

Thomas Campion

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

XXI. If any hath the heart to kill

- 1 If any hath the heart to kill,
Come rid me of this wofull paine :
For while I liue I suffer still,
This cruell torment all in vaine.
Yet none alieue but one can guesse
What is the cause of my distresse.
- 2 Thanks be to heau'n, no grieuous smart,
No maladies my limbes annoy :
I beare a sound and sprightfull heart,
Yet liue I quite depriu'd of ioy ;
Since what I had in vaine I craue,
And what I had not now I haue.
- 3 A Loue I had so fayre, so sweet,
As euer wanton eye did see :
Once by appointment wee did meete,
Shee would, but ah it would not be :
She gaue her heart, her hand shee gaue,
All did I giue, shee nought could haue.
- 4 What Hagge did then my powers forespeake,
That neuer yet such taint did feelee ?
Now shee reiects me as one weake,
Yet am I all compos'd of steele.
Ah this it is my heart doth grieue,
Now though shee sees shee'le not belieue.