

**A  
BOOKE OF  
AYRES**

**Thomas Campion / Philip Rosseter**

**1601**

**The first Booke**

**XVII. Your faire lookes enflame.**

Your faire lookes enflame my desire,  
    Quench it againe with loue,  
Stay, O striue not still to retire,  
    Doe not in humane proue,  
If loue may perswade  
    Loues pleasures deere denie not,  
Heere is a silent grouie shade  
    O tarrie then and flie not.

Haue I seaz'd my heauenly delight  
    In this vnhaunted groue ?  
Time shall now her furie requite  
    With the reuenge of loue,  
Then come, sweetest come  
    My lips with kisses gracing,  
Here let vs harbour all alone,  
    Die die in sweete embracing.

Will you now so timely depart  
    And not returne againe,  
Your sight lends such life to my hart,  
    That to depart is paine.  
Feare yeelds no delay,  
    Securenes helpeth pleasure,  
Then till the time giues safer stay,  
    O farewell my liues treasure.