

# Thomas Campion

## The First Booke of Ayres

XIX

**1 Lighten heauy heart thy spright,**

The ioyes recall that thence are fled :  
Yeeld the brest some liuing light,  
The man that nothing doth is dead.  
Tune thy temper to these sounds,  
And quicken so thy ioylesse minde ;  
Sloth the worst and best confounds,  
It is the ruine of mankinde.

2 From her caue rise all distasts,  
Which vnresolu'd Despaire pursues ;  
Whom soone after Violence hasts  
Her selfe vngratefull to abuse.  
Skies are clear'd with stirring windes,  
Th'vnmoued water moorish growes;  
Eu'ry eye much pleasure findes  
To view a streame that brightly flowes.