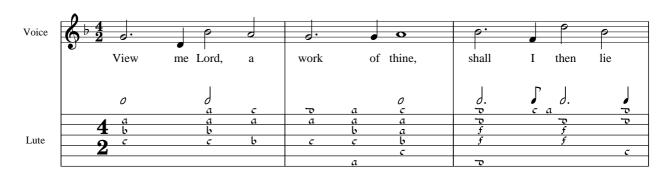
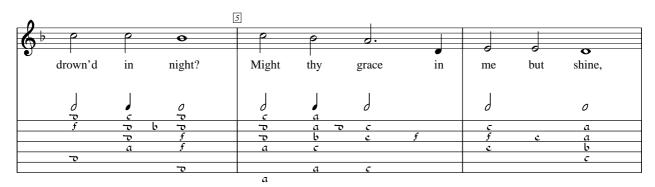
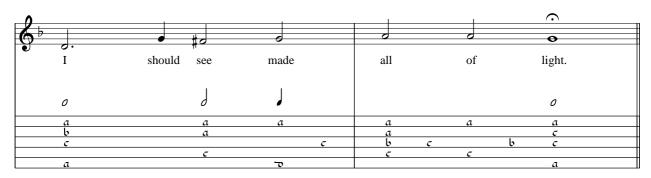
## View me Lord, a work of thine

**Thomas Campion** 







View me Lord a work of thine, Shall I then li drown'd in night? Might thy grace in me but shine, I should seem made all of light

2 But my soul still surfeits so On the poison'd baits of sin That I strange and ugly grow All is dark, and foul within.

3 Cleanse me Lord that I may kneel At thine altar pure and white They that once thy mercies feel Gaze no more on earth's delight. 4

Worldly joys like shadows fade, When the heav'nly light appears, But the cov'nants thou hast made Endless, know not days, nor years.

5

In thy word Lord is my trust, To thy mercies fast I fly. Though I am but clay and dust, Yet thy grace can lift me high.

Book: From 'First Book of Ayres' (c. 1613)

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