

So tyr'd are all my thoughts

The Third and Fourth Booke of Ayres (1617)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

So_tyr'd are all my thoughts, that sense and spi - rits faile; Mour - ning I pine, and

know not what I ayle. O what can yeeld ease to a minde, joy in nothing that can finde?

2. How are my powres fore-spoke? what strange distaste is this?

Hence cruell hate of that which sweetest is:

Come, come delight, make my dull braine

Feele once heate of joy againe.

3. The lovers teares are sweet, their mover makes them so:

Proud of a wound the bleeding Souldiers grow:

Poore I alone, dreaming, endure

Griefe that knowes nor cause, nor cure.

4. And whence can all this grow? even from an idle minde,

That no delight in any good can finde.

Action alone makes the soule blest;

Vertue dyes with too much rest.