

Good men shew if you can tell

Two Bookes of Ayres (1613)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

Good men shew if you can tell, Farre and neere her would
Where doth hu - mane pi - ty dwell? She they say to all

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I seeke, So vex'd with sor - row is my brest.
is meeke, And one - ly makes th'un - hap - py blest.

would I seeke, So vex'd with sor - row is my brest.
all is meeke, And one - ly makes th'un - hap - py blest.

would I seeke, So vex'd with sor - row is my brest.
all is meeke, And one - ly makes th'un - hap - py blest.

2. Oh! if such a Saint there be,
Some hope yet remaines for me:
Prayer or sacrifice may gaine
From her implored grace reliefe,
To release mee of my paine,
Or at the least to ease my griefe.

3. Young am I, and farre from guile,
The more is my woe the while:
Falshood with a smooth disguise
My simple meaning hath abus'd,
Casting mists before mine eyes,
By which my senses are confus'd.

4. Faire he is who vow'd to me,
That he onely mine would be:
But alas, his minde is caught
With ev'ry gaudie bait he sees.
And too late my flame is taught
That too much kindnesse makes men freese.

5. From me all my friends are gone,
While I pine for him alone,
And not one will rue my case,
But rather my distresse derride,
That I thinke there is no place
Where pitte ever yet did bide.