

Thomas Campion

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

XVI. Since shee, euen shee

1 Since shee, eu'n shee, for whom I liu'd,
Sweet she by Fate from me is torne,
Why am not I of sence depriu'd,
Forgetting I was euer borne ?
Why should I languish hating light ?
Better to sleepe an endlesse night.

2 Be't eyther true or aptly fain'd,
That some of *Lethes* water write,
'Tis their best med'cine that are pain'd,
All thought to loose of past delight.
O would my anguish vanish so ?
Happy are they that neyther know.