

**A  
BOOKE OF  
AYRES**

**Thomas Campion / Philip Rosseter**

**1601**

**The first Booke**

**II. Though you are yoong.**

Though you are yoong and I am olde,  
Though your vaines hot and my bloud colde,  
Though youth is moist and age is drie,  
Yet embers liue when flames doe die.

The tender graft is easely broke,  
But who shall shake the sturdie Oke ?  
You are more fresh and faire then I,  
Yet stubs doe liue, when flowers doe die.

Thou that thy youth doest vainely boast,  
Know buds are soonest nipt with frost,  
Thinke that thy fortune still doth crie,  
Thou foole tomorrow thou must die.