

My God, My King, Thy Various Praise
Isaac Watts, 1707.
Edward Miller, 1790.

My God, my King, Thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue
Till death and glory raise the song.

The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to Thine ear;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for Thee.

Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim;
Thy bounty flows an endless stream;
Thy mercy swift, Thine anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

Thy works with sovereign glory shine,
And speak Thy majesty divine;
Let us upon all shores proclaim
[originally, Let Britain round her shores proclaim]
The sound and honor of Thy name.

Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of Thy praise,
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and labor of their tongue.

But who can speak Thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds?
Vast and unsearchable Thy ways,
Vast and immortal be Thy praise!