

Author of light

Two Bookes of Ayres (1613)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

Chord progression: Gm B♭ G C A Dm B♭ Gm D B♭ F Gm⁷ C⁷

1. Au - thor of light re - vive my dy - ing spright, Re -

2. Au - thor of light re - vive my dy - ing spright, Re - deeme it from the

3. Au - thor of light re-vive my dy - ing spright, Re - deeme it from the

4. Au - thor of light, of light, re - vive my dy - ing spright, Re-deeme it from

9. F F B♭ E♭ Cm⁷ B♭ E♭ E♭ B♭ D Gm D^{sus4} D G C G A

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

snare, re - deeme it from the stares of all con - foun - ding night. Lord, light mee_

snare, re - deeme it from the snares of all con - found - ing night. Lord, light me_

the stares of all con - foun-ding night, con - foun - ding night. Lord, light me

17. Dm Am B♭ Gm A Am Gm B♭ F Gm D D G Cm C

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

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

to thy blessed way: For blinde with world - ly vaine de - sires I wan - der,

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

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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

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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 be - ing 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 asswage.