

View me, Lord, a work of thine Thomas Campion

View me, Lord, a work of thine,
 But my soul still sur-feits so
 Cleanse me, Lord, that I may kneel
 World-ly joys like sha-dows fade,
 In thy word, Lord, is my trust,

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Shall I then lie drown'd in night? Might thy grace in
 On the pois-on'd baits of sin That I strange and
 At thine al-tar pure and white They that once thy
 When the heav'n-ly light ap-pears, But the cov'nants
 To thy mer-cies fast I fly, Though I am but

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