

Thomas Campion

THE T H I R D AND FOVRTH BOOKE OF A Y R E S :

XII. Deare if I with guile

1 Deare if I with guile would guild a true intent,
Heaping flattries that in heart were neuer meant :

Easely could I then obtaine
What now in vaine I force.
Falshood much doth gaine,
Truth yet holds the better course.

2 Loue forbid that through dissembling I should thriue ;
Or in praying you, my selfe of truth depriue :

Let not your high thoughts debase
A simple truth in me ;
Great is beauties grace,
Truth is yet as fayre as shee.

3 Prayse is but the winde of pride if it exceedes,
Wealth pris'd in it selfe no outward value needes.

Fayre you are, and passing fayre,
You know it, and 'tis true,
Yet let none despayre
But to finde as fayre as you.