

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,

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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 foils trimm'd, Thou dead- ly
trust so sov- 'reign is, That all who

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