

Harden now thy tired heart

Thomas Campion

Hard- en now thy ti- red heart, with more then flint- y rage;
Sil- ly trait- 'ress, who shall now thy care- less tress- es place?

5

N'er let her false tears hence- forth thy con- stant grief as- suage.
Who thy pret- ty talk sup- ply? Whose ear thy mu- sic grace?

10

Once true hap- py days thou saw'st, when she stood firm and kind:
Who shall thy bright eyes ad- mire? What lips tri- umph with thine?

15

Both as one then liv'd and held one ear, one tongue, one mind.
Day by day who'll vi- sit thee, and say th'art on- ly mine?

20

But now those bright hours be fled, and ne- ver may re- turn:
Such a time there was, God wot, but such shall ne- ver be,

What then re- mains but her un- truths to mourn?
Too oft, I fear, thou wilt re- mem- ber me.