

So many loves have I neglected Thomas Campion

So ma- ny loves have I ne- glect- ed, Whose good
 Should I then woo that have been woo- ed, Seek- ing
 O hap- py men whose hopes are li- cens'd To dis-
 When I com- pare my for- mer strange- ness With my

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parts might move me: That now I live of all re-
 them that fly me? When I my faith with tears have
 course their pas- sion: While wo- pi men are con- fin'd to in
 pre- sent dot- ing, I pi- ty men that speak in

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ject- ed, There is none will love me. Why is
 vow- ed, And when all de- ny me, Who will
 si- lence, Los- ing wish'd oc- ca- sion. Yet our
 plain- ness, Their true hearts de- vot- ing, While we

maid- en heat so coy? It freez- eth when it burn- eth;
 pi- ty my dis- grace, Which love might have pre- vent- ed?
 tongues than theirs, men say, Are apt- er to be mov- ing:
 with re- pent- ance jest At their sub- mis- sive pas- sion:

♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ . ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪
 r e a r a a a r a d a a a
 r e a r r r r r r b r
 r e a a a e r a r a

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Los- eth what it might en- joy, And,
 There is no sub- mis- sion base Where
 Wo- men are more dumb than they, But
 Maids I see are ne- ver bless'd That

| ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪
 a a a r e a r a a a
 r r r r r b r r r
 a r e a b r a a

hav- ing lost it, mourn- eth.
 er- ror is re- pent- ed.
 in their thoughts more rov- ing.
 strange be but for fa- shion.

♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪
 a r d a a a a a
 a r r r b r r
 a e r a a b r a