

**A
BOOKE OF
AYRES**

Thomas Campion / Philip Rosseter

1601

The first Booke

IX. The Sypres curten.

The Sypres curten of the night is spread,
And ouer all a silent dewe is cast,
The weaker cares by sleepe are conquered,
But I alone with hidious griefe, agast.
In spite of Morpheus charmes a watch doe keepe
Ouer mine eies to banish carelesse sleepe.

Yet oft my trembling eyes through faintnes close,
And then the Mappe of hell before me stands,
Which Ghosts doe see, and I am one of those,
Ordain'd to pine in sorrowes endles bands,
Since from my wretched soule all hopes are rest,
And now no cause of life to me is left.

Griefe ceaze my soule, for that will still endure,
When my cras'd bodie is consum'd and gone,
Beare it to thy blacke denne, there keepe it sure,
Where thou ten thousand soules doest tyre vpon,
Yet all doe not affoord such foode to thee,
As this poore one, the worser part of mee.