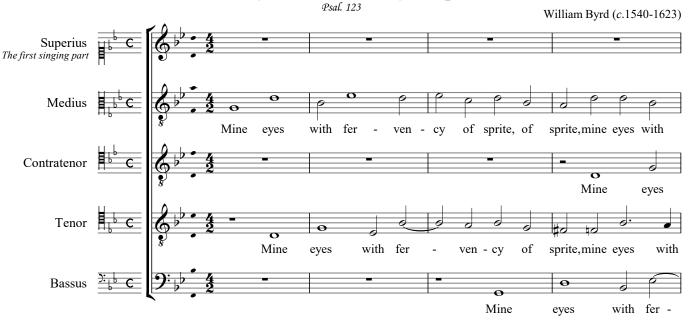
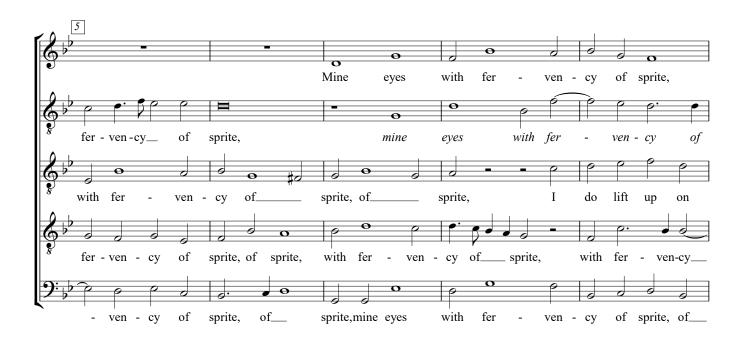
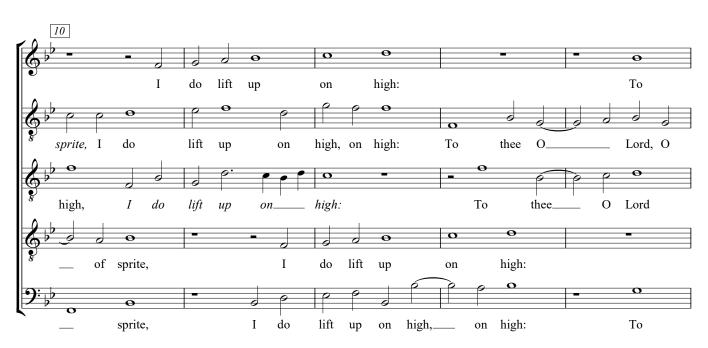
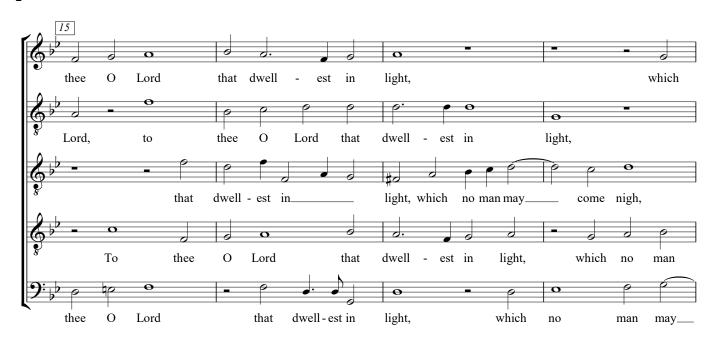
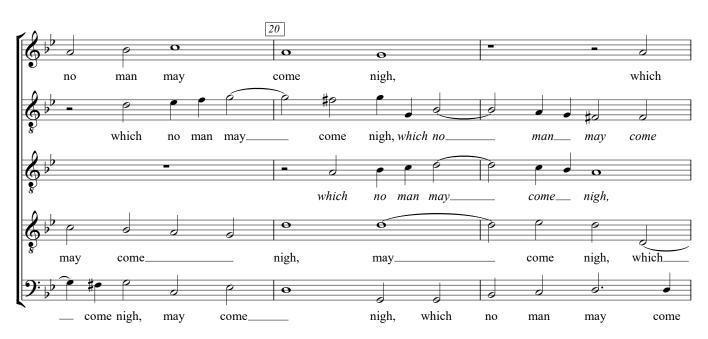
## Mine eyes with fervency of sprite

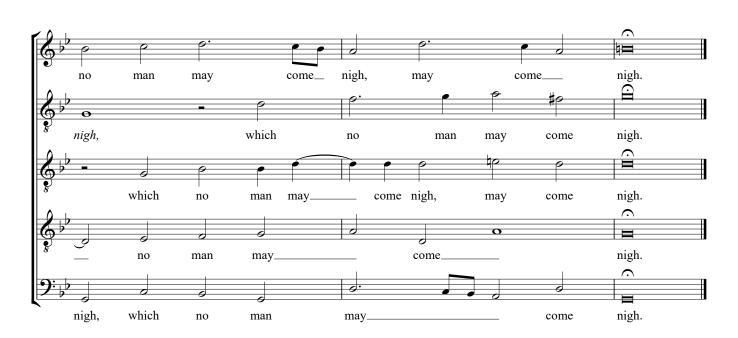












- Mine eyes with fervencie of sprite 1. I doe lift up on hie: To thee O Lord that dwellst in light which no man may come nie.
- 2. Beehold even as the servants eyes, Upon their master waite: And as the maide her mistris hand, with carefull eye and straite,
- Attends: So wee O Lord our God, 3. thy throne with hope and griefe Beehold, untill thou mercie send, And give us some reliefe.
- 4. Lord though wee deserve it not, yet mercie let us finde: A people that despised are, throwne downe in soule and minde,
- The mightie proud men of the world, 5. that seekes us to oppresse: have fild our soules with all contempts, and left us in distresse.

Source: William Byrd, Psalmes, Sonets, & songs of sadnes and pietie (London, 1588), no.2. Text: Anonymous metrical version of Psalm 123.

III.6.2-7.1: Underlay unclear: of sprite also possible