

**A
BOOKE OF
AYRES**

Thomas Campion / Philip Rosseter

1601

The first Booke

XIII. See where she flies.

See where she flies enrag'd from me,
View her when she intends despite,
The winde is not more swift then shee,
Her furie mou'd such terror makes,
As to a fearfull guiltie sprite,
The voice of heau'ns huge thunder cracks,
But when her appeased minde
Yeelds to delight,
All her thoughts are made of ioies,
Millions of delights inuenting.
Other pleasures are but toies,
To her beauties sweete contenting.

My fortune hangs vpon her brow,
For as she smiles, or frownes on mee,
So must my blowne affections bow,
And her proude thoughts too well do find,
With what vnequall tyrannie,
Her beauties doe command my mind,
Though when her sad planet raignes,
Froward she bee,
She alone can pleasure moue,
And displeasing sorrow banish,
May I but still hold her loue,
Let all other comforts vanish.