

Awake, thou heavy spright Thomas Campion

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A- wake, a- wake, thou hea- vy sprite, That sleep'st the
 Get up, get up, thou lead- en man, Thy tracks to

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dead- ly sleep of sin; Rise now and walk the ways of
 end- less joy, or pain, Yields but the mo- del of a

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light: 'Tis not too late yet to be- gin. Seek hea- ven ear- ly,
 span, Yet burns out thy life's lamp in vain. One min- ute bounds thy

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seek it late: True faith still finds an o- pen gate. Seek gate.
 bane, or bliss, Then watch, and la- bour while time is. One is.