

F Major Ottiwell Heginbotham, 1794.

J. P. Reese, 1869.

Great God, let all my tune-ful pow'rs A-wake, and sing Thy might-y name; Thy hand re-volves my circling hours, Thy hand from whence my be-ing

came. Thus will I sing till na-ture cease, Till sense and lan-guage are no more, And af-ter death Thy bound-less grace Through

boundless grace Through ev-er-last-ing years a-dore, Through ev-er-last-ing years a-dore. years a-dore.
 after death Thy boundless grace Through ev-er-last-ing years a-dore, Through ev-er-last-ing years a-dore. years a-dore.
 grace, Through ev-er-last-ing years a-dore, Through ev-er-last-ing years a-dore. years a-dore.
 ev-er-last-ing years a-dore, Through ev-er-last-ing years a-dore. years a-dore.