

# Thomas Campion

## The First Booke of Ayres

### XVII

1 **Come chearfull day,** :||: part of my life, to mee :  
For while thou view'st me with thy fading light,  
Part of my life doth still depart with thee,  
And I still onward haste to my last night.  
    Times fatal wings doe euer forward flye,  
    So eu'ry day we liue, a day wee dye.

2 But O yee nights ordain'd for barren rest,  
How are my dayes depriu'd of life in you,  
When heauy sleepe my soule hath dispossessed,  
By fayned death life sweetly to renew ?  
    Part of my life in that you life denye,  
    So eu'ry day we liue a day wee dye.