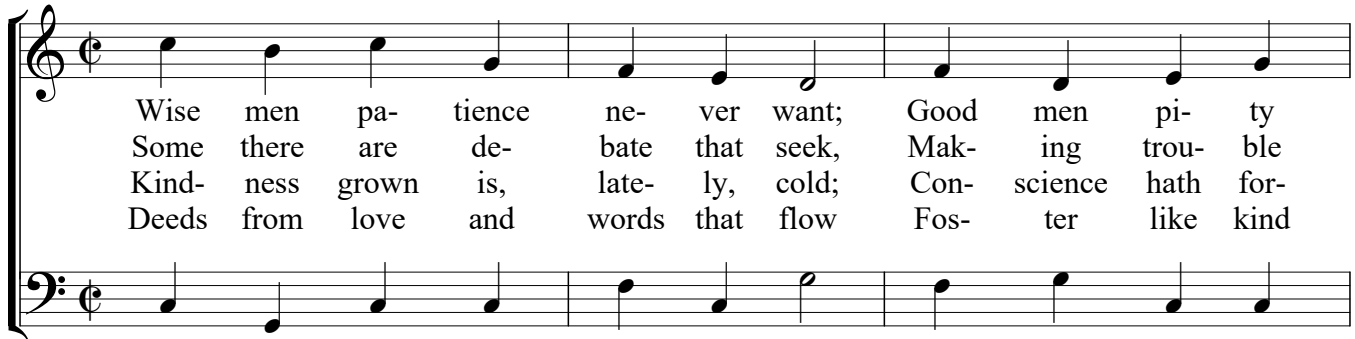
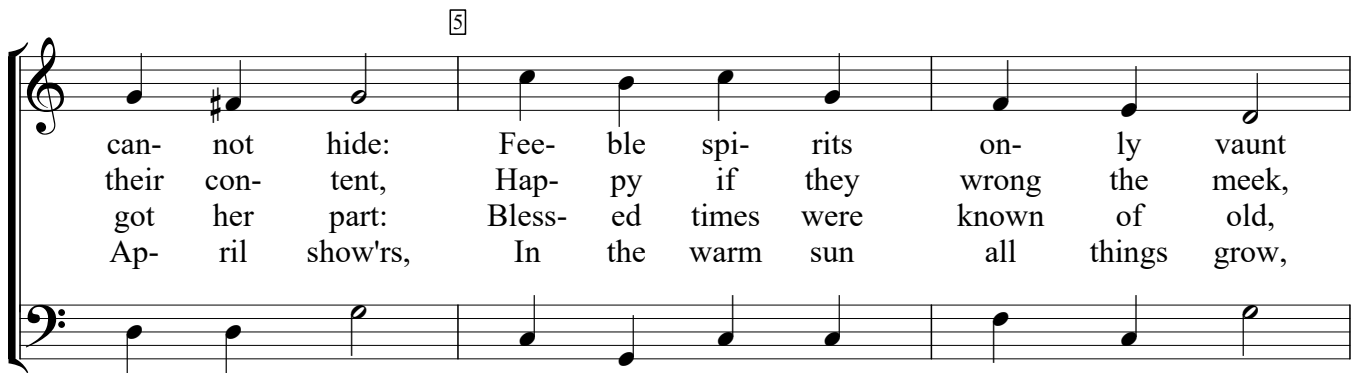


# Wise men patience never want Thomas Campion

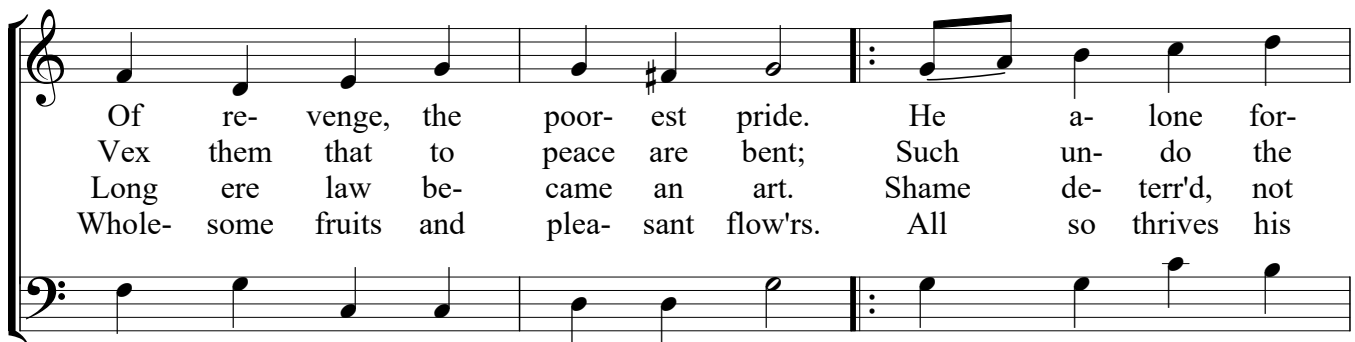


Wise men pa- tience ne- ver want; Good men pi- ty  
Some there are de- bate that seek, Mak- ing trou- ble  
Kind- ness grown is, late- ly, cold; Con- science hath for-  
Deeds from love and words that flow Fos- ter like kind

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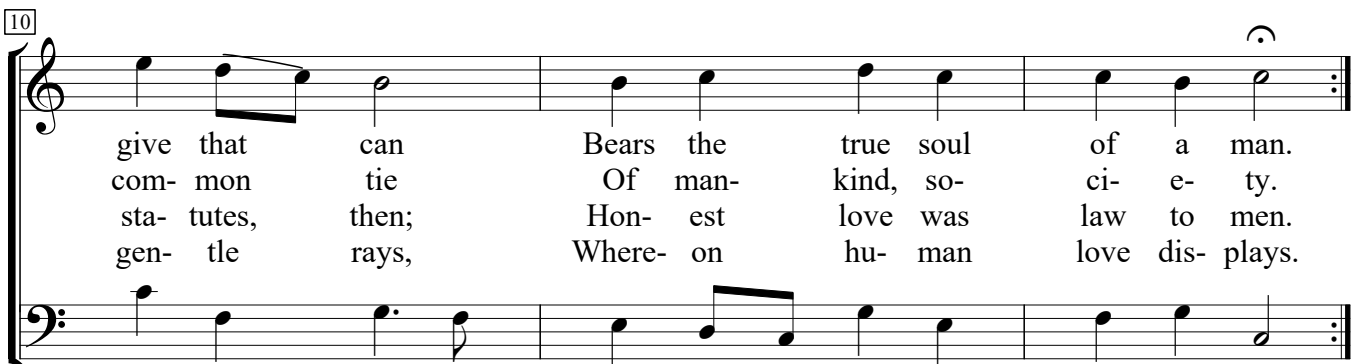


can- not hide: Fee- ble spi- rits on- ly vaunt  
their con- tent, Hap- py if they wrong the meek,  
got her part: Bless- ed times were known of old,  
Ap- ril show'rs, In the warm sun all things grow,



Of re- venge, the poor- est pride. He a- lone for-  
Vex them that to peace are bent; Such un- do the  
Long ere law be- came an art. Shame de- terr'd, not  
Whole- some fruits and plea- sant flow'rs. All so thrives his

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give that can Bears the true soul of a man.  
com- mon tie Of man- kind, so- ci- e- ty.  
sta- tutes, then; Hon- est love was law to men.  
gen- tle rays, Where- on hu- man love dis- plays.