

Lighten heavy heart thy spright

Thomas Campion

Light- en hea- vy heart, thy sprite, The joys re- call that thence are fled:
From her cave rise all dis- tastes, Which un- re- solv'd des- pair pur- sues;

5

Yield thy breast some liv- - ing light, The man that no- thing doth is dead.
Whom soon af- ter vi- o- lence hastes Her- self un- grate- ful to a- buse.

10

Tune thy tem- per to these sounds, And quick- en so thy joy- less mind;
Skies are clear'd with stir- ring winds, Th'un- mov- ed wa- ter moor- ish grows;

15

Sloth the worst and best con- founds, It is the ru- in of man- kind.
Ev- 'ry eye much plea- sure finds To view a stream that bright- ly flows.