

Thomas Campion

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

I Oft haue I sigh'd

1 Oft haue I sigh'd for him that heares me not:
Who absent hath both loue and mee forgot.
Oh yet I languish still through his delay.
Dayes seeme as yeares, when wisht friends breake their day.

2 Had hee but lou'd as common louers vse,
His faithlesse stay some kindnesse would excuse :
O yet I languish still, still constant mourne
For him that can breake vowes, but not returne.