

**A
B O O K E O F
A Y R E S**

Thomas Campion / Philip Rosseter

1601

The second Booke

XIII. Shall then a trayterous.

Shall then a traiterous kis or a smile,
All my delights vnhappily beguile ?
Shall the vow of fayned loue receiue so rich regard,
When true service dies neglected and wants his due reward ?

Deedes meritorious soone be forgot,
But one offence no time can euer blot,
Euery day it is renu'd, and euery night it bleedes,
And with bloudy streames of sorrow drowners all our better deedes.

Beautie is not by desert be woon,
Fortune hath all that is beneath the Sunne,
Fortune is the guide of loue, and both of them be blind,
All their waies are full of errors, which no true feete can find.