

# Thomas Campion

## The First Booke of Ayres

### XIII

**1 Loe, when backe mine eye,**

Pilgrim-like, I cast,  
What fearefull wayes I spye,  
Which blinded I securely past ?

2 But now heau'n hath drawne  
From my browes that night ;  
As when the day doth dawne,  
So cleares my long imprison'd sight.

3 Straight the caues of hell  
Drest with flowres I see,  
Wherein false pleasures dwell,  
That winning most, most deadly be.

4 Throngs of masked Feinds,  
Wing'd like Angels flye,  
Eu'n in the gates of Friends ;  
In faire disguise blacke dangers lye.

5 Straight to Heau'n I rais'd  
My restored sight :  
And with loud voyce I prais'd  
The Lord of euer-during light.

6 And since I had stray'd  
From his wayes so wide,  
His grace I humble pray'd  
Hence-forth to be my guard and guide.