

Awake, thou Spring

Thomas Campion

A- wake, thou spring of speak- ing grace, mute rest be- comes not thee. The
Thy voice is as an ech- o clear, which mu- sic doth be- get; Thy
Some lit- tle rea- son brut- ish lives with hu- man glo- ry share; but

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fair- est wo- men, while they sleep, and pic- tures, e- qual be. O
speech is as as oa- a- cle which none can coun- ter- feit. For
lan- guage is our pro- per grace, from which they se- ver'd are. As

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come and dwell in love's dis- cour- ses, Old re- new- ing, new cre- a- ting. The
thou a- lone, with- out of- fend- ing, Hast ob- tain'd pow'r of en- chant- ing; And
brutes in rea- son man sur- pass- es, Men in speech ex- cel each o- ther If

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words which thy rich tongue dis- cour- ses Are not of the com- mon ra- ting.
I could hear thee with- out end- ing, O- ther com- fort ne- ver want- ing.
speech be then the best of gra- ces, Do it not in slum- ber smo- ther.