

In Grief and Fear, to Thee, O Lord
William Bullock(1798-1874)
Christopher Tye, 1533.

In grief and fear, to Thee, O Lord,
We now for succor fly,
Thine awful judgments are abroad,
O shield us, lest we die!

The fell disease on every side
Walks forth with tainted breath;
And pestilence, with rapid stride,
Bestrews the land with death.

O look with pity on the scene
Of sadness and of dread,
And let Thine angel stand between
The living and the dead!

With contrite hearts to Thee, our king
We turn, who oft have strayed;
Accept the sacrifice we bring,
And let the plague be stayed.