

# Most sweet and pleasing

Thomas Campion

Most sweet and pleas- ing are thy ways, O God,  
The wolf his young ones to their prey doth guide;

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Like mea- dows deck'd with cry- stal streams and flow'rs:  
The fox his cubs with false de- ceit en- dues;

Thy paths no foot pro- fane hath ev- er trod,  
The li- on's whelp sucks from his dam his pride;

Nor hath the proud man rest- ed in thy bow'rs.  
In hers the ser- pent ma- lice doth in- fuse:

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There lives no vul- ture, no de- vour- ing bear,  
The dark- some des- ert all such beasts con- tains,

But on- ly doves and lambs are har- bour'd there.  
Not one of them in pa- ra- dise re- mains.