

A secret love or two

Thomas Campion

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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

a b r a b r a b r a b r a b r a

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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- thy that vast trea- sure smo- thers? My churl vows no man shall
plants e'er the worse for the slip- ping? One dish cloy's, man- y fresh

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

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