

**A  
BOOKE OF  
AYRES**

**Thomas Campion / Philip Rosseter**

**1601**

**The second Booke**

**III. No graue for woe.**

No graue for woe, yet earth my watrie teares deuoures,  
Sighs want ayre, and burnt desires kind pitties showres,  
Stars hold their fatal course, my ioies preuenting,  
The earth, the sea, the aire, the fire, the heau'ns vow my tormenting.

Yet sill I liue and waste my wearie daies in grones,  
And with wofull tunes adorne dispayring mones,  
Night still prepares a more displeasing morrow,  
My day is night, my life my death, and all but sence of sorrow.