

Though you are young

Thomas Campion

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 stur-dy oak?
Know, buds are soon-est nipp'd with frost,

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.

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