

Since she, even she

Thomas Campion

Since she, e'en she for whom I lived, Sweet she, by fate from
Be't ei- ther true or apt- ly feign'd That some of Le- the's

me is torn, Why am not I of sense de- priv'd, For- get- ting
wa- ters write, 'Tis their best Medi- cine that are pain'd, All thought to

I was ev- er born? Why should I lan- guish, hat- ing light?
lose of past de- light. O would my an- guish van- ish so!

Bet- ter to sleep an end- less night.
Hap- py are they that nei- ther know.