

Lift up to heaven, sad wretch

Thomas Campion

Lift up to heav'n, sad wretch, thy hea- vy sprite,
 With cheer- ful voice to Him then hea- cry for grace,

 5
 What though thy sins thy due de-
 Thy faith, and faint- ing hope, with

 struc- tion pray'r re- threat? The Lord ex- ceeds in mer- cy
 vive; Re- morse for all that tru- ly

 10
 as in might; His ruth is great- er, though thy
 mourn hath place; Not God, but men of Him them-

 crimes be great. Re- pent- ance needs not fear
 selves de- prive: Strive then, and He will help;

 15
 the heav'n's just rod, It stays ev'n thun- der
 call Him, He'll hear; The son needs not the

