Author of light

Thomas Campion

Voice

Fountain of light revive, my dy ing sprite,

Au thor of light re vive, my soul’s deep wounds re cure,

Re deem it from the snares of all con founding night.

Sweet show’rs of pity rain, wash my un clean ness pure.

Lord, light me to thy bless ed way. For blind, for

One drop of thy de sir ed grace. the faint, the

Voice

Lute

Fountain of light revive, my dy ing sprite,

Au thor of light re vive, my soul’s deep wounds re cure,

Re deem it from the snares of all con founding night.

Sweet show’rs of pity rain, wash my un clean ness pure.

Lord, light me to thy bless ed way. For blind, for

One drop of thy de sir ed grace. the faint, the
blind with worldly vain desires, I wander as a
faint and fading heart can raise, and in joy's bosom

stray. Sun and moon, stars and under-lights I see, but all their glory
place. Sin and death, hell and tempting fiends may rage, but God his own

-rious beams are mists and darkness being compar'd to thee.
-will guard, and their sharp pains and grief in time as suage.

Book: 'First Book of Ayres'(c. 1613)
Transcription: abc transcription Taco Walstra (walstra@wins.uva.nl)
Come cheerful day

Thomas Campion

Come cheerful day, come cheerful but O ye nights, come cheerful but O ye

Voice

Lute

day part of my life to me. For while thou
to

nights or dain’d for barren rest.

view’st me with thy fading light. Part of my life doth

days de priv’d of life in you. When heavy sleep my
still de-part with thee,
and I still on-ward haste to my last night.

soul hat dis-pos-sess'd,
by fain-ed death life sweet-ly to re-new?

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

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

Book: 'First Book of Ayres'(c. 1613)
Transcription: abc transcription Taco Walstra (walstra@wins.uva.nl)
Jack and Joan

Do their week - days - 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 - pen - ny - with the best.

Lute

Voice
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

The man of life upright, Whose cheerful mind is free

From weight of impious deeds, and yoke of vanity.
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.

Book: 'First Book of Ayres’ (c. 1613)
Transcription: abc transcription TacoWalstra (walstra@wins.uva.nl)
Never Weatherbeaten Sail

Soprano
Never weatherbeaten sail more willing bent to
Never tired pilgrim limbs affected slumber

Alto
Never weatherbeaten sail more willing bent to
Never tired pilgrim limbs affected slumber

Tenore
Never weatherbeaten sail more willing bent to
Never tired pilgrim limbs affected slumber

Basso
Never weatherbeaten sail more willing bent to
Never tired pilgrim limbs affected slumber

Lute
C e a a a c a a
B e b c b c e a

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

trou-bled breast. O come quickly, o come quickly,
o come quickly sweetest Lord and take my soul to rest.

Ever blooming are the joys of heav’n’s 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

Thomask Campion

Voice

Tune thy music to thy heart, sing thy joy with thanks and so thy sorrow. though devotion needs not art,

Lute

Some time of the poor the rich may borrow.

\[\text{Voice: Tune thy music to thy heart, sing thy joy with thanks and so thy sorrow. though devotion needs not art,}\]

\[\text{Lute: Some time of the poor the rich may borrow.}\]
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.

Book: 'First Book of Ayres'(c. 1613)
Transcription: abc transcription Taco Walstra (walstra@wins.uva.nl)
View me Lord, a work of thine

Thomas Campion

1
View me Lord a work of thine,
Shall I then lie 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)
Transcription: abc transcription Taco Walstra (walstra@wins.uva.nl)
Wise men patience never want

Thomas Campion

Wise men patience never want. Good men pity cannot hide.

Feeble spirits only vaunt. Of revenge the poorest pride.

Voice

Lute

He alone forgive that can, bears the true soul of a man.
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.

Book: 'First Book of Ayres'(c. 1613)
Transcription: abc transcription Taco Walstra (walstra@wins.uva.nl)