

# 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 plight.  
 How oft have we ev'n smil'd in tears Our fond mistrust repent-

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

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on their lov- ed: While fond fear may co- lour 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-

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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.