

# Dear, if I with guile

Thomas Campion

Dear, if I with guile would gild a true in- tent,  
Love for- bid that through dis- sem- bling I should thrive,  
Praise is but the wind of pride if it ex- ceeds.

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Heap- ing flat- tries that in heart were ne- ver meant,  
Or in prais- ing you my- self of truth de- prive.  
Wealth prized in it- self my- no- out- ward val- ue needs.

Eas- 'ly could I then ob- tain What now in vain I force;  
Let not your high thoughts de- base A sim- ple truth in me.  
Fair you are and pass- ing fair, You know it and 'tis true.

False- hood much doth gain, Truth yet holds the bet- ter course.  
Great is beau- ty's grace, Truth is yet as fair as she.  
Yet let none des- pair, But to find as fair as you.