

Shall I come, sweet love?

Thomas Campion

Shall I come, sweet love, to thee When the evening beams are
 Who can tell what thief or foe In the covert of the
 But to let such dangers pass, Which a lover's thoughts dis-

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set? Shall I not excluded be? Will you find no feigned
 night, For his prey will work my woe, Or throughwicked foul des-
 dain, 'Tis enough in such a place To attend Love's joys in

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let? Let me not, for pity, more Tell the long, long
 pite? So may I die unre- dress'd, Ere my long, long
 vain. Do not mock me in thy bed, While these cold, cold

hours, tell the long hours at your door. Let me door.
 love, ere my long love be pos- sess'd. So may sess'd.
 nights, while these cold nights freeze me dead. Do not dead.

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