

Lighten heavy heart thy spright Thomas Campion

Cantus

Light- en hea- vy heart, thy sprite, The
From her cave rise all dis- tastes, Which

Altus

Bassus

Lute

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joys re- call that thence are fled: Yield thy breast some
un- re- solv'd des- pair pur- sues; Whom soon af- ter

liv- - ing light, The man that no- thing doth is dead.
vi- o- lence hastes Her- self un- grate- ful to a- buse.

Tune thy temper with to these sounds, And quicken so thy
 Skies are clear'd with stirring winds, Th'unmov'd water

joy- less mind; Sloth the worst and best con- sours, finds,
 moor- ish grows; Ev- 'ry eye much plea- sure

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 It is the ru- in of man- ly kind.
 To view a stream that bright- ly flows.