

18. 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 the King, thou will mass seek 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 False Spring light of light, tree of sha-dows dimm'd, Such
his sights steep hill is high, Then stri-ving
witch thy with so new shall foils see, That world-ly
trust so sov-'reign is, That dead-ly

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