

Fain would I my love disclose

Thomas Campion

Fain would I my love disclose, Ask what hon- our
 Yet, O yet in vain I strive To re- press my
 Wise she is, and needs must know All th'at- tempts that
 Wo- men court- ed have the hand To dis- card what

a	a	a	a	e	a	a	e	a
r	r	r	r	r	o	r	r	r
a	r	a	e	r	a	a	r	e

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might de- ny; But both love and her I lose,
 school'd de- sire, More and more the flames re- vive,
 beau- ty moves: Fair she is, and hon- our'd so,
 they dis- taste; But those dames whom none de- mand,

a	a	a	a	a	a	e	a	r
a	r	a	r	r	r	a	o	o
b	r	r	a	r	r	r	e	a
a	r	a	e	r	a	r	e	a

From my mo- tion if she fly. Worse than pain is
 I con- sume in mine own fire. She would pi- ty,
 That she sure hath tried some loves. If with love I
 Want oft what their wills em- brac'd. Could their firm- ness

a	e	a	a	a	r	a
r	a	o	a	r	a	r
r	r	e	b	r	b	a
a	r	e	r	r	r	r

