

Awake thou heavy spright

Two Bookes of Ayres (1613)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

A - wake, a wake, thou hea - vy spright, That sleep'st the dead - ly sleepe of sinne, Rise

A - wake thou hea - vy spright, that sleep'st the dead - ly sleepe of sinne, Rise

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Rise now and walke the waies of light: 'Tis not too late yet to be - ginne. Seeke

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heaven eare - ly, Seeke it late true faith still findes an o - pen gate.

heav'n eare - ly, seeke it late, True Faith still finds an o - pen o - pen gate.

heav'n eare - ly, seeke it late, True Faith still finds an o - pen o - pen gate.

seeke heav'n eare - ly, seeke it late, True Faith still findes an o - pen o - pen gate.

2. Get up, get up thou leaden man,
Thy tracks to endlesse ioy, or paine,
Yeelds but the modell of a span,
Yet burnes out thy lifes lampe in vaine.
One minute bounds thy bane, or blisse,
Then watch, and labour while time is.