

Sing a song of joy

Thomas Campion

Sing a song of joy; Praise our God with mirth:
 Sing we then se- cure, Tun- ing well our strings:
 First who taught the day From the east to rise:
 He the stars di- rects, That in or- der stand:
 An- gels round at- tend Wait- ing on His will:
 All that dread His name, And His hests ob- serve,
 Let us then re- joice, Sound- ing loud His praise:

His flock who can de- stroy? Is
 With voice as e- cho pure Let
 Whom doth the sun o- bey When
 Who heav'n and earth pro- tects, But
 Arm'd mill- ions He doth send, To
 His arm will shield from shame, Their
 So will He hear our voice, And

He not Lord of heav'n and earth?
 us re- nown the King of kings.
 in the seas his glo- ry dies?
 He that fram'd them with His Hand?
 aid the good, or plague the ill.
 steps from truth shall ne- ver swerve.
 bless on earth our peace- ful days.