

My love hath vowed

Thomas Campion

My love hath vowed he will forsake me, And I am already
 Had I foreseen what is ensued, And what now with pain I
 Dissembling wretch, to gain thy pleasure, What didst thou not vow and
 That heart is nearest to misfortune That will trust a feigned

sped. Far other promise he did make me, When he
 prove, Unhappy then, I had eschewed This un-
 swear? So didst thou rob me of the treasure Which so
 tongue. When flatt'ring men our loves importune, They in-

had my maiden head. If such danger be in playing,
 kind event of love. Maids foreknow their own undoing,
 long I held so dear. Now thou prov'st to me a stranger,
 tend us deepest wrong. If this shame of love's betraying

And sport must to earnest turn, I will go no more amazing.
 But fear nought till all is done When a man alone is wooing.
 Such is the vile guise of men When a woman is in danger.
 But this once I cleanly shun, I will go no more amazing.