

# View me, Lord, a work of thine Thomas Campion

Cantus

View me, Lord, a work of thine, Shall I then lie drown'd in night?  
 But my soul still sur-feits so On the pois-on'd baits of sin  
 Cleanse me, Lord, that I may kneel At thine al-tar pure and white  
 World-ly joys like sha-dows fade, When the heav'n-ly light ap-pears,  
 In thy word, Lord, is my trust, To thy mer-cies fast I fly,

Altus

Tenor

Bassus

Lute

5

Might thy grace in me but shine, I should seem made all of light.  
 That I strange and ug-ly grow All is dark, and foul with-in.  
 They that once thy mer-cies feel Gaze no more on earth's de-light.  
 But the cov'nants thou hast made End-less, know not days, nor years.  
 Though I am but clay and dust, Yet thy grace can lift me high.