

# *Thomas Campion*

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

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### **VII. Kinde are her answeres**

- 1 Kinde are her answeres,  
But her performance keeps no day ,  
Breaks time, as dancers  
From their own Musicke when they stray :  
All her free fauors and smooth words  
Wing my hopes in vaine.  
O did euer voice so sweet but only fain ?  
Can true loue yeeld such delay,  
Conuerting ioy to pain?
- 2 Lost is our freedome,  
When we submit to women so :  
Why doe wee neede them,  
When in their best they worke our woe ?  
There is no wisdom  
Can alter ends by Fate prefixt ;  
O why is the good of man with euill mixt ?  
Neuer were days yet ca[l]'d two,  
But one night went betwixt.