

# A secret love or two

Thomas Campion

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

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wel-come for change in close play-ing: Yet my dear hus-band I  
light re-tains by light-ing oth-ers: Is he a los-er his  
loads not with one ware his ship-ping: Should war-riers learn but one

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love ne'er-the-less, His de-sires, whole or half, quick-ly al-lay-ing,  
loss that ne'er knows? Or is he weal-thy that vast trea-sure smo-thers?  
wea-pon to wield, Or thrive fair plants e'er the worse for the slip-ping?

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At all times rea-dy to of-fer re-dress. His own he ne-ver wants  
My churl vows no man shall scent his sweet rose, His own e-nough and more  
One dish cloy, man-y fresh ap-pe-tite yield: Mine own I'll use, and his

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but hath it du-ly, Yet twits me I keep not touch with him tru-ly.  
I give him du-ly, Yet still he twits me I keep not touch tru-ly.  
he shall have du-ly, Judge then what debt-or can keep touch more tru-ly.