

Follow thy fair Sun

Thomas Campion

Fol- low thy fair sun, un- hap- py sha- dow. Though
 Fol- low her whose light thy light de- priv- eth. Though
 Fol- low those pure beams whose beau- ty burn- eth, That
 Fol- low her while yet her glo- ry shin- eth. There
 Fol- low still, since so thy fates or- dain- ed. The

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 thou, though thou be black as night, And she made all of
 here, though here thou liv'st dis- grac'd, And she in heav'n is
 so, that so have scorch- ed thee, As thou still black must
 comes, there comes a luck- less night, That will dim all her
 sun, the sun must have his shade, Till both at once do

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 light, Yet fol- low thy fair sun, un- hap- py sha- dow.
 plac'd, Yet fol- low her whose light the world re- viv- eth.
 be Till her kind beams thy black to bright- ness turn- eth.
 light; And this the black un- hap- py shade di- vin- eth.
 fade, The sun still 'prov'd, the sha- dow still dis- dain- ed.