

23. Your fair looks

Thomas Champion

Your fair looks urge my de- ded sire. Calm it, sweet, with love.
 Hark, the birds find you light- now in sing, this Or who can com- plain?
 What ill find you now in this Or who can com- plain?

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Stay, O why will you re-tire? Can you churl-ish prove?
Wealth to none can pro-fit bring, Which the chur-mi-ser keeps.
There is no-thing done a-miss That breeds no man pain.

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If love may per-suade, Love's plea-sures, dear, de-ny not.
 O come while we may, Let's chain love with em-bra-ces.
 'Tis now flow-'ry May, But e'en in cold De-cem-ber,

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Here is a grove se- cured with shade. O then be wise and fly not.
 We have not all time's time to stay, Nor safe- ty in all pla- ces.
 When all these leaves are blown a- way, this place shall I re- mem- ber.