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THOMAS
CAMPION
A · BOOK
OF · AIRS



AS WRITTEN TO BE
SUNG TO THE
LUTE AND VIOL



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A Book of Airs

TO THE READER

WHAT epigrams are in poetry, the same are airs in music: then in their chief perfection when they are short and well seasoned. But to clog a light song with a long præludium, is to corrupt the nature of it. Many rests in music were invented, either for necessity of the fugue, or granted as an harmonical licence in songs of many parts: but in airs I find no use they have, unless it be to make a vulgar and trivial modulation seem to the ignorant, strange; and to the judicial, tedious. A naked air without guide, or prop, or colour but his own, is easily censured of every ear; and requires so much the more invention to make it please. And as MARTIAL speaks in defence of his short epigrams; so may I say in the apology of airs: that where there is a volume, there can be no imputation of shortness. The lyric poets among the Greeks and Latins were first inventors of airs, tying themselves strictly to the number and value of their syllables: of which sort, you shall find here, only one song in Sapphic verse; the rest are after the fashion of the time, ear-pleasing rhymes, without art. The subject of them is, for the most part, amorous: and why not amorous songs, as well as amorous attires? Or why not new airs, as well as new fashions?

For the note and tablature, if they satisfy the most, we have our desire; let expert masters please themselves with better. And if any light error hath escaped us, the skilful may easily correct it, the unskilful will hardly perceive it. But there are some who, to appear the more deep and singular in their judgement, will admit no music but that which is long, intricate, baited with fugue, chained with syncopation, and where the nature of every word is precisely expressed in the note: like the old exploded action in comedies, when if they did pronounce Memini, they would point to the hinder part of their heads; if Video, put their finger in their eye. But such childish observing of words is altogether ridiculous: and we ought to maintain, as well in notes as in action, a manly carriage; gracing no word, but that which is eminent and emphatical. Nevertheless, as in poesy we give the preeminence to the Heroical Poem; so in music we yield the chief place to the grave and well invented Motet: but not to every harsh and dull confused Fantasy, where, in multitude of points, the harmony is quite drowned.

Airs have both their art and pleasure: and I will conclude of them, as the poet did in his censure of CATULLUS the Lyric, and VIRGIL the Heroic writer:

Tantum magna suo debet Verona CATULLO,
Quantum parva suo Mantua VIRGILIO.

Part One

I

MY sweetest Lesbia, let us live and love;
And though the sager sort our deeds reprove,
Let us not weigh them: heaven's great lamps do dive
Into their west, and straight again revive:
But soon as once set is our little light,
Then must we sleep one ever-during night.

If all would lead their lives in love like me,
Then bloody swords and armour should not be;
No drum nor trumpet peaceful sleeps should move,
Unless alarm came from the camp of love:
But fools do live, and waste their little light,
And seek with pain their ever-during night.

When timely death my life and fortune ends,
Let not my hearse be vexed with mourning friends;
But let all lovers, rich in triumph, come
And with sweet pastimes grace my happy tomb:
And, Lesbia, close up thou my little light,
And crown with love my ever-during night.

II

THOUGH you are young, and I am old,
Though your veins hot, and my blood cold,
Though youth is moist, and age is dry;
Yet embers live, when flames do die.

The tender graft is easily broke,
But who shall shake the sturdy oak?
You are more fresh and fair than I;
Yet stubs do live when flowers do die.

Thou, that thy youth doth vainly boast,
Know buds are soonest nipt with frost:
Think that thy fortune still doth cry,
"Thou fool! to-morrow thou must die!"

I I I

I CARE not for these ladies,
 That must be wooed and prayed:
 Give me kind Amarillis,
 The wanton country maid.
 Nature art disdaineth,
 Her beauty is her own.

Her when we court and kiss,
 She cries, "Forsooth, let go!"
 But when we come where comfort is,
 She never will say "No!"

If I love Amarillis,
 She gives me fruit and flowers:
 But if we love these ladies,
 We must give golden showers.
 Give them gold, that sell love,
 Give me the nut-brown lass,

Who, when we court and kiss,
 She cries, "Forsooth, let go!"
 But when we come where comfort is,
 She never will say "No!"

These ladies must have pillows,
 And beds by strangers wrought;
 Give me a bower of willows,
 Of moss and leaves unbought,
 And fresh Amarillis,
 With milk and honey fed;

Who when we court and kiss,
 She cries, "Forsooth, let go!"
 But when we come where comfort is,
 She never will say "No!"

I V

FOLLOW thy fair sun, unhappy shadow!
 Though thou be black as night,
 And she made all of light,
 Yet follow thy fair sun, unhappy shadow!

Follow her whose light thy light depriveth;
 Though here thou livest disgraced,
 And she in heaven is placed,
 Yet follow her whose light the world reviveth!

Follow those pure beams whose beauty burneth,
 That so have scorched thee,
 As thou still black must be,
 Till her kind beams thy black to brightness turneth.

Follow her! while yet her glory shineth:
 There comes a luckless night,
 That will dim all her light;
 And this the black unhappy shade divineth.

Follow still! since so thy fates ordained;
 The sun must have his shade,
 Till both at once do fade;
 The sun still proved, the shadow still disdained.

v

My love hath vowed he will forsake me,
 And I am already sped;
 Far other promise he did make me
 When he had my maidenhead.
 If such danger be in playing
 And sport must to earnest turn,
 I will go no more a-maying.

Had I foreseen what is ensued,
 And what now with pain I prove,
 Unhappy then I had eschewed
 This unkind event of love:
 Maids foreknow their own undoing,
 But fear naught till all is done,
 When a man alone is wooing.

Dissembling wretch, to gain thy pleasure,
 What didst thou not vow and swear?
 So didst thou rob me of the treasure
 Which so long I held so dear.
 Now thou provest to me a stranger:

Such is the vile guise of men
When a woman is in danger.

V I

WHEN to her lute Corinna sings,
Her voice revives the leaden strings,
And doth in highest notes appear,
As any challenged Echo clear;
But when she doth of mourning speak,
E'en with her sighs the strings do break.

And as her lute doth live or die,
Led by her passion, so must I!
For when of pleasure, she doth sing,
My thoughts enjoy a sudden spring;
But if she doth of sorrow speak,
E'en from my heart the strings do break.

V I I

TURN back, you wanton flyer,
And answer my desire,
With mutual greeting:
Yet bend a little nearer,
True beauty still shines clearer,
In closer meeting.
Hearts, with hearts delighted,
Should strive to be united;
Either other's arms with arms enchaining:
Hearts with a thought,
Rosy lips with a kiss still entertaining.
What harvest half so sweet is
As still to reap the kisses
Grown ripe in sowing?
And straight to be receiver
Of that, which thou art giver,
Rich in bestowing?
There's no strict observing
Of times' or seasons' swerving;
There is ever one fresh spring abiding.
Then what we sow with our lips,
Let us reap, love's gains dividing!

V I I I

IT fell on a summer's day,
 While sweet Bessy sleeping lay,
 In her bower, on her bed,
 Light with curtains shadowed,
 Jamy came: she him spies,
 Opening half her heavy eyes.

Jamy stole in through the door,
 She lay slumb'ring as before;
 Softly to her he drew near,
 She heard him, yet would not hear:
 Bessy vowed not to speak,
 He resolved that dump to break.

First a soft kiss he doth take,
 She lay still and would not wake;
 Then his hands learned to woo,
 She dreamt not what he would do,
 But still slept, while he smiled
 To see love by sleep beguiled.

Jamy then began to play,
 Bessy as one buried lay,
 Gladly still through this sleight
 Deceived in her own deceit;
 And since this trance begoon,
 She sleeps every afternoon.

I X

THE cypress curtain of the night is spread,
 And over all a silent dew is cast.
 The weaker cares, by sleep are conquered:
 But I alone, with hideous grief aghast,
 In spite of Morpheus' charms, a watch do keep
 Over mine eyes, to banish careless sleep.

Yet oft my trembling eyes through faintness close,
 And then the Map of Hell before me stands;
 Which ghosts do see, and I am one of those

Ordained to pine in sorrow's endless bands,
 Since from my wretched soul all hopes are reft
 And now no cause of life to me is left.

Grief, seize my soul! for that will still endure
 When my crazed body is consumed and gone;
 Bear it to thy black den! there keep it sure
 Where thou ten thousand souls dost tire upon!
 Yet all do not afford such food to thee
 As this poor one, the worsor part of me.

X

FOLLOW your saint, follow with accents sweet!
 Haste you, sad notes, fall at her flying feet!
 There, wrapped in cloud of sorrow, pity move,
 And tell the ravisher of my soul I perish for her love:
 But if she scorns my never-ceasing pain,
 Then burst with sighing in her sight and ne'er return
 again!

All that I sung still to her praise did tend;
 Still she was first; still she my songs did end:
 Yet she my love and music both doth fly,
 The music that her Echo is and beauty's sympathy.
 Then let my notes pursue her scornful flight!
 It shall suffice that they were breathed and died for
 her delight.

X I

FAIR, if you expect admiring;
 Sweet, if you ['d] provoke desiring;
 Grace dear love with kind requiting!
 Fond, but if thy sight be blindness;
 False, if thou affect unkindness;
 Fly both love and love's delighting!
 Then when hope is lost and love is scorned,
 I'll bury my desires, and quench the fires that ever
 yet in vain have burned.

Fates, if you rule lovers' fortune;
 Stars, if men your powers importune;

Yield relief by your relenting!
 Time, if sorrow be not endless,
 Hope made vain, and pity friendless,
 Help to ease my long lamenting!
 But if griefs remain still unredressed,
 I'll fly to her again, and sue for pity to renew my
 hopes distressed.

X I I

THOU art not fair, for all thy red and white,
 For all those rosy ornaments in thee;
 Thou art not sweet, though made of mere delight,
 Nor fair nor sweet, unless thou pity me.
 I will not soothe thy fancies: thou shalt prove
 That beauty is no beauty without love.
 Yet love not me, nor seek thou to allure
 My thoughts with beauty, were it more divine:
 Thy smiles and kisses I cannot endure,
 I'll not be wrapt up in those arms of thine:
 Now show it, if thou be a woman right,—
 Embrace, and kiss, and love me, in despite!

X I I I

SEE where she flies enraged from me!
 View her when she intends despite,
 The wind is not more swift than she.
 Her fury moved such terror makes
 As to a fearful guilty sprite
 The voice of heaven's huge thunder-cracks:
 But when her appeased mind yields to delight,
 All her thoughts are made of joys,
 Millions of delights inventing;
 Other pleasures are but toys
 To her beauty's sweet contenting.

My fortune hangs upon her brow;
 For as she smiles or frowns on me,
 So must my blown affections bow;
 And her proud thoughts too well do find

With what unequal tyranny
 Her beauties do command my mind.
 Though, when her sad planet reigns,
 Froward she be,
 She alone can pleasure move,
 And displeasing sorrow banish.
 May I but still hold her love,
 Let all other comforts vanish.

X I V

BLAME not my cheeks, though pale with love they be;
 The kindly heat unto my heart is flown,
 To cherish it that is dismayed by thee,
 Who art so cruel and unsteadfast grown:
 For Nature, called for by distressed hearts,
 Neglects and quite forsakes the outward parts.

But they whose cheeks with careless blood are stained,
 Nurse not one spark of love within their hearts;
 And, when they woo, they speak with passion feigned,
 For their fat love lies in their outward parts:
 But in their breasts, where love his court should hold,
 Poor Cupid sits and blows his nails for cold.

X V

WHEN the god of merry love
 As yet in his cradle lay,
 Thus his withered nurse did say:
 "Thou a wanton boy wilt prove
 To deceive the powers above;
 For by thy continual smiling
 I see thy power of beguiling."

Therewith she the babe did kiss;
 When a sudden fire outcame
 From those burning lips of his,
 That did her with love inflame.
 But none would regard the same:
 So that, to her day of dying,
 The old wretch lived ever crying.

XVI

MISTRESS, since you so much desire
 To know the place of Cupid's fire,
 In your fair shrine that flame doth rest,
 Yet never harboured in your breast.
 It 'bides not in your lips so sweet,
 Nor where the rose and lilies meet;
 But a little higher, but a little higher,
 There, there, O there lies Cupid's fire.

Even in those starry piercing eyes,
 There Cupid's sacred fire lies.
 Those eyes I strive not to enjoy,
 For they have power to destroy;
 Nor woo I for a smile or kiss,
 So meanly triumphs not my bliss;
 But a little higher, but a little higher,
 I climb to crown my chaste desire.

XVII

YOUR fair looks inflame my desire:
 Quench it again with love!
 Stay, O strive not still to retire:
 Do not inhuman prove!
 If love may persuade,
 Love's pleasures, dear, deny not.
 Here is a silent grovy shade;
 O tarry then, and fly not!

Have I seized my heavenly delight
 In this unhaunted grove?
 Time shall now her fury requite
 With the revenge of love.
 Then come, sweetest, come,
 My lips with kisses gracing!
 Here let us harbour all alone,
 Die, die in sweet embracing!

Will you now so timely depart,
 And not return again?
 Your sight lends such life to my heart

That to depart is pain.
 Fear yields no delay,
 Secureness helpeth pleasure:
 Then, till the time gives safer stay,
 O farewell, my life's treasure!

X V I I I

THE man of life upright,
 Whose guiltless heart is free
 From all dishonest deeds,
 Or thought of vanity;

The man whose silent days,
 In harmless joys are spent,
 Whom hopes cannot delude
 Nor sorrow discontent;

That man needs neither towers
 Nor armour for defence,
 Nor secret vaults to fly
 From thunder's violence:

He only can behold
 With unaffrighted eyes
 The horrors of the deep
 And terrors of the skies.

Thus, scorning all the cares
 That fate or fortune brings,
 He makes the heaven his book,
 His wisdom heavenly things;

Good thoughts his only friends,
 His wealth a well-spent age,
 The earth his sober inn
 And quiet pilgrimage.

X I X

HARK, all you ladies that do sleep!
 The fairy-queen Proserpina
 Bids you awake and pity them that weep:
 You may do in the dark

What the day doth forbid;
 Fear not the dogs that bark,
 Night will have all hid.

But if you let your lovers moan,
 The fairy-queen Proserpina
 Will send abroad her fairies every one,
 That shall pinch black and blue
 Your white hands and fair arms
 That did not kindly rue
 Your paramours' harms.

In myrtle arbours on the downs
 The fairy-queen Proserpina,
 This night by moonshine leading merry rounds,
 Holds a watch with sweet love,
 Down the dale, up the hill;
 No plaints or groans may move
 Their holy vigil.

All you that will hold watch with love,
 The fairy-queen Proserpina
 Will make you fairer than Dione's dove;
 Roses red, lilies white,
 And the clear damask hue,
 Shall on your cheeks alight:
 Love will adorn you.

All you that love or loved before,
 The fairy-queen Proserpina
 Bids you increase that loving humour more:
 They that have not fed
 On delight amorous,
 She vows that they shall lead
 Apes in Avernus.

x x

WHEN thou must home to shades of underground,
 And there arrived, a new admired guest,
 The beauteous spirits do engirt thee round,

White Iope, blithe Helen, and the rest,
 To hear the stories of thy finished love
 From that smooth tongue whose music hell can move;
 Then wilt thou speak of banqueting delights,
 Of masques and revels which sweet youth did make,
 Of tourneys and great challenges of knights,
 And all those triumphs for thy beauty's sake:
 When thou hast told these honours done to thee,
 Then tell, O tell, how thou didst murder me.

X X I

COME, let us sound with melody, the praises
 Of the King's King, th' omnipotent Creator,
 Author of number, that hath all the world in
 Harmony framed.

Heav'n is His throne perpetually shining,
 His divine power and glory, thence He thunders,
 One in All, and All still in One abiding,
 Both Father and Son.

O sacred Sprite, invisible, eternal,
 Ev'rywhere, yet unlimited, that all things
 Can't in one moment penetrate, revive me,
 O Holy Spirit!

Rescue, O rescue me from earthly darkness!
 Banish hence all these elemental objects!
 Guide my soul that thirsts to the lively fountain
 Of thy divineness!

Cleanse my soul, O God! thy bespotted image,
 Altered with sin so that heavenly pureness
 Cannot acknowledge me, but in thy mercies,
 O Father of grace!

But when once Thy beams do remove my darkness;
 O then I'll shine forth as an angel of light,
 And record, with more than an earthly voice, Thy
 Infinite honours.

Part Two

I

SWEET, come again!
Your happy sight, so much desired,
Since you from hence are now retired,
I seek in vain:
Still must I mourn
And pine in longing pain,
Till you, my life's delight, again
Vouchsafe your wished return.

If true desire,
Or faithful vow of endless love,
Thy heart inflamed may kindly move
With equal fire;
O then my joys,
So long distraught, shall rest,
Reposed soft in thy chaste breast,
Exempt from all annoys.

You had the power
My wand'ring thoughts first to restrain,
You first did hear my love speak plain!
A child before,
Now it is grown
Confirmed, do you it keep,
And let it safe in your bosom sleep,
There ever made your own!

And till we meet,
Teach absence inward art to find,
Both to disturb and please the mind.
Such thoughts are sweet:
And such remain
In hearts whose flames are true;
Then such will I retain, till you
To me return again.

I I

AND would you see my mistress' face?
 It is a flowery garden place,
 Where knots of beauties have such grace
 That all is work and nowhere space.

It is a sweet delicious morn,
 Where day is breeding, never born;
 It is a meadow, yet unshorn,
 Which thousand flowers do adorn.

It is the heaven's bright reflex,
 Weak eyes to dazzle and to vex:
 It is th' Idea of her sex,
 Envy of whom doth world perplex.

It is a face of Death that smiles,
 Pleasing, though it kills the whiles:
 Where Death and Love in pretty whiles
 Each other mutually beguiles.

It is fair beauty's freshest youth,
 It is the feigned Elizium's truth:
 The spring, that wintered hearts reneweth;
 And this is that my soul pursueth.

I I I

No grave for woe, yet earth my watery tears devours;
 Sighs want air, and burnt desires kind pity's showers:
 Stars hold their fatal course, my joys preventing:
 The earth, the sea, the air, the fire, the heavens vow
 my tormenting.

Yet still I live, and waste my weary days in groans,
 And with woful tunes adorn despairing moans.
 Night still prepares a more displeasing morrow;
 My day is night, my life my death, and all but sense
 of sorrow.

I V

IF I urge my kind desires,
 She unkind doth them reject;
 Women's hearts are painted fires

To deceive them that affect.
 I alone love's fires include:
 She alone doth them delude.

She hath often vowed her love;
 But, alas! no fruit I find.
 That her fires are false I prove,
 Yet in her no fault I find:
 I was thus unhappy born,
 And ordained to be her scorn.

Yet if human care or pain,
 May the heavenly order change,
 She will hate her own disdain,
 And repent she was so strange:
 For a truer heart than I,
 Never lived or loved to die.

v

WHAT heart's content can he find,
 What happy sleeps can his eyes embrace,
 That bears a guilty mind?

His taste sweet wines will abhor:
 No music's sound can appease the thoughts
 That wicked deeds deplore.

The passion of a present fear
 Still makes his restless motion there;
 And all the day he dreads the night,
 And all the night, as one aghast, he fears
 the morning light.

But he that loves to be loved,
 And in his deeds doth adore heaven's power,
 And is with pity moved;

The night gives rest to his heart,
 The cheerful beams do awake his soul,
 Revived in every part.

He lives a comfort to his friends,
 And heaven to him such blessing sends
 That fear of hell cannot dismay
 His steadfast heart that is . . .

V I

LET him that will be free and keep his heart from
 care,
 Retired alone, remain where no discomforts are.
 For when the eye doth view his grief, or hapless ear
 his sorrow hears,
 Th' impression still in him abides, and ever in one
 shape appears.

Forget thy griefs betimes; long sorrow breeds long
 pain,
 For joy far fled from men, will not return again;
 O happy is the soul which heaven ordained to live in
 endless peace!
 His life is a pleasing dream, and every hour his joys
 increase.

You heavy sprites, that love in severed shades to
 dwell,
 That nurse despair and dream of unrelenting hell,
 Come sing this happy song, and learn of me the Art
 of True Content,—
 Load not your guilty souls with wrong, and heaven
 then will soon relent.

V I I

REPROVE not love, though fondly thou hast lost
 Greater hopes by loving:
 Love calms ambitious spirits, from their breasts
 Danger oft removing:
 Let lofty humours mount up on high,
 Down again like to the wind,
 While private thoughts, vowed to love,
 More peace and pleasure find.

Love and sweet beauty makes the stubborn mild,
 And the coward fearless;
 The wretched miser's care to bounty turns,
 Cheering all things cheerless.

Love chains the earth and heaven,
 Turns the spheres, guides the years in
 endless peace:
 The flowery earth through his power
 Receives her due increase.

V I I I

AND would you fain the reason know
 Why my sad eyes so often flow?
 My heart ebbs joy, when they do so,
 And loves the moon by whom they go.

And will you ask why pale I look?
 'Tis not with poring on my book:
 My mistress' cheek my blood hath took,
 For her mine own hath me forsook.

Do not demand why I am mute:
 Love's silence doth all speech confute.
 They set the note, then tune the lute;
 Hearts frame their thoughts, then tongues
 their suit.

Do not admire why I admire:
 My fever is no other's fire:
 Each several heart hath his desire;
 Else proof is false, and truth a liar.

If why I love you should see cause:
 Love should have form like other laws,
 But Fancy pleads not by the clause:
 'Tis as the sea, still vext with flaws.

No fault upon my love espy:
 For you perceive not with my eye;
 My palate to your taste may lie,
 Yet please itself deliciously.

Then let my sufferance be mine own:
 Sufficeth it these reasons shown:
 Reason and love are ever known
 To fight till both be overthrown.

I X

WHEN Laura smiles her sight revives both night and
day;

The earth and heaven views with delight her wanton
play:

And her speech with ever-flowing music doth repair
The cruel wounds of sorrow and untamed despair.

The sprites that remain in fleeting air
Affect for pastime to untwine her tressed hair:
And the birds think sweet Aurora, Morning's Queen,
doth shine

From her bright sphere, when Laura shows her looks
divine.

Diana's eyes are not adorned with greater power
Than Laura's, when she lists awhile for sport to
lower:

But when she her eyes encloseth, blindness doth
appear

The chiefest grace of beauty, sweetly seated there.

Love hath no power but what he steals from her
bright eyes;

Time hath no power but that which in her pleasure
lies:

For she with her divine beauties all the world subdues,
And fills with heavenly spirits my humble Muse.

X

LONG have mine eyes gazed with delight,
Conveying hopes unto my soul;
In nothing happy, but in sight
Of her, that doth my sight control:
But now mine eyes must lose their light.

My object now must be the air;
To write in water words of fire;
And teach sad thoughts how to despair:
Desert must quarrel with Desire.
All were appeased were she not fair.

For all my comfort, this I prove,
 That Venus on the sea was born:
 If seas be calm, then doth she love;
 If storms arise, I am forlorn;
 My doubtful hopes like wind do move.

X I

THOUGH far from joy, my sorrows are as far,
 And I both between;
 Not too low, nor yet too high
 Above my reach, would I be seen.
 Happy is he that so is placed,
 Not to be envied nor to be disdained or disgraced.

The higher trees, the more storms they endure;
 Shrubs be trodden down:
 But the Mean, the Golden Mean,
 Doth only all our fortunes crown:
 Like to a stream that sweetly slideth
 Through the flowery banks, and still in the midst
 his course guideth.

X I I

SHALL I come, if I swim? wide are the waves, you see:
 Shall I come, if I fly, my dear Love, to thee?
 Streams Venus will appease; Cupid gives me wings;
 All the powers assist my desire
 Save you alone, that set my woful heart on fire!

You are fair, so was Hero that in Sestos dwelt;
 She a priest, yet the heat of love truly felt.
 A greater stream than this, did her love divide;
 But she was his guide with a light:
 So through the streams Leander did enjoy her sight.

X I I I

AYE me! that love should Nature's work accuse!
 Where cruel Laura still her beauty views,
 River, or cloudy jet, or crystal bright,
 Are all but servants of herself, delight.

Yet her deformed thoughts she cannot see;
 And that's the cause she is so stern to me.
 Virtue and duty can no favour gain:
 A grief, O death! to live and love in vain.

X I V

SHALL then a traitorous kiss or a smile
 All my delights unhappily beguile?
 Shall the vow of feigned love receive so rich regard,
 When true service dies neglected, and wants his due
 reward?

Deeds meritorious soon be forgot,
 But one offence no time can ever blot;
 Every day it is renewed, and every night it bleeds,
 And with bloody streams of sorrow drowns all our
 better deeds.

Beauty is not by Desert to be won;
 Fortune hath all that is beneath the sun.
 Fortune is the guide of Love, and both of them be
 blind:
 All their ways are full of errors, which no true feet
 can find.

X V

IF I hope, I pine; if I fear, I faint and die;
 So between hope and fear, I desperate lie,
 Looking for joy to heaven, whence it should come:
 But hope is blind; joy, deaf; and I am dumb.
 Yet I speak and cry; but, alas, with words of woe:
 And joy conceives not them that murmur so.
 He that the ears of joy will ever pierce,
 Must sing glad notes, or speak in happier verse.

X V I

UNLESS there were consent 'twixt hell and heaven
 That grace and wickedness should be combined,
 I cannot make thee and thy beauties even:
 Thy face is heaven, and torture in thy mind,

For more than worldly bliss is in thy eye
And hellish torture in thy mind doth lie.

A thousand Cherubins fly in her looks,
And hearts in legions melt upon their view:
But gorgeous covers wall up filthy books;
Be it sin to say, that so your eyes do you:
But sure your mind adheres not with your eyes,
For what they promise, that your heart denies.

But, O, lest I religion should misuse,
Inspire me thou, that ought'st thyself to know
(Since skillless readers, reading do abuse),
What inward meaning outward sense doth show:
For by thy eyes and heart, chose and contemned,
I waver, whether saved or condemned.

X V I I

If she forsake me, I must die:
Shall I tell her so?
Alas, then straight she will reply,
"No, no, no, no, no!"
If I disclose my desperate state,
She will but make sport thereat,
And more unrelenting grow.

What heart can long such pains abide?
Fie upon this love!
I would venture far and wide,
If it would remove.
But Love will still my steps pursue,
I cannot his ways eschew:
Thus still helpless hopes I prove.

I do my love in lines commend,
But, alas, in vain;
The costly gifts, that I do send,
She returns again:
Thus still is my despair procured,
And her malice more assured:
Then come, Death, and end my pain!

XVIII

WHAT is a day, what is a year
 Of vain delight and pleasure?
 Like to a dream it endless dies,
 And from us like a vapour flies:
 And this is all the fruit that we find,
 Which glory in worldly treasure.

He that will hope for true delight,
 With virtue must be graced;
 Sweet folly yields a bitter taste,
 Which ever will appear at last:
 But if we still in virtue delight,
 Our souls are in heaven placed.

XIX

KIND in unkindness, when will you relent
 And cease with faint love true love to torment?
 Still entertained, excluded still I stand;
 Her glove still hold, but cannot touch the hand.

In her fair hand my hopes and comforts rest:
 O might my fortunes with that hand be blest!
 No envious breaths then my deserts could shake,
 For they are good whom such true love doth make.

O let not beauty so forget her birth,
 That it should fruitless home return to earth!
 Love is the fruit of beauty, then love one;
 Not your sweet self, for such self-love is none.

Love one that only lives in loving you;
 Whose wronged deserts would you with pity view,
 This strange distaste which your affections sways
 Would relish love, and you find better days.

Thus till my happy sight your beauty views,
 Whose sweet remembrance still my hope renews,
 Let these poor lines solicit love for me,
 And place my joys where my desires would be.

X X

WHAT then is love but mourning?
 What desire, but a self-burning?
 Till she, that hates, doth love return,
 Thus will I mourn, thus will I sing,
 "Come away! come away, my darling!"

Beauty is but a blooming,
 Youth in his glory entombing;
 Time hath a while, which none can stay:
 Then come away, while thus I sing,
 "Come away! come away, my darling!"

Summer in winter fadeth;
 Gloomy night heavenly light shadeth:
 Like to the morn, are Venus' flowers;
 Such are her hours: then will I sing,
 "Come away! come away my darling!"

X X I

WHETHER men do laugh or weep,
 Whether they do wake or sleep,
 Whether they die young or old,
 Whether they feel heat or cold;
 There is, underneath the sun,
 Nothing in true earnest done.

All our pride is but a jest;
 None are worst, and none are best;
 Grief and joy, and hope and fear,
 Play their pageants everywhere:
 Vain opinion all doth sway,
 And the world is but a play.

Powers above in clouds do sit,
 Mocking our poor apish wit;
 That so lamely, with such state,
 Their high glory imitate:
 No ill can be felt but pain,
 And that happy men disdain.



TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE,
BOTH IN BIRTH AND VIRTUE,
FRANCIS EARL OF
CUMBERLAND

WHAT patron could I choose, great Lord, but you?
Grave words your ears may challenge as their own:
And every note of music is your due,
Whose house the Muses' Palace I have known.

To love and cherish them though it descends
With many honours more on you, in vain
Preceding fame herein with you contends,
Who have both fed the Muses and their train.

These leaves I offer you, Devotion might
Herself lay open. Read them, or else hear
How gravely, with their tunes, they yield delight
To any virtuous and not curious ear:
Such as they are, accept them, noble Lord:
If better, better could my zeal afford.

Your Honour's,

THOMAS CAMPIAN

TO THE READER

OUT of many songs which, partly at the request of friends, partly for my own recreation, were by me long since composed, I have now enfranchised a few; sending them forth divided, according to their different subject, into several books. The first are grave and pious: the second, amorous and light. For he that in publishing any work hath a desire to content all palates, must cater for them accordingly.

Non omnibus unum est
Quod placet, hic spinas colligit, ille rosas.

These airs were for the most part framed at first for one voice with the lute or viol: but upon occasion they have since been filled with more parts, which who so please may use, who like not may leave. Yet do we daily observe that when any shall sing a treble to an instrument, the standers by will be offering at an inward part out of their own nature; and, true or false, out it must, though to the perverting of the whole harmony. Also, if we consider well, the treble tunes (which are with us, commonly called Airs) are but tenors mounted eight notes higher; and therefore an inward part must needs well become them, such as may take up the whole distance of the diapason, and fill up the gaping between the two extreme parts: whereby though they are not three parts in perfection, yet they yield a sweetness and content both to the ear and mind; which is the aim and perfection of Music.

Short airs, if they be skilfully framed, and naturally expressed, are like quick and good epigrams in poesy: many of them showing as much artifice, and breeding as great difficulty as a larger poem. Non omnia possumus omnes, said the Roman epic poet. But some there are who admit only French or Italian airs; as if every country had not his proper air, which the people thereof naturally usurp in their music. Others taste nothing that comes forth in print; as if Catullus or Martial's Epigrams were the worse for being published.

In these English airs, I have chiefly aimed to couple my words and notes lovingly together; which will be much for him to do that hath not power over both. The light of this, will best appear to him who hath payed our monosyllables and syllables combined: both of which, are so loaded with consonants, as that they will hardly keep company with swift notes, or give the vowel convenient liberty.

To conclude; my own opinion of these songs I deliver thus:

Omnia nec nostris bona sunt, sed nec mala libris;
Si placet hac cantes, hac quoque lege legas.

Farewell.

Part 3: Divine and Moral Songs

I

AUTHOR of light, revive my dying sprite!
Redeem it from the snares of all-confounding night;

Lord, light me to Thy blessed way,
For blind with worldly vain desires, I wander as a
stray.

Sun and moon, stars and under-lights I see;
But all their glorious beams are mists and darkness,
being compared to Thee.

Fountain of health, my soul's deep wounds recure!
Sweet showers of pity rain, wash my uncleanness
pure:

One drop of Thy desired grace
The faint and fading heart can raise, and in joy's
bosom place.

Sin and death, hell and tempting fiends may rage,
But God His own will guard, and their sharp pains
and grief in time assuage.

II

THE man of life upright,
Whose cheerful mind is free
From weight of impious deeds
And yoke of vanity;

The man whose silent days
In harmless joys are spent,
Whom hopes cannot delude
Nor sorrows discontent;

That man needs neither towers,
Nor armour for defence,
Nor vaults his guilt to shroud
From thunder's violence;

He only can behold
 With unaffrighted eyes
 The horrors of the deep
 And terrors of the skies;

Thus, scorning all the cares
 That fate or fortune brings,
 His book the heavens he makes,
 His wisdom heavenly things;

Good thoughts his surest friends,
 His wealth a well-spent age,
 The earth his sober inn
 And quiet pilgrimage.

I I I

WHERE are all thy beauties now, all hearts enchaining?
 Whither are thy flatterers gone with all their feigning?
 All fled! and thou alone still here remaining!

Thy rich state of twisted gold to bays is turned!
 Cold, as thou art, are thy loves, that so much burned!
 Who die in flatterers' arms are seldom mourned.

Yet, in spite of envy, this be still proclaimed,
 That none worthier than thyself thy worth hath
 blamed;
 When their poor names are lost, thou shalt live famed.

When thy story, long time hence, shall be perused,
 Let the blemish of thy rule be thus excused,
 "None ever lived more just, none more abused."

I V

OUT of my soul's depth to Thee my cries have
 sounded:
 Let Thine ears my plaints receive, on just fear
 grounded.
 Lord, shouldst Thou weigh our faults, who's not
 confounded?

But with grace Thou censur'st Thine when they
 have erred,
 Therefore shall Thy blessed Name be loved and
 feared.
 Even to Thy throne my thoughts and eyes are reared.

Thee alone my hopes attend, on Thee relying;
 In Thy sacred word I'll trust, to Thee fast flying,
 Long ere the watch shall break, the morn descrying.

In the mercies of our God who live secured,
 May of full redemption rest in Him assured;
 Their sin-sick souls by Him shall be recured.

v

VIEW me, Lord, a work of Thine:
 Shall I then lie drowned in night?
 Might Thy grace in me but shine,
 I should seem made all of light.

But my soul still surfeits so
 On the poisoned baits of sin,
 That I strange and ugly grow,
 All is dark and foul within.

Cleanse me, Lord, that I may kneel
 At Thine altar, pure and white:
 They that once Thy mercies feel,
 Gaze no more on earth's delight.

Worldly joys, like shadows, fade
 When the heavenly light appears;
 But the covenants Thou hast made,
 Endless, know nor days nor years.

In Thy Word, Lord, is my trust,
 To Thy mercies fast I fly;
 Though I am but clay and dust,
 Yet Thy grace can lift me high.

V I

BRAVELY decked, come forth, bright day!
 Thine hours with roses strew thy way,
 As they well remember.
 Thou received shalt be with feasts:
 Come, chiefest of the British guests,
 Thou Fifth of November!
 Thou with triumph shalt exceed
 In the strictest Ember;
 For by thy return the Lord records His blessed deed.

 Britons, frolic at your board!
 But first sing praises to the Lord
 In your congregations,
 He preserved your State alone,
 His loving grace hath made you one
 Of His chosen nations.
 But this light must hallowed be
 With your best oblations:
 Praise the Lord! for only great and merciful is He.

 Death had entered in the gate,
 And Ruin was crept near the State;
 But Heaven all revealed.
 Fiery powder hell did make
 Which, ready long the flame to take,
 Lay in shade concealed.
 God us helped, of His free grace:
 None to Him appealed;
 For none was so bad to fear the treason or the place.

 God His peaceful monarch chose,
 To him the mist He did disclose,
 To him, and none other:
 This He did, O King, for thee,
 That thou thine own renown might'st see,
 Which no time can smother.
 May blest Charles, thy comfort be,
 Firmer than his brother:
 May his heart the love of peace and wisdom learn
 from thee!

V I I

To music bent, is my retired mind,
 And fain would I some song of pleasure sing;
 But in vain joys no comfort now I find,
 From heavenly thoughts, all true delight doth
 spring:
 Thy power, O God, Thy mercies, to record,
 Will sweeten every note and every word.

All earthly pomp or beauty to express,
 Is but to carve in snow, on waves to write;
 Celestial things, though men conceive them less,
 Yet fullest are they in themselves of light:
 Such beams they yield as know no means to die,
 Such heat they cast as lifts the spirit high.

V I I I

TUNE thy music to thy heart,
 Sing thy joy with thanks and so thy sorrow:
 Though Devotion needs not Art,
 Sometimes of the poor the rich may borrow.

Strive not yet for curious ways:
 Concord pleaseth more, the less 'tis strained;
 Zeal affects not outward praise,
 Only strives to show a love unfeigned.

Love can wondrous things effect,
 Sweetest sacrifice all wrath appeasing;
 Love the Highest doth respect;
 Love alone to Him is ever pleasing.

I X

MOST sweet and pleasing are Thy ways, O God,
 Like meadows decked with crystal streams and
 flowers:
 Thy paths no foot profane hath ever trod,
 Nor hath the proud man rested in Thy bowers:

There lives no vulture, no devouring bear,
But only doves and lambs are harboured there.

The wolf his young ones to their prey doth guide;
The fox his cubs with false deceit endues;
The lion's whelp sucks from his dam his pride;
In hers the serpent malice doth infuse:
The darksome desert all such beasts contains,
Not one of them in Paradise remains.

x

Wise men patience never want;
Good men pity cannot hide;
Feeble spirits only vaunt
Of revenge, the poorest pride:
He alone, forgive that can,
Bears the true soul of a man.

Some there are, debate that seek,
Making trouble their content,
Happy if they wrong the meek,
Vex them that to peace are bent:
Such undo the common tie
Of mankind, Society.

Kindness grown is, lately, cold;
Conscience hath forgot her part;
Blessed times were known of old,
Long ere Law became an Art:
Shame deterred, not Statutes then,
Honest love was law to men.

Deeds from love, and words, that flow,
Foster like kind April showers;
In the warm sun all things grow,
Wholesome fruits and pleasant flowers:
All so thrives his gentle rays,
Whereon human love displays.

X I

NEVER weather-beaten sail more willing bent to
 shore,
 Never tired pilgrim's limbs affected slumber more,
 Than my wearied sprite now longs to fly out of my
 troubled breast.
 O come quickly, sweetest Lord, and take my soul to
 rest!

Ever blooming are the joys of heaven's high Paradise,
 Cold age deafs not there our ears nor vapour dims
 our eyes:
 Glory there the sun outshines; whose beams the
 Blessed only see.
 O come quickly, glorious Lord, and raise my sprite
 to Thee!

X I I

LIFT up to heaven, sad wretch, thy heavy sprite!
 What though thy sins thy due destruction threat?
 The Lord exceeds in mercy as in might;
 His ruth is greater, though thy crimes be great,
 Repentance needs not fear the heaven's just rod,
 It stays even thunder in the hand of God.

With cheerful voice to Him then cry for grace:
 Thy faith and fainting Hope with Prayer revive;
 Remorse for all that truly mourn hath place;
 Not God, but men of Him themselves deprive:
 Strive then, and He will help; call Him, He'll hear:
 The son needs not the father's fury fear.

I I I

Lo, when back mine eye,
 Pilgrim-like, I cast,
 What fearful ways I spy,
 Which, blinded, I securely past!

But now heaven hath drawn
 From my brows that night;
 As when the day doth dawn,
 So clears my long imprisoned sight.

Straight the caves of hell,
 Dressed with flowers I see:
 Wherein false pleasures dwell,
 That, winning most, most deadly be.

Throngs of masked fiends,
 Winged like angels, fly:
 Even in the gates of friends
 In fair disguise black dangers lie.

Straight to heaven I raised
 My restored sight,
 And with loud voice I praised
 The Lord of ever-during light.

And since I had strayed
 From His ways so wide,
 His grace I humbly prayed
 Henceforth to be my guard and guide.

X I V

As by the streams of Babylon
 Far from our native soil we sat,
 Sweet Sion, thee we thought upon,
 And every thought a tear begat.

Aloft the trees, that spring up there,
 Our silent harps we pensive hung:
 Said they that captived us, "Let's hear
 Some song, which you in Sion sung!"

Is then the song of our God fit
 To be profaned in foreign land?
 O Salem, thee when I forget,
 Forget his skill may my right hand!

Fast to the roof cleave may my tongue,
 If mindless I of thee be found!
 Or if, when all my joys are sung,
 Jerusalem be not the ground!

Remember, Lord, how Edom's race
 Cried in Jerusalem's sad day,
 "Hurl down her walls, her towers deface,
 And, stone by stone, all level lay!"

Curst Babel's seed! for Salem's sake
 Just ruin yet for thee remains!
 Blest shall they be thy babes that take
 And 'gainst the stones dash out their brains!

x v

SING a song of joy!
 Praise our God with mirth!
 His flock who can destroy?
 Is He not Lord of heaven and earth?

Sing we then secure,
 Tuning well our strings!
 With voice, as echo pure,
 Let us renown the King of Kings!

First who taught the day
 From the East to rise?
 Whom doth the sun obey
 When in the seas his glory dies?

He the stars directs
 That in order stand:
 Who heaven and earth protects
 But He that framed them with His hand?

Angels round attend,
 Waiting on His will:
 Armed millions He doth send
 To aid the good or plague the ill.

All that dread His name,
 And His 'hests observe,
 His arm will shield from shame:
 Their steps from truth shall never swerve.

Let us then rejoice,
 Sounding loud His praise:
 So will He hear our voice
 And bless on earth our peaceful days.

X V I

AWAKE, awake, thou heavy sprite,
 That sleep'st the deadly sleep of sin!
 Rise now and walk the ways of light!
 'Tis not too late yet to begin.
 Seek heaven early, seek it late:
 True Faith still finds an open gate.

Get up, get up, thou leaden man!
 Thy track to endless joy or pain
 Yields but the model of a span;
 Yet burns out thy life's lamp in vain!
 One minute bounds thy bane or bliss:
 Then watch and labour, while time is!

X V I I

COME, cheerful day, part of my life to me:
 For while thou view'st me with thy fading light,
 Part of my life doth still depart with thee,
 And I still onward haste to my last night.
 Time's fatal wings do ever forward fly:
 So every day we live a day we die.

But, O ye nights, ordained for barren rest,
 How are my days deprived of life in you,
 When heavy sleep my soul hath dispossesst,
 By feigned death life sweetly to renew!
 Part of my life in that, you life deny:
 So every day we live a day we die.

X V I I I

SEEK the Lord, and in His ways persevere!
 O faint not, but as eagles fly,
 For His steep hill is high;
 Then striving gain the top and triumph ever!

When with glory there thy brows are crowned,
 New joys so shall abound in thee,
 Such sights thy soul shall see,
 That worldly thoughts shall by their beams be
 drowned.

Farewell, World, thou mass of mere confusion!
 False light, with many shadows dimmed;
 Old witch, with new foils trimmed;
 Thou deadly sleep of soul, and charmed illusion!

I the King will seek, of Kings adored;
 Spring of light; tree of grace and bliss,
 Whose fruit so sovereign is
 That all who taste it are from death restored.

X I X

LIGHTEN, heavy heart, thy sprite,
 The joys recall that thence are fled;
 Yield thy breast some living light;
 The man that nothing doth is dead.
 Tune thy temper to these sounds,
 And quicken so thy joyless mind;
 Sloth the worst and best confounds:
 It is the ruin of mankind.

From her cave rise all distastes,
 Which unresolved Despair pursues;
 Whom soon after Violence hastes,
 Herself, ungrateful, to abuse.

Skies are cleared with stirring winds,
 Th' unmoved water moorish grows;
 Every eye much pleasure finds
 To view a stream that brightly flows.

X X

JACK and Joan they think no ill,
 But loving live, and merry still;
 Do their week-days' work, and pray
 Devoutly on the holy day:
 Skip and trip it on the green,
 And help to choose the Summer Queen;
 Lash out, at a country feast,
 Their silver penny with the best.

Well can they judge of nappy ale,
 And tell at large a winter tale;
 Climb up to the apple loft,
 And turn the crabs till they be soft.
 Tib is all the father's joy,
 And little Tom the mother's boy.
 All their pleasure is Content;
 And care, to pay their yearly rent.

Joan can call by name her cows,
 And deck her windows with green boughs;
 She can wreaths and tuttyes make,
 And trim with plums a bridal cake.
 Jack knows what brings gain or loss;
 And his long flail can stoutly toss:
 Makes the hedge, which others break;
 And ever thinks what he doth speak.

Now, you courtly dames and knights,
 That study only strange delights;
 Though you scorn the homespun gray,
 And revel in your rich array:
 Though your tongues dissemble deep,
 And can your heads from danger keep;
 Yet, for all your pomp and train,
 Securer lives the silly swain.

X X I

ALL looks be pale, hearts cold as stone,
For Hally now is dead and gone!

Hally, in whose sight,

Most sweet sight,

All the earth late took delight.

Every eye, weep with me!

Joys drowned in tears must be.

His ivory skin, his comely hair,

His rosy cheeks, so clear and fair,

Eyes that once did grace

His bright face,—

Now in him all want their place.

Eyes and hearts weep with me!

For who so kind as he?

His youth was like an April flower,

Adorned with beauty, love, and power.

Glory strewed his way,

Whose wreathes gay

Now are all turned to decay.

Then again weep with me!

None feel more cause than we.

No more may his wished sight return,

His golden lamp no more can burn.

Quenched is all his flame;

His hoped fame

Now hath left him nought but name.

For him all weep with me!

Since more him none shall see.

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE AND VIRTUOUS
HENRY, LORD CLIFFORD, SON AND
HEIR TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
FRANCIS, EARL OF CUMBERLAND

SUCH days as wear the badge of holy red
Are for devotion marked and sage delight;
The vulgar low-days, undistinguished,
Are left for labour, games, and sportful sights.

This several and so differing use of time,
Within th' enclosure of one week we find;
Which I resemble in my Notes and Rhyme,
Expressing both in their peculiar kind.

Pure Hymns, such as the Seventh Day loves, do lead;
Grave age did justly challenge those of me:
These weekday works, in order that succeed,
Your youth best fits; and yours, young Lord, they be,
As he is who to them their being gave:
If th' one, the other you of force must have.

Your Honour's

THOMAS CAMPIAN

TO THE READER

*That holy hymns with lovers' cares are knit
Both in one quire here, thou mayest think't unfit.
Why dost not blame the Stationer as well,
Who in the same shop sets all sorts to sell?
Divine with styles profane, grave shelved with vain,
And some matched worse. Yet none of him complain.*

Part 4: Light Conceits of Lovers

I

VAIN men, whose follies make a god of Love,
Whose blindness beauty doth immortal deem;
Praise not what you desire but what you prove,
Count those things good that are, not those that seem:
I cannot call her true that's false to me,
Nor make of women more than women be.

How fair an entrance breaks the way to love!
How rich of golden hope and gay delight!
What heart cannot a modest beauty move?
Who, seeing clear day once, will dream of night?
She seemed a saint, that brake her faith with me,
But proved a woman as all other be.

So bitter is their sweet that true content
Unhappy men in them may never find:
Ah! but without them none. Both must consent,
Else uncouth are the joys of either kind.
Let us then praise their good, forget their ill:
Men must be men, and women women still.

II

How eas'ly wert thou chained,
Fond heart, by favours feigned!
Why lived thy hopes in grace,
Straight to die disdained?
But since th' art now beguiled
By love that falsely smiled,
In some less happy place
Mourn alone exiled!
My love still here increaseth,
And with my love my grief,
While her sweet bounty ceaseth,
That gave my woes relief.
Yet 'tis no woman leaves me,
For such may prove unjust;

A goddess thus deceives me,
Whose faith who could mistrust?

A goddess so much graced,
That Paradise is placed
In her most heav'nly breast,
Once by love embraced:
But love, that so kind proved,
Is now from her removed,
Nor will he longer rest
Where no faith is loved.
If powers celestial wound us
And will not yield relief,
Woe then must needs confound us,
For none can cure our grief.
No wonder if I languish
Through burden of my smart:
It is no common anguish
From Paradise to part.

I I I

HARDEN now thy tired heart, with more
than flinty rage!
Ne'er let her false tears henceforth thy
constant grief assuage!
Once true happy days thou saw'st when
she stood firm and kind,
Both as one then lived and held one ear,
one tongue, one mind:
But now those bright hours be fled, and
never may return;
What then remains but her untruths to
mourn?
Silly trait'ress, who shall now thy careless
tresses place?
Who thy pretty talk supply, whose ear
thy music grace?
Who shall thy bright eyes admire? what
lips triumph with thine?

Day by day who'll visit thee and say
 "Th' art only mine"?
 Such a time there was, God wot, but such
 shall never be:
 Too oft, I fear, thou wilt remember me.

I V

O WHAT unhop'd for sweet supply!
 O what joys exceeding!
 What an affecting charm feel I,
 From delight proceeding!
 That which I long despaired to be,
 To her I am, and she to me.
 She that alone in cloudy grief
 Long to me appeared:
 She now alone with bright relief
 All those clouds hath cleared.
 Both are immortal and divine:
 Since I am hers, and she is mine.

V

WHERE she her sacred bower adorns,
 The rivers clearly flow;
 The groves and meadows swell with flowers,
 The winds all gently blow.
 Her sun-like beauty shines so fair,
 Her spring can never fade:
 Who then can blame the life that strives
 To harbour in her shade?
 Her grace I sought, her love I wooed,
 Her love thought to obtain;
 No time, no toil, no vow, no faith,
 Her wished grace can gain.
 Yet truth can tell my heart is hers,
 And her will I adore;
 And from that love when I depart,
 Let heaven view me no more!

Her roses with my praye[r]s shall spring;
 And when her trees I praise,
 Their boughs shall blossom, mellow fruit
 Shall straw her pleasant ways.
 The words of hearty zeal have power
 High wonders to effect;
 O why should then her princely ear
 My words of zeal neglect?

If she my faith misdeems, or worth,
 Woe worth my hapless fate!
 For though time can my truth reveal,
 That time will come too late.
 And who can glory in the worth,
 That cannot yield him grace?
 Content in everything is not,
 Nor joy in every place.

But from her bower of joy since I
 Must now excluded be,
 And she will not relieve my cares,
 Which none can help but she;
 My comfort in her love shall dwell,
 Her love lodge in my breast,
 And though not in her bower, yet I
 Shall in her temple rest.

V I

FAIN would I my love disclose,
 Ask what honour might deny;
 But both love and her I lose,
 From my motion if she fly.
 Worse than pain is fear to me:
 Then hold in fancy though it burn!
 If not happy, safe I'll be,
 And to my cloistered cares return.

Yet, O yet, in vain I strive
 To repress my schooled desire;
 More and more the flames revive,

I consume in mine own fire.
 She would pity, might she know
 The harms that I for her endure:
 Speak then, and get comfort so;
 A wound long hid grows past recure.

Wise she is, and needs must know
 All th' attempts that beauty moves:
 Fair she is, and honoured so
 That she, sure, hath tried some loves..
 If with love I tempt her then,
 'Tis but her due to be desired:
 What would women think of men
 If their deserts were not admired?

Women, courted, have the hand
 To discard what they distaste:
 But those dames whom none demand
 Want oft what their wills embraced.
 Could their firmness iron excel,
 As they are fair, they should be sought:
 When true thieves use falsehood well,
 As they are wise they will be caught.

V I I

GIVE beauty all her right,
 She's not to one form tied;
 Each shape yields fair delight,
 Where her perfections 'bide.
 Helen, I grant, might pleasing be;
 And Ros'mond was as sweet as she.

Some the quick eye commends;
 Some swelling lips and red;
 Pale looks have many friends,
 Through sacred sweetness bred.
 Meadows have flowers that pleasure move,
 Though roses are the flowers of love.

Free beauty is not bound
 To one unmoved clime:
 She visits every ground,
 And favours every time.
 Let the old loves with mine compare,
 My Sovereign is as sweet and fair.

V I I I

O DEAR! that I with thee might live,
 From human trace removed!
 Where jealous care might neither grieve,
 Yet each dote on their loved.
 While fond fear may colour find, love's seldom pleased:
 But much like a sick man's rest, it's soon diseased.

Why should our minds not mingle so,
 When love and faith is plighted,
 That either might the other's know,
 Alike in all delighted?
 Why should frailty breed suspect, when hearts are
 fixed?
 Must all human joys of force with grief be mixed?

How oft have we ev'n smiled in tears,
 Our fond mistrust repenting?
 As snow when heavenly fire appears,
 So melts love's hate relenting.
 Vexed kindness soon falls off and soon returneth:
 Such a flame the more you quench the more it burneth.

I X

Good men, show, if you can tell,
 Where doth Human Pity dwell?
 Far and near her I would seek,
 So vext with sorrow is my breast.
 "She," they say, "to all is meek;
 And only makes th' unhappy blest."

Oh! if such a saint there be,
 Some hope yet remains for me:
 Prayer or sacrifice may gain
 From her implored grace relief;
 To release me of my pain,
 Or at the least to ease my grief.

Young am I, and far from guile,
 The more is my woe the while:
 Falsehood with a smooth disguise
 My simple meaning hath abused:
 Casting mists before mine eyes,
 By which my senses are confused.

Fair he is, who vowed to me
 That he only mine would be;
 But, alas, his mind is caught
 With every gaudy bait he sees:
 And too late my flame is taught
 That too much kindness makes men freeze.

From me all my friends are gone,
 While I pine for him alone;
 And not one will rue my case,
 But rather my distress deride:
 That I think there is no place
 Where Pity ever yet did 'bide.

x

WHAT harvest half so sweet is
 As still to reap the kisses
 Grown ripe in sowing?
 And straight to be receiver
 Of that which thou art giver,
 Rich in bestowing?
 Kiss then, my Harvest Queen,
 Full garners heaping!
 Kisses, ripest when th' are green,
 Want only reaping.

The dove alone expresses
 Her fervency in kisses,
 Of all most loving:
 A creature as offenceless
 As those things that are senseless
 And void of moving.
 Let us so love and kiss,
 Though all envy us:
 That which kind, and harmless is,
 None can deny us.

X I

SWEET, exclude me not, nor be divided
 From him that ere long must bed thee:
 All thy maiden doubts law hath decided;
 Sure we are, and I must wed thee.
 Presume then yet a little more:
 Here's the way, bar not the door.

Tenants, to fulfil their landlord's pleasure,
 Pay their rent before the quarter:
 'Tis my case, if you it rightly measure;
 Put me not then off with laughter.
 Consider then a little more:
 Here's the way to all my store.

Why were doors in love's despight devised?
 Are not laws enough restraining?
 Women are most apt to be surprised
 Sleeping, or sleep wisely feigning.
 Then grace me yet a little more:
 Here's the way, bar not the door.

X I I

THE peaceful western wind
 The winter storms hath tamed,
 And Nature in each kind
 The kind heat hath inflamed:
 The forward buds so sweetly breathe
 Out of their earthly bowers,

That heaven, which views their pomp beneath,
 Would fain be decked with flowers.

See how the morning smiles
 On her bright eastern hill,
 And with soft steps beguiles
 Them that lie slumbering still!
 The music-loving birds are come
 From cliffs and rocks unknown,
 To see the trees and briars bloom
 That late were overflown.

What Saturn did destroy,
 Love's Queen revives again;
 And now her naked boy
 Doth in the fields remain,
 Where he such pleasing change doth view
 In every living thing,
 As if the world were born anew
 To gratify the spring.

If all things life present,
 Why die my comforts then?
 Why suffers my content?
 Am I the worst of men?
 O, Beauty, be not thou accused
 Too justly in this case!
 Unkindly if true love be used,
 'Twill yield thee little grace.

X I I I

THERE is none, O none but you,
 That from me estrange your sight,
 Whom mine eyes affect to view
 Or chained ears hear with delight.

Other beauties others move,
 In you I all graces find;
 Such is the effect of love,
 To make them happy that are kind.

Women in frail beauty trust,
 Only seem you fair to me;
 Yet prove truly kind and just,
 For that may not dissembled be.

Sweet, afford me then your sight,
 That, surveying all your looks,
 Endless volumes I may write
 And fill the world with envied books:

Which when after-ages view,
 All shall wonder and despair,
 Woman to find man so true,
 Or man a woman half so fair.

X I V

PINED I am and like to die,
 And all for lack of that which I
 Do every day refuse.
 If I musing sit or stand,
 Some puts it daily in my hand,
 To interrupt my muse:
 The same thing I seek and fly,
 And want that which none would deny.

In my bed, when I should rest,
 It breeds such trouble in my breast
 That scarce mine eyes will close;
 If I sleep it seems to be
 Oft playing in the bed with me,
 But, waked, away it goes.
 'Tis some spirit sure, I ween,
 And yet it may be felt and seen.

Would I had the heart and wit
 To make it stand and conjure it,
 That haunts me thus with fear.
 Doubtless 'tis some harmless sprite,
 For it by day as well as night
 Is ready to appear.

Be it friend, or be it foe,
Ere long I'll try what it will do.

x v

So many loves have I neglected
Whose good parts might move me,
That now I live of all rejected;
There is none will love me.
Why is maiden heat so coy?
It freezeth when it burneth,
Loseth what it might enjoy,
And, having lost it, mourneth.

Should I then woo, that have been wooed,
Seeking them that fly me?
When I my faith with tears have vowed,
And when all deny me,
Who will pity my disgrace,
Which love might have prevented?
There is no submission base
Where error is repented.

O happy men, whose hopes are licensed
To discourse their passion,
While women are confined to silence,
Losing wished occasion!
Yet our tongues than theirs, men say,
Are apter to be moving:
Women are more dumb than they,
But in their thoughts more moving.

When I compare my former strangeness
With my present doting,
I pity men that speak in plainness
Their true heart's devoting;
While we (with repentance) jest
At their submissive passion.
Maids, I see, are never blest
That strange be but for fashion.

XVI

THOUGH your strangeness frets my heart,
 Yet may not I complain:
 You persuade me, 'tis but art,
 That secret love must feign.
 If another you affect,
 'Tis but a show, t'avoid suspect.
 Is this fair excusing? O, no! all is abusing!

Your wished sight if I desire,
 Suspicions you pretend:
 Causeless you yourself retire,
 While I in vain attend.
 This a lover whets, you say,
 Still made more eager by delay.
 Is this fair excusing? O, no! all is abusing!

When another holds your hand,
 You swear I hold your heart:
 When my rivals close do stand,
 And I sit far apart,
 I am nearer yet than they,
 Hid in your bosom, as you say.
 Is this fair excusing? O, no! all is abusing!

Would my rival then I were,
 Or else your secret friend:
 So much lesser should I fear,
 And not so much attend.
 They enjoy you, every one,
 Yet I must seem your friend alone.
 Is this fair excusing? O, no! all is abusing!

XVII

COME away, armed with love's delights!
 Thy spriteful graces bring with thee!
 When love and longing fights,
 They must the sticklers be.

Come quickly, come! the promised hour
 is well-nigh spent,
 And pleasure being too much deferred,
 loseth her best content.

Is she come? O, how near is she!
 How far yet from this friendly place!
 How many steps from me!
 When shall I her embrace?
 These arms I'll spread, which only at her
 sight shall close,
 Attending as the starry flower that the
 sun's noontide knows.

X V I I I

COME, you pretty false-eyed wanton,
 Leave your crafty smiling!
 Think you to escape me now
 With slipp'ry words beguiling!
 No; you mocked me th'other day;
 When you got loose, you fled away;
 But, since I have caught you now,
 I'll clip your wings for flying:
 Smoth'ring kisses fast I'll heap,
 And keep you so from crying.

Sooner may you count the stars,
 And number hail down pouring,
 Tell the osiers of the Thames,
 Or Goodwin sands devouring,
 Than the thick-showered kisses here
 Which now thy tired lips must bear.
 Such a harvest never was,
 So rich and full of pleasure,
 But 'tis spent as soon as reaped,
 So trustless is love's treasure.

Would it were dumb midnight now,
 When all the world lies sleeping!
 Would this place some desert were,
 Which no man hath in keeping!
 My desires should then be safe,
 And when you cried then would I laugh:
 But if aught might breed offence,
 Love only should be blamed:
 I would live your servant still,
 And you my saint unnamed.

X I X

A SECRET love or two I must confess
 I kindly welcome for change in close playing,
 Yet my dear husband I love ne'ertheless,
 His desires, whole or half, quickly allaying,
 At all times ready to offer redress:
 His own he never wants but hath it duly,
 Yet twits me I keep not touch with him truly.

The more a spring is drawn the more it flows,
 No lamp less light retains by light'ning others:
 Is he a loser his loss that ne'er knows?
 Or is he wealthy that waste treasure smothers?
 My churl vows no man shall scent his sweet rose:
 His own enough and more I give him duly,
 Yet still he twits me I keep not touch truly.

Wise archers bear more than one shaft to field,
 The venturer loads not with one ware his shipping;
 Should warriors learn but one weapon to wield,
 Or thrive fair plants e'er the worse for the slipping?
 One dish cloy, many fresh appetite yield.
 Mine own I'll use, and his he shall have duly:
 Judge then what debtor can keep touch more truly.

X X

HER rosy cheeks, her ever-smiling eyes,
 Are spheres and beds where Love in triumph lies:
 Her rubine lips, when they their pearl unlock,
 Make them seem as they did rise
 All out of one smooth coral rock.
 O that of other creatures' store I knew
 More worthy and more rare!
 For these are old, and she so new,
 That her to them none should compare.

O could she love! would she but hear a friend!
 Or that she only knew what sighs pretend!
 Her looks inflame, yet cold as ice is she.
 Do or speak, all's to one end,
 For what she is that will she be.
 Yet will I never cease her praise to sing,
 Though she gives no regard:
 For they that grace a worthless thing
 Are only greedy of reward.

X X I

WHERE shall I refuge seek, if thou refuse me?
 In you my hope, in you my fortune lies,
 In you my life! though you unjust accuse me,
 My service scorn, and merit underprize:
 O bitter grief! that exile is become
 Reward for faith, and pity deaf and dumb!

Why should my firmness find a seat so wav'ring?
 My simple vows, my love you entertained;
 Without desert the same again disfav'ring;
 Yet I my word and passion hold unstained.
 O wretched me! that my chief joy should breed
 My only grief and kindness pity need!

TO MY HONOURABLE FRIEND,
SIR THOMAS MOUNSON,
KNIGHT AND BARONET

SINCE now these clouds, that lately over-cast
Your fame and fortune, are dispersed at last:
And now since all to you fair greetings make;
Some out of love, and some for pity's sake:
Shall I but with a common style salute
Your new enlargement? or stand only mute?
I, to whose trust and care you durst commit
Your pined health, when art despaired of it?
I, that in your affliction often viewed
In you the fruits of manly fortitude,
Patience, and even constancy of mind
That rock-like stood, and scorned both wave and wind?
Should I, for all your ancient love to me,
Endowed with weighty favours, silent be?
Your merits and my gratitude forbid
That either should in Lethean gulf lie hid;
But how shall I this work of fame express?
How can I better, after pensiveness,
Than wth light strains of Music, made to move
Sweetly with the wide-spreading plumes of Love?
These youth-born Airs, then, prisoned in this book,
Which in your bowers much of their being took,
Accept as a kind offering from that hand
Which, joined with heart, your virtue may command!
Who love a sure friend, as all good men do,
Since such you are, let those affect you too.
And may the joys of that Crown never end,
That innocence doth pity and defend.

Yours devoted,

THOMAS CAMPIAN

Part Five

I

OFT have I sighed for him that hears me not;
Who absent hath both love and me forgot.
O yet I languish still through his delay:
Days seem as years when wished friends break
their day.

Had he but loved as common lovers use,
His faithless stay some kindness would excuse:
O yet I languish still, still constant mourn
For him that can break vows but not return.

I I

Now let her change and spare not!
Since she proves strange I care not:
Feigned love charmed so my delight
That still I doted on her sight.
But she is gone, new joys embracing
And my desires disgracing.

When did I err in blindness,
Or vex her with unkindness?
If my cares served her alone,
Why is she thus untimely gone?
True love abides to th' hour of dying:
False love is ever flying.

False! then, farewell for ever!
Once false proves faithful never:
He that boasts now of thy love,
Shall soon my present fortunes prove.
Were he as fair as bright Adonis,
Faith is not had, where none is.

I I I

WERE my heart as some men's are, thy errors
 would not move me;
 But thy faults I curious find and speak because
 I love thee:
 Patience is a thing divine and far, I grant, above
 me.

Foes sometimes befriend us more, our blacker
 deeds objecting,
 Than th' obsequious bosom guest, with false
 respect affecting.
 Friendship is the Glass of Truth, our hidden
 stains detecting.

While I use of eyes enjoy and inward light of
 reason,
 Thy observer will I be and censor, but in season:
 Hidden mischief to conceal in State and Love is
 treason.

I V

"MAIDS are simple," some men say,
 "They, forsooth, will trust no men."
 But should they men's wills obey,
 Maids were very simple then.

Truth, a rare flower now is grown,
 Few men wear it in their hearts;
 Lovers are more easily known
 By their follies than deserts.

Safer may we credit give
 To a faithless wandering Jew
 Than a young man's vows believe
 When he swears his love is true.

Love they make a poor blind child,
 But let none trust such as he:
 Rather than to be beguiled,
 Ever let me simple be.

V

So tired are all my thoughts, that sense and spirits
fail:

Mourning I pine, and know not what I ail.

O what can yield ease to a mind
Joy in nothing that can find?

How are my powers fore-spoke? What strange
distaste is this?

Hence, cruel hate of that which sweetest is!

Come, come delight! make my dull brain
Feel once heat of joy again.

The lover's tears are sweet, their mover makes
them so;

Proud of a wound the bleeding soldiers grow.

Poor I alone, dreaming, endure
Grief that knows nor cause nor cure.

And whence can all this grow? even from an idle
mind,

That no delight in any good can find.

Action alone makes the soul blest:

Virtue dies with too much rest.

V I

WHY presumes thy pride on that that most so
private be,

Scarce that it can good be called, though it seems
best to thee,

Best of all that Nature framed or curious eye can
see?

'Tis thy beauty, foolish Maid, that like a blossom
grows;

Which who views no more enjoys than on a bush
a rose,

That, by many's handling, fades: and thou art
one of those.

If to one thou shalt prove true and all beside
 reject,
 Then art thou but one man's good; which
 yields a poor effect:
 For the commonest good by far deserves
 the best respect.
 But if for this goodness thou thyself wilt
 common make,
 Thou art then not good at all: so thou canst
 no way take
 But to prove the meanest good or else all good
 forsake.
 Be not then of beauty proud, but so her colours
 bear
 That they prove not stains to her, that them
 for grace should wear:
 So shalt thou to all more fair than thou wert
 born appear.

V I I

KIND are her answers,
 But her performance keeps no day;
 Breaks time, as dancers
 From their own music when they stray.
 All her free favours
 And smooth words wing my hopes in vain.
 O did ever voice so sweet but only feign?
 Can true love yield such delay,
 Converting joy to pain?
 Lost is our freedom,
 When we submit to women so:
 Why do we need them
 When, in their best they work our woe?
 There is no wisdom
 Can alter ends, by Fate prefixt.
 O why is the good of man with evil mixt?
 Never were days yet called two,
 But one night went betwixt.

V I I I

O GRIEF, O spite, to see poor Virtue scorned,
 Truth far exiled, False Art loved, Vice adored,
 Free Justice sold, worst causes best adorned,
 Right cast by Power, Pity in vain implored!
 O who in such an age could wish to live,
 When none can have or hold, but such as give?

O times, O men to Nature rebels grown,
 Poor in desert, in name rich, proud of shame,
 Wise but in ill! Your styles are not your own
 Though dearly bought; Honour is honest fame.
 Old stories, only, goodness now contain,
 And the true wisdom that is just and plain.

I X

O NEVER to be moved,
 O beauty unrelenting!
 Hard heart, too dearly loved!
 Fond love, too late repenting!
 Why did I dream of too much bliss?
 Deceitful hope was cause of this.
 O hear me speak this, and no more,
 "Live you in joy, while I my woes deplore!"

All comforts despaired
 Distaste your bitter scorning;
 Great sorrows unrepaired
 Admit no mean in mourning:
 Die, wretch, since hope from thee is fled.
 He that must die, is better dead.
 O dear delight yet, ere I die,
 Some pity show, though you relief deny!

x

BREAK now, my heart, and die! O no, she may relent.
 Let my despair prevail! O stay, hope is not spent.
 Should she now fix one smile on thee, where were
 despair?

The loss is but easy, which smiles can repair.
 A stranger would please thee, if she were as fair.

Her must I love or none, so sweet none breathes as she;
 The more is my despair, alas, she loves not me!
 But cannot time make way for love through ribs of
 steel?

The Grecian, enchanted all parts but the heel,
 At last a shaft daunted, which his heart did feel.

x i

IF Love loves truth, then women do not love;
 Their passions all are but dissembled shows;
 Now kind and free of favour if they prove,
 Their kindness straight a tempest overthrows.
 Then as a seaman the poor lover fares;
 The storm drowns him ere he can drown his cares.

But why accuse I women that deceive?
 Blame then the foxes for their subtle wile:
 They first from Nature did their craft receive:
 It is a woman's nature to beguile.
 Yet some, I grant, in loving steadfast grow;
 But such by use are made, not Nature, so.

O why had Nature power at once to frame
 Deceit and Beauty, traitors both to Love?
 O would Deceit had died when Beauty came
 With her divineness every heart to move!
 Yet do we rather wish, whate'er befall,
 To have fair women false than none at all.

X I I

Now winter nights enlarge
 The number of their hours;
 And clouds their storms discharge
 Upon the airy towers.
 Let now the chimneys blaze
 And cups o'erflow with wine,
 Let well-tuned words amaze
 With harmony divine!
 Now yellow waxen lights
 Shall wait on honey love
 While youthful revels, masques, and Courtly
 sights,
 Sleep's leaden spells remove.

 This time doth well dispense
 With lovers' long discourse;
 Much speech hath some defence,
 Though beauty no remorse.
 All do not all things well;
 Some measures comely tread,
 Some knotted riddles tell,
 Some poems smoothly read.
 The summer hath his joys,
 And winter his delights;
 Though love and all his pleasures are but toys,
 They shorten tedious nights.

X I I I

AWAKE, thou spring of speaking grace! mute rest
 becomes not thee!
 The fairest women, while they sleep, and pictures
 equal be.
 O come and dwell in love's discourses!
 Old renewing, new creating.
 The words which thy rich tongue discourses,
 Are not of the common rating!

Thy voice is as an Echo clear which Music doth beget,
Thy speech is as an Oracle which none can counterfeit:

For thou alone, without offending,
Hast obtained power of enchanting;
And I could hear thee without ending,
Other comfort never wanting.

Some little reason brutish lives with human glory
share;
But language is our proper grace, from which they
severed are.

As brutes in reason man surpasses,
Men in speech excel each other:
If speech be then the best of graces,
Do it not in slumber smother!

X I V

WHAT is it all that men possess, among themselves
conversing?
Wealth or fame, or some such boast, scarce worthy
the rehearsing.
Women only are men's good, with them in love
conversing.

If weary, they prepare us rest; if sick, their hand
attends us;
When with grief our hearts are prest, their comfort
best befriends us:
Sweet or sour, they willing go to share what fortune
sends us.

What pretty babes with pain they bear, our name
and form presenting!
What we get, how wise they keep! by sparing, wants
preventing;
Sorting all their household cares to our observed
contenting.

All this, of whose large use I sing, in two words is
 expressed:
 Good Wife is the good I praise, if by good men
 possessed;
 Bad with bad in ill suit well; but good with good live
 blessed.

x v

FIRE that must flame is with apt fuel fed,
 Flowers that will thrive in sunny soil are bred.
 How can a heart feel heat that no hope finds?
 Or can he love on whom no comfort shines?

Fair! I confess there's pleasure in your sight!
 Sweet! you have power, I grant, of all delight!
 But what is all to me, if I have none?
 Churl, that you are, t'enjoy such wealth alone!

Prayers move the heavens but find no grace with you;
 Yet in your looks a heavenly form I view,
 Then will I pray again, hoping to find,
 As well as in your looks heaven in your mind!

Saint of my heart, Queen of my life and love,
 O let my vows thy loving spirit move!
 Let me no longer mourn through thy disdain;
 But with one touch of grace cure all my pain.

x v i

If thou long'st so much to learn, sweet boy,
 what 'tis to love,
 Do but fix thy thought on me and thou shalt
 quickly prove.
 Little suit, at first, shall win
 Way to thy abashed desire,
 But then will I hedge thee in
 Salamander-like with fire!

With thee dance I will, and sing, and thy fond
 dalliance bear;

We the grovy hills will climb, and play the
 wantons there;
 Other whiles we'll gather flowers,
 Lying dallying on the grass!
 And thus our delightful hours
 Full of waking dreams shall pass!

When thy joys were thus at height, my love
 should turn from thee;
 Old acquaintance then should grow as strange
 as strange might be;
 Twenty rivals thou shouldst find,
 Breaking all their hearts for me,
 While to all I'll prove more kind
 And more forward than to thee.

Thus, thy silly youth, enraged, would soon my
 love defy;
 But, alas, poor soul too late! clipt wings can never
 fly.
 Those sweet hours which we had past,
 Called to mind, thy heart would burn;
 And couldst thou fly ne'er so fast,
 They would make thee straight return.

X V I I

SHALL I come, sweet love, to thee,
 When the evening beams are set?
 Shall I not excluded be?
 Will you find no feigned let?
 Let me not, for pity, more,
 Tell the long hours at your door!
 Who can tell what thief or foe,
 In the covert of the night,
 For his prey will work my woe,
 Or through wicked foul despite?
 So may I die unredrest,
 Ere my long love be possest.
 But to let such dangers pass,
 Which a lover's thoughts disdain,

'Tis enough in such a place
 To attend love's joys in vain.
 Do not mock me in thy bed,
 While these cold nights freeze me dead.

X V I I I

THRICE toss these oaken ashes in the air,
 Thrice sit thou mute in this enchanted chair;
 And thrice three times, tie up this true love's knot!
 And murmur soft "She will, or she will not."

Go burn these poisonous weeds in yon blue fire,
 These screech-owl's feathers and this prickling briar;
 This cypress gathered at a dead man's grave;
 That all thy fears and cares, an end may have.

Then come, you Fairies, dance with me a round!
 Melt her hard heart with your melodious sound!
 In vain are all the charms I can devise:
 She hath an art to break them with her eyes.

X I X

BE thou then my Beauty named,
 Since thy will is to be mine!
 For by that I am enflamed,
 Which on all alike doth shine.
 Others may the light admire,
 I only truly feel the fire.

But if lofty titles move thee,
 Challenge then a Sovereign's place!
 Say I honour when I love thee;
 Let me call thy kindness Grace.
 State and Love things diverse be,
 Yet will we teach them to agree!

Or if this be not sufficing;
 Be thou styled my Goddess then:

I will love thee, sacrificing;
 In thine honour, hymns I'll pen.
 To be thine what canst thou more?
 I'll love thee, serve thee, and adore.

X X

FIRE, fire, fire, fire!
 Lo here I burn in such desire
 That all the tears that I can strain
 Out of mine idle empty brain
 Cannot allay my scorching pain.
 Come Trent, and Humber, and fair Thames!
 Dread Ocean, haste with all thy streams!
 And if you cannot quench my fire,
 O drown both me and my desire!

Fire, fire, fire, fire!
 There is no hell to my desire.
 See, all the rivers backward fly!
 And th' Ocean doth his waves deny,
 For fear my heat should drink them dry!
 Come, heavenly showers, then, pouring down!
 Come you, that once the world did drown!
 Some then you spared, but now save all,
 That else must burn, and with me fall!

X X I

O SWEET delight, O more than human bliss,
 With her to live that ever loving is;
 To hear her speak, whose words are so well placed,
 That she by them, as they in her are graced:
 Those looks to view, that feast the viewer's eye,
 How blest is he that may so live and die!

Such love as this the golden times did know,
 When all did reap, yet none took care to sow;
 Such love as this an endless summer makes,
 And all distaste from frail affection takes.
 So loved, so blessed, in my beloved am I;
 Which till their eyes ache, let iron men envy!

X X I I

THUS I resolve, and time hath taught me so,
 Since she is fair and ever kind to me,
 Though she be wild and wanton-like in show,
 Those little stains in youth I will not see.
 That she be constant, heaven I oft implore:
 If prayers prevail not, I can do no more.

Palm tree the more you press, the more it grows;
 Leave it alone it will not much exceed.
 Free beauty if you strive to yoke, you lose:
 And for affection, strange distaste you breed.
 What Nature hath not taught, no Art can frame:
 Wild born be wild still, though by force you tame.

X X I I I

COME, O come, my life's delight,
 Let me not in languor pine!
 Love loves no delay; thy sight,
 The more enjoyed, the more divine:
 O come, and take from me
 The pain of being deprived of thee!

Thou all sweetness dost enclose,
 Like a little world of bliss.
 Beauty guards thy looks: the rose
 In them pure and eternal is.
 Come, then, and make thy flight
 As swift to me, as heavenly light.

X X I V

COULD my heart more tongues employ
 Than it harbours thoughts of grief;
 It is now so far from joy,
 That it scarce could ask relief.
 Truest hearts by deeds unkind
 To despair are most inclined.

Happy minds, that can redeem
 Their engagements how they please!
 That no joys or hopes esteem
 Half so precious as their ease!
 Wisdom should prepare men so
 As if they did all foreknow.

Yet no art or caution can
 Grown affections easily change;
 Use is such a Lord of man
 That he brooks worst what is strange.
 Better never to be blest
 Than to lose all at the best.

X X V

SLEEP, angry beauty, sleep, and fear not me.
 For who a sleeping lion dares provoke?
 It shall suffice me here to sit and see
 Those lips shut up, that never kindly spoke.
 What sight can more content a lover's mind
 Than beauty seeming harmless, if not kind?

My words have charmed her, for secure she sleeps;
 Though guilty much of wrong done to my love;
 And in her slumber, see! she, close-eyed, weeps!
 Dreams often more than waking passions move.
 Plead, Sleep, my cause, and make her soft like thee,
 That she in peace may wake and pity me.

X X V I

SILLY boy, 'tis full moon yet, thy night as day
 shines clearly;
 Had thy youth but wit to fear, thou couldst not
 love so dearly.
 Shortly wilt thou mourn when all thy pleasures
 are bereaved;
 Little knows he how to love that never was
 deceived.

This is thy first maiden flame, that triumphs
 yet unstained;
 All is artless now you speak, not one word,
 yet, is feigned;
 All is heaven that you behold, and all your
 thoughts are blessed;
 But no spring can want his fall, each Troilus
 hath his Cressid.

Thy well-ordered locks ere long shall rudely
 hang neglected;
 And thy lively pleasant cheer read grief on
 earth dejected.
 Much then wilt thou blame thy Saint, that
 made thy heart so holy,
 And with sighs confess, in love that too much
 faith is folly.

Yet be just and constant still! Love may beget
 a wonder,
 Not unlike a summer's frost, or winter's fatal
 thunder.
 He that holds his sweetheart true, unto his
 day of dying,
 Lives, of all that ever breathed, most worthy
 the envying.

X X V I I

NEVER love unless you can
 Bear with all the faults of man:
 Men sometimes will jealous be,
 Though but little cause they see;
 And hang the head, as discontent,
 And speak what straight they will repent.

Men that but one saint adore,
 Make a show of love to more:
 Beauty must be scorned in none,

Though but truly served in one:
 For what is courtship, but disguise?
 True hearts may have dissembling eyes.

Men when their affairs require,
 Must a while themselves retire:
 Sometimes hunt, and sometimes hawk,
 And not ever sit and talk.
 If these and such like you can bear,
 Then like, and love, and never fear!

X X V I I I

So quick, so hot, so mad is thy fond suit,
 So rude, so tedious grown, in urging me,
 That fain I would, with loss, make thy tongue
 mute,
 And yield some little grace to quiet thee:
 An hour with thee I care not to converse,
 For I would not be counted too perverse.

But roofs too hot would prove for me all fire;
 And hills too high for my unused pace;
 The grove is charged with thorns and the bold
 briar;
 Grey snakes the meadows shroud in every
 place:
 A yellow frog, alas, will fright me so,
 As I should start and tremble as I go.

Since then I can on earth no fit room find,
 In heaven I am resolved with you to meet:
 Till then, for hope's sweet sake, rest your tired
 mind
 And not so much as see me in the street:
 A heavenly meeting one day we shall have,
 But never, as you dream, in bed, or grave.

X X I X

SHALL I then hope when faith is fled?
Can I seek love when hope is gone?
Or can I live when love is dead?
Poorly he lives, that can love none.
Her vows are broke and I am free;
She lost her faith in losing me.

When I compare mine own events,
When I weigh others' like annoy:
All do but heap up discontents
That on a beauty build their joy.
Thus I of all complain, since she
All faith hath lost in losing me.

So my dear freedom have I gained,
Through her unkindness and disgrace:
Yet could I ever live enchained,
As she my service did embrace.
But she is changed, and I am free:
Faith failing her, love died in me.

TO MY WORTHY FRIEND MASTER
JOHN MOUNSON, SON AND HEIR
TO SIR THOMAS MOUNSON,
KNIGHT AND BARONET

ON you th' affections of your father's friends,
With his inheritance, by right descends:
But you your graceful youth so wisely guide
That his you hold, and purchase much beside.
Love is the fruit of Virtue; for whose sake
Men only liking each to other take.
If sparks of virtue shined not in you then
So well, how could you win the hearts of men?
And since that honour and well-suited praise
Is Virtue's golden spur, let me now raise
Unto an act mature your tender age;
This half commending to your patronage,
Which from your noble father's, but one side,
Ordained to do you honour, doth divide.
And so my love betwixt you both I part,
On each side placing you as near my heart!

Yours ever,

THOMAS CAMPIAN

TO THE READER

The Apothecaries have Books of Gold, whose leaves, being opened, are so light as that they are subject to be shaken with the least breath; yet rightly handled, they serve both for ornament and use. Such are light Airs.

But if any squeamish stomach shall check at two or three vain ditties in the end of this book, let them pour off the clearest and leave those as dregs in the bottom. Howsoever, if they be but conferred with the Canterbury Tales of that venerable poet Chaucer, they will then appear toothsome enough.

Some words are in these Books, which have been clothed in music by others, and I am content they then served their turn: yet give me now leave to make use of mine own. Likewise you may find here some three or four Songs that have been published before: but for them, I refer you to the Player's bill, that is styled, Newly revived, with Additions; for you shall find all of them reformed, either in words or notes.

To be brief. All these Songs are mine, if you express them well; otherwise they are your own. Farewell.

Yours, as you are his,

THOMAS CAMPIAN

 Part Six 

I

LEAVE prolonging thy distress!
All delays afflict the dying.
Many lost sighs long I spent, to her for mercy
 crying;
 But now, vain mourning, cease!
 I'll die, and mine own griefs release.

Thus departing from this light
To those shades that end in sorrow,
Yet a small time of complaint a little breath
 I'll borrow,
 To tell my once delight
 I die alone through her despite.

II

RESPECT my faith, regard my service past;
The hope you winged call home to you at last.
Great price it is that I in you shall gain,
So great for you hath been my loss and pain.
 My wits I spent and time for you alone,
 Observing you and losing all for one.

Some raised to rich estates in this time are,
That held their hopes to mine, inferior far:
Such, scoffing me, or pitying me, say thus,
"Had he not loved, he might have lived like us."
 O then, dear sweet, for love and pity's sake
 My faith reward and from me scandal take.

III

THOU joy'st, fond boy, to be by many loved,
To have thy beauty of most dames approved;
For this dost thou thy native worth disguise
And playest the sycophant t' observe their eyes;
Thy glass thou counsellest more to adorn thy skin,
That first should school thee to be fair within.

'Tis childish to be caught with pearl or amber,
 And woman-like too much to cloy the chamber;
 Youths should the fields affect, heat their rough steeds,
 Their hardened nerves to fit for better deeds.
 Is 't not more joy strongholds to force with swords
 Than women's weakness take with looks or words?

Men that do noble things all purchase glory:
 One man for one brave act hath proved a story:
 But if that one ten thousand dames o'ercame,
 Who would record it, if not to his shame?
 'Tis far more conquest with one to live true
 Than every hour to triumph lord of new.

I V

VEIL, Love, mine eyes! O hide from me
 The plagues that charge the curious mind!
 If beauty private will not be,
 Suffice it yet that she proves kind.
 Who can usurp heaven's light alone?
 Stars were not made to shine on one!
 Griefs past recure, fools try to heal,
 That greater harms on less inflict,
 The pure offend by too much zeal;
 Affection should not be too strict.
 He that a true embrace will find,
 To beauty's faults must still be blind.

V

EVERY dame affects good fame, whate'er her
 doings be,
 But true praise is Virtue's bays which none may
 wear but she.
 Borrowed guise fits not the wise, a simple look
 is best:
 Native grace becomes a face, though ne'er so
 rudely drest.
 Now such new found toys are sold, these women
 to disguise,
 That before the year grows old the newest
 fashion dies.

Dames of yore contended more in goodness
 to exceed
 Than in pride to be envied, for that which
 least they need.
 Little lawn then serve [d] the Pawn, if Pawn
 at all there were;
 Homespun thread, and household bread,
 then held out all the year.
 But th' attires of women now wear out both
 house and land;
 That the wives in silks may flow, at ebb the
 good men stand.

 Once again, Astrea, then, from heaven to
 earth descend,
 And vouchsafe in their behalf these errors
 to amend!
 Aid from heaven must make all even, things
 are so out of frame;
 For let man strive all he can, he needs must
 please his dame.
 Happy man, content that gives and what
 he gives, enjoys!
 Happy dame, content that lives and breaks
 no sleep for toys!

V I

So sweet is thy discourse to me,
 And so delightful is thy sight,
 As I taste nothing right but thee.
 O why invented Nature light?
 Was it alone for beauty's sake,
 That her graced words might better take?

No more can I old joys recall:
 They now to me become unknown,
 Not seeming to have been at all.
 Alas! how soon is this love grown
 To such a spreading height in me
 As with it all must shadowed be?

V I I

THERE is a garden in her face,
 Where roses and white lilies grow;
 A heavenly paradise is that place,
 Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow.
 There cherries grow, which none may buy
 Till "Cherry ripe" themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enclose
 Of orient pearl a double row;
 Which when her lovely laughter shows,
 They look like rosebuds filled with snow.
 Yet them nor peer nor prince can buy
 Till "Cherry ripe" themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still;
 Her brows like bended bows do stand,
 Threatening with piercing frowns to kill
 All that attempt, with eye or hand,
 Those sacred cherries to come nigh
 Till "Cherry ripe" themselves do cry.

V I I I

To his sweet lute Apollo sung the motions of
 the spheres;
 The wondrous order of the stars, whose course
 divides the years;
 And all the mysteries above:
 But none of this could Midas move,
 Which purchased him his ass's ears.

Then Pan with his rude pipe began the country
 wealth t' advance,
 To boast of cattle, flocks of sheep, and goats on
 hills that dance;
 With much more of this churlish kind,
 That quite transported Midas' mind,
 And held him rapt as in a trance.

This wrong the God of Music scorned from
 such a sottish judge,
 And bent his angry bow at Pan, which made
 the piper trudge:
 Then Midas' head he so did trim
 That every age yet talks of him
 And Phœbus' right-revenged grudge.

I X

YOUNG and simple though I am,
 I have heard of Cupid's name:
 Guess I can what thing it is
 Men desire when they do kiss.
 Smoke can never burn, they say,
 But the flames that follow may.

I am not so foul or fair
 To be proud nor to despair;
 Yet my lips have oft observed:
 Men that kiss them press them hard,
 As glad lovers use to do
 When their new-met loves they woo.

Faith, 'tis but a foolish mind!
 Yet, methinks, a heat I find,
 Like thirst-longing, that doth bide
 Ever on my weaker side,
 Where they say my heart doth move.
 Venus, grant it be not love!

If it be, alas, what then!
 Were not women made for men?
 As good 'twere a thing were past,
 That must needs be done at last.
 Roses that are overblown,
 Grow less sweet; then fall alone.

Yet not churl, nor silken gull,
 Shall my maiden blossom pull;
 Who shall not I soon can tell;

Who shall, would I could as well!
 This I know, whoe'er he be,
 Love he must or flatter me.

x

LOVE me or not, love her I must or die;
 Leave me or not, follow her, needs must I.
 O that her grace would my wished comforts give!
 How rich in her, how happy should I live!

All my desire, all my delight should be,
 Her to enjoy, her to unite to me:
 Envy should cease, her would I love alone:
 Who loves by looks, is seldom true to one.

Could I enchant, and that it lawful were,
 Her would I charm softly that none should hear.
 But love enforced rarely yields firm content;
 So would I love that neither should repent.

x i

WHAT means this folly, now to brave it so,
 And then to use submission?
 Is that a friend that straight can play the foe?
 Who loves on such condition?

Though briars breed roses, none the briar affect;
 But with the flower are pleased.
 Love only loves delight and soft respect:
 He must not be diseased.

These thorny passions spring from barren breasts,
 Or such as need much weeding.
 Love only loves delight and soft respect;
 But sends them not home bleeding.

Command thy humour, strive to give content,
 And shame not love's profession.
 Of kindness never any could repent
 That made choice with discretion.

X I I

DEAR, if I with guile would gild a true intent,
 Heaping flatt'ries that in heart were never meant:
 Easily could I then obtain
 What now in vain I force;
 Falsehood much doth gain,
 Truth yet holds the better course.

Love forbid that through dissembling I should thrive,
 Or in praising you myself of truth deprive!
 Let not your high thoughts debase
 A simple truth in me:
 Great is Beauty's grace,
 Truth is yet as fair as she!

Praise is but the wind of pride, if it exceeds;
 Wealth, prized in itself, no outward value needs.
 Fair you are, and passing fair;
 You know it, and 'tis true:
 Yet let none despair
 But to find as fair as you.

X I I I

O LOVE, where are thy shafts, thy quiver, and
 thy bow?
 Shall my wounds only weep, and he ungedged go?
 Be just, and strike him, too, that dares contemn
 thee so!

No eyes are like to thine, though men suppose thee
 blind;
 So fair they level when the mark they list to find:
 Then, strike, O strike the heart that bears the cruel
 mind!

Is my fond sight deceived or do I Cupid spy,
 Close aiming at his breast by whom, despised,
 I die?
 Shoot home, sweet Love, and wound him, that
 he may not fly!

O then we both will sit in some unhaunted
 shade,
 And heal each other's wound which Love
 hath justly made:
 O hope, O thought too vain! how quickly
 dost thou fade!

At large he wanders still: his heart is free
 from pain;
 While secret sighs I spend, and tears, but
 all in vain.
 Yet, Love, thou knowest, by right, I should
 not thus complain.

X I V

BEAUTY is but a painted hell:
 Ay me, ay me!
 She wounds them that admire it,
 She kills them that desire it.
 Give her pride but fuel,
 No fire is more cruel.

Pity from every heart is fled:
 Ay me, ay me!
 Since false desire could borrow
 Tears of dissembled sorrow,
 Constant vows turn truthless,
 Love cruel, Beauty ruthless.

Sorrow can laugh, and Fury sing:
 Ay me, ay me!
 My raving griefs discover
 I lived too true a lover.
 The first step to madness
 Is the excess of sadness.

X V

ARE you, what your fair looks express?

O then be kind!

From law of nature they digress

Whose form suits not their mind:

Fairness seen in th' outward shape,

Is but th' inward beauty's ape.

Eyes that of earth are mortal made,

What can they view?

All's but a colour or a shade,

And neither always true:

Reason's sight, that is etern,

E'en the substance can discern.

Soul is the Man: for who will so

The body name?

And to that power all grace we owe

That decks our living frame.

What, or how had housen bin,

But for them that dwell therein?

Love in the bosom is begot,

Not in the eyes;

No beauty makes the eye more hot,

Her flames the sprite surprise:

Let our loving minds then meet,

For pure meetings are most sweet.

X V I

SINCE she, even she, for whom I lived,

Sweet she by fate from me is torn,

Why am not I of sense deprived,

Forgetting I was ever born?

Why should I languish, hating light?

Better to sleep an endless night.

Be it either true, or aptly feigned,

That some of Lethe's water write,

'Tis their best medicine that are pained

All thought to lose of past delight.

O would my anguish vanish so!

Happy are they that neither know.

X V I I

I MUST complain, yet do enjoy my love;
 She is too fair, too rich in lovely parts:
 Thence is my grief, for Nature, while she strove
 With all her graces and divinest arts
 To form her too too beautiful of hue,
 She had no leisure left to make her true.
 Should I, aggrieved, then wish she were less fair?
 That were repugnant to mine own desires.
 She is admired, new lovers still repair,
 That kindles daily love's forgetful fires.
 Rest, jealous thoughts, and thus resolve at last,—
 She hath more beauty than becomes the chaste.

X V I I I

THINK'ST thou to seduce me then with words
 that have no meaning?
 Parrots so can learn to prate, our speech by
 pieces gleaning:
 Nurses teach their children so about the time
 of weaning.
 Learn to speak first, then to woo: to wooing,
 much pertaineth:
 He that courts us, wanting art, soon falters
 when he feigneth,
 Looks asquint on his discourse, and smiles,
 when he complaineth.
 Skilful anglers hide their books, fit baits for
 every season;
 But with crooked pins fish thou, as babes do,
 that want reason:
 Gudgeons only can be caught with such poor
 tricks of treason.
 Ruth forgive me, if I erred, from human hearts
 compassion,
 When I laughed sometimes too much to see thy
 foolish fashion:
 But, alas, who less could do that found so good
 occasion!

X I X

HER fair inflaming eyes,
Chief authors of my cares,
I prayed in humblest wise
With grace to view my tears:
They beheld me broad awake,
But, alas, no ruth would take.

Her lips with kisses rich,
And words of fair delight,
I fairly did beseech,
To pity my sad plight:
But a voice from them brake forth,
As a whirlwind from the north.

Then to her hands I fled,
That can give heart and all;
To them I long did plead,
And loud for pity call:
But, alas, they put me off,
With a touch worse than a scoff.

So back I straight returned,
And at her breast I knocked;
Where long in vain I mourned,
Her heart, so fast was locked:
Not a word could passage find,
For a rock enclosed her mind.

Then down my prayers made way
To those most comely parts,
That make her fly or stay,
As they affect deserts:
But her angry feet, thus moved,
Fled with all the parts I loved.

Yet fled they not so fast,
As her enraged mind:
Still did I after haste,
Still was I left behind;
Till I found 'twas to no end
With a Spirit to contend.

X X

TURN all thy thoughts to eyes,
 Turn all thy hairs to ears,
 Change all thy friends to spies,
 And all thy joys to fears:
 True love will yet be free,
 In spite of jealousy.

Turn darkness into day,
 Conjectures into truth,
 Believe what th' envious say,
 Let age interpret youth:
 True love will yet be free,
 In spite of jealousy.

Wrest every word and look,
 Rack every hidden thought,
 Or fish with golden hook;
 True love cannot be caught.
 For that will still be free,
 In spite of jealousy!

X X I

IF any hath the heart to kill,
 Come rid me of this woeful pain!
 For while I live I suffer still
 This cruel torment all in vain:
 Yet none alive but one can guess
 What is the cause of my distress.

Thanks be to heaven, no grievous smart,
 No maladies my limbs annoy;
 I bear a fond and sprightful heart,
 Yet live I quite deprived of joy:
 Since what I had in vain I crave,
 And what I had not now I have.

A love I had, so fair, so sweet,
 As ever wanton eye did see:

Once by appointment we did meet;
 She would, but ah, it would not be!
 She gave her heart, her hand she gave;
 All did I give, she nought could have.

What hag did then my powers forespeak,
 That never yet such taint did feel!
 Now she rejects me as one weak,
 Yet am I all composed of steel.
 Ah, this is it my heart doth grieve:
 Now though she sees, she'll not believe.

X X I I

BEAUTY, since you so much desire
 To know the place of Cupid's fire,
 About you somewhere doth it rest,
 Yet never harbour'd in your breast,
 Nor gout-like in your heel or toe,—
 What fool would seek Love's flame so low?
 But a little higher, but a little higher,
 There, there, O there lies Cupid's fire.

Think not, when Cupid most you scorn,
 Men judge that you of ice were born;
 For though you cast love at your heel,
 His fury yet sometimes you feel:
 And whereabouts if you would know,
 I tell you still not in your toe:
 But a little higher, but a little higher,
 There, there, O there lies Cupid's fire.

X X I I I

YOUR fair looks urge my desire:
 Calm it, sweet, with love!
 Stay; O why will you retire?
 Can you churlish prove?
 If love may persuade,
 Love's pleasures, dear, deny not:
 Here is a grove secured with shade:
 O then be wise, and fly not.

Hark, the birds delighted sing,
 Yet our pleasure sleeps:
 Wealth to none can profit bring,
 Which the miser keeps.
 O come, while we may,
 Let's chain love with embraces;
 We have not all times time to stay,
 Nor safety in all places.

What ill find you now in this,
 Or who can complain?
 There is nothing done amiss
 That breeds no man pain.
 'Tis now flow'ry May;
 But even in cold December,
 When all these leaves are blown away,
 This place shall I remember.

X X I V

FAIN would I wed a fair young man that day
 and night could please me,
 When my mind or body grieved that had the
 power to ease me.
 Maids are full of longing thoughts that breed
 a bloodless sickness,
 And that, oft I hear men say, is only cured
 by quickness.
 Oft I have been wooed and prayed, but never
 could be moved;
 Many for a day or so I have most dearly loved,
 But this foolish mind of mine straight loathes
 the thing resolved;
 If to love be sin in me that sin is soon absolved.
 Sure I think I shall at last fly to some holy order;
 When I once am settled there then can I fly no
 farther.
 Yet I would not die a maid, because I had a
 mother:
 As I was by one brought forth I would bring
 forth another.

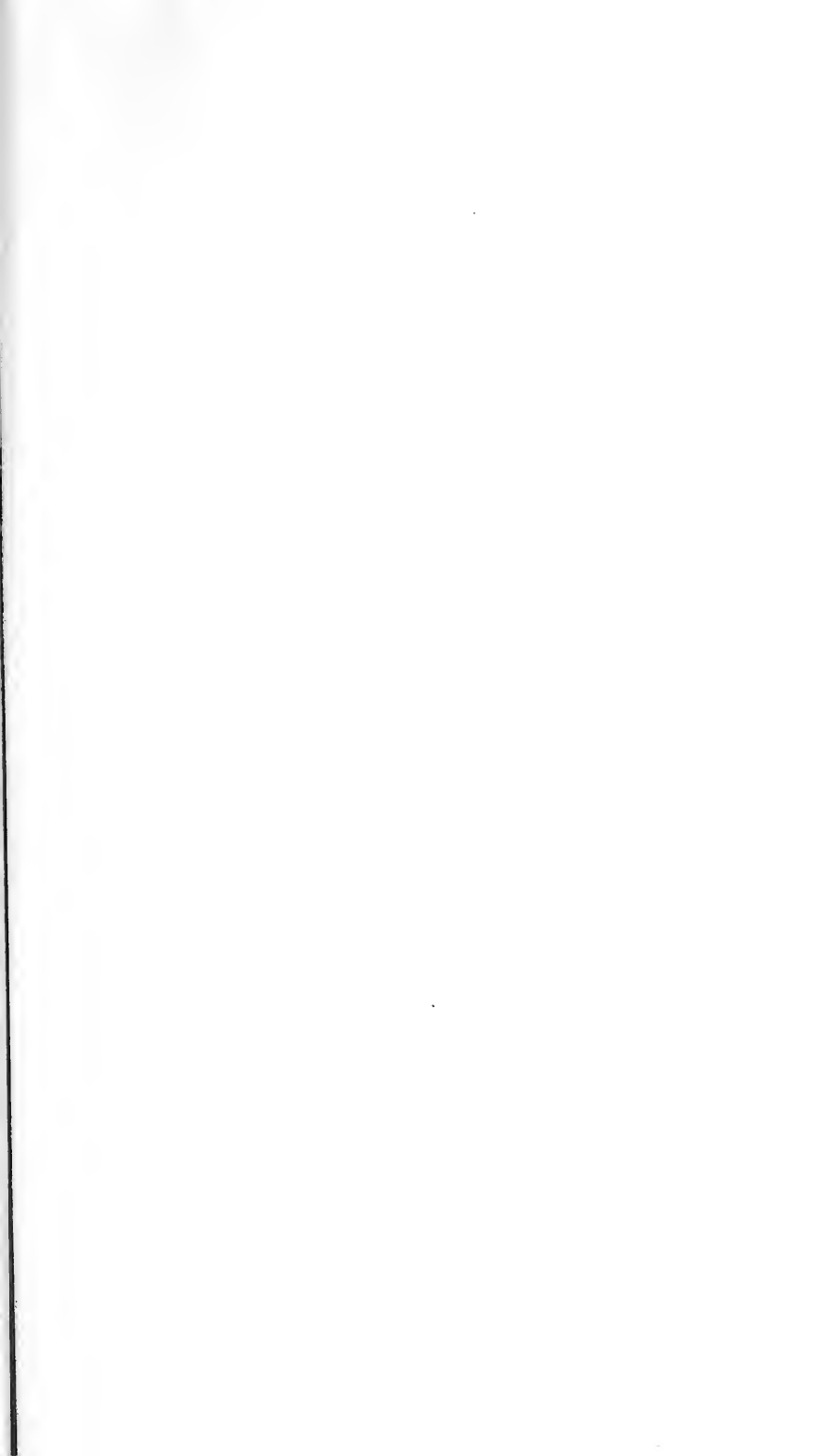


¶ This collection is made up of the three volumes of Campion's songs which were published between 1601 and 1617 under the titles: *A Book of Airs*, *Two Books of Airs*, and *The Third and Fourth Book of Airs*. Each volume was divided into two parts, and here these parts have been numbered consecutively. The text followed is that edited and published by A. H. Bullen.

¶ This text has been set in the Waverley types, and printed in an edition of 1885 copies on a specially-made paper, at the Walpole Printing Office in Mount Vernon, New York.









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Campion, Thomas
A book of airs

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