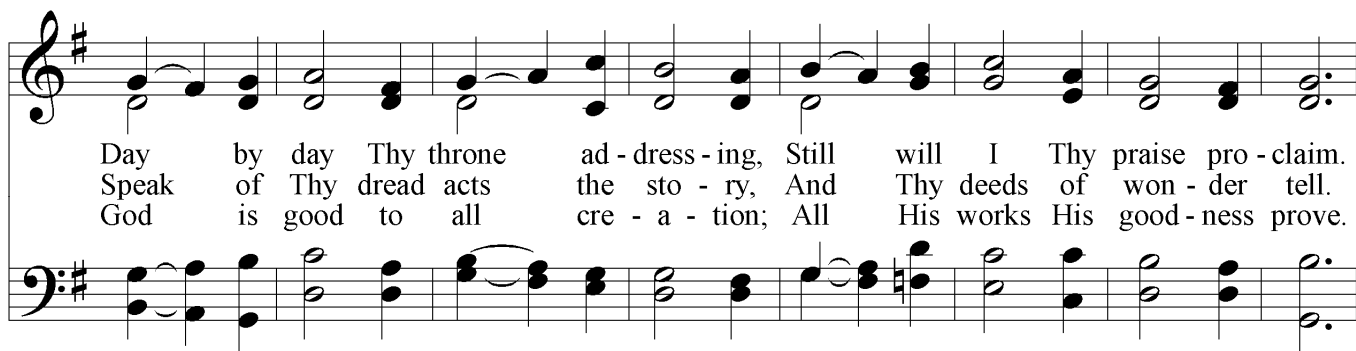


God, My King, Thy Might Confessing

MANT. 8s & 7s, D.



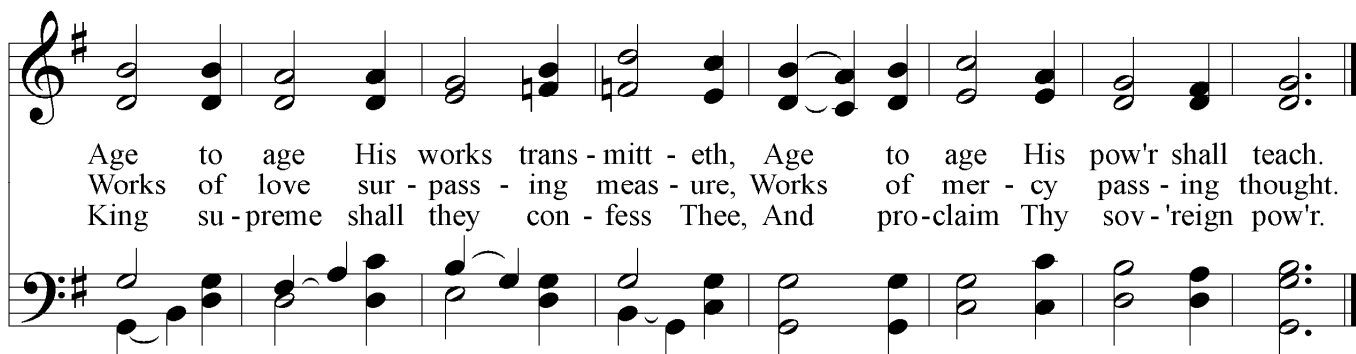
1. God, my King, Thy might con-fess-ing, Ev-er will I bless Thy Name;
2. They shall talk of all Thy glo-ry, On Thy might and great-ness dwell,
3. Full of kind-ness and com-pas-sion, Slow of an-ger, vast in love,



Day by day Thy throne ad-dress-ing, Still will I Thy praise pro-claim.
Speak of Thy dread acts the sto-ry, And Thy deeds of won-der tell.
God is good to all cre-a-tion; All His works His good-ness prove.



Hon-or great our God be-fit-teth; Who His maj-es-ty can reach?
Nor shall fail from mem-ry's treas-ure, Works by love and mer-cy wrought,
All Thy works, O Lord, shall bless Thee; Thee shall all Thy saints a-dore:



Age to age His works trans-mitt-eth, Age to age His pow'r shall teach.
Works of love sur-pass-ing meas-ure, Works of mer-cy pass-ing thought.
King su-preme shall they con-fess Thee, And pro-claim Thy sov'-reign pow'r.