

18 Now Winter Nights Enlarge

Thomas Campian
(The Third Booke of Ayres — 1617)

1. Now win - ter nights en - large The num - ber of their
Let now the chim - neys blaze And cups o'er - flow with

hours, And clouds their storm dis - charge Up - on the ayr - ie towres,
wine: Let well - tun'd words a - maze With har - mo - nic di - vine.

Now yel - low wax - en lights Shall waite on hun - ny Love, While

youth full Re - vels, Masks, and Court - ly sights, Sleeper lead - en spels re - move.

2. This time doth well dispence
With lovers long discourse;
Much speech hath some defence,
Though beauty no remorse.
All doe not all things well;
Some measures comely tread;

Some knotted Riddles tell;
Some Poems smoothly read.
The summer hath his joyes,
And Winter his delights;
Though Love and all his pleasures are but toyes,
They shorten tedious nights.