

# Thomas Campion

## The First Booke of Ayres

### XVIII

- 1 **Seeke the Lord**, and in his wayes perseuer :  
O faint not, but as Eagles flye,  
For his steepe hill is high ;  
Then striuing gaine the top, and triumph euer.
- 2 Whe with glory there thy browes are crowned,  
New ioyes so shall abound in thee,  
Such sights thy soule shall see,  
That worldly thoughts shall by their beames be drowned.
- 3 Farewell World, thou masse of meere confusion,  
False light with many shadowes dimm'd,  
Old Witch with new foyles trimm'd,  
Thou deadly sleepe of soule, and charm'd illusion.
- 4 I the King will seeke of Kings adored,  
Spring of light, tree of grace and blisse,  
Whose fruit so sou'raigne is,  
That all who taste it are from death restored.