

Good men, show if you can tell Thomas Campion

Good men show, if you can tell, Where doth hu- man
 O! If such a saint there be, Some hope yet re-
 Young I am, and far from guile, The more is my
 Fair he is who vow'd to me, That he on- ly
 From me all my friends are gone, While I pine for

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pi- ty dwell? Far and near her would I seek, So
 mains for me: Pray'r or sa- cri- fice may gain From
 woe the while: False- hood with a smooth dis- guise My
 mine would be: But, a- las, his mind is caught With
 him a- lone, And not one will rue my case, But

vex'd with sor- row is my breast. She (they say) to
 her im- plor- ed grace re- lief, To re- lease me
 sim- ple mean- ing hath a- bus'd, Cast- ing mists be-
 ev- 'ry gau- dy bait he sees. And too late my
 ra- ther my dis- tress de- ride, That I think there

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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.