

Fain would I my love disclose Thomas Campion

Cantus

Tenor

Bassus

Fain would I my love disclose, Ask what honour might deny;
 Yet, O yet in vain I strive To repress my school'd desire,
 Wise she is, and needs must know All th'attempts that beauty moves:
 Women court-ed have the hand To discard what they distaste;

5

But both love and her I lose, From my motion if she fly.
 More and more the flames revive, I consume in mine own fire.
 Fair she is, and honour'd so, That she sure hath tried some loves.
 But those dames whom none demand, Want oft what their wills embrace'd.

10

Worse than pain is fear to me, Then hold in fan- cy, though it burn;
 She would pi- ty, might she know The harms that I for her en- dure:
 If with love I tempt her then, 'Tis but her due to be de- sir'd:
 Could their firm- ness iron ex- cel, As they are fair they should be sought;

15

If not hap- py, safe I'll be, And to my clois- ter'd cares re- turn.
 Speak then, and get com- fort so, A wound long hid grows most re- cure.
 What would wo- men think of men, If their de- serts were not ad- mir'd?
 When true thieves use false- hood well, As they are wise they will be caught.