


1. God grant with grace he us embrace,
in gentle part bless he our heart; with loving Face shine he in place, his mercies all on us to fall. That we thy way may know all day, while we do sail this World so frail; thy health's reward is nigh declared, as plain at eye all Gentiles spy.
2. Let thee always the people praise,

O God of bliss, as due it is
the people whole might thee extol,
from whom all thing they see to spring.
All folk rejoice, lift up your voice,
for thou in sight shalt judge them right;
thou shalt direct the Gentiles' sect
in Earth that be, to turn to thee.
3. Let thee always the people praise,

O God of bliss, as due it is;
the people whole might thee extol, from whom all thing they see to spring. The Earth shall bud his fruits so good, then thanks most due from it shall sue; and God, even he, our God most free, shall bless us aye, from day to day.
4. So God our guide shall bless us wide,
with all increase, no time to cease;
all folk thereby on Earth which lie
his Name shall fear, and love him bear.

