

# Faine would I my love disclose

Two Bookes of Ayres (1613)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)



Faine would I my love dis - close, Aske what hon - our might de - nie.  
But both love and her I lose, From my mo - tion if shee flie.

Worse then paine is feare to me, Then hold in fan - cy, though it burne.  
If not hap - py safe Ile be, And to my clo - stred cares re - turne.

2. Yet, o yet in vaine I strive  
To repress my school'd desire,  
More and more the flames revive,  
I consume in mine owne fire.  
She would pittie might shee know  
The harmes that I for her endure:  
Speake then, and get comfort so,  
A wound long hid growes most recure.

3. Wise shee is, and needs must know  
All th'attempts that beauty moves:  
Fayre she is, and honour'd so,  
That the sure hath tryed some loves.  
If with love I tempt her then,  
'Tis but her due to be desir'd:  
What would women thinke of men,  
If their deserts were not admir'd?

4. Women courted have the hand  
To discart what they distaste;  
But those Dames whom none demand,  
Want oft what their wils imbrac't.  
Could their firmnesse iron excell,  
As they are faire they should be sought;  
When true theeves use falsehood well,  
As they are wise they will be caught.