

# *Thomas Campion*

## THE T H I R D AND FOVRTH BOOKE OF A Y R E S :

---

### **XIII. Awake thou spring**

1 Awake thou spring of speaking grace, mute rest becomes not thee ;  
The fayrest women while they sleepe, and Pictures equall bee.

O come and dwell in loues discourses,  
Old renuing, new creating.  
The words which thy rich tongue discourses,  
Are not of the common rating.

2 Thy voyce is as an Eccho cleare, which Musicke doth beget ;  
Thy speech is as an Oracle, which none can counterfeit :

For thou alone without offending,  
Hast obtain'd power of enchanting :  
And I could heare thee without ending,  
Other comfort neuer wanting.

3 Some little reason brutish liues with humane glory share,  
But language is our proper grace from which they seuer dare.

As brutes in reason man surpasses,  
Men in speech excell each other :  
If speech be then the best of graces,  
Doe it not in slumber smother.