

Since shee, even shee

The Third and Fourth Booke of Ayres (1617)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

Since she, ev'n shee, for whom I liv'd, Sweet she by Fate from me is torne, Why am not_

I of sence de - priv'd, For - get - ting I was e - ver borne? Why should I lan -

guish ha - ting light? Bet - ter to sleepe an end - lesse night. night.

1. 2.

2. Be't eyther true or aptly fain'd,
That some of Lethes water write,
'Tis their best med'cine that are pain'd,
All thought to loose of past delight.
O would my anguish vanish so!
Happy are they that neyther know.