

Song LXVII.

Saint *Matthias*.

George Wither

The Hymnes and Songs of the Church, 1623

Orlando Gibbons

1. When one a - mong the *Twelve* there was, That did thy Grace a - buse;
So, if a *Tray - tour* doe re - maine With - in thy *Church* to day;
2. Though horn - de like the *Lambe* he show, Or *Sheepe-like* clad he be,
Yea, cause the *Lot* to fall on those, The charge of thine to take,

3. Let us more - ov - er minde his fall, Whose roome *Mat - thi - as* got;
For, *Tit - les*, be they ne're so high, Or great, or Sa - cred *Place*,

3

Thou left'st him LORD, and in his place, did'st just *Mat - thi - as* chuse:
To grant him true re - pen - tance daigne, Or cast him out, we pray.
Let us his *Dra - gon* lan - guage know, And *Wolv - ish* na - ture see;
That shall their A - ctions well dis - pose, And con - science of them make.

So to be - leeve, and feare with - all, That we for - sake thee not:
Can no mans Per - son san - cti - fie, With - out thy spe - ciall Grace.