

Thomas Campion

The Second Booke of Ayres

[1613]

IX

1 Good men shew, if you can tell,

Where doth humane pittie dwell ?
Farre and neere her would I seeke,
So vext with sorrow is my brest,
She (they say) to all is meeke,
And onely makes th'vnhappie blest.

2 Oh ! if such a Saint there be,
Some hope yet remaines for me :
Prayer or sacrifice may gaine
From her implored grace reliefe,
To release mee of my paine,
Or at the least to ease my grieffe.

3 Young am I, and farre from guile,
The more is my woe the while :
Falshood with a smooth disguise
My simple meaning hath abus'd,
Casting mists before mine eyes,
By which my senses are confus'd.

4 Faire he is who vow'd to me,
That he onely mine would be :
But alas, his minde is caught
With eu'ry gaudie bait he sees.
And too late my flame is taught
That too much kindnesse makes men freese.

5 From me all my friends are gone,
While I pine for him alone,
And not one will rue my case,
But rather my distresse deride.
That I thinke there is no place
Where pittie euer yet did bide.