

Fair, if you expect admiring Thomas Campion

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Fair, if you ex-pect ad-mi-ring, Sweet, if you pro-voke de-sir-ing, Grace dear love with
Fates, if you rule lov-ers' for-tune, Stars, if men your pow'rs im-por-tune, Yield re-lief by

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kind re-quit- ing. Fond, but if thy sight be blind-ness, False, if thou af-fect un-kind-ness,
your re-lent- ing. Time, if Sor-row be not end-less, Hope made vain, and Pi-ty friend-less,

15 20

Fly both love and love's de-light- ing. Then when hope is lost and love is scorn- ed, I'll
Help to ease my long la-ment- ing. But if griefs re-main still un-re-dress- ed, I'll

bu-ry my de-sires And quench the fires That ev-er yet in vain have burn- ed.
fly to her a- gain and sue For pi-ty to re-new My hopes dis-tress- ed.