

Thomas Campion

The First Booke of Ayres

V

1 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.

2 But my soule still surfets so
On the poysoned baytes of sinne,
That I strange and vgly 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 heau'nly light appeares,
But the cou'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.