

# Lighten heavy heart thy spright

Two Bookes of Ayres (1613)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

Light - en hea - vy hart thy spright, The ioies re - cal that thence are fled: Yeeld thy brest some

li - ving light, The man that no - thing doth is dead. Tune thy tem - per to these sounds, And

quick - en so thy ioy - lesse mind, Sloth the worst and best con - founds, It is the ru - ine of man - kinde.

2. From her cave rise all distasts,  
Which unresolv'd Despaire pursues;  
Whom soone after Violence hasts  
Her selfe ungratefull to abuse.  
Skies are clear'd with stirring windes,  
Th'unmoved water moorish growes;  
Ev'ry eye much pleasure findes  
To view a streame that brightly flowes.