If any hath the heart to kill

Thomas Campion

Lyrics (verses under the staves):

If an-y hath the heart to kill, Come rid me of this woe-ful pain.
Thanks be to heav'n, no grie-vous smart, No ma-la-dies my limbs an-noy;
A love I had, so fair. so sweet, As ev-er wan-ton eye did see.
What hag did then my pow'rs fore-speak, That ne-ver yet such taint did feel

For while I live I suf-fer still This cru-el tor-ment all in vain.
I bear a sound and spright-ful heart; Yet live I quite de-prived of joy,
Once by ap-point-ment we did meet. She would, but ah! it would not be.
Now she re-jects me as one weak. Yet am I all com-posed of steel.

Yet none a-live but one can guess What is the cause of my dis-tress.
Since what I had in vain I crave, And what I had not now I have.
She gave her heart, her hand she gave. All did I give, she nought could have.
Ah! this is it my heart doth grieve Now though she sees she'll not be-lieve.