

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-men are con-fin'd to
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 maid-en heat so
vow-ed, And when all de-ny me, Who will pi-ty my dis-
si-lence, Los-ing wish'd oc-ca-sion. Yet our tongues than theirs, men
plain-ness, Their true hearts de-vot-ing, While we with re-pent-ance

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coy? It freez-eth when it burn-eth; Los-eth what it might en-
grace, Which love might have pre-vent-ed? There is no sub-mis-sion
say, Are apt-er to be mov-ing: Wo-men are more dumb than
jest At their sub-mis-sive pas-sion: Maids I see are ne-ver

joy, And, hav-ing lost it, mourn-eth.
base Where er-ror is re-pent-ed.
they, But in their thoughts more rov-ing.
bless'd That strange be but for fa-shion.