

# Though your strangeness frets my hart,

Cantus

Thomas Campian



1. Though your strangeness 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 -

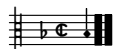


plaine: If an - o - ther you af - fect, T'is but a show  
faine,  
tend, This a Lo - ver whets you say, Still made more ea -  
tend;  
hart; I am neer - er yet then they, Hid in your bo -  
part,  
friend: They en - joy you e - v'ry one, Yet I must seeme  
tend.



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.

<sup>5</sup> 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 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 t'a - void sus -  
faine,  
tend, This a Lo - ver whets you say, Still made more ea - ger by de -  
tend;  
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 -  
tend.

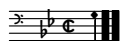


pect, Is this faire ex - cus - ing? O no, all is a - busing.  
lay. Is this faire ex - cus - ing? O no, all is a - busing.  
say. Is this faire ex - cus - ing? O no, all is a - busing.  
lone, Is this faire ex - cus - ing? O no, all is a - busing.

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<sup>2</sup> Facsimile has a half note.

<sup>3</sup> Rest is editorial



## Though your strangeness frets my hart,

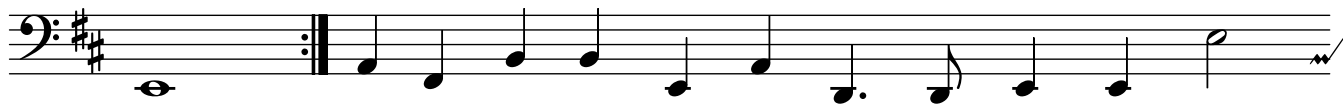
Bassus

Thomas Campian



1. Though your strangeness 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 -

4



plaine: If an - o - ther you af - fect, T'is 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.

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.