

**Great God of Nations, Now to Thee**

Words: Alfred Woodhull, 1829

Music: Henry Greatorex, 1851.

Great God of nations, now to Thee  
Our hymn of gratitude we raise;  
With humble heart and bending knee  
We offer Thee our song of praise.

Thy name we bless, almighty God,  
For all the kindness Thou hast shown  
To this fair land the pilgrims trod,  
This land we fondly call our own.

Here freedom spreads her banner wide  
And casts her soft and hallowed ray;  
Here Thou our fathers' steps didst guide  
In safety through their dangerous way.

We praise Thee that the Gospel's light  
Through all our land its radiance sheds,  
Dispels the shades of error's night,  
And heavenly blessings round us spreads.

Great God, preserve us in Thy fear;  
In danger still our guardian be;  
O spread Thy truth's bright precepts here;  
Let all the people worship Thee.