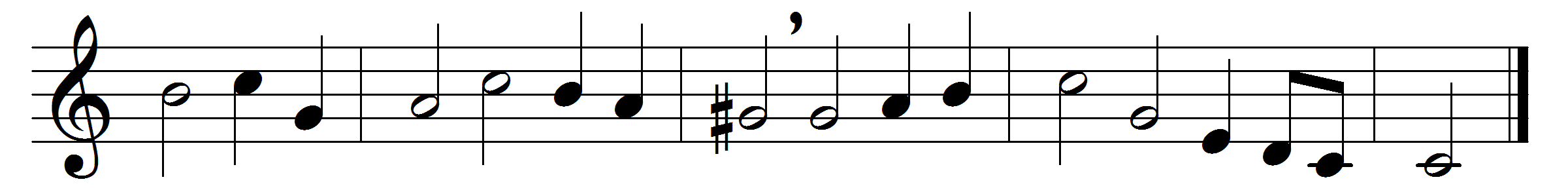
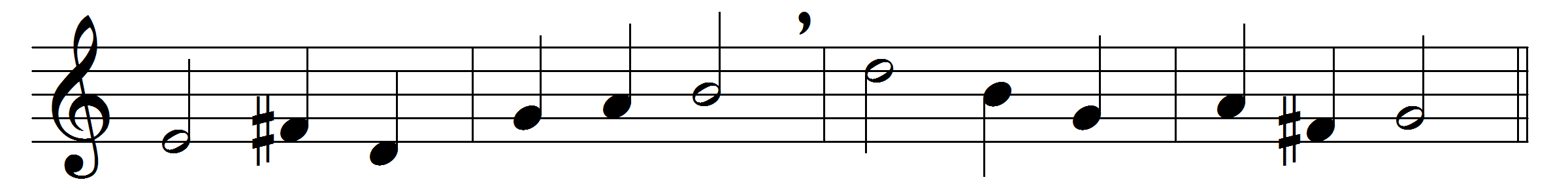
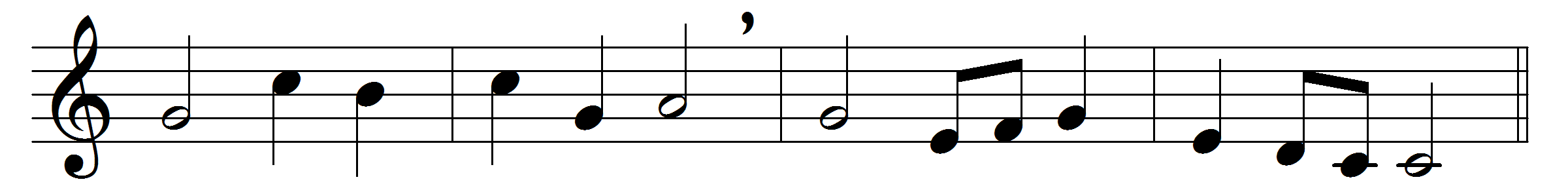
To thee our God we fly AMNS 330 Melody: Croft’s 136th 6 6. 6 6. 4 4. 4 4.



To thee our God we fly   
for mercy and for grace;  
O hear our lowly cry,  
and hide not thou thy face.  
*O Lord, stretch forth thy mighty hand,  
and guard and bless our fatherland.*  
Arise, O Lord of Hosts,  
be jealous for thy name,  
and drive from out our coasts  
the sins that put to shame:

Thy best gifts from on high  
in rich abundance pour,  
that we may magnify  
and praise thee more and more:  
  
The powers ordained by thee  
with heavenly wisdom bless;  
may they thy servants be,  
and rule in righteousness:  
  
The Church of thy dear Son  
inflame with love’s pure fire,  
bind her once more in one,  
and life and truth inspire:

The pastors of thy fold  
with grace and power endue,  
that faithful, pure, and bold,  
they may be pastors true:  
  
O let us love thy house,  
and sanctify thy day,  
bring unto thee our vows,  
and loyal homage pay:  
  
Give peace, Lord, in our time;  
O let no foe draw nigh,  
nor lawless deed of crime   
insult thy majesty:

Though vile and worthless, still  
thy people, Lord, are we;  
and for our God we will  
none other have but thee.

*O Lord, stretch forth thy mighty hand,  
and guard and bless our fatherland.*

Words: William Walsham How (1823-1897)

Music: Melody and bass by William Croft (1678-1727)