

Thomas Campion

The Second Booke of Ayres

[1613]

XVI

1 **Though your strangenesse** frets my hart,
Yet must not I complaine :
You perswade me 'tis but Art
That secret loue must faine.
If another you affect,
Tis but a shew t'auoid suspect,
Is this faire excusing ? O no, all is abusing.

2 Your wisht sight if I desire,
Suspitions you pretend,
Causelesse you your selfe retire,
While I in vaine attend :
This a Louer whets you say,
Still made more eager by delay.
Is this faire excusing ? O no, all is abusing.

3 When another holds your hand,
You sweare I hold your hart,
When my Riuals close doe stand,
And I sit farre apart,
I am neerer yet then they,
Hid in your bosome, as you say,
Is this faire excusing ? O no, all is abusing.

4 Would my Riual then I were,
Some els your secret friend :
So much lesser should I feare,
And not so much attend.
Then enioy you eu'ry one,
Yet I must seeme your friend alone,
Is this faire excusing ? O no, all is abusing.