

Follow your Saint

Thomas Campion

Fol-low your Saint fol-low with ac- cents sweet Hasteyou, sad notes fall at her fly- ing
All that I sung still to her praise did tend. Still she was first, still she mysongsdid

3

6
feet. There wrapped in cloud of sor- row, pi- ty move And tell the ra- vi- sher of my
end. Yet she my love and mu- sic both doth fly, The mu- sic that her - e- cho

13
soul I pe- rish for her love. But if she scorns my ne- ver cea- sing pain,
is, and beau- ty's sym- pa- thy. Then let my notes pur- sue her scorn- ful flight;

19
Then burst with sigh- ing in her sight and ne'er re- - turn a- gain.
It shall suf- fice - that they were breathed and died for - her de- light.