



A secret love or two

Thomas Campion


Cantus



Altus

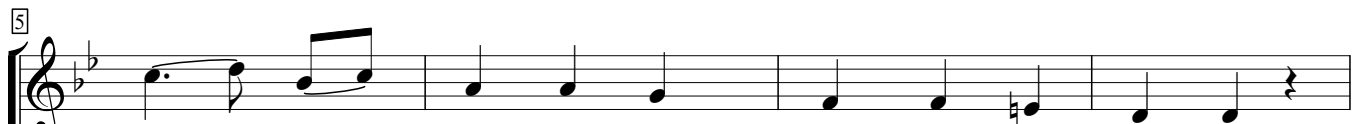


Bassus





A se-cret love or two I must con-fess I
The more a spring is drawn the more it flows, No
Wise arch-ers bear more than one shaft to field, The


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kind-ly wel-come for change in close play-ing:
lamp-less light re-tains by light-ing oth-ers:
ven-tur-er loads not with one ware his ship-ping:



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Yet my dear hus-band I love ne'er-the-less, His de-sires,
Is he a los-er his loss that ne'er knows? Or is he
Should war-riers learn but one wea-pon to wield, Or thrive fair



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whole or half, quick-ly al-lay-ing, At all times rea-dy to
weal-ty that vast trea-sure smo-thers? My churl vows no man shall
plants e'er the worse for the slip-ping? One dish cloys, man-y fresh

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of-fer re-dress. His own he ne-ver wants but hath it du-ly,
scent his sweet rose, His own e-nough and more I give him du-ly,
ap-pe-tite yield: Mine own I'll use, and his he shall have du-ly,

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Yet twits me I keep not touch with him tru-ly.
Yet still he twits me I keep not touch tru-ly.
Judge then what debt-tor can keep touch more tru-ly.