

**A  
BOOKE OF  
AYRES**

**Thomas Campion / Philip Rosseter**

**1601**

**The first Booke**

XVI. Mistris since you so much desire.

Mistris since you so much desire,  
To know the place of Cupids fire,  
In your faire shrine that flame doth rest,  
Yet neuer harbourd in your brest.  
It bides not in your lips so sweete  
Nor where the rose and lillies meete,  
But a little higher, but a little higher,  
There, O there lies Cupids fire.

Euen in those starrie pearcing eyes,  
There Cupids sacred fire lyes,  
Those eyes I striue not to enioy,  
For they haue power to destroy.  
Nor woe I for a smile, or kisse,  
So meanely triumph's not my blisse,  
But a little highter, &nbsp; &nbsp; ii.  
I climbe to crowne my chast desire.