It Is God Who Holds the Nations 415

It is God who holds the nations in the hollow of his hand; it is God whose light is shining in the darkness of the land;

it is God who builds his city on the Rock and not on sand:
The living God be praised!

It is God whose purpose summons us to use the present hour; who recalls us to our senses when a nation's life turns sour; in the discipline of freedom we shall know his saving power:

The living God be praised!

When a thankful nation, looking back, has cause to celebrate those who win our admiration by their service to the State; when self-giving is a measure of the greatness of the great:

The living God be praised!

God reminds us every sunrise that the world is ours on lease—for the sake of life tomorrow may our love for it increase; may all races live together, share its riches, be at peace:

The living God be praised!

Fred Pratt Green, 1976, alt.

Suggested tune:
BATTLE HYMN, no. 416
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