

# Most sweet and pleasing

Thomas Campion

Cantus

Altus

Tenor

Bassus

Lute

Most sweet and pleas- ing are thy ways, O God, Like mea- dows  
The wolf his young ones to their prey doth guide; The fox his

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deck'd with cry- stal streams and flow'rs: Thy paths no foot pro- fane hath ev- er trod,  
cubs with false de- ceit en- dues; The li- on's whelp sucks from his dam his pride;

Altus

Tenor

Bassus

Lute

δ a r e a      b f a      a b a      e b b δ      b b f      δ a r

a r δ      a r a      a a a      r a      δ a r

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Nor hath the proud man rest ed in thy bow'rs. There lives no vul ture, no de  
In hers the ser pent ma lice doth in fuse: The dark some des ert all such

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vour ing bear, But on ly doves and lambs are har bour'd there.  
beasts con tains, Not one of them in pa ra dise re mains.