

God Opens Wide His Hand
William James, 1888.
Thesaurus Musicus, 1744.

God opens wide His hand,
In this our native land,
Year after year.
From His abundant store
He giveth evermore,
"Pressed down and running o'er,"
Our hearts to cheer.

What though the earth may quake,
And hills, and mountains shake,
He lives and reigns.
The oceans ebb and flow,
The seasons come and go,
His Word no change can know,
His truth remains.

That spring-time "shall not cease,"
And summer yield increase,
Whilst autumn brings
From fields the golden grain,
From orchards fruits again,
Our frail lives to sustain,
God's choicest things.

To Him who governs all,
And notes a "sparrow's fall,"
All nations' king,
We will from shore to shore,
Our loving Lord adore,
Till "time shall be no more,"
His praises sing.