



# Lighten heavy heart thy spright Thomas Campion


Cantus



Altus




Bassus





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



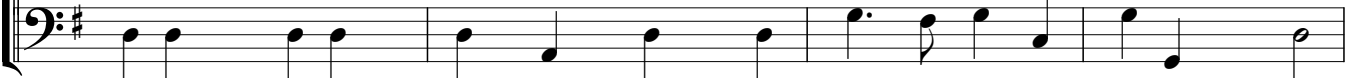

Yield thy breast some liv- - ing light, The man that no- thing doth is dead.  
Whom soon af- ter vi- o- lence hastes Her- self un- grate- ful to a- buse.




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.

