

# Harden now thy tired heart

Thomas Campion

Cantus

Tenor

Bassus

Hard- en now thy ti- red heart, with  
Sil- ly trait- 'ress, who shall now thy

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more then flint- y rage; N'er let her false  
care- less tress- es place? Who thy pret- ty

tears hence- forth thy con- stant grief as- suage.  
talk sup- ply? Whose ear thy mu- sic grace?

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Once true hap- py days thou saw'st, when she stood firm and  
Who shall thy bright eyes ad- mire? What lips tri- umph with

kind: Both as one then liv'd and held one  
 thine? Day by day who'll vi- sit thee, and

15

ear, one tongue, one mind. But now those bright  
 say th'art on- ly mine? Such a time there

20

hours be fled, and ne- ver may re- turn: What then re-  
 was, God wot, but such shall ne- ver be, Too oft, I

mains fear, but thou her wilt un- truths to mourn?  
 fear, thou wilt re- mem- ber me.