

Thomas Campion

The First Booke of Ayres

I

- 1 **Author of light** reviuë my dying spright,
Redeeme it from the snares of all-confounding night.
 Lord, light me to the blessed way:
For blinde with worldly vaine desires I wander as a stray.
 Sunne and Moone, Starres and vnderlights I see,
But all their glorious beames are mists and darknes being compar'd to thee.

- 2 Fountain of health my soules deep wounds recure,
Sweet showres of pittie raine, wash my vncleannesse pure.
 One drop of thy desired grace
The saint and fading hart can raise, and in ioyes bosome place.
 Sinne and Death, Hell and tempting Fiends may rage;
But God his owne will guard, and their sharp paines and grieve in time affwage.