

Thomas Campion

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

X. Breake now my heart and dye

- 1 Breake now, my heart, and dye, Oh no, she may relent.
Let my despaire preuayle, oh stay, hope is not spent.
Should she now fixe one smile on thee, where were despaire ?
The losse is but easie which smiles can repayre.
A stranger would please thee, if she were as fayre.
- 2 Her must I loue or none, so sweet none breathes as shee,
The more is my despayre, alas shee loues not mee :
But cannot time make way for loue through ribs of steele ?
The Grecian enchanted all parts but the heele,
At last a shaft daunted which his hart did feele.