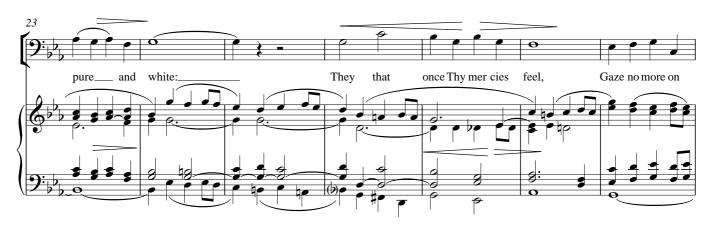
## View me, Lord



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**SOURCE:** The Year Book Press Series of Anthems and Church Music edition copyright 1938 **COMPOSER:** Charles Wood (1866-1926), founded on a 15th century Bohemian melody. **LYRICIST:** Thomas Campion (1567-1620)

transcribed from Year Book Press edition by Robert G. Nottingham 25/03/06 minor revision 09/07/06

## **ORIGINAL TEXT:**

Two Bookes of Ayres: The First Booke V. (1613?) by Thomas Campion

View mee, Lord, a worke of thine: Shall I then lye drown'd in night? Might thy grace in mee but shine, I should seeme made all of light.

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

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.

Worldly ioyes like shadowes fade, When the heau'nly light appeares; But the cou'nants thou hast made, Endlesse, know nor dayes, nor yeares.

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.

Source:

Campion, Thomas. Campion's Works. Percival Vivian, Ed. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1909. 119.

## MODERNISED TEXT:

View me, Lord, a work of Thine: Shall I then lie drown'd in night? Might Thy grace in me but shine, I should seem made all of light.

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.

Worldly joys, like shadows, fade When the heav'nly light appears, But the cov'nants Thou hast made, Endless, know nor days nor years.

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. Amen.