

Though your strangeness

Thomas Campion

Cantus

Altus

Bassus

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

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Altus

Bassus

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

Altus

Bassus

'tis but art That sec- ret love must feign.
 self re- tire While I in vain at- tend:
 close do stand, And I sit far a- part,
 should I fear, And not so much at- tend.

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If an- o- ther you af- fect, 'Tis but a show
 This a lov- er whets, you say, Still made more ea-
 I am near- er yet than they, Hid in your bos-
 They en- joy you, ev- 'ry one, Yet I must seem

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t'a- void sus- pect, Is this fair ex- cus- ing? O
 ger by de- lay. Is this fair ex- cus- ing? O
 om, as you say. Is this fair ex- cus- ing? O
 your friend a- lone, Is this fair ex- cus- ing? O

no, all is a- bus- ing.
 no, all is a- bus- ing.
 no, all is a- bus- ing.
 no, all is a- bus- ing.