

Our Nation, God, Its Heart to Thee Upraiseth
Yattendon Hymnal, 1899.
Genevan Psalter, 1551.

Our nation, God, its heart to Thee upraiseth,
O Lord, the nation bows before Thy face:
With high thanksgiving, Thee Thy glad church praiseth,
Our strength Thy Spir't, our trust and hope Thy grace.

Unto great honor, glory undeserve d,
Hast Thou exalted us, and drawn Thee nigh:
Nor, from Thy judgments, when our feet had swerve d,
Didst Thou forsake, nor leave us, Lord most high.

In Thee our fathers trusted, and were save d,
In Thee destroyed thrones of tyrants proud:
From ancient bondage freed the poor enslave d;
To sow Thy truth poured out their saintly blood.

Us now, we pray, O God, in anger scorn not,
Nor to vainglorious leave, nor brutish sense
In time of trouble Thy face from us turn not,
Who art our rock, our stately sure defense.

Unto our minds give freedom and uprightness;
Let strengthened courage lead o'er land and wave,
To our souls' armor grant celestial brightness,
Joy to our hearts, and faith beyond the grave.

Our plenteous nation still in power extending,
Increase our joy, uphold us by Thy Word:
Beauty and wisdom all our ways attending,
Good will to man and peace through Christ our Lord.