Break now, my heart

Thomas Campion

Let my des-pair pre-vail. O stay, O stay, hope is not spent. Should she now

The more is my des-pair, A-las, A-las, she loves not me. But can-not

fix one - smile on thee, where were de-spair? The loss is but ea-sy which

Time make-way for Love through ribs of steel? The Gre-cian en-chant-ed all

smiles can re-pair; A stran-ger would please thee if she were as fair.