

Wise men patience never want Thomas Campion

Cantus

Wise men pa-tience ne-ver want; Good men pi-ty can-not hide:
 Some there are de-bate that seek, Mak-ing trou-ble their con-tent,
 Kind-ness grown is, late-ly, cold; Con-science hath for-got her part:
 Deeds from love and words that flow Fos-ter like kind Ap-ril show'rs,

Altus

Tenor

Bassus

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Fee-ble spi-rits on-ly vaunt Of re-venge, the poor-est pride.
 Hap-py if they wrong the meek, Vex them that to peace are bent;
 Bless-ed times were known of old, Long ere law be-came an art.
 In the warm sun all things grow, Whole-some fruits and plea-sant flow'rs.

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He a-lone for-give that can Bears the true soul of a man.
 Such un-do the com-mon tie Of man-kind, so-ci-e-ty.
 Shame de-terr'd, not sta-tutes, then; Hon-est love was law to men.
 All so thrives his gen-tle rays, Where-on hu-man love dis-plays.