

View me Lord, a work of thine

Thomas Campion

Voice			
	View me Lord, a work of thine, shall I then lie		
Lute			

	drown'd in night? Might thy grace in me but shine,		

	I should see made all of light.		

1
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)

Transcription: abc transcription Taco Walstra (walstra@wins.uva.nl)