

Alfonso Ferrabosco

AYRES

1609

VIII.

Young and simple though I am, I haue heard of *Cupids* name,
Guesse I can what thing it is, Men desire when they doe kisse,
Smoake can neuer burne they say, But the flames that follow may.

I am not so foule or faire, to be proud or to dispaire,
Yet my lips haue oft obseru' d, men that kisse them presse them hard,
As glad louers vse to doe, when their new met loues they wooe.

Faith tis but a foolish minde, yet me thinkes a heat I finde,
Like thirst longing that doth bide euer one my weaker side,
Where they say my hart doth moue, *Venus* graunt it be not Loue.

If it be alas what then, were not Women made for Men ?
As good tis a thing were past, that must needes bee done at last,
Roses that are ouer-blowne, grow lesse sweet then fall alone.

Yet nor Churle, nor silken Gull, shall my maiden blossome pull,
Who shall not I soone can tell, who shall would I could as well,
This I know who ere hee be, loue hee must or flatter mee.

words by: Thomas Campion

see: Thomas Campion: Fourth Books of Aires (c. 1618), IX