

Thomas Campion

The Second Booke of Ayres

[1613]

III

1 **Harden now thy tyred hart** with more then flinty rage;
Ne'er let her false teares henceforth thy constant grieve affwage.
Once true happy dayes thou saw'st, when shee stood firme and kinde :
Both as one then liu'd, and held one eare, one tongue, one minde.
But now those bright houres be fled, and neuer may returne:
What then remaines, but her vntruths to mourne ?

2 Silly Tray-tresse who shall now thy carelesse tresses place ?
Who the pretty talke supply ? whose eare thy musicke grace ?
Who shall thy bright eyes admire ? what lips triumph with thine ?
Day by day who'll visit thee, and say th'art onely mine ?
Such a time there was God wot, but such shall neuer be,
Too oft I feare thou wilt remember me.

