

O dear, that I with thee might live Thomas Campion

O, dear, that I with thee might live, From hu- man
 Why should our minds not ming- le so, When love and
 How oft have we ev'n smil'd in tears Our fond mis-

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trace re- mov- ed: Where jea- lous care might nei- ther
 faith is plight- ed: That ei- ther might the oth- er
 trust re- pent- ing? As snows when heav'n- ly fire ap-

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grieve, Yet each dote on their lov- ed: While fond fear may
 know, A- like in thee de- light- ed? Why should frail- ty
 pears, So melts love's hate re- pent- ing. Vex- ed kind- ness

co- lour find, Love's sel- dom pleas- ed: But much
 breed sus- pect when hearts are fix- ed? Must all
 soon falls off, and soon re- turn- eth: Such a

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like a sick man's rest, it's soon dis- eas- ed.
 hu- man joys of force with grief be mix- ed?
 flame the more you quench, the more it burn- eth.