

7. To music bent is my retired mind Thomas Campion

To mu- sic bent is my re- tir- ed mind,
All earth- ly pomp or beau- ty to ex- press,

and fain would I some song of plea- sure sing:
Is but to carve in snow, on waves to write.

But in vain joys no com- fort now I find,
Ce- les- tial things though men con- ceive them less,

From heav'n- ly thoughts all true de- lights doth spring.
Yet full- est are they in them- selves of light:

Thy pow'r, O God, Thy mer- cies to re- cord.
Such beams they yield as know no means to die:

Will sweet- en ev- 'ry note and ev- 'ry word.
Such heat they cast as lifts the spi- rit high.