

# Author of light

Thomas Campion

Voice	
	<p>Au - thor of light re - vive, my          Foun - tain of health my soul's deep</p> <p>- dy - - ing sprite,          - wounds - - re - cure,</p>
Lute	<p><b>4</b> a a a c c d a a d a</p> <p><b>2</b> c c c c a b c d d a</p> <p>a c d e d c a</p>

	<p>Re - deem it from the snares of all          Sweet show'rs of pi - ty rain, wash my</p> <p>- con - found - ding night.          - un - clean - ness pure.</p>
	<p>a c d d c d d d a a b b a a a a</p> <p>b d b b b a b b b a b a b a a c</p> <p>c a a c a c b c c b c</p> <p>d c a c d a d d a c c a</p>

	<p>Lord, light me to thy bless - ed way. For blind, for          One drop of thy de - sir - ed grace. the faint, the</p>
	<p>c a c d c a a c c e a d</p> <p>d a a c c d b f</p> <p>c c c c f</p> <p>a c b c a d c d c c a d</p>

blind with world - ly vain faint and fa - ding heart	- de - sires, I - can - raise, and	wan - der - as - a in joy's - bo - som
♩                    ♩.                    ♩	♩                    0	♩                    ♩
♭                    a                    a	a                    a                    c	e                    a                    c                    c
♭                    b                    a	a                    c                    ♭	a                    c                    e                    f                    e
a                    c                    c                    e	b                    c                    c                    a	c                    c                    e                    e
		c                    a                    c                    c

stray.                    Sun                    and - place.                    Sin                    and -	moon, stars                    and - un - der - lights I death, hell                    and - tempt - ing fiends may	see, but all their glo - rage, but God his own
♩.                    ♩                    ♩	♩	0                    ♩
a                    a                    a                    a	c                    ♭                    a	a                    b                    b                    a
a                    a                    b                    b	♭                    ♭                    b                    ♭	b                    b                    b                    ♭
b                    b	c                    a	c                    c
c                    c                    ♭                    a	a	a                    ♭                    a

- rious beams                    are - will guard,                    and	mists                    and dark - ness their sharp pains                    and	being com - par'd                    to grief in time                    as	thee. suage.
♩                    ♩.                    ♩                    ♩                    ♩	♩	♩                    ♩	0
c                    a                    c                    ♭	a                    c                    c                    c	a                    a                    a                    a	a
♭                    ♭                    a                    a                    a	b                    c                    ♭                    a	a                    a                    a                    a	a
♭                    f                    b	♭                    b                    e                    ♭	b                    b                    a                    a	c
a                    f                    e                    c                    b                    c	e                    c                    a	c                    b                    c                    b	c
	e                    c                    a	c                    c                    c	
	♭                    c                    a		a

Book: 'First Book of Ayres'(c. 1613)

Transcription: abc transcription Taco Walstra (walstra@wins.uva.nl)

# Come cheerful day

Thomas Campion

Voice	
	<p>Come cheer - ful but O ye day, cheer - ful nights, but O ye</p>
	<p><i>a</i> <i>d.</i> <i>a</i> <i>a</i> <i>a</i> <i>a</i></p>
Lute	<p><b>4</b> <i>a</i> <i>a</i> <i>a</i> <i>a</i> <i>a</i> <i>a</i></p>
	<p><i>c</i> <i>c</i> <i>c</i> <i>c</i> <i>c</i> <i>c</i> <i>c</i></p>
	<p><b>2</b> <i>c</i> <i>c</i> <i>b</i> <i>a</i> <i>c</i> <i>c</i></p>
	<p><i>a</i> <i>c</i> <i>c</i> <i>a</i></p>

<p>day part of my life to nights or - dain'd for bar - ren me. rest. For while thou how are my</p>
<p><i>a</i> <i>a</i> <i>a</i> <i>c</i> <i>d.</i> <i>a</i> <i>a</i></p>
<p><i>c</i> <i>c</i> <i>a</i> <i>c</i> <i>c</i> <i>a</i> <i>a</i></p>
<p><i>b</i> <i>b</i> <i>c</i> <i>b</i> <i>c</i> <i>a</i> <i>c</i></p>
<p><i>a</i> <i>c</i> <i>e</i> <i>a</i> <i>c</i> <i>e</i> <i>c</i></p>

<p>view'st me with thy fa - ding days de - priv'd of life in light. you. Part of my life doth When - hea - vy sleep my</p>
<p><i>a</i> <i>a</i> <i>c</i> <i>c</i> <i>c</i> <i>c</i> <i>c</i></p>
<p><i>c</i> <i>b</i> <i>b</i> <i>c</i> <i>c</i> <i>c</i> <i>c</i></p>
<p><i>b</i> <i>a</i> <i>c</i> <i>e</i> <i>f</i> <i>e</i> <i>e</i></p>
<p><i>a</i> <i>a</i> <i>c</i> <i>e</i> <i>e</i> <i>a</i> <i>a</i></p>
<p><i>c</i> <i>c</i> <i>b</i> <i>c</i> <i>c</i> <i>c</i> <i>c</i></p>
<p><i>a</i> <i>c</i> <i>c</i> <i>b</i> <i>c</i> <i>c</i> <i>a</i></p>

still de - part with thee, soul hat dis - pos - sess'd,	and I still on - ward haste to by fain - ed death life sweet - ly	my last night. to re - new?

Time's fa - tal wings do Part of my life in	e - ver for - ward fly. that you life de - ny.	So ev - 'ry day, So ev - 'ry day,

so ev - 'ry day we so ev - 'ry day we	live, we live a live, we live a	day we die. day we die.

Book: 'First Book of Ayres'(c. 1613)

Transcription: abc transcription Taco Walstra (walstra@wins.uva.nl)

# Jack and Joan

*Thomas Campion*

Voice				
	Jack and Joan - they -	think no ill, but	lo - ving - live and -	mer - ry still.
	Do their week - days -	work and pray, de -	vout - ly - on the -	ho - ly day.
	<i>a</i> <i>a</i>	<i>a</i> <i>a</i> <i>a</i> <i>a</i>	<i>c</i> <i>a</i> <i>c</i>	<i>a</i>
Lute	<b>2</b> <i>a</i> <i>a</i>	<i>a</i> <i>a</i> <i>a</i> <i>a</i>	<i>c</i> <i>a</i> <i>c</i>	<i>a</i> <i>c</i> <i>a</i>
	<i>c</i> <i>a</i>	<i>c</i> <i>a</i> <i>c</i> <i>c</i>	<i>c</i> <i>a</i> <i>c</i>	<i>a</i> <i>c</i> <i>a</i>
	<b>2</b> <i>c</i> <i>b</i>	<i>c</i> <i>b</i> <i>c</i> <i>c</i>	<i>a</i> <i>b</i> <i>c</i>	<i>b</i> <i>c</i> <i>b</i>
		<i>c</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>c</i> <i>c</i>

Voice				
	Skip and trip - it	on the - green, and	help - to - choose - the -	sum - mer queen.
	Lash out at - a	coun - try - feast, their	sil - ver - pen - ny -	with the best.
	<i>a</i> <i>a</i>	<i>a</i> <i>a</i>	<i>a</i> <i>a</i> <i>a</i>	<i>a</i> <i>a</i>
	<i>a</i> <i>c</i> <i>e</i>	<i>a</i> <i>c</i> <i>a</i>	<i>c</i> <i>e</i> <i>f</i> <i>a</i> <i>a</i>	<i>a</i> <i>e</i> <i>a</i>
	<i>c</i> <i>c</i>	<i>c</i> <i>a</i>	<i>c</i> <i>f</i> <i>c</i>	<i>a</i> <i>c</i>
	<i>c</i>	<i>a</i> <i>c</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>c</i>
	<i>a</i> <i>c</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>c</i> <i>e</i> <i>a</i>	<i>c</i> <i>a</i>

1

Jack and Joan they think no ill,  
but loving live and merry still.  
Do their weekday's work and pray,  
Devoutly on the holy day.  
Skip and trip it on the green,  
And help to choose the summer queen.  
Lash out at a country feast,  
Their silver penny with the best.

2

Well can they judge of nappy ale  
And tell at large a winter tale  
Climb up to the apple loft  
And turn the crabs till they be soft.  
Tib is all the father's joy,  
And little Tom the mother's boy:  
And their pleasure is content,  
And care to pay their yearly rent.

3

Joan can call by name her cows,  
And deck her windows with green boughs;  
She can wreaths and tutties make,  
And trim with plums and bridal cake.  
Jack knows what brings gain or loss,  
And his long flail can stoutly toss,  
Make the hedge which others break,  
And ever thinks what he doth speak.

4

Now you courtly dames and knights,  
That study only strange delights,  
Though you scorn the home-spun grey,  
And revel in your rich array,  
Though your tongues dissemble deep,  
And can your heads from danger keep;  
Yet for all your pomp and train,  
Securer lives the silly swain.

Book: 'First Book of Ayres' (c. 1613)

Transcription: abc transcription Taco Walstra (walstra@wins.uva.nl)

# The man of life upright

Thomas Campion

Voice

The main of life up - right, Whose cheer - ful mind is free

Lute

4  
2

From weight of im - pious deeds, and yoke - - of - va - ni - ty.

1

The man of life upright,  
whose cheerful mind is free.  
From weight of impious deeds,  
And yoke of vanity

2

The man whose silent days,  
In harmless joys are spent.  
Whom hopes cannot delude,  
Nor sorrows discontent.

3

That man needs neither tow'rs,  
Nor armour for defence.  
Nor vaults his guilt to shroud,  
From thunder's violence.

4

He only can behold  
With unaffrighted eyes  
The horrors of the deep,  
And terrors of the skies.

5

Thus scorning all the cares,  
That fate or fortune brings,  
His book the heav'ns he makes,  
His wisdom heav'nly things.

6

Good thoughts his surest frinds,  
His wealth a well-spent age,  
The earth his sober inn,  
And quiet pilgrimage.

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# Never Weatherbeaten Sail

Thomas Campion 1613

Soprano

Ne - ver wea - ther - bea - ten sail more wil - ling bent to  
 Ne - ver ti - red pil - grim limbs af - fec - ted slum - ber

Alto

Ne - ver wea - ther - bea - ten sail more wil - ling bent to  
 Ne - ver ti - red pil - grim limbs af - fec - ted slum - ber

Tenore

8 Ne - ver wea - ther - bea - ten sail more wil - ling bent to  
 Ne - ver ti - red pil - grim limbs af - fec - ted slum - ber

Basso

Ne - ver wea - ther - bea - ten sail more wil - ling bent to  
 Ne - ver ti - red pil - grim limbs af - fec - ted slum - ber

Lute

	a	a	a	c	a	c	a	a
C	c	a	d	c	d	a	d	c
	c	b	b	c	b	c	c	b
		c	e		a	c	e	c

shore. more. Than my wea - ry sprite now longs to fly out of my

shore. more. Than my wea - ry sprite now longs to fly out of my

8 shore. more. Than my wea - ry sprite now longs to fly out of my

shore. more. Than my wea - ry sprite now longs to fly out of my

							a	a	a	
a	:	a	a		a	c	a	a	c	a
c	:	c	a	a	c	e	a	c	e	a
c	:	c	b	c			b	c		b
	:			e			c		c	
a	:						c			

trou - bled breast. O come quick - ly, o come quick - ly,

trou - bled breast. O come quick - ly, o come quick - ly,

8 trou - bled breast. O come quick - ly, o come quick - ly,

trou - bled breast. O come quick - ly, o come quick - ly,

a	a	a	:	c	c	a	a	a	a
b	c	b	:	d	d	a	c	a	a
		c	:	a		b	c	c	b
			:	a	c	c	a		c
			:		c			e	a

o come quick - ly swee - test Lord and take my soul to rest.

o come quick - ly swee - test Lord and take my soul to rest.

8 o come quick - ly swee - test Lord and take my soul to rest.

o come quick - ly swee - test Lord and take my soul to rest.

a	a	c							
a	c	c	a	a	a	c		a	a
c			a	c	c	b		b	c
c		b	c	c			b	c	c
	e		c	a	a	c		c	
		c		e	c	a			a

Ever blooming are the joys of heav'ns high paradise.  
 Cold age deafs not there our ears nor vapour dims our eyes.  
 Glory there the sun outshines, whose beams the blessed only see  
 O come quickly glorious Lord and raise my sprite to thee.

# Tune thy music to thy heart

Thomas Campion

Voice	
	<p>Tune thy mu - sic to thy heart, sing thy joy with</p>
	<p>a a a a b b o</p>
Lute	<p><b>4</b></p> <p>b b b b</p>
	<p><b>2</b></p> <p>c c a</p>
	<p>a c b b a a a a</p>

<p>thanks and so thy sor - row. though de - vo - tion needs not art,</p>
<p>a o a o</p>
<p>b b b b a b</p>
<p>f f f f a b b b b b b b b b</p>
<p>f c b b f f c a b b b b a</p>
<p>b a b b</p>

<p>Some - time of the poor the rich may - bor - - row.</p>
<p>a a a b o</p>
<p>b b a b b a a a c</p>
<p>f f f f b f b a c c c a</p>
<p>f b f a c c a</p>
<p>a</p>

1

Tune thy music to thy heart,  
Sing thy joy with thanks and so thy sorrow.  
Though devotion needs not art,  
Sometime of the poor the rich may bowrrow.

2

Strive not yet for curious ways,  
Concord pleaseth more the less'tis strained.  
Zeal affects not outward praise,  
Only strives to shew a love unfained.

3



Love can wondrous things effect,  
Seetes sacrifice, all wrath appeasing.  
Love the highest doth respect,  
Love alone to him is ever pleasing.

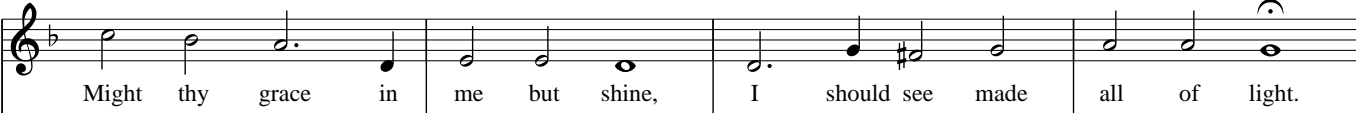
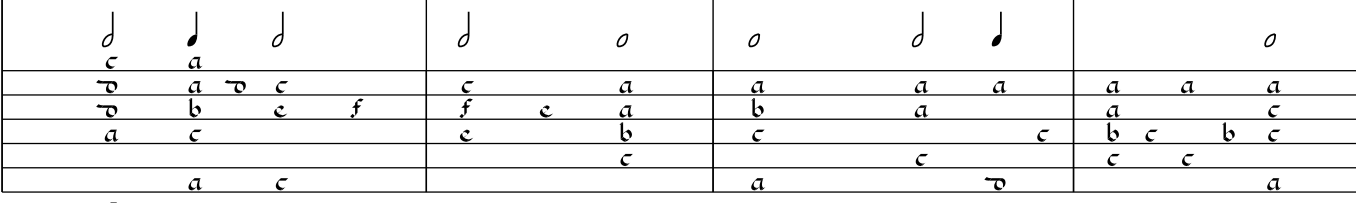
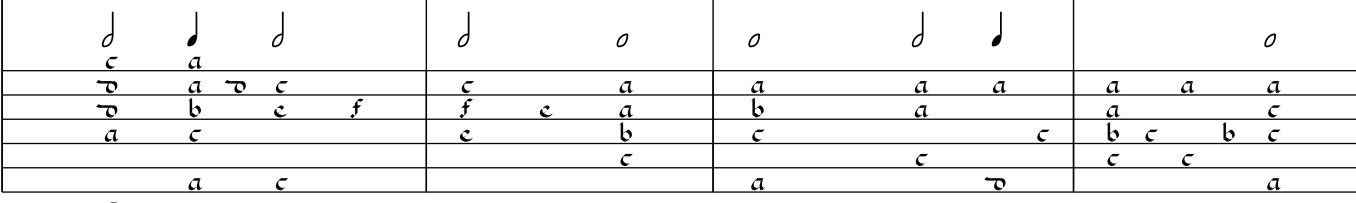
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# View me Lord, a work of thine

Thomas Campion

Voice	
	View me Lord, a work of thine, shall I then lie drown'd in night?
	
Lute	

	
	Might thy grace in me but shine, I should see made all of light.
	
	

1  
View me Lord a work of thine,  
Shall I then li drown'd in night?  
Might thy grace in me but shine,  
I should seem made all of light

2  
But my soul still surfeits so  
On the poison'd baits of sin  
That I strange and ugly grow  
All is dark, and foul within.

3  
Cleanse me Lord that I may kneel  
At thine altar pure and white  
They that once thy mercies feel  
Gaze no more on earth's delight.

4  
Worldly joys like shadows fade,  
When the heav'nly light appears,  
But the cov'nants thou hast made  
Endless, know not days, nor years.

5  
In thy word Lord is my trust,  
To thy mercies fast I fly.  
Though I am but clay and dust,

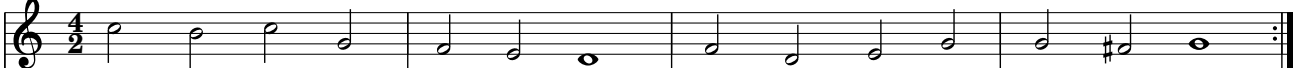
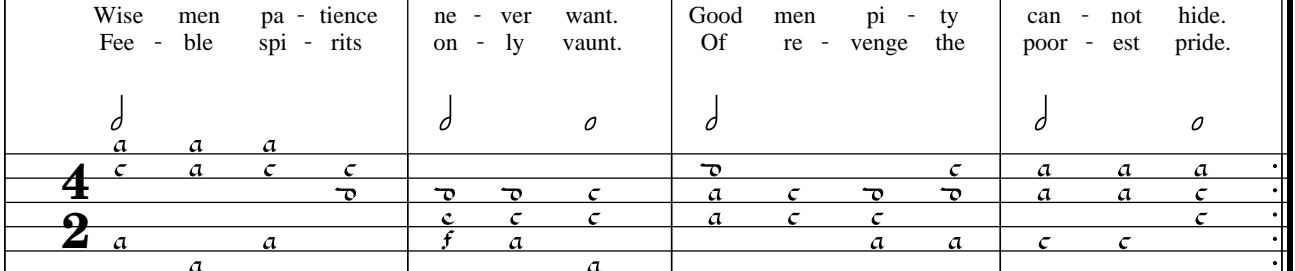
Yet thy grace can lift me high.

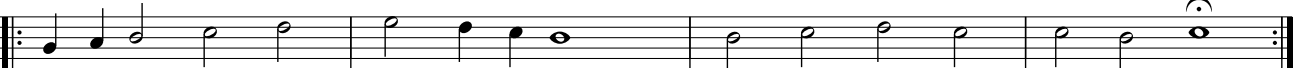
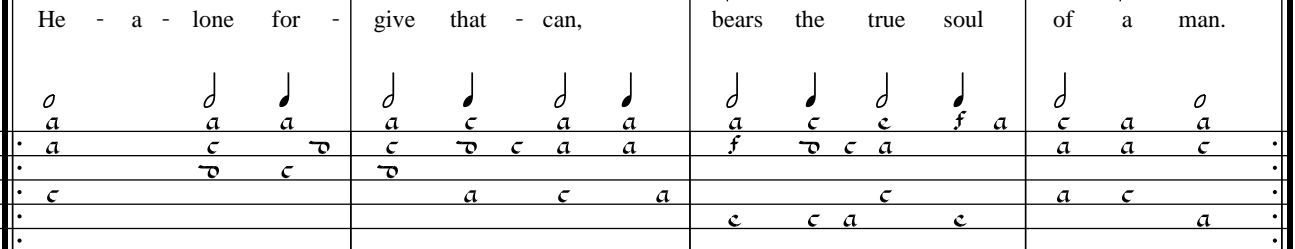
Book: From 'First Book of Ayres' (c. 1613)

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# Wise men patience never want

Thomas Campion

Voice	 <p>Wise men pa - tience Fee - ble spi - rits</p> <p>ne - ver want. on - ly vaunt.</p> <p>Good men pi - ty Of re - venge the</p> <p>can - not hide. poor - est pride.</p>
	 <p><b>4</b> c a c c</p> <p><b>2</b> a a</p>

	 <p>He - a - lone for - give that - can,</p> <p>bears the true soul of a man.</p>
	 <p>a a a</p> <p>a c a a</p> <p>f b c a</p> <p>a a c</p> <p>a c a</p> <p>e c a e</p> <p>a c a</p>



1

Wise men patience never want,  
Good men pity cannot hide.  
Feeble spirits only vaunt.  
Of revenge the poorest pride.  
He alone forgive that can,  
Bears the true soul of a man.

2

Some there are debate that seek,  
Making trouble their content,  
Happy if they wrong the meek,  
Vex them that to peace are bent.  
Such undo the common tie,  
Of mankind, society.

3

Kindness grown is, lately, cold,  
Conscience hath forgot her part.  
Blessed times were known of old,  
Long ere law became an art.  
Shame deterr'd, not statutes then,  
Honest love was law to men.

4

Deeds from love and words that flow  
Foster like kind April show'rs.  
In the warm sun all things grow,  
Wholesome fruits and pleasant flow'rs  
All so thrives his gentle rays,  
Whereon human low displays.

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