

# Bravely decked, come forth Thomas Campion

Brave- ly deck'd come forth bright day, Thine hours with ro- ses strew thy  
 Brit- ons fro- lic at your board, But first sing prais- es to the  
 Death had en- ter'd in the gate, And ru- in was crept near the  
 God His peace- ful mon- arch chose, To him the mist He did dis-

way, As they well re- mem- ber. Thou re- ceiv'd shalt be with feasts,  
 Lord In your con- gre- ga- tions. He pre- serv'd your state a- lone,  
 state; But heav'n all re- veal- ed. Fie- ry pow- der hell did make,  
 close, To him, and none o- ther; This He did, O king, for thee,

Come chief- est of the Bri- ish guests, Thou fifth of No- vem- ber.  
 His lov- ing grace hath made you one Of His cho- sen na- tions.  
 Which rea- dy long the flame to take, Lay in shade con- ceal- ed.  
 That thou thine own re- nown might'st see, Which no time can smo- ther;

Thou with tri- umph shalt ex- ceed In the strict- est em- ber;  
 But this light must hal- low'd be With your best ob- la- tions;  
 God us help'd of His free grace, None to Him ap- peal- ed;  
 May bless'd Charles thy com- fort be Firm- er than his bro- ther,

For by thy re- turn the Lord re- cords His bless- ed deed.  
 Praise the Lord, for on- ly great and mer- ci- ful is He.  
 For none was so bad to fear the trea- son of the place.  
 May his heart the love of peace, and wis- dom learn from thee.