

Silly boy, 'tis full moon yet

Thomas Campion

Sil- ly boy, 'tis full moon yet, thy night as day shines clear- ly.
 This is thy first maid- en flame that tri- umphs yet un- stain- ed.
 Thy well- or- der'd locks ere long Shall rude- ly hang ne- glect- ed;
 Yet be just and con- stant still, Love may be- get a won- der,

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Had thy youth but wit to fear, thou could'st not love so dear- ly.
 All is art- less now you speak, not one word yet is feign- ed.
 And thy live- ly plea- sant cheer read grief on earth de- ject- ed.
 Not un- like a Sum- mer's frost, or Win- ter's fa- tal thun- der.

Short- ly wilt thou mourn when all thy plea- sures are be- reav- ed;
 All is heav'n that you be- hold, and all your thoughts are bless- ed.
 Much then wilt thou blame thy Saint, that made thy heart so ho- ly;
 He that holds his sweet- heart true un- to his day of dy- ing.

Lit- tle knows he how to love that nev- er was de- ceiv- ed.
 But now no Spring can want his Fall, each Troi- lus hath his Cres- sid.
 and with sighs con- fess in love that too much faith is fol- ly.
 Lives of all that ev- er breath'd most worth- y the en- vy- ing.