

How eas'ly wert thou chained?

Two Bookes of Ayres (1613)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

G G G G Cm Bb Cm Bb Bb Cm G G C F C Dm G

How eas' - ly wert thou chain - ed, Fond hart by fa - vours fai - ned? Why liv'd thy hopes in
But since th'art now be - gui - led, By Love that false - ly smi - led, In some lesse hap - py

C Cm F Eb Cm G Cm Fm G G C Cm Fm G Cm

6
grace, straight to die, straight to die dis - dai - ned? My love stil here en -
place, mourne a - lone, mourne a - lone ex - i - led. Yet 'tis no wo-man

G G Cm Bb Cm G C Bb Cm Cm Fm G G C G Cm Fm G C

13
crea - seth, & with my love my grief, While her sweet boun - ty cea - seth, That gave my woes re - liefe.
leaves me, for such may prove un-iust, A God desse thus de - ceives me, Whose faith who could mistrust?

8
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2. A Goddess is much graced,
That Paradice is placed
In her most heav'nly brest,
Once by love embraced;
But love that so kinde proved
Is now from her removed,
Nor will he longer rest
Where no faith is loved.

If Powres Celestiall wound us,
And will not yeeld reliefe,
Wo the must needs confound us,
For none can cure our griefe.
No wonder if I languish
Through burden of my smart,
It is no common anguish
From Paradice to part.