

# Thomas Campion

## The Second Booke of Ayres

[1613]

### XIIII

**1 Pin'd I am and like to die,**

And all for lacke of that which I  
Doe eu'ry day refuse.

If I musing sit, or stand,  
Some puts it daily in my hand,  
To interrupt my muse.

The same thing I seeke, and flie,  
And want that which none would denie.

2 In my bed when I should rest,  
It breeds such trouble in my brest,  
That scarce mine eyes will close :

If I sleepe, it seemes to be  
Oft playing in the bed with me,  
But wak't away it goes.

Tis some spirit sure I weene,  
And yet it may be felt, and seene.

3 Would I had the heart, and wit,  
To make it stand, and coniure it  
That haunts me thus with feare.  
Doubtlesse tis some harmlesse spright,  
For it by day, as well as night,  
Is ready to appeare.

Be it friend, or be it foe,  
Ere long Ile trie what it will doe.