

Lift up to heaven, sad wretch

Thomas Campion

Cantus

Altus

Tenor

Bassus

Lift up to heav'n, sad wretch, thy heavy sprite,
With cheerful voice to Him then cry for grace,

5

What though thy sins thy due destruction threat?
Thy faith, and fainting hope, with pray'r revive;

The Lord exceeds in mercy as in might;
Re-morse for all that truly mourn hath place;

10

His ruth is great-er, though thy crimes be great.
 Not God, but men of Him them-selves de-prive:

15

Re-pent-ance needs not fear the heav'ns just
 Strive then, and He will help; call Him, He'll

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