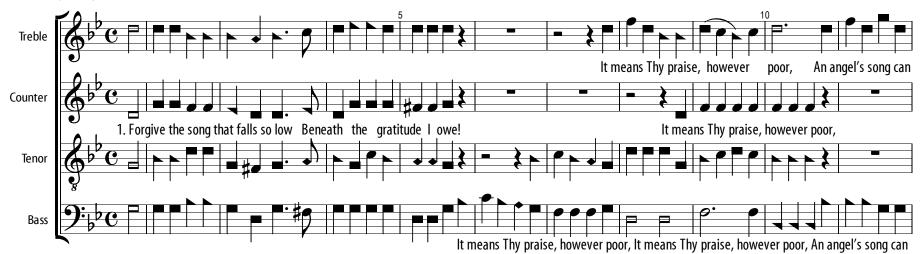
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- 2. Almighty King! whose wondrous hand, Supports the weight of sea and land; Whose grace is such a boundless store, No heart shall break that sighs for more.
- 3. Thy Providence supplies my food, And 'tis thy blessing makes it good; My soul is nourished by thy word, Let soul and body praise the Lord.
- 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 forever lives.
- 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.