Great God, we sing that mighty hand



Great God, we sing Your mighty hand By which supported still we stand; The opening year Your mercy shows, That mercy crowns it 'til its close.

By day, by night, at home, abroad, Still are we guarded by our God, By His incessant bounty fed, By His unerring counsel led. In scenes exalted or depressed, You are our joy, and You our rest; Your goodness all our hopes shall raise, Adored through all our changing days.

When death shall interrupt our songs And seal in silence mortal tongues, In fairer realms, O God, shall we Your praises sing eternally.

Philip Doddridge

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