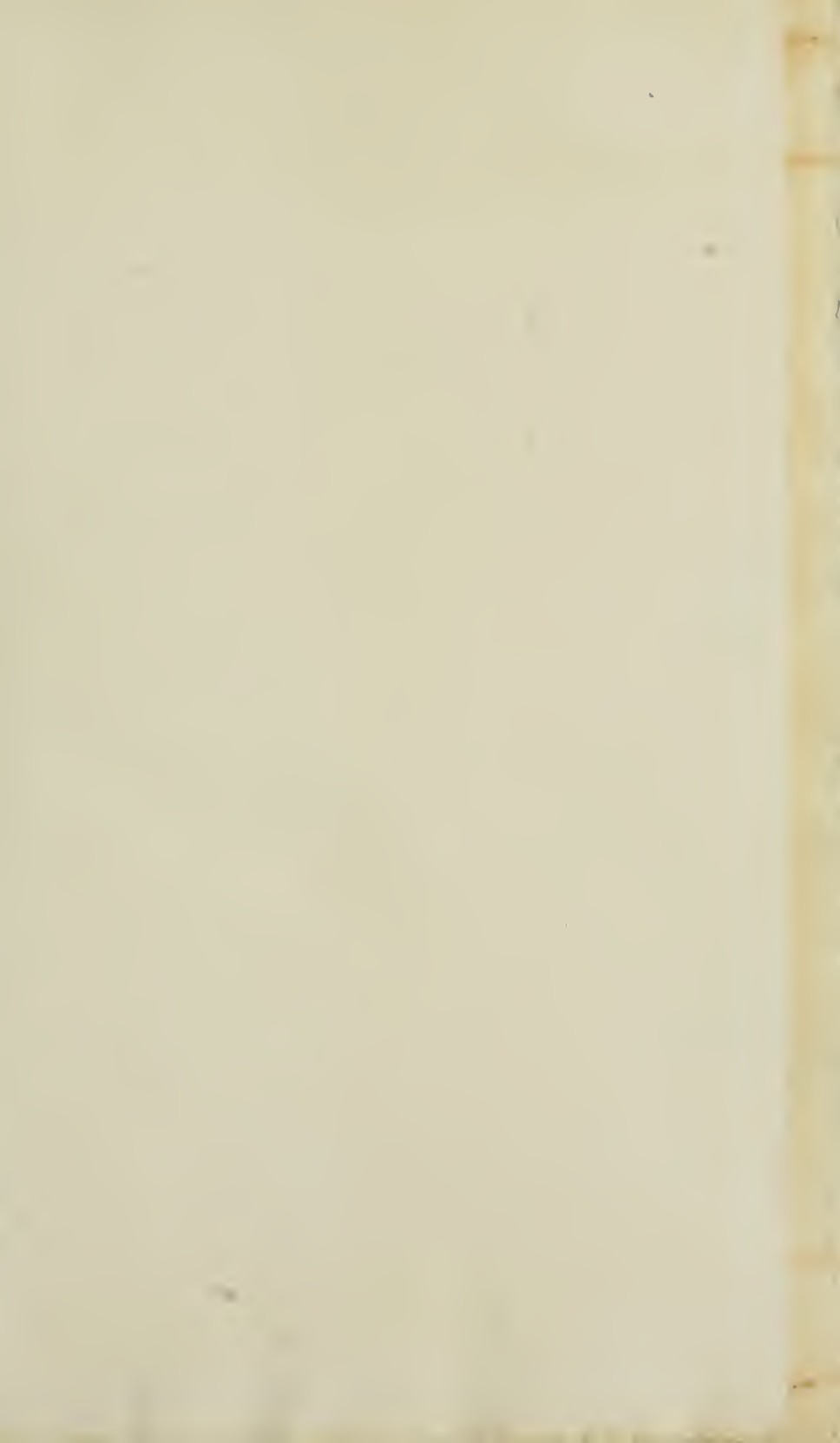
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 FIFTY SONGS BY  
THOMAS CAMPION

✻ CONTENTS.

I care not for these Ladies . . . . .	v
My sweetest Lesbia, let us live and love . . . . .	vii
My love hath vow'd hee will forsake mee . . . . .	viii
Turne backe, you wanton flyer . . . . .	ix
It fell on a sommer's day . . . . .	x
Thou art not faire, for all thy red & white . . . . .	xi
Blame not my cheeks . . . . .	xii
Mistris, since you so much desire . . . . .	xiii
When thou must home to shades of under ground . . . . .	xiv
And would you see my Mistris' face . . . . .	xv
Shall I come, if I swim? wide are the waves you see . . . . .	xvi
What then is love but mourning? . . . . .	xvii
Whether men doe laugh or weepe . . . . .	xviii
Jacke and Jone they thinke no ill . . . . .	xix
Harden now thy tyred hart with more then flinty rage . . . . .	xx
What harvest halfe so sweet is . . . . .	xxi
Sweet, exclude mee not, nor be divided . . . . .	xxii
There is none, O none but you . . . . .	xxiii
Come away, arm'd with Love's delights . . . . .	xxiv
Come, you pretty, false-ey'd wanton . . . . .	xxv
A secret love or two I must confesse . . . . .	xxvi
Now let her change & spare not . . . . .	xxvii
Were my hart as some men's are . . . . .	xxviii
Maydes are simple, some men say . . . . .	xxix
Kinde are her answeres, . . . . .	xxx
If love loves truth, then women doe not love . . . . .	xxxi
Now winter nights enlarge . . . . .	xxxii
Awake, thou spring of speaking grace . . . . .	xxxiii

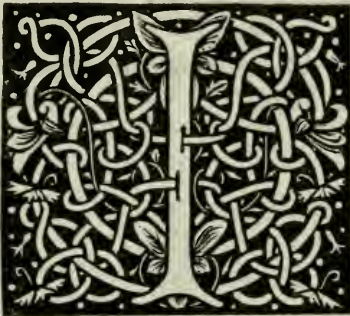
What is it all that men possesse among themselves conversing . . . .	xxxiv
If thou longst so much to learne . . . .	xxxv
Shall I come, sweet Love, to thee . . . .	xxxvii
Thrice tosse these Oaken ashes in the ayre . . . . .	xxxviii
Fire, Fire, Fire, Fire, . . . . .	xxxix
Thus I resolve, and time hath taught me so . . . . .	xl
Come, O come, my life's delight . . . .	xli
Silly boy, 'tis full Moone yet . . . .	xlii
So quicke, so hot, so mad is thy fond sute	xliiii
Shall I then hope when faith is fled . . .	xliv
Vaile, love, mine eyes ! O hide from me	xlv
So sweet is thy discourse to me . . . .	xlvi
There is a Garden in her face . . . .	xlvii
To his sweet lute Apollo sung the motions of the Spheares . . . . .	xlviii
Young and simple though I am . . . .	xlix
Love me or not, love her I must or dye . .	l
O Love, where are thy shafts . . . .	li
Beauty is but a painted hell . . . .	lii
I must complain, yet doe enjoy my Love	liiii
Her fayre inflaming eyes . . . . .	liv
Turne all thy thoughts to eyes . . . .	lvi
Your faire lookes urge my desire . . . .	lvii
Faine would I wed a faire young man that day and night could please mee	lviii
Of Neptune's empire let us sing . . . .	lix

TO C.R.





↪ FIFTY SONGS ↪  
BY  
THOMAS  
CAMPION.  
↪



CARE  
NOT  
FOR  
THESE  
LADIES,  
THAT  
MUST  
BE  
WOODE

AND PRAIDE;  
GIVE ME KIND  
AMARILLIS,  
THE WANTON  
COUNTRY MAIDE.  
NATURE ART DISDAINeth,  
HER BEAUTIE IS HER  
OWNE.

Her when we court and kisse,  
She cries: Forsooth, let go!  
But when we come where comfort is,  
She never will say: No!

If I love Amarillis,  
She gives me fruit and flowers;  
But if we love these Ladies,  
We must give golden showers.  
Give them gold that sell love;  
Give me the nutbrowne lasse,  
Who, when we court and kisse,  
She cries: Forsooth, let go!  
But when we come where comfort is,  
She never will say: No!

These Ladies must have pillowes,  
And beds by strangers wrought;  
Give me a Bower of willowes,  
Of mosse and leaves unbought,  
And fresh Amarillis,  
With milke and honie fed;  
Who, when we court and kisse,  
She cries: Forsooth, let go!  
But when we come where comfort is,  
She never will say: No!



Y sweetest Lesbia, let us live and  
love;

And, though the sager sort our  
deedes reprove,

Let us not way them; heav'n's

great lampes do dive

Into their west, and strait againe revive:

But soone as once set is our little light,

Then must we sleepe one ever during night.

If all would lead their lives in love like mee,

Then bloudie swords and armour should not be;

No drum nor trumpet peaceful sleepes should  
move,

Unles alarme came from the campe of Love:

But fooles do live and wast their little light,

And seeke with paine their ever during night.

When timely death my life and fortune ends,

Let not my hearse be vext with mourning friends;

But let all lovers, rich in triumph, come

And with sweet pastimes grace my happie  
tombe:

And, Lesbia, close up thou my little light,

And crowne with love my ever during night.



Y love hath vow'd hee will for-  
sake mee,  
And I am alreadie sped;  
Far other promise he did make  
me

When he had my maidenhead.  
If such danger be in playing,  
And sport must to earnest turne,  
I will go no more a-maying.

Had I forseene what is ensued,  
And what now with paine I prove,  
Unhappie then I had eschewed  
This unkind event of love;  
Maides foreknow their owne undooing,  
But feare naught till all is done,  
When a man alone is wooing.

Dissembling wretch, to gaine thy pleasure,  
What didst thou not vow and swear?  
So didst thou rob me of the treasure  
Which so long I held so deare.  
Now thou prov'st to me a stranger;  
Such is the vile guise of men  
When a woman is in danger.

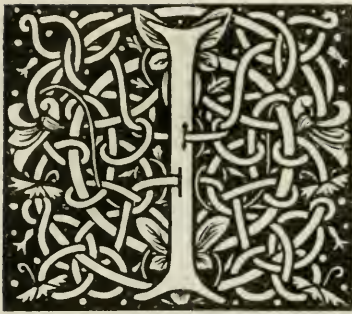
That hart is neerest to misfortune  
That will trust a fained toong;  
When flatt'ring men our loves importune  
They entend us deepest wrong.  
If this shame of Love's betraying  
But this once I cleanly shun,  
I will go no more a-maying.



URNE backe, you wan-  
ton flyer,  
And answere my desire  
With mutuall greeting;  
Yet bende a little neerer,  
True beauty still shines  
cleerer  
In closer meeting.

Harts, with harts delighted,  
Should strive to be united;  
Either other's armes with armes enchayning;  
Harts with a thought,  
Rosie lips with a kisse still entertaining.

What harvest halfe so sweete is  
As still to reape the kisses  
Growne ripe in sowing?  
And straight to be receiver  
Of that which thou art giver,  
Rich in bestowing?  
There's no strickt observing  
Of times' or seasons' changing;  
There is ever one fresh spring abiding.  
Then what we sow with our lips  
Let us reape, Love's gains deviding.



T fell on a sommer's day,  
While sweete Bessie  
    sleeping laie,  
In her bowre, on her bed,  
Light with curtaines sha-  
    dowed,  
Jamy came; shee him  
    spies

Opening halfe her heavie eies.

Jamy stole in through the dore.  
She lay slumbring as before;  
Softly to her he drew neere,  
She heard him, yet would not heare;  
Bessie vow'd not to speake,  
He resolv'd that dumpe to breake.

First a soft kisse he doth take,  
She lay still and would not wake;  
Then his hands learn'd to woo,  
She dreampt not what he would doo,  
But still slept, while he smil'd  
To see Love by sleepe beguil'd.

Jamy then began to play,  
Bessie as one buried lay,  
Gladly still through this sleight  
Deceiv'd in her owne deceit;  
And since this traunce begoon,  
She sleepes ev'rie after noone.



HOU art not faire, for all thy red  
& white,

For all those rosie ornaments in  
thee;

Thou art not sweet, though made  
of meer delight,

Not faire nor sweet unlesse thou pitie mee.

I will not sooth thy fancies; thou shalt prove

That beauty is no beauty without Love.

Yet love not me, nor seeke thou to allure

My thoughts with beautie, were it more devine;

Thy smiles and kisses I cannot endure,

I'll not be wrapt up in those armes of thine;

Now shew it, if thou be a woman right:

Embrace and kisse and love me, in despight!



LAME not my cheeks, though pale  
with Love they be;  
The kindly heate unto my heart is  
flowne,  
To cherish it, that is dismaid

by thee,

Who art so cruell and unsteadfast growne;  
For Nature, call'd for by distressed harts,  
Neglects and quite forsakes the outward partes.

But they whose cheekes with careles blood are  
stain'd

Nurse not one sparke of love within their harts;  
And, when they wooe, they speake with passion  
fain'd,

For their fat Love lyes in their outward parts;  
But, in their brests, where Love his court should  
hold,

Poore Cupid sits and blowes his nailes for cold.





ISTRIS, since you so much  
desire  
To know the place of Cupid's  
fire.  
In your faire shrine that flame

doth rest,

Yet never harbour'd in your brest.  
It bides not in your lips so sweete,  
Nor where the rose and lillies meete;  
But a little higher, but a little higher;  
There, there, O there lies Cupid's fire!

Even in those starrie, pearcing eyes,  
There Cupid's sacred fire lyes.  
Those eyes I strive not to enjoy,  
For they have power to destroy;  
Nor woe I for a smile or kisse;  
So meanely triumphs not my blisse;  
But a little higher, but a little higher,  
I climbe to crowne my chast desire.



HEN thou must home to shades  
of under ground,  
And there arriv'd, a newe ad-  
mired guest,  
The beauteous spirits do ingirt  
thee round,  
White Iope, blith Hellen, and the rest,  
To heare the stories of thy finisht love  
From that smoothe toong whose musicke Hell  
can move.

Then wilt thou speake of banqueting delights,  
Of masks and revels which sweete youth did  
make,  
Of Turnies, and great challenges of knights,  
And all these triumphes for thy beauty's sake;  
When thou hast told these honours done to thee,  
Then tell, O tell, how thou didst murther mee!



ND would you see my  
Mistris' face?  
It is a flowrie garden place,  
Where knots of beauties  
have such grace  
That all is worke and no  
where space.

It is a sweete delicious morne,  
Where day is breeding, never borne;  
It is a Meadow yet unshorne  
Whome thousand flowers do adorne.

It is the heavens' bright reflexe,  
Weake eies to dazle and to vexe;  
It is th' idea of her sexe,  
Envie of whome doth world perplexe.

It is a face of Death that smiles,  
Pleasing though it killes the whiles;  
Where death and love in pretie wiles  
Each other mutuallie beguiles.

It is faire beauty's freshest youth,  
It is the fain'd Elizium's truth;  
The Spring, that winter'd harts renu'th;  
And this is that my soule pursu'th.



HALL I come, if I swim?  
wide are the waves,  
you see;  
Shall I come, if I flie, my  
deare love, to thee?  
Streames Venus will ap-  
pease; Cupid give me  
winges;

All the powers assist my desire  
Save you alone, that set my woful heart on fire!

You are faire; so was Hero that in Sestos dwelt;  
She a priest, yet the heate of Love truly felt.  
A greater streame than this did her Love deuide;  
But she was his guide with a light;  
So through the streames Leander did enjoy her  
sight.



HAT then is Love but mourn-  
ing?

What desire, but a selfe-burn-  
ing?

Till shee that hates, doth Love

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 heav'nly light shadeth;  
Like to the morne are Venus' flowers;  
Such are her howers; then will I sing:  
Come away! come away, my darling!



HETHER men doe  
laugh or weepe,  
Whether they doe  
wake or sleepe,  
Whether they die  
yoong or olde,  
Whether they feele  
heate or colde,  
There is underneath

the sunne  
Nothing in true earnest done.

All our pride is but a jest;  
None are worst and none are best;  
Griefe and joy and hope and feare  
Play their Pageants everywhere;  
Vaine opinion all doth sway,  
And the world is but a play.

Powers above in cloudes doe sit  
Mocking our poore apish wit,  
That so lamely with such state  
Their high glorie imitate;  
No ill can be felt but paine,  
And that happie men disdaine.



ACKE and Jone they thinke no ill,  
But loving live, and merry still;  
Doe their weeke day's worke, and pray  
Devoutly on the holy day;  
Skip and trip it on the greene,  
And help to chuse the Summer-Queene;  
Lash out, at a country feast,  
Their silver penny with the best.

Well can they judge of nappy ale,  
And tell at large a Winter tale;  
Climbe up to the apple loft,  
And turne the crabs till they be soft.  
Tib is all the father's joy,  
And little Tom the mother's boy,  
All their pleasure is content;  
And care to pay their yearely rent.

Jone can call by name her coves,  
And decke her windowes with greene boughs;  
Shee can wreathes and tuttyes make,  
And trimme with plums a bridall cake.  
Jacke knowes what brings gaine or losse,  
And his long flaile can stoutly tosse,  
Make the hedge which others breake;  
And ever thinkes what he doth speake.

Now, you Courtly Dames and Knights  
That study onely strange delights,  
Though you scorne the home-spun gray  
And revell in your rich array,  
Though your tongues dissemble deepe  
And can your heads from danger keepe,  
Yet, for all your pompe and traine,  
Securer lives the silly swaine.



ARDEN now thy tyred hart  
with more then flinty rage;  
Ne'er let her false teares hence-  
forth thy constant grieve  
asswage;

Once true happy dayes thou saw'st when shee  
stood firme and kinde;  
Both as one then liv'd and held one eare, one  
tongue, one minde.  
But now those bright houres be fled, and never  
may returne;  
What then remains but her untruths to mourne?

Silly Traytesse, who shall now thy carelesse  
tresses place?  
Who thy pretty talke supply, whose eare thy  
musicke grace?  
Who shall thy bright eyes admire? what lips  
triumph with thine?  
Day by day who'll visit thee, and say: Th'art  
onely mine?  
Such a time there was, God wot; but such shall  
never be;  
Too oft, I feare, thou wilt remember me.





HAT harvest halfe so  
sweet is  
As still to reape the  
kisses  
Growth ripe in sow-  
ing!  
And straight to be  
receiver  
Of that which thou art

giver,

Rich in bestowing!  
Kisse then, my Harvest Queene,  
Full garners heaping!  
Kisses, ripest when th'are greene,  
Want onely reaping.

The Dove alone expresses  
Her fervencie in kisses,  
Of all most loving;  
A creature as offencelesse  
As those things that are sencelesse  
And void of moving.  
Let us so love and kisse,  
Though all envie us,  
That which kinde and harmlesse is  
None can denie us.



WEET, exclude mee not, nor be  
divided

From him that ere long must bed  
thee;

All thy maiden doubts Law hath  
decided;

Sure wee are, and I must wed thee.

Presume then yet a little more;

Here's the way, barre not the dore.

Tenants, to fulfill their Land-lord's pleasure,

Pay their rent before the quarter;

'Tis my case, if you it rightly measure;

Put mee not then off with laughter.

Consider then a little more;

Here's the way to all my store.

Why were dores in love's despight devised?

Are not laws enough restrayning?

Women are most apt to be surprised

Sleeping, or sleepe wisely fayning.

Then grace me yet a little more;

Here's the way, barre not the dore.



delight.

HERE is none, O none but you,  
That from mee estrange your  
sight,  
Whom mine eyes affect to view  
Or chained eares heare with

Other beauties others move,  
In you I all graces finde;  
Such is the effect of love,  
To make them happy that are kinde.

Women in fraile beauty trust,  
Onely seeme you faire to mee;  
Yet prove truly kinde and just,  
For that may not dissembled be.

Sweet, afford mee then your sight,  
That, survaying all your lookes,  
Endlesse volumes I may write,  
And fill the world with envyed bookes;

Which when after ages view,  
All shall wonder and despaire:  
Woman to find man so true,  
Or man a woman halfe so fair.



COME away, arm'd with love's  
delights!

Thy sprightful graces bring with  
thee!

When love and longing fights,

They must the sticklers be.

Come quickly, come! the promis'd houre is  
well-nye spent,

And pleasure's being too much deferr'd loseth  
her best content.

Is shee come? O, how neare is shee?

How farre yet from this friendly place?

How many steps from me?

When shall I her imbrace?

These armes I'll spred, which onely at her sight  
shall close,

Attending as the starry flowre that the Sun's  
noone-tide knowes.



OME, you pretty, false-ey'd  
wanton,  
Leave your crafty smiling!  
Thinke you to escape me now  
With slipp'ry words beguiling!

No; you mockt me th'other day;  
When you got loose you fled away;  
But, since I have caught you now,  
I'll clip your wings for flying;  
Smothering kisses fast I'll heape  
And keepe you so from crying.

Sooner may you count the starres,  
And number hayle downe pouring,  
Tell the osiers of the Temmes,  
Or Goodwin Sands devouring,  
Then the thicke-showr'd kisses here  
Which now thy tyred lips must beare.  
Such a harvest never was,  
So rich and full of pleasure,  
But 'tis spent as soone as reapt,  
So trustlesse is love's treasure.

Would it were dumb midnight now,  
When all the world lyes sleeping!  
Would this place some Desert were,  
Which no man hath in keeping!  
My desires should then be safe;  
And when you cry'd then would I laugh;  
But if ought might breed offence,  
Love onely should be blamed;  
I would live your servant still,  
And you my Saint unnamed.



SECRET love or two I  
must confesse  
I kindly welcome for  
change in close play-  
ing,  
Yet my deare husband I  
love ne'er thelesse;  
His desires, whole or

halfe, quickly allaying,  
At all times ready to offer redresse;  
His owne he never wants, but hath it duely,  
Yet twits me I keepe not touch with him truly.

The more a spring is drawne the more it flowes,  
No lampe lesse light retaines by lightning others;  
Is hee a loser his losse that ne'r knowes?  
Or is he wealthy that wast treasure smothers?  
My churle vowes no man shall sent his sweet  
Rose;

His owne enough and more I give him duely,  
Yet still he twits me I keep not touch truly.

Wise Archers beare more than one shaft to field,  
The Venturer loads not with one ware his ship-  
ping;

Should warriers learne but one weapon to wielde,  
Or thrive faire plants e'er the worse for the slip-  
ping?

One dish cloyes, many fresh appetite yeeld.  
Mine own I'll use, and his he shall have duely,  
Judge then what debter can keepe touch more  
truly.



OW let her change and spare not!  
Since she proves strange I care not;  
Fain'd love charm'd so my delight  
That still I doted on her sight.  
But she is gone, new joys imbracing  
And my desires disgracing.

When did I erre in blindnesse,  
Or vexe her with unkindnesse?  
If my cares serv'd her alone,  
Why is shee thus untimely gone?  
True love abides to t' houre of dying,  
False love is ever flying.

False! then farewell for ever!  
Once false proves faithfull never;  
Hee that boasts now of thy love  
Shall soone my present fortunes prove,  
Were he as faire as bright Adonis,  
Faith is not had where none is.



ERE my hart as some men's are,  
thy errors would not move  
me;  
But thy faults I curious finde,  
and speake because I love

thee;

Patience is a thing divine, and far, I grant, above  
mee.

Foes sometimes befriend us more, our blacker  
deedes objecting,  
Than th' obsequious bosom guest, with false  
respect affecting.  
Friendship is the glasse of Truth, our hidden  
staines detecting.

While I use of eyes enjoy and inward light of  
reason,  
Thy observer will I be and censor, but in season;  
Hidden mischief to conceale in State and Love  
is treason.





AYDES are simple, some men  
say;  
They, forsooth, will trust no men.  
But should they men's wills obey,  
Maides were very simple then.

Truth a rare flower now is growne,  
Few men weare it in their hearts;  
Lovers are more easily knowne  
By their follies than deserts.

Safer may we credit give  
To a faithlesse wandring Jew  
Then a young man's vowes beleeve  
When he swears his love is true.

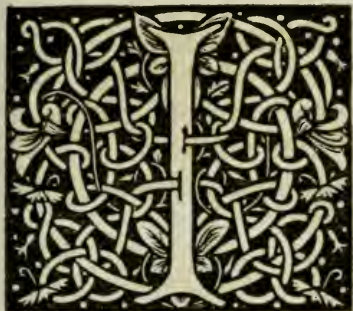
Love they make a poore blinde childe,  
But let none trust such as hee;  
Rather than to be beguil'd  
Ever let me simple be.



INDE are her answeres,  
But her performance keeps no day;  
Breaks time, as dancers  
From their own musicke when they  
stray.

All her free favors & smooth words  
Wing my hopes in vaine;  
O, did ever voice so sweet but only fain?  
Can true love yeeld such delay,  
Converting joy to pain?

Lost is our freedome  
When we submit to women so;  
Why doe wee neede them,  
When, in their best, they worke our woe?  
There is no wisdom  
Can alter ends by Fate prefixt.  
O, why is the good of man with evill mixt?  
Never were dayes yet call'd two,  
But one night went betwixt.



F Love loves truth, then  
women doe not love;  
Their passions all are but  
dissembled shewes;  
Now kinde & free of fav-  
our if they prove,  
Their kindnes straight a  
tempest over-

throws.

Then as a Sea-man the poore Lover fares:  
The storme drownes him ere hee can drowne his  
cares.

But why accuse I women that deceive?  
Blame then the Foxes for their subtile wile;  
They first from Nature did their craft receive;  
It is a woman's nature to beguile.  
Yet some, I grant, in loving stedfast grow;  
But such by use are made, not Nature, so.

O, why had Nature power at once to frame  
Deceit and Beauty, traitors both to Love?  
O, would Deceit had dyed when Beauty came  
With her divinenesse ev'ry heart to move!  
Yet doe we rather wish, whate'er befall,  
To have fayre women false then none at all.



OW winter nights enlarge  
The number of their houres ;  
And clouds their stormes discharge  
Upon the airie towres.  
Let now the chimneys blaze,  
And cups o'erflow with wine;  
Let well-tun'd words amaze  
With harmonie divine!  
Now yellow waxen lights  
Shall waite on hunny Love;  
While youthfull Revels, Masks, and Courtly  
sights,  
Sleepes leaden spels remove.

This time doth well dispence  
With lovers' long discourse;  
Much speech hath some defence,  
Though beauty no remorse.  
All doe not all things well:  
Some measures comely tread,  
Some knotted Riddles tell,  
Some Poems smoothly read.  
The Summer hath his joyes,  
And Winter his delights;  
Though Love and all his pleasures are but toyes,  
They shorten tedious nights.



WAKE, thou spring of speaking  
grace, mute rest becomes not  
thee!

The fayrest women, while they  
sleepe, and Pictures, equal be.

O come, and dwell in love's discourses!

Old renewing, new creating;

The words which thy rich tongue discourses

Are not of the common rating!

Thy voyce is as an Eccho cleare which Musicke  
doth beget;

Thy speech is as an Oracle which none can  
counterfeit;

For thou alone without offending

Hast obtain'd power of enchanting;

And I could heare thee without ending,

Other comfort never wanting.

Some little reason brutish lives with humane  
glory share,

But language is our proper grace from which they  
sever'd are;

As brutes in reason man surpasses,

Men in speech excell each other;

If speech be then the best of graces,

Doe it not in slumber smother!



WHAT is it all that men possesse  
among themselves convers-  
ing!

Wealth or fame, or some such  
boast scarce worthy the rehearsing.  
Women onely are men's good, with them in Love  
conversing.

If weary, they prepare us rest; if sicke their hand  
attends us;  
When with griefe our hearts are prest, their com-  
fort best befriends us;  
Sweet or sowre they willing goe to share what  
fortune sends us.

What pretty babes with paine they beare, our  
name & form presenting!  
What we get, how wise they keepe! by sparing,  
wants preventing;  
Sorting all their household cares to our observ'd  
contenting.

All this, of whose large use I sing, in two words  
is expressed:  
Good wife is the good I praise, if by good men  
possessed;  
Bad with bad in ill sutewell; but good with good  
live blessed.



F thou longst so much to learne,  
(sweet boy) what 'tis to love,  
Doe but fixe thy thought on mee,  
and thou shalt quickly prove.  
Little sute at first, shall win

Way to thy abasht desire,  
But then will I hedge thee in,  
Salamander-like, with fire!

With thee dance I will, and sing, and thy fond  
dalliance beare;  
Wee the grovy hills will climbe, and play the  
wantons there;  
Other whiles wee'll gather flowres,  
Lying dallying on the grasse!  
And thus our delightfull howres  
Full of waking dreames shall passe!

When thy joyes were thus at height my love  
should turne from thee;  
Old acquaintance then should grow as strange as  
strange might be,  
Twenty rivals thou should'st finde  
Breaking all their hearts for mee,  
When to all I'll prove more kinde  
And more forward then to thee.

Thus thy silly youth, enrag'd, would soone my  
love defie;  
But alas, poore soule, too late! clipt wings can  
never flie.

Those sweet houres which wee had past,  
Call'd to minde, thy heart would burne;  
And, could'st thou flye ne'er so fast,  
They would make thee straight returne.





HALL I come, sweet Love, to thee,  
When the ev'ning beames are set?  
Shall I not excluded be?  
Will you finde no fained lett?  
Let me not, for pity, more  
Tell the long houres at your dore!

Who can tell what theefe or foe,  
In the covert of the night,  
For his prey will worke my woe,  
Or through wicked foule despight?  
So may I dye unredrest,  
Ere my long love be possest.

But to let such dangers passe,  
Which a lover's thoughts disdain,  
'Tis enough in such a place  
To attend love's joyes in vaine.  
Doe not mocke me in thy bed,  
While these cold nights freeze me dead.



HRICE tosse these Oaken ashes  
in the ayre,  
Thrice sit thou mute in this in-  
chanted chayre;  
And thrice three times tye up this  
true love's knot;  
And murmur soft: Shee will, or shee will not.

Goe burne these poys'nous weedes in yon blew  
fire,  
These Screech-owle's fethers, and this prickling  
bryer;  
This Cypresse gathered at a dead man's grave;  
That all thy feares and cares an end may have.

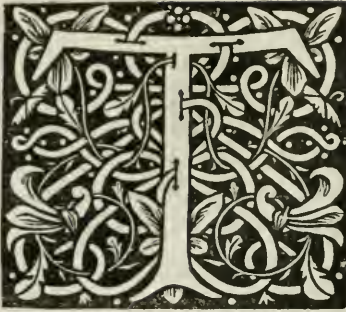
Then come, you Fayries, dance with me a round!  
Melt her hard hart with your melodious sound!  
In vaine are all the charmes I can devise;  
She hath an Arte to breake them with her eyes.



IRE, fire, fire, fire,  
Loe, here I burne in such desire  
That all the teares that I can straine  
Out of mine idle empty braine  
Cannot allay my scorching paine.

Come Trent and Humber and fayre Thames!  
Dread Ocean, haste with all thy streames!  
And if you can not quench my fire,  
O drowne both mee and my desire!

Fire, fire, fire, fire!  
There is no hell to my desire.  
See, all the Rivers backward flye!  
And th' Ocean doth his waves deny,  
For feare my heate should drinke them dry!  
Come, heav'nly showres, then, pouring downe!  
Come you that once the world did drowne!  
Some then you spar'd, but now save all  
That else must burne and with mee fall!



HUS I resolve, and time  
hath taught me so:  
Since she is fayre, and  
ever kinde to me,  
Though she be wilde and  
wanton-like in shew,  
Those little staines in  
youth I will not see.

That she be constant Heav'n I oft implore;  
If pray'rs prevaile not, I can doe no more.

Palmetree, the more you presse the more it growes;  
Leave it alone it will not much exceede.  
Free beauty if you strive to yoke you lose;  
And for affection strange distaste you breede.  
What Nature hath not taught no Arte can frame;  
Wilde borne be wild still though by force made  
tame.



COME, O come, my life's delight,  
Let me not in languor pine!  
Love loves no delay; thy sight  
The more enjoy'd the more  
divine.

O come, and take from mee  
The paine of being depriv'd of thee!

Thou all sweetnesse dost enclose,  
Like a little world of blisse.  
Beauty guards thy lookes; the Rose  
In them pure and eternall is.  
Come then, and make thy flight  
As swift to me as heav'nly light.



ILLY boy, 'tis full Moone yet, thy  
night as day shines clearly;  
Had thy youth but wit to feare thou  
couldst not love so dearely;  
Shortly wilt thou mourne when all  
thy pleasures are bereaved;  
Little knowes he how to love that never was de-  
ceived.

This is thy first mayden flame that triumphes  
yet unstayned;  
All is artlesse now you speake, not one word yet  
is fayned;  
All is heav'n that you behold, and all your  
thoughts are blessed;  
But no Spring can want its Fall, each Troylus  
has his Cresseid.

Thy well-order'd lockes ere long shall rudely  
hang neglected;  
And thy lively pleasant cheare reade grieve on  
earth dejected;  
Much then wilt thou blame thy Saint that made  
thy heart so holy;  
And with sighes confesse, in love that too much  
faith is folly.

Yet be just and constant still! Love may beget a  
wonder,  
Not unlike a Summer's frost, or Winter's fatall  
thunder.  
Hee that holds his Sweet-hart true unto his day  
of dying,  
Lives of all that ever breath'd most worthy the  
envying.



O quicke, so hot, so mad is  
thy fond sute,  
So rude, so tedious  
growne, in urging mee,  
That faine I would with  
losse make thy tongue  
mute,  
And yeeld some little grace

to quiet thee;

An hour with thee I care not to converse,  
For I would not be counted too perverse.

But roofes too hot would prove for men all fire;  
And hills too high for my unused pace;  
The grove is charg'd with thornes and the bold  
bryer;

Gray Snakes the meadowes shrowde in every  
place;

A yellow Frog, alas! will fright me so  
As I should start and tremble as I goe.

Since then I can on earth no fit roome finde,  
In heaven I am resolv'd with you to meete;  
Till then, for Hope's sweet sake, rest your tir'd  
minde,

And not so much as see mee in the streete;  
A heavenly meeting one day wee shall have,  
But never, as you dreame, in bed or grave.



HALL I then hope when faith  
is fled?

Can I seeke love when hope is  
gone?

Or can I live when love is dead?

Poorely hee lives that can love none.

Her vowes are broke and I am free;

She lost her faith in losing me.

When I compare mine owne events,

When I weigh others' like annoy,

All doe but heape up discontents

That on a beauty build their joy.

Thus I of all complaine, since shee

All faith hath lost in losing mee.

So my deare freedome have I gain'd

Through her unkindnesse and disgrace;

Yet could I ever live enchain'd,

As shee my service did embrace.

But shee is chang'd, and I am free;

Faith failing her, love dyed in mee.





AILE, love, mine eyes! O hide  
from me  
The plagues that charge the curious  
minde!

If beauty private will not be  
Suffice it yet that she proves kinde.  
Who can usurp heav'n's light alone?  
Stars were not made to shine on one!

Griefes past recure fooles try to heale,  
That greater harmes on lesse inflict,  
The pure offend by too much zeale,  
Affection should not be too strict.  
Hee that a true embrace will finde  
To beauty's faults must still be blinde.



O sweet is thy discourse  
to me,  
And so delightfull is thy  
sight,  
As I taste nothing right  
but thee.  
O why invented Nature  
light?

Was it alone for beauty's sake,  
That her gract words might better take?

No more can I old joyes recall;  
They now to me become unknowne,  
Not seeming to have beene at all.  
Alas! how soone is this love growne  
To such a spreading height in me  
As with it all must shadowed be



HERE is a Garden in  
her face  
Where Roses and white  
Lillies grow;  
A heav'nly paradise is  
that place  
Wherein all pleasant fruits  
doe flow.  
There Cherries grow,

which none may buy  
Till Cherry ripe themselves doe cry.

Those Cherries fayrely do enclose  
Of Orient Pearle a double row;  
Which when her lovely laughter showes  
They looke like Rose-buds fill'd with snow.  
Yet them nor Peere nor Prince can buy  
Till Cherry ripe themselves doe cry.

Her Eyes like Angels watch them still;  
Her browes like bended bowes doe stand,  
Threat'ning with piercing frownes to kill  
All that attempt, with eye or hand,  
Those sacred Cherries to come nigh  
Till Cherry ripe themselves doe cry.



O his sweet lute Apollo sung the  
motions of the Spheares;  
The wondrous order of the stars  
whose course divides the  
yeares;

And all the mysteries above;  
But none of this could Midas move,  
Which purchast him his ass's eares.

Then Pan with his rude pipe began the country-  
wealth t'advance,  
To boast of cattle, flockes of sheepe, and Goates  
on hills that dance;  
With much more of this churlish kinde,  
That quite transported Midas' minde,  
And held him rapt as in a trance.

This wrong the God of musicke scorn'd from  
such a sottish judge,  
And bent his angry bow at Pan, which made the  
piper trudge;  
Then Midas' head he so did trim  
That ev'ry age yet talkes of him  
And Phœbus' right revenged grudge.



YOUNG and simple though I am,  
I have heard of Cupid's name;  
Guesse I can what thing it is  
Men desire when they doe kisse.  
Smoake can never burne, they say,  
But the flames that follow may.

I am not so foule or fayre  
To be proud nor to despayre;  
Guesse I can what thing it is  
Men desire when they doe kisse.  
Smoake can never burne, they say,  
But the flames that follow may.

Faith, 'tis but a foolish minde!  
Yet, methinkes, a heate I finde,  
Like thirst longing, that doth bide  
Ever on my weaker side,  
Where they say my heart doth move.  
Venus, grant it be not love!

It it be, alas, what then?  
Were not women made for men?  
As good 'twere a thing were past,  
That must needs be done at last.  
Roses that are over-blowne  
Growe lesse sweet; then fall alone.

Yet nor churle, nor silken Gull,  
Shall my Mayden blossome pull;  
Who shall not I soone can tell;  
Who shall, would I could as well!  
This I know: whoe'er hee be,  
Love hee must or flatter me.



LOVE me or not, love her I must  
or dye;  
Leave me or not, follow her needs  
must I.

O that her grace would my wisht  
comforts give!

How rich in her, how happy should I live!

All my desire, all my delight should be,  
Her to enjoy, her to unite to mee;  
Envy should cease, her would I love alone;  
Who loves by lookes is seldome true to one.

Could I enchant, and that it lawfull were,  
Her would I charme, softly that none should  
heare.

But love enforc'd rarely yeelds firme content;  
So would I love that neyther should repent.



LOVE, where are thy shafts,  
thy quiver and thy bow?  
Shall my wounds onely  
weepe, and he unged  
goe?  
Be just, and strike him too  
that dares contemne  
thee so!

No eyes are like to thine, though men suppose  
thee blinde;  
So fayre they leuell when the marke they list to  
finde;  
Then strike, O strike the heart that beares the  
cruell minde!

Is my fonde sight deceived? or doe I Cupids spye,  
Close ayming at his breast by whom, despis'd, I  
dye?  
Shoot home, sweet Love, and wound him that he  
may not flye!

O then we both will sit in some unhaunted shade,  
And heale each other's wound which Love hath  
justly made;  
O hope, O thought too vaine! how quickly dost  
thou fade!

At large he wanders still, his heart is free from  
paine;  
While secret sighes I spend, and teares, but all in  
vaine.  
Yet, Love, thou know'st, by right, I should not  
thus complaine.

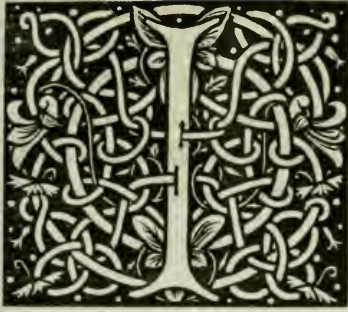


BEAUTY is but a painted hell;  
Aye me! aye me!  
Shee wounds them that admire it,  
She kills them that desire it.  
Give her pride but fuell,  
No fire is more cruell.

Pittie from ev'ry heart is fled;  
Aye me! aye me!  
Since false desire could borrow  
Teares of dissembled sorrow,  
Constant vowes turne truthlesse,  
Love cruell, Beauty ruthlesse.

Sorrow can laugh, and Fury sing;  
Aye me! aye me!  
My raving griefes discover  
I liv'd too true a lover.  
The first step to madnesse  
Is the excesse of sadnesse.





MUST complain, yet  
doe enjoy my Love;  
She is too fair, too rich in  
lovely parts;  
Thence is my grief; for  
Nature, while she  
strove  
With all her graces and  
divinest Arts

To form her too too beautifull of hue,  
Shee had no leasure left to make her true.

Should I, agriev'd, then wish she were lesse fayre?  
That were repugnant to mine owne desires.  
Shee is admir'd, new lovers still repayre;  
That kindles daily love's forgetfull fires.  
Rest, jealous thoughts, and thus resolve at last:  
Shee hath more beauty then becomes the chast.



ER fayre inflaming eyes,  
Chiefe authors of my cares,  
I prai'd in humblest wise  
With grace to view my teares;  
They beheld me broad awake,  
But, alas, no ruth would take.

Her lips with kisses rich,  
And words of fayre delight,  
I fayrely did beseech  
To pittie my sad plight;  
But a voyce from them brake forth  
As a whirle-winde from the north.

Then to her hands I fled,  
That can give heart and all;  
To them I long did plead,  
And loud for pittie call;  
But, alas, they put mee off  
With a touch worse then a scoffe.

So backe I straight return'd  
And at her breast I knock'd;  
Where long in vaine I mourn'd,  
Her heart so fast was lock'd;  
Not a word could passage finde,  
For a Rocke inclos'd her minde.

Then downe my pray'rs made way  
To those most comely parts,  
That make her flye or stay,  
As they affect deserts;  
But her angry feete, thus mov'd,  
Fled with all the parts I lov'd.

Yet fled they not so fast  
As her enraged minde;  
Still did I after haste,  
Still was I left behinde;  
Till I found 'twas to no end  
With a Spirit to contend.



URNE all thy thoughts  
to eyes,  
Turne all thy haire to  
eares,  
Change all thy friends to  
spies,  
And all thy joyes to feares;  
True Love will yet be free,

In spite of Jealousie.

Turne darknesse into day,  
Conjectures into truth,  
Beleeve what th' envious say,  
Let age interpret youth;  
True Love will yet be free,  
In spite of Jealousie.

Wrest every word and looke,  
Racke ev'ry hidden thought,  
Or fish with golden hooke,  
True Love cannot be caught;  
For that will still be free  
In spite of Jealousie.



OUR faire lookes urge my desire;  
Calme it, sweet, with love.  
Stay; O why will you retire?  
Can you churlish prove?  
If Love may perswade,  
Love's pleasures, deare, deny not;  
Here is a grove secur'd with shade;  
O then be wise, and flye not.

Harke, the Birds delighted sing,  
Yet our pleasure sleepes;  
Wealth to none can profit bring  
Which the miser keepes.  
O come while we may,  
Let's chayne Love with embraces;  
We have not all times time to stay,  
Nor safety in all places.

What ill finde you now in this,  
Or who can complaine?  
There is nothing done amisse  
That breedes no man payne.  
'Tis now flowry May;  
But ev'n in cold December,  
When all these leaves are blowne away,  
This place shall I remember.



AINE would I wed a faire young  
man that day and night could  
please mee,

When my mind or body grieved  
that had the powre to ease mee.

Maids are full of longing thoughts that breed a  
bloodlesse sicknesse,

And that, oft I heare men saye, is onely cur'd by  
quickness.

Oft I have beene woo'd & prai'd, but never could  
be moved;

Many for a day or so I have most dearely loved,  
But this foolish mind of mine straight loaths the  
thing resolved;

If to love be sinne, in mee that sinne is soone ab-  
solved.

Sure I thinke I shall at last flye to some holy Order;  
When I once am setled there then can I flye no  
farther.

Yet I would not dye a maid, because I had a  
mother;

As I was by one brought forth I would bring  
forth another.

A HYMNE IN PRAISE OF NEPTUNE.



F Neptune's empire let us  
sing,  
At whose command the  
waves obey;  
To whom the rivers tribute  
pay,  
Down the high mountaines  
sliding;

To whom the scaly Nation yeelds  
Homage for the Christall fields  
Wherein they dwell;  
And every Sea-God paies a Jem  
Yeerely out of his watry Cell,  
To deck great Neptune's Diadem.

The Tritons, dancing in a ring  
Before his Pallace gates, do make  
The water with their ecchoes quake,  
Like the great thunder sounding;  
The Sea-nimphs chant their accents shrill;  
And the Syrens, taught to kill  
With their sweet voyce,  
Make every ecchoing rock reply  
Unto their gentle murmuring noyse  
The praise of Neptune's Empery.







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