

So tired are all my thoughts Thomas Campion

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So tired are all my thoughts That sense and spi-rits fail.
 How are my pow'rs fore-spoke? What strange dis-taste is this?
 The lov-er's tears are sweet, Their mov-er makes them so.
 And can all this grow? E'en from as id-le mind

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Mourn-ing I pine, and know not what I ail. O - what can yield
 Hence cru-el hate of that which sweet-est is! Come, - come, de-light
 Proud of a wound the bleed-ing sol-diers grow. Poor - I a-lone,
 That no de-light in an-y good can find. Ac- - tion a-lone

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ease to a mind, Joy - in no-thing that can find?
 make my dull brain Feel - once heat of joy a-gain.
 dream-ing, en-dure Grief - that knows nor cause nor cure.
 makes the soul blest. Vir- - tue dies with too much rest.

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