

To music bent is my retired mind Thomas Campion

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To mu- sic bent is my re- tir- ed mind, and fain would I some song of
All earth- ly pomp or beau- ty to ex- press, Is but to carve in snow, on

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plea- sure sing: But in vain joys no com- fort now I find, From heav'n- ly
waves to write. Ce- les- tial things though men con- ceive them less, Yet full- est

thoughts all true de- lights doth spring. Thy pow'r, O God, Thy mer- cies
are they in them- selves of light: Such beams they yield as know no

to re- cord. Will sweet- en ev- 'ry note and ev- 'ry word.
means to die: Such heat they cast as lifts the spi- rit high.