

# Kind are her answers

Thomas Campion

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Kind are her answers,  
Lost is our freedom  
But her performance keeps no day;  
When we submit to women so.

Breakstimes as dancers  
Why do we need them  
From their own music when they stray.  
All her free work our woe?  
There is no

fa-vours And smooth words swing my hopes in vain.  
O did ev-er voices so sweet but on-ly feign?  
wis-dom Can al-ter end by Fate pre-fix'd.  
O why is the good of man with ev-il mix'd?

Can true love yield such de-lays yet call'd lay, Con-vert-ing joy to pain?  
Ne-ver were two, But one night went be-twixt.