

# Seek the Lord

Thomas Campion

Seek the Lord, and in His ways per- se- ver:  
 When with glo- ry there thy brows are crown- ed,  
 Fare- well world, thou mass of mere con- fu- sion,  
 I the King, will seek of kings a- dor- ed,

O faint not. but as ea- gles fly, For  
 New joys so shall a- bound in thee, Such  
 False light with ma- ny sha- dows dimm'd, Old  
 Spring of light, tree of grace and bliss, Whose

his steep hill is high, Then stri- ving  
 sights thy soul shall see, That world- ly  
 witch with new sovs foils trimm'd, Thou dead- ly  
 trust so sov- 'reign is, That all who

gain the top and tri- umph ev- er.  
 thoughts shall by their beams be drown- ed.  
 sleep of soul, and charm'd be il- luster- ed.  
 taste it are from death re- stor- ed.