

Wise men patience never want

Thomas Campion

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1

Wise men patience never want,
Good men pity cannot hide.
Feeble spirits only vaunt.
Of revenge the poorest pride.
He alone forgive that can,
Bears the true soul of a man.

2

Some there are debate that seek,
Making trouble their content,
Happy if they wrong the meek,
Vex them that to peace are bent.
Such undo the common tie,
Of mankind, society.

3

Kindness grown is, lately, cold,
Conscience hath forgot her part.
Blessed times were known of old,
Long ere law became an art.
Shame deterr'd, not statutes then,
Honest love was law to men.

4

Deeds from love and words that flow
Foster like kind April show'rs.
In the warm sun all things grow,
Wholesome fruits and pleasant flow'rs
All so thrives his gentle rays,
Whereon human low displays.

Book: 'First Book of Ayres'(c. 1613)

Transcription: abc transcription Taco Walstra (walstra@wins.uva.nl)