

Thomas Campion

The First Booke of Ayres

XV

1 **Sing a song of ioy,**

Prayse our God with mirth :
His flocke who can destroy ?
Is hee not Lord of heau'n and earth ?

2 Sing wee then secure,

Tuning well our strings :
With voyce as Eccho pure
Letvs renowne the King of Kings.

3 First who taught the day

From the East to rise :
Whom doth the Sunne obey
When in the Seas his glory dyes ?

4 Hee the Starres directs,

That in order stand :
Who heau'n and earth protects,
But hee that fram'd them with his hand ?

5 Angels round attend,

Wayting on his will :
Arm'd millions hee doth send,
To ayde the good, or plague the ill.

6 All that dread his Name,

And his Hests obserue,
His arme will shield from shame,
Their steps from truth shall neuer swerue.

7 Let vs then reioyce,

Sounding loud his prayse :
So will hee heare our voyce,
And blesse on earth our peacefull dayes.