

# Though you are young

Thomas Campion

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Though you are young and I am old,  
The tender graft is eas'ly broke,  
Thou, that thy youth dost vain-ly boast,

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Though your veins hot and my blood cold,  
But who shall shake the sturdy oak?  
Know, buds are soon-est nipp'd with frost,

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Though youth is moist and age is dry,  
You are more fresh and fair than I,  
Think that thy for-tune still doth cry:

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Yet em-bers live when flames do die.  
Yet stubs do live when flow'rs do die.  
Thou fool, to-mor-row thou must die.