

Good men, show if you can tell Thomas Campion

Cantus

Tenor

Bassus

Good menshow, if you can tell, Where doth hu- man pi- ty dwell?
 O! If such a saint there be, Some hope yet re- mains for me:
 Young I am, and far fromguile, The more is my woe the while:
 Fair he is who vow'd to me, That he on- ly mine would be:
 From me all my friends are gone, While I pine for him a- lone,

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Far and near her would I seek, So vex'dwith sor- row is mybreastShe (they say) to
 Pray'r or sa- cri- fice may gain Fromher im- plor- ed gracere- lief, To re- lease me
 False-hoodwith a smoothdis- guise My sim- ple mean- ing hath a- bus'dCast- ing mists be-
 But, a- las, his mind is caughtWith ev- 'ry gau- dy bait he sees. And too late my
 And not one will rue my case, But ra- ther my dis- tress de- ride, That I thinkthere

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all is meek; And on- ly makes th'un- hap- py bless'd.
 of my pain, Or at the least to ease my grief.
 fore mine eyes, By which my sens- es are con- fus'd.
 flame is taught That too much kind- ness makes men freeze.
 is no place Where pi- ty ev- er yet did bide.