

Thomas Campion

The Second Booke of Ayres

[1613]

II

1 How eas'ly wert thou chained
Fond hart by fauours fained ?
Why liu'd thy hopes in grace,
Straight to dye disdained ?
But since th'art now beguiled
By Loue that falsely smiled :
In some lesse happy place
Mourne alone exiled.
My loue still here increaseth,
And with my loue my grieffe,
While her sweet bounty ceaseth
That gaue my woes reliefe.
Yet 'tis no woman leaues me,
For such may proue vniust,
A Goddesse thus deceiues me
Whose faith who could mistrust ?

2 A Goddesse so much graced,
That Paradice is placed
In her most heau'nly brest,
Once by loue embraced;
But loue that so kinde proued
Is now from her remoued,
Nor will he longer rest
Where no faith is loued.
If Powres Celestiall wound vs,
And will not yeeld reliefe,
Wo thé must needs confound vs,
For none can cure our grieffe.
No wonder if I languish
Through burden of my smart,
It is no common anguish
From Paradice to part.