Shall I come, sweet love? Thomas Campion

Shall I come, sweet love, to thee When the evening beams are set? Shall I not excluded be? Will you find no feigned night, For his prey will work my woe, Or throughwicked foul disdain, 'Tis enough in such a place To attend Love's joys in let? Let me not, for pity, more Tell the long, long love, ere my long, long
pity, more Tell the long, long love, ere my long, long
vain. Do not mock me in thy bed, While these cold, cold
hours, tell the long hours at your door. Let me door. Love, ere my long love be possession's. So may sess'd. Do not dead. nights, while these cold nights freeze me dead. Do not dead.