

# Fire that must flame

Thomas Campion

Fire that must flame is with apt fu- el fed.  
 Fair, I con- fess there's plea- sure in your sight.  
 Prayers move the heav'ns but find no grace with you,  
 Saint of my heart, Queen of my life and love,

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Flow- ers that will thrive in sun- ny sail are bred.  
 Sweet, you have pow'r, I grant, of all de- light.  
 Yet in your looks a heav'n- ly form I view.  
 O let my vows thy lov- ing spi- rit move!

How can a heart feel heat that no hope finds?  
 But what is all to me if I have none?  
 Then will I pray a- gain, hop- ing to find,  
 Let me no long- er mourn through thy dis- dain,

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Or can he love on whom no com- fort shines?  
 Churl that you are t'en- joy such wealth a- lone.  
 As well as in your looks, heav'n in your mind.  
 But with one touch of grace cure all my pain.

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