

Thomas Campion

The Second Booke of Ayres

[1613]

VI

1 Faine would I my loue disclose,
Aske what honour might denye;
But both loue and her I lose,
From my motion if shee flye.
Worse then paine is feare to mee,
Then hold in fancy though it burne;
If not happy, safe Ile be,
And to my clostred cares returne.

2 Yet, ô yet in vaine I striue
To repress my school'd desire,
More and more the flames reuiue,
I consume in mine owne fire.
She would pittie might shee know
The harmes that I for her endure :
Speake then, and get comfort so,
A wound long hid growes most recure.

3 Wise shee is, and needs must know
All th'attempts that beauty moues :
Fayre she is, and honour'd so,
That the sure hath tryed some loues.
If with loue I tempt her then,
'Tis but her due to be desir'd :
What would women thinke of men,
If their deserts were not admir'd ?

4 Women courted haue the hand
To discard what they distaste ;
But those Dames whom none demand,
Want oft what their wils imbrac't.
Could their firmnesse iron excell,
As they are faire they should be sought ;
When true theeues vse falsehood well,
As they are wise they will be caught.