

Thomas Campion

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

III. Were my heart as

1 Were my heart as some mens are, thy errors would not moue me:
But thy faults I curious finde and speake, because I loue thee:
Patience is a thing diuine, and farre I grant about mee.

2 Foes sometimes befriend vs more, our blacker deedes obiecting,
Then th'obsequious bosome guest, with false respect affecting:
Friendship is the glasse of Truth, our hidden slaines detecting.

3 While I vse of eyes enioy, and inward light of reason,
Thy obseruer will I be, and censor, but in season :
Hidden mischief to conceale in State, and Loue is treason.