

A BOOKE OF AYRES

Thomas Campion / Philip Rosseter

1601

The second Booke

I. Sweete come againe

Sweete come againe,
Your happie sight so much desir'd
Since you from hence are now retir'd
I seeke in vaine,
Stil must I mourn,
And pine in longing paine,
Till you my liues delight
Againe vouchsafe your wisht returne.

If true desire,
Or faithfull vow of endles loue,
Thy heart enflam'd may kindly moue
With equall fire;
O then my ioies.
So long destraught shall rest,
Reposed soft in thy chast brest,
Exempt from all annoies.

You had the power
My wandring thoughts first to restraine,
You first did heare my loue speake plaine,
A child before :
Now it is growne
Confirm'd, do you it keepe,
And let it safe in your bosome sleepe,
There euer made your owne.

And till we meete,
Teach absence inward art to find,
Both to disturbe and please the mind,
Such thoughts are sweete,
And such remaine
In hearts whole flames are true,
Then such will I retaine till you
To me returne againe.