

Lift up to heaven, sad wretch

Thomas Campion

Lift up to heav'n, sad wretch, thy hea- vy sprite, What though thy
With cheer- ful voice to Him then cry for grace, Thy faith, and

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sins thy due de- struc- tion threat? The Lord ex- ceeds in mer- cy as in might;
faint- ing hope, with pray'r re- vive; Re- morse for all that tru- ly mourn hath place;

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His ruth is great- er, though thy crimes be great. Re- pent- ance needs not fear
Not God, but men of Him them- selves de- prive: Strive then, and He will help;

15

the heav'ns just rod, It stays ev'n thun- der in the hand of God.
call Him, He'll hear; The son needs not the fa- ther's fu- ry fear.