V. My love hath vowd hee will forsake mee

Cantus

Thomas Campion (1567-1620)

1. My love hath vowd hee will forsake mee And I am al-ready sped.
Far other promise he did make me When he had my maiden head

2. Had I fore seen what is endured, And what now with paine I prove
Un-hap-pie then I had es-chewed, This un-kind event of love,

3. Dis-sem-bling wretch to gain thy plea-sure, What didst thou not vow and sweare?
So didst thou rob me of the treasure, Which so long I held so deare

4. That hart is neer-est to mis-fortune, That will trust a fain-ed toong,
When flat-tring men our loves impor-utune, They en-tend us deep-est wrong,

If such dan-ger be in play-ing And sport must to ear-nest turne I will go no more a may-ing.
Maides fore-know their owne un-doing, But feare naught till all is done, When a man a lone is woo-ing,

Now thou prov’st to me a stran-ger, Such is the vile guise of men, When a wo-man is in dan’ger.
If this shame of loves be-tray-ing, But this once I cleane-ly shun, I will go no more a may-ing.

Bassus

Thomas Campion (1567-1620)