

Contratenor

1 ② 3 4



1. God grant with grace, He us embrace, In gentle part,
 3. *Let Thee always The people praise, O God of bliss,*
 5. Let Thee always The people praise, O God of bliss,
 7. *So God our guide Shall bless us wide With all increase,*



Bliss be our heart: With loving face Shine He in place,
As due it is: The people whole Ought Thee extol,
 As due it is: The people whole Ought Thee extol,
No time to cease: All folk there-by On earth which lie



His mercies all On us to fall. 2. That we Thy way
From whom all thing They see to spring. 4. All folk rejoice,
 From whom all thing They see to spring. 6. The earth shall bud
His name shall fear, And love Him bear.



May know all day, While we do sail This world so frail:
Lift up your voice, For Thou in sight Shalt judge them right:
 His fruits so good, Then thanks most due From it shall sue:



Thy health's reward Is nigh declared, As plain at eye All Gentiles spy
Thou shalt direct The Gentiles sect, In earth that be To turn to Thee.
 And God e'en He Our God most free Shall bless us aye From day to day.