Though your strangenesse frets my hart,
Cantus

Thomas Campian

1. Though your strangenesse frets my hart, yet may not I com-
   You per-suade me 'tis but Art That se-cet love must

2. Your wisht sight if I de-sire, Sus-pi-cions you pre-
   cause-less you your-selfe re-tire while I in vaine at-

3. When an-o-ther holds your hand, You sweare I hold your
   When my ri-vals close doe stand, And I sit farre a-

4. Would my Ri-val then I were, Some els your se-cret
   So much less-er should I feare, And not so much at-
plaine: If an-o-ther you af-fect, Tis but a show faine,
tend, This a Lo-ver whets you say, Still made more ea-
tend; hart; I am neer-er yet then they, Hid in your bo-
part, friend: They en-joy you e-v'ry one, Yet I must seeme tend.

5. Facsimile has a dotted half note.
Though your straggenesse frets my hart,

Altus

Thomas Campian

1. Though your straggenesse frets my hart, yet may not I com-
   You per-suade me 'tis but Art That se-cret love must

2. Your wisht sight if I de-sire, Sus-pi-cions you pre-
   cause-less you your-selfe re-tire while I in vaine at-

3. When an-o-ther holds your hand, You sweare I hold your
   When my ri-val s close doe stand, And I sit farre a-

4. Would my Ri-val then I were, Some els your se-cret
   So much less-er should I feare, And not so much at-

plaine: If an-o-ther you af-fect, Tis but a show t'a-void sus-

faine,

plaine: If an-o-ther you af-fect, Tis but a show t'a-void sus-

tend, This a Lo-ver whets you say, Still made more ea-ger by de-

tend; This a Lo-ver whets you say, Still made more ea-ger by de-
hart; I am neer-er yet then they, Hid in your bo-some, as you

part,

friend: They en-joy you e-v'ry one, Yet I must seeme your friend a-

pect, Is this faire ex-cus-ing? O no, all is a-busing.

lay. Is this faire ex-cus-ing? O no, all is a-busing.
say. Is this faire ex-cus-ing? O no, all is a-busing.
lone, Is this faire ex-cus-ing? O no, all is a-busing.
Facsimile has a half note.

Rest is editorial
Though your strangenesse frets my hart,

Bassus

Thomas Campian

1. Though your strangenesse frets my hart, yet may not I com-
   You per-suade me 'tis but Art That se-cret love must
2. Your wisht sight if I de-sire, Sus-pi-cions you pre-
   cause-less you your-selfe re-tire while I in vaine at-
3. When an-o-ther holds your hand, You sweare I hold your
   When my ri-vals close doe stand, And I sit farre a-
4. Would my Ri-val then I were, Some els your se-cret
   So much less-er should I feare, And not so much at-

plaine: If an-o-ther you af-fect, Tis but a show
faine, This a Lo-ver whets you say, Still made more ea-
tend, I am neer-er yet then they, Hid in your bo-
hart; part, friend: They en-joy you e-v'ry one, Yet I must see-
tend.

t'a-void sus-pect, Is this faire ex-cus-ing? O no, all is a-bus-ing.
ger by de-lay. Is this faire ex-cus-ing? O no, all is a-bus-ing.
some, as you say. Is this faire ex-cus-ing? O no, all is a-bus-ing.
your friend a-lone, Is this faire ex-cus-ing? O no, all is a-bus-ing.