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-cet
   So much less-er should I feare, And not so much at-
plaine:   If an-o-ther you af-fect, T'is but a show
faine,   This a Lo-ver whets you say, Still made more ea-
tend,   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 seeme
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.

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

Altus

Thomas Campian

1. Though your strangeness frets my hart, yet may not I com-
   You persuade me 'tis but Art That secret love must

2. Your wisht sight if I desire, Suspi-cions you pre-
   cause-less you your-selfe re-tire while I in vaine at-

3. When an-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-

pleine: 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-
   hart; I am neerer 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, T'is but a show
   faine, This a Lo-ver whets you say, Still made more ea -
   tent, 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.

8. 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.