

Thomas Campion

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

XVII. Shall I come sweet Loue

- 1 Shall I come sweet Loue to thee,
 When the eu'ning beames are set ?
Shall I not excluded be ?
 Will you finde no fained lett ?
 Let me not for pittie more,
 Tell the long houres at your dore.
- 2 Who can tell what theefe or foe,
 In the couert of the night,
For his prey will worke my woe ;
 Or through wicked soule despight :
 So may I dye vnredrest,
 Ere my long loue be possest.
- 3 But to let such dangers passe,
 Which a louers thoughts disdaine :
'Tis enough in such a place
 To attend loues ioyes in vaine.
 Doe not mocke me in thy bed,
 While these cold nights freeze me dead.