

# To music bent is my retired mind Thomas Campion

To mu- sic bent is my re- tir- ed mind,  
All earth- ly pomp or beau- ty to ex- press,

5

and fain would I some song of plea- sure sing:  
Is but to carve in snow, on waves to write.

But in vain joys no com- fort now I find,  
Ce- les- tial things though men con- ceive them less,

10

From heav'n- ly thoughts all true de- lights doth spring.  
Yet full- est are they in them- selves of light:

15

Thy pow'r, O God, Thy mer- cies to re- cord.  
Such beams they yield as know no means to die:

Will sweet- en ev- 'ry note and ev- 'ry word.  
Such heat they cast as lifts the spi- rit high.