

Praise to Our God, Whose Bounteous Hand
John Ellereton, 1870.
Johann Ahle, 1664.

Praise to our God, whose bounteous hand
Prepared of old our glorious land;
A garden fenced with silver sea;
A people prosperous, strong, and free.

Praise to our God; through all our past
His mighty arm hath held us fast;
Till wars and perils, toils and tears,
Have brought the rich and peaceful years.

Praise to our God; the vine He set
Within our coasts is fruitful yet;
On many a shore her offshoots grow;
'Neath many a sun her clusters glow.

Praise to our God; His power alone
Can keep unmoved our ancient throne,
Sustained by counsels wise and just,
And guarded by a people's trust.

Praise to our God, who still forbears,
Who still this sinful nation spares,
Who calls us still to seek His face,
And lengthens out our day of grace.

Praise to our God; through chastenings stern
Our evil dross should thoroughly burn,
His rod and staff, from age to age,
Shall rule and guide His heritage!