

# Respect my faith

Thomas Campion

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Re-spect my faith, re-gard my ser-vice past; The hope you wing'd, call  
Some raised to rich es-tates in this time are, That held their hopes to

home to you at last. Great prize it is that I in you shall gain, So  
mine in-fer-iour far. Such, scoff-ing me or pi-tying me, say thus: Had

great for you hath been my loss and pain. My wits I spent, and time, for you a-  
he not lov'd, he mighthave liv'd like us. O then, dearsweet, for love and pi-ty's

alone, Ob-serv-ing you and los-ing all for one. My one.  
sake My faith re-ward, and from me scan-dal take. O take.

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