

# Lo, when back mine eye

Thomas Campion

Cantus

Lo, when back mine eye, Pilgrim-like, I cast,  
 But now heav'n hath drawn From my brows that night;  
 Straight the caves of hell Dress'd with flow'rs I see,  
 Throngs of mask-ed fiends, Wing'd like an-gels fly,  
 Straight to heav'n I rais'd My re-stor-ed sight:  
 And since I had stray'd From His ways so wide,

Altus

Tenor

Bassus

Lute

5

What fear-ful ways I spy, Which, blind-ed, I se- cure-ly pass'd?  
 As when the day doth dawn, So clears my long-im- pris-on'd sight.  
 Where- in false plea-sures dwell, That win-ning most, most dead-ly be.  
 Ev'n in the gates of friends; In fair dis- guise black dan-gers lie.  
 And with loud voice I prais'd The Lord of ev- er- dur- ing light.  
 His grace I hum- bly pray'd Hence- forth to be my guard and guide.