



View me, Lord, a work of thine Thomas Campion

Cantus




View me, Lord, a work of thine, Shall I then lie drown'd in night?
But my soul still sur-feits so On the pois-on'd baits of sin
Cleanse me, Lord, that I may kneel At thine al-tar pure and white
World-ly joys like sha-dows fade, When the heav'n-ly light ap-pears,
In thy word, Lord, is my trust, To thy mer-cies fast I fly,

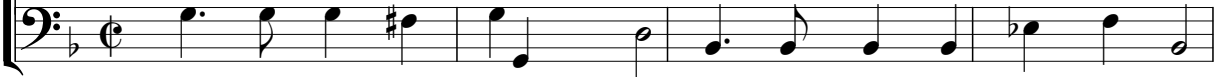
Altus




Tenor



Bassus



5



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

