

# *Thomas Campion*

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

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### VIII. O griefe, O spight

1 O Griefe, O spight, to see poore Vertue scorn'd,  
Truth far exil'd; False atre lou'd; Vice ador'd,  
Free Iustice sold, worst causes best adorn'd,  
Right cast by Powre, Pittie in vaine implor'd.  
O who in such an age could wish to liue,  
When none can haue or hold but such as giue ?

2 O times ! O men ! to Nature rebels growne ;  
Poore in desert ; in name rich ; proud of shame ;  
Wise, but in ill : your stiles are not your owne,  
Though dearely bought, honour is honest fame.  
Old Stories onely goodnesse now containe,  
And the true wisdom, that is iust, and plaine.