

17. Come, cheerful day

Thomas Campion

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Come, cheer-ful day, come cheer-ful day, part of my life to me:
But O ye nights, but O ye nights, or-dain'd for bar-ren rest,

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For while thou view'st me with thy fa-ding light, Part of my life doth still de-part with thee,
How are my days de-priv'd of life in you, When hea-vy sleep my soul hath dis-pos-sess'd,

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And I still on-ward haste to my last night. Time's fa-tal wings do ev-er for-ward fly,
By feign-ed death life sweet-ly to re-new? Part of my life in that you life de-ny,

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So ev-'ry day, so ev-'ry day we live, we live, a day we die.