

For M.M.

VIEW ME, LORD

Anthem for SATB (unaccompanied)*

Words by THOMAS CAMPION

Music by

RICHARD H. LLOYD

At a moderate speed

SOPRANO
ALTO
TENOR
BASS

1 View me, Lord, a work of thine: Shall I then lie drown'd in

ACCOMP'T
(for rehearsal only)

night? Might thy grace in me but shine, — I should seem made all of light.

ten. —

cresc. mp p dim. pp

* If sung as an Introit, verses 2 and 3 could be omitted.

pp (1)

2 Cleanse me, Lord, that I may kneel At thine al - tar, pure and white; They that

pp (1)

2 Cleanse me, Lord, that I may kneel At thine al - tar, pure and white; They that

pp (1)

2 Cleanse me, Lord, that I may kneel At thine al - tar, pure and white; They that

pp (1)

2 Cleanse me, Lord, that I may kneel At thine al - tar, pure and white; They that

ten. *p* *pp*

once thy mer-cies feel, — Gaze no more on earth's de - light.

p *pp*

once thy mer-cies feel, — Gaze no more on earth's de - light.

p *pp*

once thy mer-cies feel, — Gaze no more on earth's de - light.

p *pp*

once thy mer-cies feel, — Gaze no more on earth's de - light.

mp *cresc.* ()

3 World-ly joys, like sha-dows, fade When the heav'n - ly light ap - pears;

mp *cresc.* ()

3 World-ly joys, like sha-dows, fade When the heav'n - ly light ap - pears;

mp *cresc.* ()

3 World-ly joys, like sha-dows, fade When the heav'n - ly light ap - pears;

mp *cresc.* ()

3 World-ly joys, like sha-dows, fade When the heav'n - ly light ap - pears;

mf *ten.* *dim.* *p*

But the cov-'nants thou hast made, — End - less, know nor days, nor years.

mf *dim.* *p*

But the cov-'nants thou hast made, — End - less, know nor days, nor years.

mf *dim.* *p*

But the cov-'nants thou hast made, — End - less, know nor days, nor years.

mf *dim.* *p*

But the cov-'nants thou hast made, — End - less, know nor days, nor years.

mf *ten.* *dim.* *p*

pp

4 In thy word, Lord, is my trust, To thy mer-cies fast I

pp

4 In thy word, Lord, is my trust, To thy mer-cies fast I

pp

4 In thy word, Lord, is my trust, To thy mer-cies fast I

pp

4 In thy word, Lord, is my trust, — To thy mer-cies fast I

ten. *poco rall.* *pppp*

fly; Though I am but clay and dust, — Yet thy grace can lift me high.

pppp

fly; Though I am but clay and dust, — Yet thy_ grace can lift me high.

pppp

fly; Though I am but clay and dust, — Yet_ thy_ grace can lift me high.

pppp

fly; Though I am but clay and dust, — Yet thy_ grace can lift me high.

ten. *poco rall.* *pppp*