

# *Thomas Campion*

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

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### II. Now let her change

1 Now let her change and spare not,  
Since she proues strange I care not:  
Fain'd loue charm'd so my delight,  
That still I doted on her sight.  
But she is gone new ioies imbracing;  
And my desires disgracing.

2 When did I erre in blindnesse ?  
Or vexe her with vnkindnesse ?  
If my cares seru'd her alone;  
Why is shee thus vntimely gone ?  
True loue abides to t' houre of dying;  
False loue is euer flying.

3 False then farewell for euer :  
Once false proues faithfull neuer.  
Hee that boasts now of thy loue,  
Shall soone my present fortunes proue.  
Were he as faire as bright *Adonis* ;  
Faith is not had where none is.