

My love hath wov'd

A Book of Ayres for Lute, Bass Viol and Voice
by master Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

1. My love hath wov'd he will for sake me, And I
Far o - ther pro - mise he did make me, When he

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am had al - rea die sped. 1. If such dan - ger be in play - ing,
had my mai - den head. Maids for - know their owne un - doo - ing,

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And sport must to ear - nest turne, I will go no more a - may - ing
But fear naught till all is done, When a man a - lone is woo - ing.

My loue hath vow'd

*My loue hath vowd hee will forsake mee,
And I am alreadie sped.
Far other promise he did make me,
When he had my maiden head.
If such danger be in playing,
And sport must to earnest turne,
I will go no more a maying.*

*Had I foreseene what is ensued,
And what now with paine I proue,
Vnhappie then I had eschewed,
This vnkind euent of loue,
Maides foreknow their owne vndooing,
But feare naught till all is done,
When a man alone is wooing.*

*Dissembling wretch to gaine thy pleasure,
What didst thou not vow and sweare ?
So didst thou rob me of the treasure,
Which so long I held so deare,
Now thou prou'st to me a stranger,
Such is the vile guise of men,
When a woman is in danger.*

*That hart is neerest to misfortune,
That will trust a fained toong,
When flattring men our loues importune,
They entend vs deepest wrong,
If this shame of loues betraying,
But this once I cleanly shun,
I will go no more a maying.*