

# View me Lord, a work of thine

Thomas Campion

|       |   |   |   |
|-------|---|---|---|
| Voice |   |   |   |
|       | View me Lord, a work of thine, shall I then lie |   |   |
|       |   |   |   |
| Lute  | 4   | a | a |
|       | b   | b | a |
|       | c   | c | b |
|       |   | a | c |

|  |  |   |   |
|--|--|---|---|
|  |  |   |   |
|  | drown'd in night? Might thy grace in me but shine, |   |   |
|  |  |   |   |
|  | f  | b | a |
|  | a  | a | b |
|  | a  | c | c |
|  |  | a | c |

|  |                                 |   |   |
|--|---------------------------------|---|---|
|  |                                 |   |   |
|  | I should see made all of light. |   |   |
|  |                                 |   |   |
|  | a                               | a | a |
|  | b                               | a | c |
|  | c                               | c | b |
|  | a                               | b | a |

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)