When thou wouldst, Lord, afflict a Land,
And here amongst us, for our sin,
To thee our cries we there-fore sent
For which thy love, in thank-full wise,
or scourge thy People that of-fend, to put in
a sore dis-ease hath late-ly reign’d, Whose fu-ry
thy wont-ed Pi-ty, Lord to prove; Our wick-ed
both hearts and hands to thee we raise, And in the
prac-tice thy com-mand, thy crea-tures all on thee
so un-stay’d hath bin, it could by no-thing be
ways we did re-pent, thy Vi-si-ta-tion to
stead of for-mer cries, do sing thee now a Song
at-tend; And thou, to ex-e-cute thy Word,
re-strain’d; But o-ver-threw both weak and strong,
re-move; And thou thine An-gel did com-mand,
of Praise; By whom the fav-our yet we have,
hast Fam-ine, SICK-ness, Fire and Sword.
and took a-way both old and young.
to stay his wrath-in-flict-ing hand.
to scape the ne-ver-fill-ed Grave.
For Deliverance from a public Sickness

George Wither

Altus

Orlando Gibbons

Lord have mercy upon us

edited by Tamsin Lewis from Rondo Publishing

When thou wouldst, Lord, afflic a Land,
And here amongst us, for our sin,
To thee our cries we there-fore sent
For which thy love, in thank-full wise,

or scourge thy Peo-ple that of-fend, to put in
a sore dis-ease hath late-ly reign'd, Whose fu-ry
thy wont-ed Pi-ty, Lord to prove; Our wick-ed
both hearts and hands to thee we raise, And in the

prac-tice thy com-mand, thy crea-tures all on thee at-tend;
so un-stay'd hath bin, it could by no-thing be re-strain'd;
ways we did re-pent, thy Vi-si-ta-tion to re-move;
stead of for-mer cries, do sing thee now a Song of Praise;

And thou, to ex-e-cute, to ex-e-cute, thy Word,
But o-ver-threw both weak and strong, both weak and strong.
And thou thine An-gel did com-mand, did com-mand,
By whom the fav-o-ur yet we have, yet we have,

hast Fam-i ne, Sick-ness, Fire and Sword.
and took a-way both old and young.
to stay his wrath-in-flict-ing hand.
to scape the ne-ver-fill-ed Grave.
For Deliverance from a public Sickness

George Wither

Lord have mercy upon us

Orlando Gibbons

When thou wouldst, Lord, afflict a Land,
And here amongst us, for our sin,
To thee our cries we there-fore sent
For which thy love, in thank-ful wise,
or scourge thy Peo-ple that of-fend, to put in prac-tice
a sore dis-ease hath late-ly reign'd, Whose fu-ry so un-
thy wont-ed Pi-ty, Lord to prove; Our wick-ed ways we
both hearts and hands to thee we raise, And in the stead of
thy com-mand, thy crea-tures all on thee at-tend; And thou, to
stay'd hath bin, it could by no-thing be re-strain'd; But o-ver-
did re-pent, thy Vi-si-ta-tion to re-move; And thou thine
for-mer cries, do sing thee now a Song of Praise; By whom the
ex-e-cute thy Word, hast Fam-ine, Sick-ness, Fire and Sword.
threw both weak and strong, and took a-way both old and young.
An- gel did com-mand, to stay his wrath-in-flict-ing hand.
fav-our yet we have, to scape the ne-ver-fill-ed Grave.
When thou wouldst, Lord, afflic a Land,
And here amongst us, for our sin,
To thee our cries we there-fore sent
For which thy love, in thank-full wise,
or scourge thy Peo-ple that of-fend, to put in prac-tice thy
a sore dis-ease hath late-ly reign'd, Whose fu-ry so un-stay'd
thy wont-ed Pi-ty, Lord to prove; Our wick-ed ways we did
both hearts and hands to thee we raise, And in the stead of for-
com-mand, thy crea-tures all on thee at-tend; And thou, to
hath bin, it could by no-thing be re-strain'd; But o-ver-
re-pent, thy Vi-si-ta-tion to re-move; And thou thine
mer cries, do sing thee now a Song of Praise; By whom the
ex-e-cute thy Word, hast Fam-ine, Sick-ness, Fire and Sword.
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An-gel did com-mand, to stay his wrath-in-flict-ing hand.
fav-our yet we have, to scape the ne-ver-fill-ed Grave.
For Deliverance from a public Sickness

George Wither

Lord have mercy upon us edited by Tamsin Lewis from Rondo Publishing

When thou wouldst, Lord, a - flict a Land, or scourge thy Peo - ple that of - fend,
And here a - mongst us, for our sin, a sore dis - ease hath late - ly reign'd,
To thee our cries we therefore sent thy wont - ed Pi - ty, Lord to prove;
For which thy love, in thankfullwise, both hearts and hands to thee we raise,

Whose fu - ry so un-stay'd hath bin, it could by no - thing be re-strain'd;
Our wicked ways we did re-pent, thy Vi - si - ta - tion to re-move;
And in the stead of for - mer cries, do sing thee now a Song of Praise;
By whom the fav -

When thou wouldst, Lord, af - flict a Land, or scourge thy Peo - ple that of - fend,
And here a - mongst us, for our sin, a sore dis - ease hath late - ly reign'd,
To thee our cries we therefore sent thy wont - ed Pi - ty, Lord to prove;
For which thy love, in thankfullwise, both hearts and hands to thee we raise,

Whose fu - ry so un-stay'd hath bin, it could by no - thing be re-strain'd;
Our wicked ways we did re-pent, thy Vi - si - ta - tion to re-move;
And in the stead of for - mer cries, do sing thee now a Song of Praise;
By whom the fav -
execute, to execute, thy Word, hast Famine, Sickness, Fire and Sword.
threw both weak and strong, and took away both old and young.
Angel did command, did command, to stay his wrath-in-flict-ing hand.
yet we have, yet we have, to scape the never-fill-ed Grave.
execute thy Word, hast Famine, Sickness, Fire and Sword.
threw both weak and strong, and took away both old and young.
Angel did command, to stay his wrath-in-flict-ing hand.
yet we have, to scape the never-fill-ed Grave.
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