

Thou joyest, fond boy

Thomas Campion

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Thou joy'st, fond boy, to be by ma- ny lov- ed, To have thy
'Tis child- ish to be caught with pearl or am- ber, And wo- man-
Men that do no- ble things all pur- chase glo- ry. One man for

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beau- ty of most dames ap- prov- ed. For this thou dost thy na- tive
like too much to cloy the cham- ber. Youths should the field af- fect, heat
one brave act hath prov'd a sto- ry. But if that one ten thou- sand

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worth dis- guise, And play'st the sy- co- phant t'ob- serve their eyes. Thy glass thou
their rough steeds, Their hard- en'd nerves to fit for bet- ter deeds. Is't not more
dames o'er- came, Who would re- cord it if not to his shame? 'Tis far more

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coun- sel'st more t'ad- orn thy skin, That first should school thee to be fair with- in.
joy strong- holds to force with swords Than wo- men's weak- ness take with looks or words?
con- quest with one to live true, Than ev- 'ry hour to tri- umph, lord of new.

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