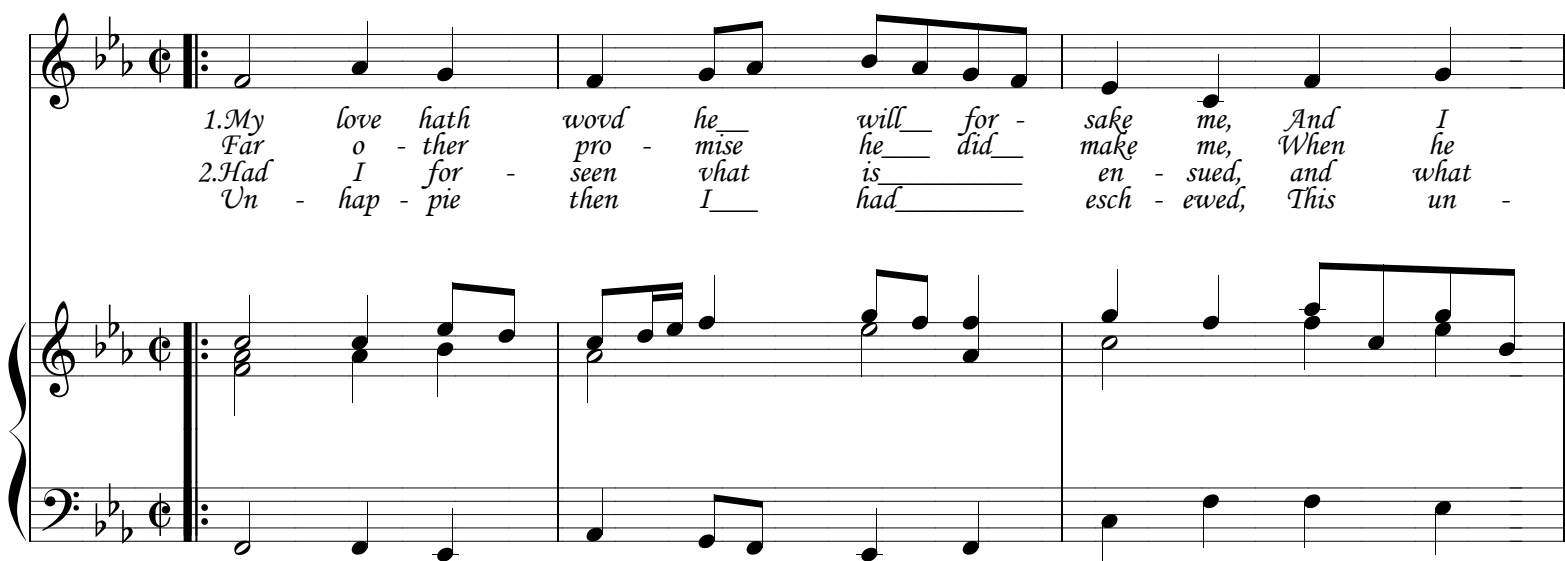


My love hath wov'd

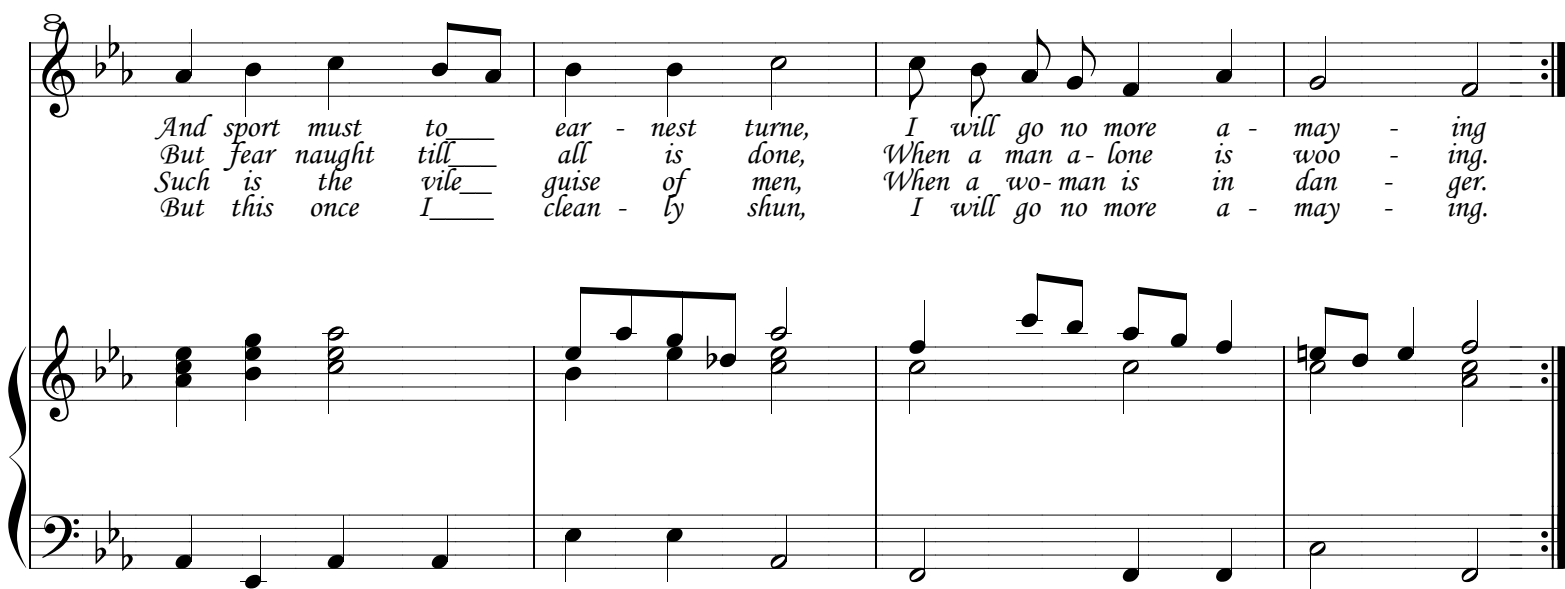
Ayre for Lute, Bass Viol and Voice by master Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)



1. My love hath wov'd he will for - sake me, And I
Far o - ther pro - mise he did - make me, When he
2. Had I for - seen v'hat is en - sued, and what
Un - hap - pie then I had esch - ewed, This un -



am 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,
now with paine I prove. 2. Now thou prov'st to me a stran - ger,
kind e - vent of love. If this shame of loves be - tra - ying,



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.
Such is the vile guise of men, When a wo - man is in dan - ger.
But this once I clean - ly shun, I will go no more a - may - 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.*