

A BOOKE OF AYRES

Thomas Campion / Philip Rosseter

1601

The second Booke

V. What hearts content.

What harts content can he finde,
What happy sleepes can his eies embrace
That beares a guiltie minde,
His tast sweet wines will abhorre,
No musicks sounde can appease the thoughts
That wicked deeds deplore,
The passion of a present feare,
Stil makes his restles motion there,
And all the day hee dreads the night,
And all the night as one agast hee feares the morning light.

But he that loues to be lou'd,
And in his deedes doth adore heauens power,
And is with pitie mou'd;
The night giues rest to his heart,
The cheerefull beames do awake his soule,
Reuiued in euerie part.
He liues a comfort to his friendes,
And heauen to him such blessing sendes,
That feare of hell cannot dismaie,
His stedfast hart that is enurd the truth still to obey.