

TWO BOOKES OF *AYRES.*

THE FIRST
Contayning Divine and Morall Songs:

THE SECOND,
Light Conceits of Lovers.

To be sung to the *Lute* and *Viols*, in two,
three, and foure Parts: or by one *Voyce*
to an INSTRUMENT.

Composed
By
Thomas Campian.

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Matthew Lowmer, and *I. Browne*.

Cum Privilegio.

Transcribed and Edited by Emma Badowski
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Note: In order to avoid page turns in the middle of the songs, this page has been added, and the order of songs has been changed from Campion's original order as follows: "Most sweet and pleasing" has been swapped with "Loe, when backe mine eye" and "As by the streames of Babilon".

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TO THE RIGHT
HONOURABLE, BOTH
in Birth and Vertue, FRANCIS, Earle
of CUMBERLAND.

What Patron could I chuse, great Lord, but you?
Grave words your years may challenge as their owne,
And ev'ry note of Musicke is your due,
Whose House the Buses pallace I have knowne.

To love and cherish them, though it descends,
With many honours more on you, in vaine
Preceeding fame herein with you contends,
Who have both fed the Muses, and their trayne.

These Leaves I offer you, Devotion might
Her Selfe lay open, reade them, or else heare
How gravely with their tunes they yeeld delight
To any vertuous, and not curious eare.
Such as they are accept them Noble Lord;
If better, better could my zeale afford.

Your Honors,

THOMAS CAMPIAN.

TO THE READER.

Out of many Songs which partly at the request of friends, partly for my owne recreation were by mee long since composed, I have now enfranchised a few, sending them forth divided according to their different subiect into severall Bookes. The first are grave and pious; the second amorous and light. For hee that in publishing any worke, hath a desire to content all palates, must cater for them accordingly.

Non omnibus unum est
Quod placet, hic Spinās colligit, ille Rosas.

These Ayres were for the most part framed at first for one voyce with the Lute, or Violl, but upon occasion, they have since been filled with more parts, which who so please may use, who like not may leave. Yet doe wee daily observe, that when any shall sing a Treble to an Instrument, the standers by will be offering at an inward part out of their owne nature; and true or farse, out it must, though to the perverting of the whole harmonie. Also, if wee consider well, the Treble tunes, which are with us commonly called Ayres, are but Tenors mounted eight Notes higher, and therefore an inward part must needes well become them, such as may take up the whole distance of the Diapson, and fill up the gaping betweene the two extreame parts; whereby though they are not three parts in perfection, yet they yeeld a sweetnesse and content both to the eare and minde, which is the ayme and perfection of Musicke. Short Ayres if they be skilfully framed, and naturally exprest, are like quicke and good Epigrammes in Poesie, many of them shewing as much artifice, and breeding as great difficultie as a larger Poeme. Non omnia possumus omnes, said the Romane Epick Poet. But some there are who admit onely French or Italian Ayres, as if every Country had not his proper Ayre, which the people thereof naturally usurpe in their Musicke. Others taste nothing that comes forth in Print, as Catullus or Martials Epigrammes were the worse for being published. In these English Ayres I have chiefly aymed to couple my Words and Notes lovingly together, which will be much for him to doe that hath not power over both. The light of this will best appeare to him who hath pays'd our Monasyllables and Syllables combined, both which are so loaded with Consonants as that they will hardly keepe company with swift Notes, or give the Vowell convenient liberty. To conclude, mine owne opinion of these Songs I deliver thus:

Omnia nec nostris bona sunt, sed nec mala libris;
Si placet hac cantes, hac quoq; lege legas.

Farewell.

Author of light

Two Bookes of Ayres (1613)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

System 1:

Chords: Gm B \flat G C A Dm B \flat Gm D B \flat F Gm⁷ C⁷

Lyrics: Au - thor of light re - vive my dy - ing spright, Re -

System 2:

Chords: F F B \flat E \flat Cm⁷ B \flat E \flat E \flat B \flat D Gm D^{sus4} D G C G A

Lyrics: deeme it from the stares of all con - foun - ding night. Lord, light me

System 3:

Chords: Dm Am B \flat Gm A Am Gm B \flat F Gm D D G Cm C

Lyrics: to thy bles - sed way For blinde, for blinde with world - ly vaine de - sires, I

25

D G A A D D B \flat Gm C F B \flat Am G

wan - der_ as_ a stray: Sunne and Moone, Starres and un - derlights I see, But all

wander as_ a stray. Sunne and Moone, Starres and un - der - lights

8 wan - der as a stray. Sunne and Moone, Starres and un - derlights I see: But all,

wan - der as a stray. Sunne and Moone, Starres and un - der - lights I see: But

32

E \flat Cm F B \flat Gm D Gm Cm A F D Gm Gm D D G

their glor - ious beames are mists and dark - nesse being com - par'd to thee.

I see: But all their glor - ious beames are mists com - par'd_ with thee.

8 all their glorious beames are mists and dark - nesse being com - par'd to thee.

all their glorious beames are_ mists and dark - nesse being com - par'd to thee.

2. Fountaine of health my soules deepe wounds recure,
 Sweet showres of pittie raine, washi my uncleannesse pure.
 One drop of thy desired grace
 The saint and fading hart can raise, and in ioyes bosome place.
 Sinne and Death, Hell and tempting Fiends may rage;
 But God his owne will guard, and their sharp paines and grieve in time assuage.

The man of life upright

Two Bookes of Ayres (1613)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

The man of life up - right, Whose chear - full mind is free

The man of life up - right, Whose chear - full mind is free

The man of life up - right, Whose chear - full mind is free

The man of life up - right, Whose chear - full mind is free

From waight of im - pious deedes, And yoake of va - ni - tee.

From waight of im - pious deedes, And yoake of va - ni - tee, of va - ni - tee.

From waight of im - pious deedes, And yoake of va - ni - tee.

From waight of im - pious deedes, And yoake of va - ni - tee.

2. The man whose silent dayes
In harmlesse ioyes are spent:
Whom hopes cannot delude,
Nor sorrowes discontent.

3. That man needs neyther towres,
Nor armour for defence:
Nor vaults his guilt to shrowd
From thunders violence.

4. Hee onely can behold
With unaffrighted eyes
The horrors of the deepe,
And terrors of the Skies.

5. Thus scorning all the cares,
That fate or fortune brings:
His Booke the Heav'ns hee makes
His wisdom heav'nly things.

6. Good thoughts his surest friends,
His wealth a well-spent age,
The earth his sober Inne,
And quiet pilgrimage.

Where are all thy beauties now?

Two Bookes of Ayres (1613)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

Where are all thy beauties now all harts en - chai - ning? Whi-ther are thy flatt'ers gone with

Where are all thy beauties now all harts en - chai - ning? Whi-ther are thy flatt'ers gone with

Where are all thy beauties now all harts en-chai - ning? Whi-ther are thy flatt'ers gone with

Where are all thy beauties now all harts en-chai - ning? Whi-ther are thy flatt'ers gone with

all their fay - ning? All fled, and thou a - lone still here re - may - ning.

all their fay - ning? All fled, and thou a - lone still here re - may - ning.

all their fay - ning? All fled, and thou a - lone still here re - may - ning.

all their fay - ning? All fled, and thou a - lone still here re - may - ning.

2. Thy rich state of twisted gold to Bayes is turned;
Cold as thou art are thy loves that so much burned:
Who dye in flatt'ers armes are seldome mourned.

4. When thy story long time hence shall be perused,
Let the blemish of thy rule be thus excused,
None ever liv'd more iust, none more abused.

3. Yet in spight of envie, this be still proclaymed,
That none worthyer then thy selfe thy worth hath blamed:
When their poore names are lost thou shalt live famed.

Out of my soules depth

Two Bookes of Ayres (1613)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

Out of my soules depth to thee my cryes have foun - ded,

Out of my soules depth to thee my cryes have foun - ded,

Out of my soules depth to thee my cryes have foun - ded,

Out of my soules depth to thee my cryes have foun - ded,

Let thine eares my plaints re - ceive on iust feare groun - ded:

Let thine eares my plaints re - ceive on iust feare groun - ded:

Let thine eares my plaints re - ceive on iust iust feare groun - ded:

Let thine eares my plaints re - ceive on iust feare groun - ded:

Let thine eares my plaints re - ceive on iust feare groun - ded:

Lord should'st thou weigh our falts, who's not con - foun - ded?

Lord should'st thou weigh our falts, who's not con - foun - ded? con - foun - ded?

Lord should'st thou weigh our falts, who's not con - foun - ded?

Lord should'st thou weigh our falts, who's not con - foun - ded?

2. But with grace thou censur'st thine when they have erred,
Therefore shall thy blessed name be lov'd and feared,
Ev'n to thy throne my thoughts and eyes are reared.

4. In the mercies of our God who live secured,
May of full redemption rest in him assured,
Their sinne-sicke soules by him shall be recured.

3. Thee alone my hopes attend, on thee relying;
In thy sacred word I'll trust, to thee fast flying
Long ere the Watch shall breake, the morne decrying.

View me Lord a worke of thine

Two Bookes of Ayres (1613)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

View me Lord a worke of thine, Shall I then lye drown'd in night?

View me Lord a worke of thine, Shall I then lye drown'd in night?

View me Lord a worke of thine, Shall I then lye drown'd in night?

View me Lord a worke of thine, Shall I then lye drown'd in night?

Might thy grace in me but shine, I should seeme made all of light.

Might thy grace in me but shine, I should seeme made all of light.

Might thy grace in me but shine, I should seeme made all of light.

Might thy grace in me but shine, I should seeme made all of light.

2. But my soule still surfets so
On the poysoned baytes of sinne,
That I strange and ugly growe,
All in darke, and foule within.

3. Clense mee Lord that I may kneele
At thine Altar pure and white,
They that once thy Mercies feele,
Gaze no more on earths delight.

4. Worldly ioyes like shadowes fade,
When the heav'nly light appeares,
But the cov'nants thou hast made
Endlesse, know nor dayes, nor yeares.

5. In thy word Lord is my trust,
To thy mercies fast I flye,
Though I am but clay and dust,
Yet thy grace can lift me high.

Bravely deckt come forth bright day

Two Bookes of Ayres (1613)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

C C C Dm C G C C F F G F C D G G G

Brave - ly deckt, come forth bright day, thine houres with Ro - ses strew thy way, as they
Thou re-ceiv'd shalt be with feasts, come chie - fest of the Brit - tish ghests, thou fist

C F G^{sus4} G C C G C C F Dm G Em C G C

well re - mem - ber: Thou with tri - umph shalt ex - ceed In the strict - est
of No - vem - ber: Thou with tri - umph shalt ex - ceed In the strict - est

well re - mem - ber: Thou with tri - umph shalt ex - ceed In the strict - est
of No - vem - ber: Thou with tri - umph shalt ex - ceed In the strict - est

well re - mem - ber: Thou with tri - umph shalt ex - ceed In the strict - est
of No - vem - ber: Thou with tri - umph shalt ex - ceed In the strict - est

11

D^{sus4} D G Dm F C Bm Am G C G C G^{sus4} G C

em - ber; For by thy re - turn the Lord re - cords his bles - sed deed.

em - ber; For by thy re - turn the Lord re - cords his bles - sed deed.

em - ber; For by thy re - turn the Lord re - cords his bles - sed deed.

em - ber; For by thy re - turn the Lord re - cords his bles - sed deed.

2. Brittaines frolicke at your bourd,
 But first sing praises to the Lord
 In your Congregations.
 Hee preserv'd your state alone,
 His loving grace hath made you one
 Of his chosen Nations.
 But this light must hallowed be
 With your best Oblations;
 Praise the Lord, for onely great and mercifull is hee

3. Death had enter'd in the gate,
 And ruine was crept neare the State;
 But heav'n all revealed.
 Ev'ry Powder hell did make,
 Which ready long the flame to take,
 Lay in shade concealed.
 God us helpt of his free grace,
 None to him appealed;
 For none was so bad to feare the treason or the place.

4. God his peacefull Monarch chose,
 To him the mist he did disclose,
 To him, and none other;
 This hee did O King for thee,
 That thou thine owne renowne might'st see,
 Which no time can smother:
 May blest Charles thy comfort be
 Firmer then his Brother,
 May his heart the love of peace, and wisdom learne from thee.

To Musicke bent is my retyred minde

Two Bookes of Ayres (1613)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

Cm E \flat E \flat Cm Cm F Cm D G Gm A \flat F

To Mu - sicke bent is my re - ty - red mind, And fain would
But in vain ioies no com - fort now I find: From hea - venly

To Mu - sicke bent is my re - ty - red mind, And fain would
But in vain ioies no com - fort now I find: From hea - venly

To Mu - sicke bent is my re - ty - red mind, And fain would
But in vain ioies no com - fort now I find: From hea - venly

To Mu - sicke bent is my re - ty - red mind, And fain would
But in vain ioies no com - fort now I find: From hea - venly

G Gm Dm E \flat Cm G^{sus4} G C Cm B \flat E \flat A \flat Fm Gm A \flat

I some song of plea - sure sing: Thy power O God, thy mer - cies
thoughts all true de - light doth spring.

I some song of plea - sure sing: Thy power O God, thy mer - cies
thoughts all true de - light doth spring.

I some song of plea - sure sing: Thy power O God, thy mer - cies
thoughts all true de - light doth spring.

I some song of plea - sure sing: Thy power O God, thy mer - cies
thoughts all true de - light doth spring.

9

B^{sus4} B_b E_b E_b Cm G Cm Cm G Cm G^{sus4} G C

to re - cord, Will swee - ten e - very note and e - very word.

to re - cord, Will swee - ten e - very note and e - very word.

8 to re - cord, Will swee - ten e - very note and e - very word.

to re - cord, Will swee - ten e - very note and e - very word.

2. All earthly pompe or beauty to expresse,
 Is but to carve in snow, on waves to write.
 Celestiall things though men conceive them lesse,
 Yet fullest are they in themselves of light:
 Such beames they yeeld as know no meanes to dye:
 Such heate they cast as lifts the Spirit high.

Tune thy Musicke to thy hart

Two Bookes of Ayres (1613)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

Cm Cm E \flat E \flat Fm Fm G C C F F B \flat E \flat A \flat Cm B \flat ^{sus4} B \flat E \flat

Tune thy Mu-sick to thy hart, Sing thy ioy with thankes and so thy so - rrow:

Gm Gm E \flat E \flat A \flat A \flat F B \flat B \flat G Cm E \flat Gm Cm Fm G^{sus4} G C

Though De - vo - tion needs not Art, Some-time of the poore the rich may bor - row.

Though De - vo - tion needs not Art, Some - time of the poore the rich may bor - row.

Though De - vo - tion needs not Art, Some - time of the poore the rich may bor - row.

Though De - vo - tion needs not Art, Some - time of the poore the rich may bor - row.

2. Strive not yet for curious wayes,
Concord pleaseth more the lesse 'tis strained;
Zeale affects not outward prayse,
Onely strives to shew a love unfained.

3. Love can wondrous things effect,
Sweetest Sacrifice, all wrath appeasing:
Love the highest doth respect,
Love alone to him is ever pleasing.

Loe, when backe mine eye

Two Bookes of Ayres (1613)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

Chord symbols above the first staff: F, C, F, B \flat , E \flat , Dm, Cm, G^{sus4}, G, C, C, F, B \flat

Chord symbols above the second staff: E \flat , F, C, C, Gm, F, C^{sus4}, C, F

Chord symbols above the third staff: E \flat , F, C, C, Gm, F, C^{sus4}, C, F

Chord symbols above the fourth staff: E \flat , F, C, C, Gm, F, C^{sus4}, C, F

Lyrics: Loe, when back mine eye, pil - grim - like, I cast, what feare - full
 wayes I spye which blin - ded I se - cure - ly past?

2. But now heav'n hath drawne
 From my browes that night;
 At when the day doth dawne,
 So cleares my long imprison'd sight.

3. Straight the caves of hell
 Drest with flowres I see,
 Wherein false pleasures dwell,
 That winning most, most deadly be.

4. Throngs of masked Feinds,
 Wing'd like Angels flye,
 Ev'n in the gates of Friends;
 In faire disguise black dangers lye.

5. Straight to Heav'n I rais'd
 My restored sight:
 And with loud voyce I prais'd
 The Lord of ever-during light.

6. And since I had stray'd
 From his wayes so wide,
 His grace I humble pray'd
 Hence-forth to be my guard and guide.

As by the streames of Babilon

Two Bookes of Ayres (1613)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

As by the streames of Ba - bi - lon, Farre from our na - tive soile we

As by the streames of Ba - bi - lon, Farre from our na - tive soile wee__

As by the streames of Ba - bi - lon, Farre from our na - tive soile we

As by__ the streames of Ba - bi - lon, Farre from our na - tive soile we

11 sat, Sweet Si - on, thee we thought up - on And ev' - ry thought a teare be - gat.

sat, Sweet Si - on, thee we thought up - on And ev' - ry thought a teare be - gat.

sat, Sweet Si - on, thee we thought up - on And ev' - ry thought a teare be - gat.

sat, Sweet Si - on, thee we thought up - on And ev' - ry thought a teare be - gat.

2. Aloft the trees that spring up there
Our silent Harps wee pensive hung:
Said they that captiv'd us, Let's heare
Some song which you in Sion sung.

3. Is then the song of our God sit
To be prophan'd in forraine land?
O Salem thee when I forget
Forget his skill may my right hand!

4. Fast to the rooffe cleave may my tongue
If mindlesse I of thee be found:
Or if when all my ioyes are sung
Ierusalem be not in the ground.

5. Remember Lord how Edoms race
Cried in Ierusalems sad day,
Hurle downe her wals, her towres deface,
And stone and by stone all levell lay.

6. Curst Babels seede for Salems sake
Iust ruine yet for thee remains:
Blest shall they be thy babes that take,
And 'gainst the stones dash out their braines.

Wise men patience never want

Two Bookes of Ayres (1613)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

Wise men pat - ience ne - ver want, Good men pit - ty can - not hide.
Fee - ble spi - rits one - ly want Of re - venge the poor - est pride.

Wise men pat - ience ne - ver want, Good men pit - ty can - not hide.
Fee - ble spi - rits one - ly want Of re - venge the poor - est pride.

Wise men pat - ience ne - ver want, Good men pit - ty can - not hide.
Fee - ble spi - rits one - ly want Of re - venge the poor - est pride.

Wise men pat - ience ne - ver want, Good men pit - ty can - not hide.
Fee - ble spi - rits one - ly want Of re - venge the poor - est pride.

Hee_ a - lone for - give that_ can Beares the true soule of a man.

Hee a - lone for - give that can Beares_ the true soule of a man.

Hee a - lone_ for - give_ that can Beares the_ true soule of a man.

Hee a - lone for - give that can, Beares the_ true soule of a man.

2. Some there are debate that seeke
Making trouble their content,
Happy if they wrong the meeke,
Vexe them that to peace are bent;
Such undooe the common tye
Of mankinde, societie.

3. Kindnesse growne is, lately, colde,
Conscience hath forgot her part:
Blessed times were knowne of old,
Long ere Law became an Art.
Shame deterr'd, not Statutes then,
Honest love was law to men.

4. Deeds from love and words that flowe
Foster like kinde Aprill showres;
In the warme Sunne all things grow,
Wholsome fruits and pleasant flowres.
All so thrives his gentle rayes,
Where on humane love displayes.

Never weather-beaten saile

Two Bookes of Ayres (1613)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

Ne - ver wea - ther - bea - ten saile more wil - ling bent to shore,
Ne - ver ty - red pil - grims limbs af - fe - cted slum - ber more;

Ne - ver wea - ther - bea - ten saile more wil - ling bent to shore,
Ne - ver ty - red pil - grims limbs af - fe - cted slum - ber more;

Ne - ver wea - ther - bea - ten saile more wil - ling bent to shore,
Ne - ver ty - red pil - grims limbs af - fe - cted slum - ber more;

Then my wea - ry spright now longs to flye out of my trou - bled brest.

Then my wea - ry spright now longs to flye out of my trou - bled brest.

Then my wea - ry spright now longs to flye out of my trou - bled brest.

Then my wea - ry spright now longs to flye out of my trou - bled brest.

9

C Am D G G D G Em Am D G

O come quickly, O come quickly, O come quick-ly sweet-est Lord & take my soule to rest.

8 O come quick-ly, O come quickly, O come quick-ly sweet-est Lord & take my soule to rest.

8 O come quickly, O come quick-ly, O come quick-ly, sweet-est Lord & take my soule to rest.

O come quick-ly, O come quick-ly, O come quick-ly sweetest Lord & take my soule to rest.

2. Ever-blooming are the ioyes of Heav'ns high paradise,
 Cold age deafes not there our eares, nor vapour dims our eyes;
 Glory there the Sun out-shines, whose beames the blessed onely see:
 O come quickly glorious Lord, and raise my spright to thee.

Lift up to heaven sad wretch

Two Bookes of Ayres (1613)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

Gm Gm Cm G Gm F B \flat E \flat Cm D Dm Dm C

Lift up to heav'n sad wretch thy hea - vy spright, What though thy
The Lord ex - ceeds in mer - cy as in might; His ruth is

F F Gm D Gm D^{sus4} D G G Cm G Cm Cm G

sins thy due de - struct - ion threat? Re - pen - tance need not fear
great - er though thy Crimes be great.

sins thy due de - struct - ion threat? Re - pen - tance need not fear
great - er though thy Crimes be great.

sins thy due de - struct - ion threat? Re - pen - tance need not fear
great - er though thy Crimes be great.

9

Gm Cm Gm D Gm C F B \flat Cm B \flat E \flat Cm D^{sus4} D G

the heav'ns iust rod, It staies ev'n thun-der in the hand of God.

8 the heav'ns iust rod, It staies ev'n thun - der in the hand of God.

8 the heav'ns iust rod, It staies ev'n thun - der in the hand of God.

the heav'ns iust rod, It staies ev'n thun-der in the hands of God.

2. With chearefull voyce to him then cry for grace,
 Thy Faith, and fainting Hope, with Prayer revive;
 Remorce for all that truely mourne hath place;
 Not God, but men of him themselves deprive:
 Strive then, and hee will help; call him, hee'll heare;
 The Sonne needs not the Fathers fury feare.

Most sweet and pleasing

Two Bookes of Ayres (1613)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

G Cm G D Gm Gm F Eb Cm D Cm Bb Bb

Most sweet and plea-sing are thy waies O God, Like mea-dowes
Thy paths no foot pro-phane hath e-ver trod, Nor hath the

Most sweet and plea-sing are thy waies O God, Like mea-dowes
Thy paths no foot pro-phane hath e-ver trod, Nor hath the

Most sweet and plea-sing are thy waies O God, Like mea-dowes
Thy paths no foot pro-phane hath e-ver trod, Nor hath the

Most sweet and plea-sing are thy waies O God, Like mea-dowes
Thy paths no foot pro-phane hath e-ver trod, Nor hath the

F Gm D Gm Cm D G Gm Bb Cm Bb Eb Fm Eb

deckt with Christ - all streams & flowres: There lives no Vul-ture, no de -
proud man res - ted in thy bowres.

deckt with Christ - all streams & flowres: There lives no Vul-ture, no de -
proud man res - ted in thy bowres.

deckt with Christ - all streams & flowres: There lives no Vul-ture, no de -
proud man res - ted in thy bowres.

deckt with Christ - all streams & flowres: There lives no Vul-ture, no de -
proud man res - ted in thy bowres.

9 A \flat F G Gm E \flat Cm B \flat F D Gm D^{sus4} D G

vour - ing Beare, But one - ly Doves and Lambs are har - bor'd there.

- ing Beare, But one - ly Doves and Lambs are har - bor'd there.

vour - ing Beare, But one - ly Doves and Lambs are har - bor'd there.

vour - ing Beare, But one - ly Doves and Lambs are har - bor'd there.

2. The Wolfe his young ones to their prey doth guide;
 The Foxe his Cubbs with false deceit endues;
 The Lyons Whelpe suckes from his Damme his pride;
 In hers the Serpent malice doth infuse:
 The darksome Desart all such beasts containes,
 Not one of them in Paradice remaynes.

Sing a Song of ioy

Two Bookes of Ayres (1613)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

Sing a song of ioy, praise our God with mirth, His___

Sing a song of ioy, praise our God with mirth, His flocke

Sing a song of ioy, praise our God with mirth, His

Sing a song of ioy, praise our God with mirth, His

flocke who_ can de - stroy, Is he not Lord of heav'n and_ earth?

who can de - stroy? Is he not Lord of heav'n and earth?

flocke who can de - stroy? Is he not Lord of heav'n and earth?

flocke who can de - stroy? Is he not Lord of heav'n and earth?

2. Sing wee then secure,
Tuning well our strings:
With voyce as Ecco pure,
Let us renowne the King of Kings.

3. First who taught the day
From the East to rise:
Whom doth the Sunne obey
When in the Seas his glory dyes?

4. Hee the Starres directs,
That in order stand:
Who heav'n and earth protects,
But hee that fram'd them with his hand?

5. Angels round attend,
Wayting on his will:
Arm'd millions hee doth send,
To ayde the good, or plague the ill.

6. All that dread his Name,
And his Hests obsere,
His arme will shield from shame,
Their steps from truth shall never swerve.

7. Let us then reioyce,
Sounding loud his prayse:
So will hee heare our voyce,
And blesse on earth our peacefull dayes.

Awake thou heavy spright

Two Bookes of Ayres (1613)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

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

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

12 hea ven eare - ly, Seeke it late true faith still findes an o - pen gate.
hea ven eare - ly, seeke it late, True Faith still finds an o - pen o - pen gate.
hea ven eare - ly, seeke it late, True Faith still finds an o - pen o - pen gate.
seeke hea ven 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.

Come chearfull day

Two Bookes of Ayres (1613)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

System 1 (Measures 1-6):

Chords: G, G, D, G, C, Dm, C, C, C, G, C, C, G, Am, F

Lyrics: Come chearfull day, Come chearfull day, part of my life to me: For while thou view'st me with thy fa - ding light, Part of my

System 2 (Measures 7-13):

Chords: A, Em, D, G, C, F, Dm, A, A, D, G, D, D

Lyrics: me: For while thou view'st me with thy fa - ding light, Part of my life doth stil de-part with thee, And I stil on-ward hast to my last

System 3 (Measures 14-20):

Chords: G, G, F, G, D, D, D, G, G, D, D, Gm, Bb, Bb, Bb, F, F, Gm, Cm, Gm, D, Gm, D, Gm, D

Lyrics: night, Times fa - tall wings doe e - ver for-ward flie, So ev'-ry day, night, Times fa - tall wings doe e - ver for-ward flye, So ev'-ry day, night, Times fa - tall wings doe e - ver for-ward flie, So ev'-ry day wee live,

27

so ev'-ry day we live, we live, a day wee dye.

so ev'-ry day we live, a day wee dye.

so ev'-ry day we live, a day, a day wee dye.

2. But O yee nights ordain'd for barren rest,
 How are my dayes depriv'd of life in you,
 When heavy sleepe my soule hath dispossesst,
 By fayned death life sweetly to renew?
 Part of my life in that you life denye,
 So ev'ry day we live a day wee dye.

Seeke the Lord

Two Bookes of Ayres (1613)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

Seeke the Lord, and in his waies per - sever: O faint not but as Ea-gles flye, For his steep hill is high, Then stri-ving gaine the top and tri - umph e - ver.

2. When with glory there thy browes are crowned;
New ioyes so shall abound in thee,
Such sights thy soule shall see,
That worldly thoughts shall by their beames be drowned.

4. I the King will seeke of Kings adored,
Spring of light, tree of grace and blisse,
Whose fruit so sov'raigne is,
That all who taste it are from death restored.

3. Farewell World, thou masse of meere confusion,
False light with many shadowes dimm'd,
Old Witch with new foyles trimm'd,
Thou deadly sleepe of soule, and charm'd illusion.

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

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

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

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

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.

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

quick - en so thy ioylesse 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.

Iacke and Ione they thinke no ill

Two Bookes of Ayres (1613)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

Iacke and Ione they thinke no ill, But lo - ving live and mer - ry still,
Doe their week daies worke and pray De - vout - ly on the hol - ly day.

Iacke and Ione they thinke no ill, But lo - ving live and mer - ry still,
Doe their weeke daies work and pray De - vout - ly on the hol - ly day,

Iacke and Ione they thinke no ill, But lo - ving live and mer - ry still,
Doe their week dayes worke and pray De - vout - ly on the hol - ly day,

Skip and trip it on the greene, And helpe to chuse the Sum - mer Queene.
Lash out at a Coun - try Feast Their sil - ver pen - ny with the best.

Skiy and trip it on the greene, And help to chuse the Sum - mer Queene.
Lash out at a Coun - try Feast Their sil - ver pen - ny with the best.

Skip and trip it on the greene, And help to chuse the Sum - mer Queene.
Lash out at a Coun - try Feast Their sil - ver pen - ny with the best.

2. Well can they iudge of nappy Ale
And tell at large a Winter tale:
Climbe up to the Apple loft,
And turne the Crabs till they be soft.
Tib is all the fathers ioy,
And little Tom the mothers boy:
All their pleasure is content,
And care to pay their yearely rent.

3. Ione can call by name her Cowes,
And decke her windowes with greene boughs;
Shee can wreathes and tuttyes make,
And trimme with plums a Bridall Cake.
Iacke knowes what brings gaine or losse,
And his long Flaile can stoutly tosse,
Make the hedge which others breake,
And ever thinkes what he doth speake.

4. Now you Courtly Dames and Knights,
That study onely strange delights,
Though you scorne the home-spun gray,
And revell in your rich array,
Though your tongues dissemble deepe,
And can your heads from danger keepe;
Yet for all your pompe and traine,
Securer lives the silly Swaine.

All lookes be pale

Two Bookes of Ayres (1613)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

Chords: Gm, D, Eb, F, Bb, Bb, Cm, D, C, F, Bb, F, F, Gm, A^{sus4}, A, D, A^{sus4}, A, D, Bb, Bb, F, Eb, Bb, F, G, C, A, A, D, Bb, D, Gm, C, F^o, Gm, D^{sus4}, D, G.

Lyrics:
 All lookes be pale, harts cold as stone,
 For Hally now is dead and gone,
 Hal - ly in whose sight,
 Most sweet sight,
 All the earth late tooke de - light.
 Ev'-ry eye weepe with me, weepe
 with me, weepe with me, Ioyes drown'd in teares must be,
 Ioyes drown'd in teares must be.

2. His Iv'ry skin, his comely hayre,
 His Rosie cheekes so cleare, and faire:
 Eyes that once did grace
 His bright face,
 Now in him all want their place.
 Eyes and hearts weepe with mee,
 For who so kinde as hee?

3. His youth was like an Aprill flowre,
 Adorn'd with beauty, love, and powre,
 Glory strow'd his way,
 Whose wreaths gay
 Now are all turn'd to decay.
 Then againe weepe with mee,
 None feele more cause then wee.

4. No more may his wisht sight returne,
 His golden Lampe no more can burne;
 Quencht is all his frame,
 His hop't same
 Now hath left him nought but name.
 For him all weepe with mee,
 Since more him none shall see.

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE, AND VERTUOUS.

HENRY Lord CLIFFORD, Sonne and Heyre to
the Right Hnoourable, FRANCIS, Earle of
CUMBERLAND.

Such dayes as weare the badge of holy red,
Are for devotion mark'd, and sage delight;
The vulgar Low--dayes undistinguished,
Are left for labour, games, and sportfull fights.

This sev'rall and so diff'ring use of Time,
Within th'enclosure of one weeke wee finde,
Which I resemble in my Notes and Rime,
Expressing both in their peculiar kinde.

Pure Hymnes, such as the seaventh day loves, doe leade,
Grave age did iustly challenge those of mee:
These weeke--day workes in order that succede,
Your youth best fits, and yours yong Lord they be:
As hee is, who to them their beeing gave,
If th'one, the other you of force must have.

Your Honors,

THOMAS CAMPIAN.

To the READER.

*That holy Hymnes with Lovers cares are knit
Bothe in one Quire here, thou maist think't unfit;
Why do'st not blame the Stationer as well,
Who in the same Shop sets all sorts to sell?
Divine with stiles prophane, grave shelv'd with vaine;
And some matcht worse, yet none of him complaine.*

Vaine men whose follies

Two Bookes of Ayres (1613)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

Vaine men whose fol - lies make a God of Love, Whose blind - nesse
 Prayse not what you de - sire, but what you prove, Count those things

Vaine men whose fol - lies make a God of Love, Whose blind - nesse
 Prayse not what you de - sire, but what you prove, Count those things

Vaine men whose fol - lies make a God of Love, Whose blind - nesse
 Prayse not what you de - sire, but what you prove, Count those things

beau - ty doth im - mor - tall deeme. I can-not call her true
 good that are, not those that seeme.

beau - ty doth im - mor - tall deeme. I can-not call her true
 good that are, not those that seeme.

beau - ty doth im - mor - tall deeme. I can-not call her true
 good that are, not those that seeme.

that's false to me, Nor make of wo - men more than wo - men be.
 that's false to me, Nor make of wo - men more than wo - men be.

that's false to me, Nor make of wo - men more than wo - men be.
 that's false to me, Nor make of wo - men more than wo - men be.

2. How faire an entrance breakes the way to love?
 How rich of golden hope, and gay delight?
 What hart cannot a modest beauty move?
 Who seeing cleare day once will dreame of night?
 She seem'd a Saint that brake her faith with mee,
 But prov'd a woman as all other be.

3. So bitter is their sweet, that true content
 Unhappy men in them may never finde,
 Ah but without them none; both must content,
 Else uncouth are the ioyes of either kinde.
 Let us then prayse their good, forget their ill,
 Met must be men, and women women still.

How eas'ly wert thou chained?

Two Bookes of Ayres (1613)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

How eas' - ly wert thou chain - ed, Fond hart by fa - vours fai - ned? Why liv'd thy hopes in
But since th'art now be - gui - led, By Love that false - ly smi - led, In some lesse hap - py

How eas' - ly wert thou chain - ed, Fond hart by fa - vours fai - ned? Why liv'd thy hopes in
But since th'art now be - gui - led, By Love that false - ly smi - led, In some lesse hap - py

How eas' - ly wert thou chain - ed, Fond hart by fa - vours fai - ned? Why liv'd
But since th'art now be - gui - led, By Love that false - ly smi - led, In some

grace, straight to die, straight to die dis - dai - ned? My love stil here en -
place, mourne a - lone, mourne a - lone ex - i - led. Yet 'tis no wo - man

grace, straight to die, straight to die dis - dai - ned? My love still here en -
place, mourne a - lone, mourne a - lone ex - i - led. Yet 'tis no wo - man

thy hopes in grace, straight to die dis - dai - ned? My love still here en -
lesse hap - py place, mourne a - lone ex - i - led. Yet 'tis no wo - man

crea - seth, & with my love my grief, While her sweet boun - ty cea - seth, That gave my woes re - lief.
leaves me, for such may prove un - iust, A God desse thus de - ceives me, Whose faith who could mistrust?

crea - seth, And with my love my grief, While her sweet boun - ty cea - seth, That gave my woes re - lief.
leaves me, for such may prove un - iust, A God - desse thus de - ceives me, Whose faith who could mis - trust?

crea - seth, And with my love my grief, While her sweet boun - ty cea - seth, That gave my woes re - lief.
leaves me, for such may prove un - iust, A God - desse thus de - ceives me, Whose faith who could mis - trust?

2. A Goddess is much graced,
That Paradice is placed
In her most heav'nly brest,
Once by love embraced;
But love that so kinde proved
Is now from her removed,
Nor will he longer rest
Where no faith is loved.

If Powres Celestiall wound us,
And will not yeeld reliefe,
Wo the must needs confound us,
For none can cure our grieve.
No wonder if I languish
Through burden of my smart,
It is no common anguish
From Paradice to part.

Harden now thy tyred hart

Two Bookes of Ayres (1613)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

Har - den now thy ty - red hart, with more then flin - ty rage; Ne're let her false
Once true hap - py daies thou saw'st, when shee stood firme & kinde: Both as one then

teares hence forth thy con - stant griefe as - swage. But now those bright houres be fled, and
liv'd and held one eare, one tongue, one minde.

ne - ver may re - turne, What then re - maynes, but her un-truths to mourne?

2. Silly Tray-tresse who shall now thy carelesse tresses place?
Who thy pretty talke supply? whose eare thy musicke grace?
Who shall thy bright eyes admire? what lips triumph with thine?
Day by day who'll visit thee, and say th'art onely mine?
Such a time there was God wot, but such shall never be,
Too oft I feare thou wilt remember me.

O what unhopt for sweet supply

Two Bookes of Ayres (1613)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

A \flat E \flat Fm C Fm Fm Cm A \flat A \flat A \flat B \flat ⁵ C^{sus4} C Fm Fm Fm Cm

O What un-hop't for sweet sup - ply, O what ioyes ex - cee - ding! That which I long de -
 What an af - fect-ing charme feele I From de - light pro - cee - ding?

O What un-hop't for sweet sup - ply, O what ioyes ex - cee - ding! That which I long de -
 What an af - fect-ing charme feele I From de - light pro - cee - ding?

O What un-hop't for sweet sup - ply, O what ioyes ex - cee - ding! That which I
 What an af - fect-ing charme feele I From de - light pro - cee - ding?

G^{sus4} G C Cm A \flat Gm A \flat A \flat D \flat A \flat E \flat F⁵ C A \flat C^{sus4} C F

spair'd to be, to her I am, to her I am, and shee, and shee to me.
 spair'd to be, To her_ I am, to her_ I_ am, and shee, and shee, and shee to me.
 long de - spair'd to be, to her I am, and shee, and shee_ to mee.

2. Shee that alone in cloudy grieve
 Long to mee appeared;
 Shee now alone with bright reliefe,
 All those clouds hath cleared.
 Both are immortall, and divine,
 Since I am hers, and she is mine.

Where she her sacred bowre adorne

Two Bookes of Ayres (1613)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

Where shee her sa - cred bowre a - dorne, the Ri - vers clear - ly flowe:
The groves and mea - dows swell with flowres, the windes all gent - ly blow:

Her Sunne - like beau - ty shines so faire her spring can ne - ver fade.
Who then can blame the life that strives to har - bour in her shade?

2. Her grace I sought, her love I wooed;
Her love though I obtaine,
No time, no toyle, no vow, no faith
Her wished grace can gaine.
Yet truth can tell my heart is hers,
And her will I adore:
And from that love when I depart
Let heav'n view me no more.

3. Her roses with my prayes shall spring,
And when her trees I praise,
Their boughs shall blossome, mellow fruit
Shall straw her pleasant wayes.
The words of hearty zeale have powre
High wonders to effect;
O why should then her Princely eare
My words, or zeale neglect?

4. If shee my faith misdeemes, or worth,
Woe-worth my haplesse fate:
For though time can my truth reveale,
That time will come too late.
And who can glory in the worth,
That cannot yeeld him grace?
Content in ev'ry thing is not,
Nor ioy in ev'ry place.

5. But from her bowre of Ioy since I
Must now excluded be:
And shee will not relieve my cares
Which none can helpe but shee:
My comfort in her love shall dwell,
Her love lodge in my brest;
And though not in her bowre, yet I
Shall in her temple rest.

Faine would I my love disclose

Two Bookes of Ayres (1613)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

Faine would I my love dis - close, Aske what hon - our might de - nie.
But both love and her I lose, From my mo - tion if shee flie.

Faine would I my love dis - close, Aske what hon - our might de - nye.
But both love and her I lose, From my mo - tion if she flye.

Faine would I my love dis - close, Aske what hon - our might de - nie.
But both love and her I lose, From my mo - tion if she flye.

Worse then paine is feare to me, Then hold in fan - cy, though it burne.
If not hap - py safe Ile be, And to my clo - stred cares re - turne.

Worse then paine is feare to me, Then hold in fan - cy though it burne.
If not hap - py safe Ile be, And to my clo - stred cares re - turne.

Worse then paine is feare to me, Then hold in fan - cy though it burne.
If not hap - py safe Ile be, And to my clo - stred cares re - turne.

2. Yet, o yet in vaine I strive
To repress my school'd desire,
More and more the flames revive,
I consume in mine owne fire.
She would pittie might shee know
The harmes that I for her endure:
Speake then, and get comfort so,
A wound long hid growes most recure.

3. Wise shee is, and needs must know
All th'attempts that beauty moves:
Fayre she is, and honour'd so,
That the sure hath tryed some loves.
If with love I tempt her then,
'Tis but her due to be desir'd:
What would women thinke of men,
If their deserts were not admir'd?

4. Women courted have the hand
To discart what they distaste;
But those Dames whom none demand,
Want oft what their wils imbrac't.
Could their firmnesse iron excell,
As they are faire they should be sought;
When true theeves use falsehood well,
As they are wise they will be caught.

Give beauty all her right

Two Bookes of Ayres (1613)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

Give beau - ty all her right, shee's not to one forme_tyed: Each_shape

Give____ beau-ty all her right, shee's not to one forme_ tyed: Each shape yeelds

Give beau-ty all her right, shee's not to one forme tyed: Each shape yeelds

yeelds faire_de - light, where her perfect-ions bide. Hel - len I grant might plea - sing_ be,

faire de - light, where her perfect - ions bide. Hel - len I grant might plea - sing be,

faire delight, where her per - fect-ions bide. Hel - len I grant might plea - sing be, And

And Ros' mond, and Ros' - mond was as sweet, was as sweet, was_as sweet as she.

And Ros' mond, and Ros' mond was as sweet, was as sweet was as sweet as she.

Ros' mond, and Ros' mond and Ros' mond, was as sweet, was as sweet, as_ sweet as she.

2. Some the quicke eye commends,
Some smelling lips and red:
Pale lookes have many friends,
Through sacred sweetnesse bred
Meadowes hove flowres that preasure move,
Though Roses are the flowres of love.

3. Free beauty is not bound
To one unmoved clime,
She visits ev'ry ground,
And favours ev'ry time.
Let the old loves with mine compare,
My sov'raigne is as sweet, and fayre.

O deare that I with thee

Two Bookes of Ayres (1613)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

O Deare that I with thee might live, From hu-mane trace re-mo-ved:
Where-ia-lous care might-ney-ther grieve, Yet each dote on their lo-ved.

O Deare that I with thee might live, From hu-mane trace re-mo-ved:
Where-ia-lous care might-ney-ther grieve, Yet each dote on their lo-ved.

O Deare that I with thee might live, From hu-mane trace re-mo-ved:
Where-ia-lous care might-ney-ther grieve, Yet each dote on their lo-ved.

While fond feare may co-lour finde, Love's sel-dome pleas-ed: But much

While fond feare may co-lour finde, Love's sel-dome pleas-ed: But much

While fond feare may co-lour finde, Love's sel-dome pleas-ed: But much

like a sicke mans rest it's soone dis-ea-sed.

like a sicke mans rest it's soone dis-ea-sed.

like a sicke mans rest it's soone dis-ea-sed.

2. Why should our mindes not mingle so,
When love and faith is plighted:
That eyther might the others know,
Alike in all delighted?
Why should frailtie breed suspect when hearts are fixed?
Must all humane ioyes of force with grieve be mixed?

3. How oft have wee ev'n smilde in teares
Our fond mistrust repenting?
As snow when heav'nly fire appeares,
So melts loves hate relenting.
Vexed kindnesse soone fals off, and soone returneth:
Such a flame the more you quench the more it burneth.

Good men shew if you can tell

Two Bookes of Ayres (1613)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

Good men shew if you can tell, Farre and neere her would
Where doth hu - mane pi - ty dwell? She they say to all

Good men shew if you can tell, Farre and neere her
Where doth hu - mane pi - ty dwell? She they say to

Good men shew if you can tell, Farre and neere her
Where doth hu - mane pi - ty dwell? She they say to

I seeke, So vex'd with sor - row is my brest.
is meeke, And one - ly makes th'un - hap - py blest.

would I seeke, So vex'd with sor - row is my brest.
all is meeke, And one - ly makes th'un - hap - py blest.

would I seeke, So vex'd with sor - row is my brest.
all is meeke, And one - ly makes th'un - hap - py blest.

2. Oh! if such a Saint there be,
Some hope yet remains for me:
Prayer or sacrifice may gaine
From her implored grace reliefe,
To release mee of my paine,
Or at the least to ease my griefe.

3. Young am I, and farre from guile,
The more is my woe the while:
Falshood with a smooth disguise
My simple meaning hath abus'd,
Casting mists before mine eyes,
By which my senses are confus'd.

4. Faire he is who vow'd to me,
That he onely mine would be:
But alas, his minde is caught
With ev'ry gaudie bait he sees.
And too late my flame is taught
That too much kindnesse makes men freese.

5. From me all my friends are gone,
While I pine for him alone,
And not one will rue my case,
But rather my distresse deride,
That I thinke there is no place
Where pitte ever yet did bide.

What harvest halfe so sweet is?

Two Bookes of Ayres (1613)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

What har - vest half so sweet is, As still to reape the kiss - es grown
And straight to be re - cei - ver Of that which thou art gi - ver, rich

ripe in sow - ing? Kisse then my har - vest Queen, full Gar - ners hea -
in bes - tow - ing?

ping; Kiss - es rip - est when th'are green, want on - ly rea - ping.

2. The Dove alone expresses
Her fervencie in kisses,
Of all most loving:
A creature as offencelesse,
As those things that are sencelesse,
And void of morning.
Let us so love and kisse,
Though all envie us:
That which kinde, and harmlesse is,
None can denie us.

Sweet exclude me not

Two Bookes of Ayres (1613)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

Chord symbols: Gm D Gm B \flat F Gm D Gm A D A Dm Cm Gm D Gm D^{sus4} D G

Chord symbols: C F Dm Gm Gm Cm F B \flat F^{sus4} F

Chord symbols: B \flat B \flat F Cm E \flat E \flat B \flat F Gm D D G

Lyrics:
 Sweet ex-clude mee not, nor be de-vi-ded From him that ere long must bed thee:
 All thy may-den doubts law hath de-ci-ded, Sure wee are, and I must wed thee.
 Sweet ex-clude me not, nor be di-vi-ded From him that ere long must bed thee:
 All thy mai-den doubts law hath de-ci-ded, Sure we are, and I must wed thee.
 Sweet ex-clude mee not, nor be di-vi-ded From him that ere long must bed thee:
 All thy may-den doubts law hath de-ci-ded; Sure wee are, and I must wed thee.
 Pre-sume then yet a little more, yet a little more, yet a little more, yet a lit-tle
 Presume then yet a lit-tle more, yet a little more, yet a lit-tle more, a lit-tle
 Pre-sume then yet a little more, yet a little more, yet a little more, a lit-tle
 more. Here's the way, the way, the way, barre not the dore.
 more, Here's the way, the way, the way, bar not the dore.
 more. Here here's the way, the way, bar not the dore.

2. Tenants to fulfill their Land-lords pleasure
 Pay their rent before the quarter:
 'Tis my ease, if you it rightly measure,
 Put mee not then off with laughter.
 Consider then a little more,
 Here's the way to all my store.

3. Why were dore in loves despiht devised?
 Are not Lawes enough restrayning?
 Women are most apt to be surprised
 Sleeping, or sleepe wisely fayning.
 Then grace me yet a little more,
 Here's the way, barre not the dore.

The peacefull Westernne winde

Two Bookes of Ayres (1613)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

The_ peace - full_ west - erne winde the_ win - ter_ storms_ hath tam'd.
And_ na - ture_ in each kinde the_ kind heat_ hath_ in - flam'd.

The_ peace - full West - erne winde the Win - ter stormes_ hath tam'd:
And_ Na - ture in each kinde the kinde heat hath_ in - flam'd.

The_ for - ward buds so sweet - ly breath out of their earth - ly bowres, That_
The_ for - ward buds so sweet - ly breathe out of their earth - ly bowres, That_
The for - ward buds so sweet - ly breath out of their earth - ly bowres, That

heav'n which views their pomp be - neath wold faine_ be_ deckt with flowres.
heav'n which views their_ pomp be - neath would_ faine be deckt with flowres.
heav'n which viewes their pompe be - neath, would faine be deckt with flowres.

2. See how the morning smiles
On her bright easterne hill,
And with soft steps beguiles
Them that lie slumbring still.
The musicke-loving birds are come
From cliffes and rockes unknowne;
To see the trees and briers blome,
That late were over-flowne.

3. What Saturne did destroy,
Loves Queene revives againe;
And now her naked boy
Doth in the fields remaine:

Where he such pleasing change doth view
In ev'ry living thing,
As if the world were borne anew,
To gratifie the Spring.

4. If all things life present,
Why die my comforts then?
Why suffers my content?
Am I the worst of men?
O beautie, be not thou accus'd
Too iustly in this case:
Unkindly if true love be us'd,
'Twill yeeld thee little grace.

There is none, o none but you

Two Bookes of Ayres (1613)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

There_ is__ none, O none but you, that_ from_ me es - trange your sight,

There is__ none, O none but you, That from mee es - trange your sight,

There is none, O none but you, That from mee es - trange your sight,

Whom_ mine_ eyes af - fect_ to__ view or__ chain - ed ears heare_ with_ de - light.

Whom mine_ eyes af - fect to view, or__ chain - ed eares heare with de - light.

Whom mine eyes af - fect to view, or chain - ed eares heare with de - light.

2. Other beauties others move,
In you I all graces finde:
Such is the effect of love,
To make them happy that are kinde.

3. Women in fraile beauty must,
Onely seeme you faire to mee,
Yet prove truely kinde and iust,
For that may not dissembled be.

4. Sweet afford mee then your sight,
That surveying all your lookes,
Endlesse volumes I may write,
And fill the world with envyed bookes;

5. Which when after ages view,
All shall wonder, and despaire,
Women to finde man so true,
Or man a woman halfe so faire.

Pin'd I am and like to dye

Two Bookes of Ayres (1613)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

Pin'd I am, and like to dye, And all for lack of that which I doe ev' - ry day re -
If I mu-sing sit or stand, Some puts it dai - ly in my hand to in - ter-rupt my

Pin'd I am, and like to dye, And all for lack of that which I doe ev' - ry day re -
If I mu-sing sit or stand, Some puts it dai - ly in my hand to in - ter-rupt my

Pin'd I am, and like to dye, And all for lack of that which I doe ev' - ry day re -
If I mu-sing sit or stand, Some puts it dai - ly in my hand to in - ter-rupt my

6 fuse: The same thing I seeke and flye, And want that which none would de - ny.
Muse.

8 fuse: The same thing I seeke and flye, And want that which none would de - ny.
Muse.

9 fuse: The same thing I seeke and flye, And want that which none would de - ny.
Muse.

2. In my bed when I should rest,
It breeds such trouble in my brest,
That scarce mine eyes will close:
If I sleepe, it seemes to be
Oft playing in the bed with me,
But wak'd away it goes.
Tis some spirit sure I weene,
And yet it may be felt, and seene.

3. Would I had the heart, and wit,
To make it stand, and coniure it
That haunts me thus with teare.
Doubtlesse tis some harmlesse spright,
For it by day, as well as night,
Is ready to appeare.
Be it friend, or be it foe,
Ere long Ile trie what it will doe.

So many loves have I neglected

Two Bookes of Ayres (1613)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

G G D C G D G G D C Am Em G D

So many loves have I neglected, whose good parts might move mee:
That now I live of all rejected, there is none will love mee.

So ma - ny loves have I ne - gle - cted, whose good parts might move mee:
That now I live of all re - je - cted, there is none will love mee.

So ma - ny loves have I neg - lec - ted, whose good parts might move mee:
That now I live of all re - jec - ted, there is none will love mee.

G G A G C D G G C G Am G D^{sus4} D G

Why is may-den heate so coy? it free - zeth when it bur - neth;
Loo - seth - what it might in - ioy, and ha - ving lost it mour - neth.

Why is may-den heate so coy? it free - zeth when it bur - neth, it bur - neth;
Loo - seth what it might in - ioy, and ha - ving lost it mour - neth, it mour - neth.

Why is may-den heate so coy? it free - zeth when it burn - eth;
Loo - seth what it might in - ioy, and ha - ving lost it mourn - eth.

2. Should I then wooe that have beene wooed,
Seeking them that flye mee?
When I my faith with teares have vowed,
And when all denye mee,
Who will pittie my disgrace,
Which love might have prevented?
There is no submission base
Where error is repented.

3. O happy men whose hopes are licenc'd
To discourse their passion:
While women are confin'd to silence,
Loosing wisht occasion.
Yet our tongues then theirs, men say,
Are apter to be moving:
Women are more dumbe then they,
But in their thoughts more moving.

4. When I compare my former strangenesse
With my present doting,
I pittie men that speake in plainenesse,
Their true hearts devoting,
While wee with repentance iest
At their submissive passion:
Maydes I see are never blest
That strange be but for fashion.

So many loves have I neglected

Two Bookes of Ayres (1613)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

Gm D Gm D Am B \flat Gm D^{sus4} D G C Am Dm Gm C F



Though your strangenesse frets my hart, Yet may not I com-plaine: If a - no - ther you affect, T'is
You per - swade me, 'tis but Art That se-cret love must faine.

Though your strange nesse frets my hart, Yet may not I com-plaine: If a - nother you affect,
You per - swade me, 'tis but Art That se-cret love must faine.

Though your strangenesse frets my hart, Yet may not I com-plaine: If a - no - ther you affect, T'is
You per - swade me, 'tis but Art That se-cret love must faine.

7
Gm Gm Dm B \flat F^{sus4} F B \flat D Gm E \flat Cm D D D Gm B \flat C D^{sus4} D G

but a shew t'a - void su - spect, Is this faire ex - cu-sing? O no, all is a - bu - sing.
T'is but a shew t'a - void su-spect, Is this faire ex - cu-sing? O no, all is a - busing.
but a shew t'a - void su - spect, Is this faire ex - cu-sing? O no, all is a - bu - sing.

2. Your wisht sight if I desire,
Suspitions you pretend,
Causelesse you your selfe retire
While I in aine attend:
This a Lover whets you say,
Still made more eager by delay.
Is this faire excusing? O no, all is abusing.

3. When another holds your hand
You sweare I hold your hart:
When my Rivals close doe stand,
And I sit farre apart,
I am neerer yet then they,
Hid in your bosome, as you say.
Is this faire excusing? O no, all is abusing.

4. Would my Rival then I were,
Some els your secret friend:
So much lesser should I feare,
And not so much attend.
Then enioy you ev'ry one,
Yet I must seeme your friend alone,
Is this faire excusing? O no, all is abusing!

Come away, arm'd with loves

Two Bookes of Ayres (1613)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

Chord symbols: G, D, Am, G, D, G, G, C, F, Dm, A^{sus4}, A, D, G, G, C, Dm, E, G, C, G, D^{sus4}, D, G, C, C, C, G, Am, F, Dm, E^{sus4}, E, A, D, G, G, G, C, C, D, G, G, D^{sus4}, D, G.

Lyrics:
 Come a - way, come a-way, arm'd with loves de - lights, Thy_
 Come a - way, come a - way, arm'd with loves de - lights, Thy_
 Come a - way, arm'd_ with_ loves de - lights, Thy
 spright - full_ gra - ces bring with thee, When_ love and long - ing sights, They must_ the_
 spright - full gra - ces bring with thee, When_ love and_ long - ing sights, They must_ the
 spright - full gra - ces bring with thee, When love and long - ing sights, They must the
 stick - lers be. Come quick - ly, come, the pro - mis'd houre is wel - nye spent,
 stick - lers be. Come quick - ly, come, the pro - mis'd houre is wel - nye spent,
 stick - lers be. Come quick - ly, come, the pro - mis'd houre is wel - nye spent,
 And plea - sure being too much de - ferr'd loos - eth her best con - tent.
 And plea - sure_ being too_ much_ de - ferr'd loos - eth her best con - tent.
 And plea - sure being too much de - ferr'd loos - eth_ her best con - tent.

2. Is shee come? O how neare is shee?
 How farre yet from this friendly place?
 How many steps from me?
 When shall I her imbrace?
 These armes Ile spred which onely at her sight shall close,
 Attending as the starry flowre, that the Suns noone-tide knowes.

Come you pretty false-ey'd

Two Bookes of Ayres (1613)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

System 1 (Measures 1-4):

Chords: Gm, Gm D, Gm Cm D, Gm Gm D, Eb, D^{sus4} D, G

Vocal: Come you pret - ty false- ey'd wan - ton, leave your craf - ty smi - ling:
 Thinke you to es - cape mee now with slip - ry words be - gui - ling?

Lute: Come you pret - ty false- ey'd wan - ton, leave your craf - ty smi - ling:
 Thinke you to es - cape mee now with slip - ry words be - gui - ling?

Bass: Come you pret - ty false- ey'd wan - ton, leave your craf - ty smi - ling:
 Thinke you to es - cape mee now with slip - ry words be - gui - ling?

System 2 (Measures 5-8):

Chords: D, D, Dm, A, Bb, A, D⁵, Gm, Gm Cm Gm, D, Gm D

Vocal: No, you mockt me th'o - ther day, when you got loose you fled a - way:
 No, you mockt me th'o - ther day, when you got loose you fled a - way:

Lute: No, you mockt me th'o - ther day, when you got loose you fled a - way:
 No, you mockt me th'o - ther day, when you got loose you fled a - way:

Bass: No, you mockt me th'o - ther day, when you got loose you fled a - way:
 No, you mockt me th'o - ther day, when you got loose you fled a - way:

System 3 (Measures 9-12):

Chords: Gm, Gm, Am D, Bb, Eb, Cm, D^{sus4} D, G

Vocal: But since I have caught you, now Ile clip your wings for fly - ing:
 Smo - thring kis - ses fast Ile heape, and keepe you so from cry - ing.

Lute: But since I have caught you, now Ile clip your wings for fly - ing:
 Smo - thring kis - ses fast Ile heape, and keepe you so from cry - ing.

Bass: But since I have caught you, now Ile clip your wings for fly - ing:
 Smo - thring kis - ses fast Ile heape, and keepe you so from cry - ing.

2. Sooner may you count the starres
 And number hayle downe pouring;
 Tell the Osiers of the Temmes,
 Or Goodwins Sands devouring:
 Then the thick-showr'd kisses here,
 Which now thy tyred lips must beare;
 Such a harvest never was,
 So rich and full of pleasure;
 But 'tis spent as soone as reapt,
 So trustlesse is loves treasure.

3. Would it were dumb midnight now,
 When all the world lyes sleeping:
 Would this place some Desert were,
 Which no man hath in keeping.
 My desires should then be safe,
 And when you cry'd then would I laugh,
 But if ought might breed offence,
 Love onely should be blamed:
 I would live your servant still,
 And you my Saint unnamed.

A secret love or two

Two Bookes of Ayres (1613)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

Gm Cm Cm D D Gm C F B \flat F Gm F C F Dm A D B \flat Gm C

A se - cret love or two I must confesse, I kindly welcome for change in close playing, Yet my deare

D C F Dm G C C Am D Gm D Gm E \flat F B \flat F B \flat Gm Cm D E \flat

Husband I love ne'er-the-lesse, His de - sires whole or halfe quickly al - laying, At all times ready to of-fer re-

Husband I love ne'er-the-lesse, His de - sires whole or halfe quick - ly al - laying, At all times ready to of-fer re-

Husband I love ne'er-the-lesse, His de - sires whole or halfe quick - ly al - laying, At all times ready to of-fer re-

D B \flat E \flat Cm F B \flat B \flat F B \flat F B \flat F B \flat F Gm D D G

dresse, His owne he ne-ver wants, but hath it due - ly, Yet twits me, I keepe not touch with him truly.

dresse, His owne he ne-ver wants, but hath it due - ly, Yet twits me, I keepe not touch with him truly.

dresse, His owne he ne-ver wants, but hath it due - ly, Yet twits me, I keepe not touch with him truly.

2. The more spring is drawne, the more it flowes;
No Lampe lesse light retaines by lighting others:
Is hee a looser his losse that ne're knowes?
Or is he wealthy that vast treasure smothers?
My churle vowes no man shall sent his sweet Rose,
His owne enough and more I give him duely,
Yet still he twits mee I keepe not touch truly.

3. Wise Archers beare more then one shaft to field,
The Venturer loads not with one ware his shipping:
Should Warriars learne but one weapon to weilde?
Or thrive faire plants ere the worse for the slipping?
One dish cloyes, many fresh appetite yeeld:
Mine owne Ile use, and his he shall have duely,
Iudge then what debter can keepe touch more truly.

Her rosie cheekes

Two Bookes of Ayres (1613)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

Her_ro - sie cheekes, her_e - ver smi - ling eyes. Are.spheares and beds.where.love in__ tri-umph

Her_ro - sie cheekes, her e - ver smi - ling eyes. Are.spheares and beds where love in tri-umph

Her ro - sie cheekes, her e - ver smi - ling eyes. Are speheares and beds where love in tri-umph

lyes: Her ru - bine lips when they their pearle un - lock, Make them seeme as they did rise All

lyes: Her ru - bine lips when they their pearle un - lock, Make them seeme as they did rise All

lyes: Her ru - bine lips when they their pearle un - lock, Make them seeme as they did rise All

out of one smooth Cur - rall Rocke. Oh that of o - ther Crea-tures store I knew, More wor -

out of one smooth Cur - rall Rocke. Oh that of o - ther Crea-tures store I knew, More wor -

out of one smooth Cur - rall Rocke. Oh that of o - ther Crea-tures store I knew, More wor -

thy_and.more rare: For these are old and shee so new, That.her to them__none should com - pare.

thy and more rare: For these are old and shee so new, That her to them none should com - pare.

thy and more rare: For these are old, and shee so new, That her to them none should com - pare.

2. Oh could she love, would shee but heare a friend;
Or that shee onely knew what sighs pretend.
Her lookes inframe, yet cold as Ice is shee,
Doe, or speake, all's to one end:
For what shee is, that will shee be.

Yet will I never cease her prayse to sing.
Though she gives no regard:
For they that grace a worthlesse thing,
Are onely greedy of reward.

Where shall I refuge seeke?

Two Bookes of Ayres (1613)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

Where shall I re-fuge seeke, Where shall I re-fuge seeke if you re-fuse me? In you my hope, in you my for-tune lyes: In you my life, In you my life, though you un-just ac-cuse mee, My ser-vice_scorne, and mer-it un-der-prise. O bit-ter grieve, O bit-ter grieve, that ex-ile is be-come Re-ward for faith, and pit-tie deafe and dumb.

2. Why should my firmnesse find a seat so wav'ring?
 My simple vowes, my love you entertain'd,
 Without desert the same againe disfav'ring:
 Yet I my word and passion hold unstain'd.
 Oh wretched me, that my chiefe ioy should breede
 My onely grieve, and kindnesse pitty neede.