

God, my King, Thy might confessing

C.F. Witt, c 1660-1716

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**God, my King, Thy might confessing,
Ever will I bless Thy Name;
Day by day Thy throne addressing,
Still will I Thy praise proclaim.**

**Honor great our God befiteth;
Who His majesty can reach?
Age to age His works transmitteth,
Age to age His power shall teach.**

**They shall talk of all Thy glory,
On Thy might and greatness dwell,
Speak of Thy dread acts the story,
And Thy deeds of wonder tell.**

**Nor shall fail from memory's treasure
Works by love and mercy wrought;
Works of love surpassing measure,
Works of mercy passing thought.**

**Full of kindness and compassion,
Slow to anger, vast in love,
God is good to all creation;
All His works His goodness prove.**

**All Thy works, O Lord, shall bless Thee;
Thee shall all Thy saints adore:
King supreme shall they confess Thee,
And proclaim Thy sovereign power.**

Richard Mant