

# Seek the Lord

Thomas Campion

Cantus

Altus

Bassus

Lute

5

O New faint joys not. so shall as bound eagles fly, For  
False light with ma- nysha- dows thee, Such Spring of light, tree of grace and dimm'd, Old Whose

his steep hill is high, Then striking gain the top and  
 sights thy soul shall see, That worldly thoughts shall by their  
 witch with new foils trimm'd, Thou deadly sleep of soul, and  
 trust so sov-'reign is, That all who taste it are from

tri-beams  
 charm'd  
 death      umph  
 be  
 il-  
 re-      ev-drown-  
 lu-  
 stor-      er.  
 ed.  
 sion.  
 ed.