

Thomas Campion

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

XXIX. Shall I then hope

1 Shall I then hope when faith is fled ?
Can I seeke loue when hope is gone ?
Or can I liue when Loue is dead ?
Poorely hee liues that cna loue none.
Her vowes are broke, and I am free,
Shee lost her faith in longing mee.

2 When I compare mine owne euent,
When I weigh others like annoy ;
All doe but heape vp discontents,
That on a beauty build their ioy.
Thus I of all complaine, since shee
All faith hath lost in loosing mee.

3 So my deare freedome haue I gain'd,
Through her vnkindnesse, and disgrace,
Yet could I euer liue enchain'd,
As shee my seruice did embrace.
But shee is chang'd, and I am free,
Faith failing her, Loue dyed in mee.