Lord, Hast Thou Cast the Nation Off

Doh is D · 4/4 Tune: CAITHNESS

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| d - | m - f - s - d - | t, - d - r - m - |
  Lord,   hast thou cast the          nation off? Must

| f - s - l - l - | s - - - - - s - |
  we for ever               mourn? Wilt

| l - t - d' - m - | f - s - l - s - |
  thou indulge im-           mortal wrath? Shall

| f - m - r - r - | d - - - - - |
  mercy ne'er re-           turn?
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The other verses

2 The terror of one frown of thine
Melts all our strength away;
Like men that totter drunk with wine,
We tremble in dismay.

3 Great Britain shakes beneath thy stroke,
And dreads thy threatening hand;
O heal the island thou hast broke,
Confirm the wavering land.

4 Lift up a banner in the field,
For those that fear thy Name;
Save thy beloved with thy shield,
And put our foes to shame.

5 Go with our armies to the fight,
Like a confederate God;
In vain confederate powers unite
Against thy lifted rod.

6 Our troops shall gain a wide renown
By thine assisting hand;
'Tis God that treads the mighty down,
And makes the feeble stand.

Tune CAITHNESS (Scottish Psalter); words by Isaac Watts (1674–1748). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.