

Let him that will be free

Philip Rosseter

Let him that will be free and
For-get thy griefs be-times; long
You hea-vy sprites that love in

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keep his heart from care, Re-tir'd a-lone re-
sor-row breeds long pain, For joy far fled from
se-ver'd shades to dwell, That nurse des-pair and

main, where no dis-com-forts are; For
men will not re-turn a-gain. O
dream of un-re-lent-ing hell, Come

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when the eye doth view his grief, or hap- less ear his
 hap- py is the soul which heav'n or- or- dain'd to live in
 sing this hap- py song and learn of me the art of

15

sor- row hears, Th'im- pres- sion still in him a-
 end- less peace, His life is a plea- sing
 true con- tent; Load not your guil- ty souls with

bides, and ev- er in one shape ap- pears, th'im- pears.
 dream, and ev- 'ry hour his joys in- crease, his crease.
 wrong, and hea- ven then will soon re- lent, load lent.