

Thomas Campion

THE THIRD AND FOURTH BOOKE OF AYRES :

V. So tyr'd are all my thoughts

1 So tyr'd are all my thoughts, that sence and spirits faile;
Mourning I pine, and know not what I ayle.
O what can yeeld ease to a minde,
Ioy in nothing that can finde ?

2 How are my powres fore-spoke ? what strange distaste is this ?
Hence cruell hate of that which sweetest is :
Come, come delight, make my dull braine
Feele once heate of ioy againe.

3 The louers teares are sweet, their mouer makes them so :
Proud of a wound the bleeding Souldiers grow :
Poore I alone, dreaming, endure
Griefe that knowes nor cause, nor cure.

4 And whence can all this grow ? euen from an idle minde,
That no delight in any good can finde.
Action alone mahes the soule blest;
Vertue dyes with too much rest.