

View me Lord a worke of thine

Two Bookes of Ayres (1613)

Thomas Campion (1567 - 1620)

View me Lord a worke of thine, Shall I then lye drown'd in night?

Might thy grace in me but shine, I should seeme made all of light.

2. But my soule still surfets so
On the poysoned baytes of sinne,
That I strange and ugly growe,
All in darke, and foule within.

3. Clense mee Lord that I may kneele
At thine Altar pure and white,
They that once thy Mercies feele,
Gaze no more on earths delight.

4. Worldly ioyes like shadowes fade,
When the heav'nly light appeares,
But the cov'nants thou hast made
Endlesse, know nor dayes, nor yeares.

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