

# Lo, when back mine eye

Thomas Campion

Lo, when back mine eye, Pil- grim-  
 But now heav'n hath drawn From my  
 Straight the caves of hell Dress'd with  
 Throngs of mask- ed fiends, Wing'd like  
 Straight to heav'n I rais'd My re-  
 And since I had stray'd From His

like, I cast, What fear- ful  
 brows that night; As when the  
 flow'rs I see, Where- in false  
 an- gels fly, Ev'n in the  
 stor- ed sight: And with loud  
 ways so wide, His grace I

ways I spy, Which, I se-  
 day doth dawn, So long- im-  
 plea- sures dwell, That most, most  
 gates of friends; In fair dis- guise black  
 voice I prais'd The Lord of ev- er-  
 hum- bly pray'd Hence- forth to be my

cure- ly pass'd?  
 pris- on'd  
 dead- ly  
 dan- gers  
 dur- ing  
 guard and  
 sight.  
 be.  
 lie.  
 light.  
 guide.