

# Cowper

1. For - give the song that falls so low Be - neath the gra - ti - tude I owe;

It means Thy praise, how -

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do no more,

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do no more,

2. Almighty King! whose wondrous hand,  
Supports the weight of sea and land;  
Whose grace is such a boundless store,  
No heart shall break that sighs for more.

4. My streams of outward comfort came  
From him, who built this earthly frame;  
Whate'er I want his bounty gives,  
By whom my soul for ever lives.

3. Thy Providence supplies my food,  
And 'tis thy blessing makes it good;  
My soul is nourished by thy word,  
Let soul and body praise the Lord.

5. Either his hand preserves from pain,  
Or, if I feel it, heals again;  
From Satan's malice shields my breast,  
Or overrules it for the best.