

Her fair inflaming eyes

Thomas Campion

Her fair in- flam- ing eyes, Chief au- thors of my
 Her lips with kiss- es rich, And words of fair de-
 Then to her hands I fled, That can give heart and
 So back I straight re- turn'd, And at her breast I
 Then down my prayers made way fast To those most come- ly
 Yet fled they not so fast As her en- rag- ed

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cares, I prayed in hum- blest wise With grace to view my
 light I fair- ly did be- seech To pi- ty my sad
 all; To them I long did plead, And loud for pi- ty
 knock'd, Where long in vain I mourn'd, Her heart so fast was
 parts, That make her fly or stay, As they af- fect de-
 mind. Still did I af- ter haste, Still was I left be-

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tears. They be- held me broad a- wake, But, a- las, no ruth would take.
 plight But a voice from them brake forth, As a whirl- wind from the North.
 call. But, a- las, they put me off With a touch worse than a scoff.
 lock'd. Not a word could pass- age find, For a rock en- clos'd her mind.
 serts, But her an- gry feet, thus mov'd, Fled with all the parts I lov'd.
 hind. Till I found 'twas to no end With a spi- rit to con- tend.