

Good men, show if you can tell Thomas Campion

Good men show, if you can tell, Where doth hu- man pi- ty dwell?
 O! If such a saint there be, Some hope yet re- mains for me:
 Young I am, and far from guile, The more is my woe the while:
 Fair he is who vow'd to me, That he on- ly mine would be:
 From me all my friends are gone, While I pine for him a- lone,

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Far and near her would I seek, So vex'd with sor- row is my breast.
 Pray'r or sa- cri- fice may gain From her im- plor- ed grace re- lief,
 False- hood with a smooth dis- guise My sim- ple mean- ing hath a- bus'd,
 But, a- las, his mind is caught With ev- 'ry gau- dy bait he sees.
 And not one will rue my case, But ra- ther my dis- tress de- ride,

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She (they say) to all is meek; And on- ly makes th'un-hap- py bless'd.
 To re- lease me of my pain, Or at the least to ease my grief.
 Cast- ing mists be- fore mine eyes, By which my sens- es are con- fus'd.
 And too late my flame is taught That too much kind- ness makes men freeze.
 That I think there is no place Where pi- ty ev- er yet did bide.