

**A  
B O O K E   O F  
A Y R E S**

**Thomas Campion / Philip Rosseter**

**1601**

**The first Booke**

III. Follow thy faire sunne.

Followe thy faire sunne vnhappy shaddowe,  
Though thou be blacke as night,  
And she made all of light,  
Yet follow thy faire sunne vnhappy shaddowe.

Follow her whose light thy light depriueth,  
Though here thou liu'st disgrac't,  
And she in heauen is plac't,  
Yet follow her whose light thy world reuiueth,

Follow those pure beames whose beautie burneth,  
That so haue scorched thee,  
As thou still blacke must bee,  
Til her kind beames thy black to brightnes turneth.

Follow her while yet her glorie shineth,  
There comes a luckles night,  
That will dim all her light,  
And this the black vnhappy shade deuineth.

Follow still since so thy fates ordained,  
The Sunne must haue his shade,  
Till both at once doe fade,  
The Sun still prou'd the shadow still disdained.