

1. Vain men whose follies

Thomas Campion

Vain men whose fol- lies make a god of love, Whose blind- ness beau-
How fair an en- trance breaks the way to love? How rich of gold-
So bit- ter is their sweet, that true con- tent. Un- hap- py men

ty doth im- mor- tal deem, Praise not what you de- sire, but what you prove; Count
en hope, and gay de- light? What heart can- not a mo- dest beau- ty move? Who
in them may ne- ver find, Ah! But with- out them none; both must con- sent. Else

those things good that are, not those that seem. I can- not call her true
see- ing clear day once will dream of night? She seem'd a saint that brake
un- couth are the joys of ei- ther kind. Let us then praise their good,

that's false to me, Nor make of wo- men more than wo- men be.
her faith with me, But prov'd a wo- man as all o- ther be.
for- get their ill, Men must be men, and wo- men wo- men still.