

God Bless Our Native Land
Charles Brooks ca. 1833.
Thesaurus Musicus, 1744.

God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand
Through storm and night!
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Father Eternal, save
Us by Thy might!

Lo! our hearts' prayers arise
Into the upper skies,
Regions of light!
He who hath heard each sigh,
Watches each weeping eye:
He is forever nigh,
Venger of Right.

Not for this land alone,
But be God's mercies shown
From shore to shore;
And may the nations see
That men should brothers be,
And form one family
The wide world o'er.