

Loe, when backe mine eye

Two Bookes of Ayres (1613)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

Loe, when back mine eye, pil - grim - like, I cast, what feare - full

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wayes I spye which blin - ded I se - cure - ly past?

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2. But now heav'n hath drawne
From my browes that night;
At when the day doth dawne,
So cleares my long imprison'd sight.

3. Straight the caves of hell
Drest with flowres I see,
Wherein false pleasures dwell,
That winning most, most deadly be.

4. Throngs of masked Feinds,
Wing'd like Angels flye,
Ev'n in the gates of Friends;
In faire disguise black dangers lye.

5. Straight to Heav'n I rais'd
My restored sight:
And with loud voyce I prais'd
The Lord of ever-during light.

6. And since I had stray'd
From his wayes so wide,
His grace I humble pray'd
Hence-forth to be my guard and guide.