

Thomas Campion

The First Booke of Ayres

VI

1 Brauely deckt come forth bright day,

Thine houres with Roses strew thy way,
As they well remember.
Thou receiu' d shalt be with feasts,
Come chieftest of the *British* ghests,
Thou fift of *November*.
Thou with triumph shalt excede
In the strictest ember;
For by thy returne the Lord records his blessed deede.

2 Britaines frolicke at your bourd,

But first sing praises to the Lord
In your congrogations.
Hee preseru' d your state alone,
His louing grace hath made you one
Of his chosen nations.
But this light must hallowed be
Wth your best Oblations;
Prayse the Lord, for onely great and mercifull is hee.

**3 Death had enter' d in the gate,
And ruine was crept neare the State;**

But heau' n all reuealed.
Fi' ry Powder hell did make,
Which ready long the flame to take,
Lay in shade concealed.
God us helpt of his free grace,
None to him appealed;
For none was so bad to feare the treason or the place.

4 God his peacefull Monarch chose,

To him the mist he did disclose,
To him, amd none other;
This hee did O King for thee,
That thou thine owne renowne might' st see,
Which no time can smother:
May blest *Charles* thy comfort be
Firmer then his Brother,
May his heart the loue of peace, and wisdom learn from thee.