

**A
BOOKE OF
AYRES**

Thomas Campion / Philip Rosseter

1601

The first Booke

VIII. It fell on a summers daie.

It fell on a summers day,
While sweete Bessie sleeping laie,
In her bowre, on her bed,
Light with curtaines shadowed,
Iamy came shee him spies,
Opning halfe her heauie eies.

Iamy 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 resou'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 dreamp't not what he would doo,
But still slept, while he smild,
To see loue by sleepe beguild.

Iamy then began to play,
Bessie as one buried lay,
Gladly still through this sleight,
Deceiu'd in her owne deceit,
And since this traunce begoon,
She sleepes eu'rie afternoone.