

**A
BOOKE OF
AYRES**

Thomas Campion / Philip Rosseter

1601

The second Booke

II. And would you see.

And would you see my Mistris face,
it is a flowrie garden place,
Where knots of beauties haue such grace,
that all is worke and nowhere space.

It is a sweete delicious morne,
where day is breeding never borne,
It is a Meadow yet unshorne,
whome thousand flowers do adorne.

It is the heauens bright reflexe,
weak eies to dazle and to vexe,
It is th' Idæa of her sexe,
enuie of whome doth world perplexe.

It is a face of death that smiles,
pleasing, though it killes the whiles,
Where death and loue in pretty wiles,
each other mutuallie beguiles.

It is faire beauties freshest youth,
it is the fain'd Eliziums truth,
The spring that winter'd harts renu'th,
and this is that my soule pursu'th.