

Vain men whose follies

Thomas Campion

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

5

blind- ness beau- ty doth im- mor- tal deem, Praise not what
 rich of gold- en hope, and gay de- light? What heart can-
 hap- py men in them may ne- ver find, Ah! But with-

10

you de- sire, but what you prove; Count those things good that are, not
 not a mo- dest beau- ty move? Who see- ing clear day once will
 out them none; both must con- sent. Else un- couth are the joys of

15

those that seem. I can- not call her true that's false to me,
 dream of night? She seem'd a saint that brake her faith with me,
 ei- ther kind. Let us then praise their good, for- get their ill,

Nor make of wo- men more than wo- men be.
 But prov'd a wo- man as prov'd all o- ther be.
 Men must be men, and wo- men wo- men still.