

Though your strangeness

Thomas Campion

Though your strange- ness frets my heart, Yet
 Your wish'd sight if I de- sire, Sus-
 When an- o- ther holds your hand, You
 Would my ri- val then I were, Some

5

may I not com- plain: You per- suade me,
 pi- cions you pre- tend, Cause- less you your-
 swear I hold your heart: When my ri- vals
 else your sec- ret friend: So much less- er

'tis but art That sec- ret love must feign. If an- o- ther
 self re- tire While I in vain at- tend: This a lov- er
 close do stand, And I sit far a- part, I am near- er
 should I fear, And not so much at- tend. They en- joy you,

you af- fect, 'Tis but a show t'a- void sus- pect, Is
 whets, you say, Still made more ea- ger by de- lay. Is
 yet than they, Hid in your bos- om, as you say. Is
 ev- 'ry one, Yet I must seem your friend a- lone, Is

15

this fair ex- cus- ing? O no, all is a- bus- ing.
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