

O dear, that I with thee might live Thomas Campion

O, dear, that I with thee might live, From human trace removing,
 Why should our minds not mingle so, When love and faith is plighted,
 How oft have we ev'n smil'd in tears Our fond mistrust repent-

5

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

10

on their loved: While fond fear may colour find, Love's seldom pleas-
 thee delight-ed? Why should frailty breed suspect when hearts are fix-
 hate repent-ing. Vex-ed kindness soon falls off, and soon return-

15

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