Follow your Saint.

Words and Music by
Thomas Campion.

Follow your saint, follow with accents sweet!
Haste you, sad notes, fall at her flying feet!

There, wrapped in cloud of sorrow pity move, And tell the
But, if she scorns my never-ceasing pain, Then burst with

ravisher of my soul I perish for her love:
sighing in her sight and never return again.
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Haste you, sad notes, fall at her flying feet!
There, wrapped in cloud of sorrow, pity move,
And tell the ravisher of my soul I perish for her love:
But, if she scorns my never-ceasing pain,
Then burst with sighing in her sight and ne'er return again.

All that I sang still to her praise did tend,
Still she was first, still she my songs did end;
Yet she my love and music both doth fly,
The music that her echo is and beauty's sympathy.
Then let my notes pursue her scornful flight!
It shall suffice that they were breathed and died for her delight.