

Thomas Campion

The First Booke of Ayres

VII

1 To Musicke bent is my retyred minde,
And faine would I some song of pleasure sing:
But in vaine ioyes no comfort now I finde:
From heau' nly thoughts all true delight doth spring.
Thy power O God, thy mercies to record
Will sweeten eu' ry note, and eu' ry word.

2 All earthly pompe or beauty to expresse,
Is but to carue in snow, on waues to write.
Celestiall things though men conceiue them lesse,
Yet fullest are they in themselues of light:
Such beames they yeeld as known no meanes to dye:
Such heate they cast as lifts the Spirit high.