

Lord, Thou Hast Scourged Our Guilty Land

From Psalm 60 portions

The musical score is written for a four-part choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in 4/4 time. It consists of four systems of music, each with a vocal staff and a bass line. The lyrics are written below the vocal staffs. The first system covers measures 1-6, the second system measures 4-8, the third system measures 8-12, and the fourth system measures 12-16. The music is in a key of one flat (B-flat major or D minor) and features a mix of eighth and quarter notes, with some rests. The lyrics are in a traditional, somewhat archaic style, reflecting the 17th and 18th-century sources mentioned in the footer.

1. ¹Lord, Thou hast scourged our guilt - y land, Be - hold Thy peo - ple mourn;
2. ³Be - neath the ter - rors of Thine eye, Earth's haugh-ty tow'rs de - cay;
3. ⁵Hence good men have not un - der - gone, Nor felt the gen - 'ral dread;
4. ⁷"Mine is all Gil - ead's balm - y realm, Ma - nas - seh is My own;
5. ⁹What har - bin - ger shall shew the way To E - dom's forts and tow'rs,
6. ¹¹At - tend our ar - mies to the fight, And be their guard-ian God;

Shall venge - ance ev - er guide Thy hand? And mer - cy ne'er re - turn?
Thy frown - ing man - tle spreads the sky, And mor - tals melt a - way.
Oh, save us from the gulfs that yawn And let our pray'r be sped.
Let E - phraim be sal - va - tion's helm, And Ju - dah grace the throne.
That they may see God's stream - ers play, And join their pray'rs with ours.
In vain shall num - rous pow'rs u - nite, A - gainst Thy lift - ed rod.

2 Our Zi - on trem - bles at Thy stroke, And dreads Thy lift - ed hand;
4 Ex - alt Thy ban - ner in the field, For those that fear Thy name;
6 God in His ho - li - ness pro - fessed, "My mer - cy shall re - gale;
8 Mo - ab's a pu - ri - fy - ing vase. And E - dom shall be shod
10 Has God de - sert - ed then our coast, And will He not em - ploy
12 Our troops be - neath Thy guid - ing hand, Shall gain a glad re - nown:

Oh, heal the peo - ple Thou hast broke, And save the sink - ing land.
From bar - b'rous hosts our na - tion shield, And put our foes to shame.
All She - chem's reg - ions shall be blest; I'll mea - sure Suc - coth's vale.
With gos - pel - peace! Phi - lis - tia's race, Re - joice your - selves in God."
His an - gel to con - duct our host To such a work of joy?
'Tis God who makes the fee - ble stand, And treads the might - y down.

Music: Michael E. Owens, 2017

Text: st. 1, 2, 6, Joel Barlow (1754–1812); st. 3–5, Christopher Smart (1722–1771)

SCOURGE

8 6. 8 6. 8 6. 8 6.