

Thomas Campion

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

I. Leaue prolonging

1 Leaue prolonging thy distresse,
All delayes afflict the dying.
Many lost sighes long I spent, to her for mercy crying:
But now vaine mourning cease,
Ile dye, and mine owne griefes releafe.

2 Thus departing from this light
To those shades that end all sorrow,
Yet a small time of complaint, a little breath Ile borrow,
To tell my once delight
I dye alone through her despight.