

Thomas Campion

The First Booke of Ayres

X

1 Wise men patience neuer want,

Good men pittie cannot hide :
Feeble spirits onely want
Of reuenge, the poorest pride.
Hee alone forgiue that can
Beares the true soule of a man.

2 Some there are debate that seeke
Making trouble their content,
Happy if they wrong the meeke,
Vexe them that to peace are bent ;
Such vndooe the common tye
Of mankind, societie.

3 Kindnesse growne is, lately, colde,
Conscience hath forgot her part :
Blessed times were knowne of old,
Long ere Law became an Art.
Shame deterr'd, not Statutes then,
Honest loue was law to men.

4 Deeds from loue and words that flowe
Foster like kinde *Aprill* showres;
In the warme Sunne all things grow,
Wholsome fruits and pleasant flowres.
All so thriues his gentle rayes,
Where on humane loue displayes.