

METRE 1 Ottiwell Hegenbotham

# TRURO L.M.

in *Musica Sacra*, 1778

1. Great God! let all our tune-ful pow'rs, A-wake and sing thy might-y name; Thy hand re-volves our circ-ling hours—Thy hand, from which our be-ings came.

2. Seasons and moons still rolling round, In beau-teous or - der speak thy praise; And years with smil-ing mer-cies crown'd, To thee suc-cess-ive hon-ors raise.

3. To thee we raise the an-nual song, To thee the grate-ful trib-ute give; Our God doth still our years pro-long, And 'midst un-numbered deaths, we live.

4. Our life, our health, our friends we owe All to thy vast un - bound-ed love, Ten thousand pre-cious gifts be - low, And hope of no-bler joys a - bove.