

23. Your fair looks

Thomas Campion

Your fair looks in- flame my de- sire. Quench it a- gain with love.
 Have I seiz'd my heav'n- ly de- light In this un- haunt- ed grove?
 Will you now so time- ly de- part, And not re- turn a- gain?

Stay, O strive not still to re- tire; Do not in- hu- man prove. If love
 Time shall now her fu- ry re- quite With the re- venge of love. Then come,
 Your sight lends such life to my heart That to de- part is pain. Fear yields

may per- suade, Love's plea- sures, dear, de- ny not. Here is a si- lent gro- vy
 sweet- est, come, My lips with kiss- es grac- ing. Here let us har- bour all a-
 no de- lay, Se- cure- ness help- eth plea- sure. Then till the time gives saf- er

shade; O tar- die ry then, and fly not.
 lone; Die, die in sweet em- brac- ing.
 stay, O fare- well, my life's trea- sure.