

Veil, Love, mine eyes

Thomas Campion

Veil, Love, mine eyes. O hide from me The plagues that charge the
Griefs past re- cure fools try to heal, That great- er harms on

5

cu- rious mind. If beau- ty pri- vate will not be, Suf- fice it yet that
less in- flict. The pure of- fend by too much zeal; Af- fec- tion should not

10

she proves kind. Who can u- surp heav'n's light a- lone? Stars were not
be too strict. He that a true em- brace will find, To beau- ty's

15

made, stars were not made to shine on one.
faults, to beau- ty's faults must still be blind.