

# O dear, that I with thee might live Thomas Campion

O, dear, that I with thee might live, From human trace remov-  
 Why should our minds not mingle so, When love and faith is plight-  
 How oft have we ev'n smil'd in tears Our fond mis-trust re-pent-

ed: Where jealous care might neither grieve, Yet each dote  
 ed: That either might the other know, Alike in  
 ing? As snows when heav'n-ly fire ap- pears, So melts love's

on their lov- ed: While fond fear may colour find, Love's sel- dom pleas-  
 thee de- light- ed? Why should frail- ty breed sus- pect when hearts are fix-  
 hate re- pent- ing. Vex- ed kind- ness soon falls off, and soon re- turn-

ed: But much like a sick man's rest, it's soon dis- eas- ed.  
 ed? Must all hu- man joys of force with grief be mix- ed?  
 eth: Such a flame the more you quench, the more it burn- eth.